THE

LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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"Oh for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey."—Wordsworth.

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THE

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In commencing the "London Saturday Journal," we are anxious to explain our objects at greater length than we could do within the limits of an ordinary prospectus. For this purpose it is necessary to consider in detail the influences which have tended to form the character of the present age. We shall, therefore, take a glance at The Past and the Future – the "Past," with which we are concerned in the present introductory number, being circumscribed within the short but important period of the last hundred years

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

About the beginning of the reign of George the Second, the aspect of the moral world to a spectator of large mind and liberal views, must have appeared exceedingly dull and cheerless. The upper classes were tainted with infidelity and licentiousness, the lower classes were thoroughly ignorant, depraved, and brutal even in their amusements. Government was corruptly administered; selfishness and formalism pervaded the Church; the Dissenters had lost the high tone of feeling and action which had characterised them in a previous age, and were comparatively few, feeble, and discouraged. There was no public spirit—there was none of that diffusion of intelligence and sympathy of feeling among the people which we now understand as public opinion. The people did indeed exist, but they formed a rude, disjointed body, like water hemmed in by embankments, but liable to be agitated by any passing breeze, or even to be lashed into a storm. But there was no organization, no coherence. The idea of publishing the debates in Parliament would have seemed a most extraordinary proceeding, as well as rash and daring, unless at distant periods, and in the shape of an historical summary. Public opinion requires prompt conductors, but internal communication was then difficult and slow. The low state of general morality is attested by all the historical records and literature of the time. Pope's sparkling wit and sharpest powers of observation; Fielding's broad humour and coarse feeling; Richardson's maudlin sentimentalism; and Gay's knight errantry of thieves;—all join in bearing testimony to the feeble appreciation of the delicacy and worth of the female character, and the loose sentiment, that prevailed. The letters of Horace Walpole depict vividly the aspect of the times in which they were written, and are quite astounding to readers who form their ideas of the past from the present. "We read," says the Spectator newspaper, "such books as Horace Walpole's charming letters, and seeing phrases embracing the 'world' and the 'public,' take them in the modern sense; but the public of George the Second's reign is no more the public of the present day, than the groat of Edward the First is the groat of a modern fourpence. There is a change in the currency of words as of coins. When Walpole speaks of the world of England, it may almost be reckoned upon the fingers; the world was but the aristocratic frequenters of London, with a tail of led captains, sharpers, adventurers, and broken younger sons; they were surrounded by a set of camp settlers, in the shape of tradespeople, who in fact hedged in the world, and aided in forming the public. Where was the English nation at this time? It was not, because, though the elements existed, there was no means of communication—no moral combination among them. When it did show itself, it was only when some striking event, by its greatness and energy forced a passage through the difficult channels that then served for intercourse; and being in a great measure ignorant, prejudiced, and unused to power, it showed itself unhappily, and in the shape of mobs." When Daniel Defoe in his old age left politics, and drew upon his imagination, he found that coarse and vulgar subjects were as acceptable, and as eagerly read, as Robinson Crusoe. *He* indeed endeavoured to make the lowest and most offensive topic a medium for conveying something like a moral; but the only real apology for him is the character of the age, and the necessity he was under of writing for bread

Fancy Defoe revisiting the earth after his sleep of a century in the grave! He closed a life of untiring literary industry, political strife, and worldly struggle, in 1731. Amongst his multifarious writings are many indications of the far-forward look he had into the social improvement of his fellow-men. He proposed the establishment of a London University, as one of his schemes for rendering the metropolis "the most flourishing city in the universe;" and at a time when scarcely a thousand lamps were hung out (on dark nights only, and till midnight) to make palpable the obscurity of London, and when street robbers were so audacious as to form a plan for stopping the queen's coach, and robbing her, as she passed from the city through St. Paul's church-yard to St. James's, he brought forward a plan by which he said, "our streets will be so strongly guarded and so gloriously illuminated, that any part of London will be as safe and pleasant at midnight as at noonday, and burglary rendered totally impracticable." Scarcely any civic or social improvement could be supposed to startle a man like him. Yet fancy him returning to revisit once more the scenes he loved so well. He looks around the pleasant suburban village of Stoke Newington, where some of the quiet and happy days of his bustling life were spent; and he exclaims, with a smile, that changes have not destroyed identity. All the land-marks of nature are still here; the fields are still verdant under the influences of sun and air; and in the distance the dome of St. Paul's tells that London still stands where it stood, and that if another Great Fire has swept the streets and alleys, it has, at least, spared the noble creation of Sir Christopher Wren's! Yes! and man, too, is the same; he has changed his costume, but not his nature. So the old man yearns to visit Paternoster Row and Fleet Street, and to inquire how his books are selling; and as he trudges towards the city, he admires the omnibuses that roll past, though

he fears, from the number of umbrellas, that Englishmen have become effeminate. The great increase of London does amaze him a little: but much especially he admires those fine pavements and tall lamp-posts, that now are the substitutes of narrow foot-paths, fenced from the carriage way by clumsy posts and chains. The projecting creaking sign-posts are also all pulled down; many of the streets are comfortable, broad, and spacious, and far cleaner than in his time. "Man *has* improved during the century I have been asleep; he has improved in external appearances and physical comforts—but is he not, after all, the same *moral* being, under the same petty influences and low desires, as when I departed hence?" He enters a coffee-house, as was his wont in his natural days; he looks for Parker's Penny Post, or Fog's Weekly Journal, but the Times or the Morning Chronicle meets his eye. He spreads out the broadside—the advertisements, the parliamentary reports, the leading articles, confound him. There must be some mighty change in society, for better or for worse, he mutters to himself. He runs over column after column of what took place the previous night in both Houses of Parliament. "I do not ask," he says, "any explanation of the *rationale* of all this, by what triumph of opinion or by what law it is accomplished; all I wish to know is, how this mass of type is got together, and printed in a night. The *moral* fact is beyond me—let me know, for I have had large experience with printers and periodicals, how the *mechanical* is done." While he yet speaks, a traveller tells how he was in Liverpool yesterday, and in New York a fortnight ago. He hears of a great empire called the United States; of vast colonial possessions, of a French revolution, of a national debt amounting to nearly 800,000,000*l*., of a yearly revenue amounting to more than 50,000,000*l*, of steam and railroads, of the cotton manufacture, of the increase of population, of Napoleon, and Wellington, and Nelson, of Catholic emancipation, reform in Parliament—but the resolute old man, confounded and affrighted, vanishes from a world he knows not.

A mighty change has indeed passed over society since Defoe departed. Dull and miserable as was the aspect of moral and social improvement, a century ago—to one who could have looked with a prophetic eye, the future must have seemed glorious. A great movement was about to take place; the lower classes were about to rise, and to drive upward all above them; the world of mind was about to expand with irresistible force. The movement has been accompanied with many evils and much suffering; revolutions have broken out, and governments have been shaken to pieces; convulsive throes have agitated the whole structure of society; on all sides have been heard and seen "voices and thunders and lightnings;" and there has been "a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great." But MAN now occupies a higher position; the evils have been and will be local and transient; the good, great, extensive, and permanent. To all who take an interest in the progress of society, the PAST is full of instruction, and the FUTURE of hope, not unmixed with anxiety.

The influences that have been at work in England during the last hundred years may be thus classified:—

I. THE RELIGIOUS AND THE SCEPTICAL INFLUENCES.—We perceive a spirit of religious zeal pervading the lower classes and gradually ascending, and a sceptical or infidel spirit pervading the upper or thinking classes, and descending to the lower or ignorant classes. These two influences crossed each other, the one ascending, the other descending, and after having caused great intellectual excitement, the one in a measure triumphed over the other, and greatly affected the social character of England.

II. THE POLITICAL INFLUENCES.—The political spirit made its appearance after the religious and sceptical influences had been causing the public mind to ferment. Things wholly separate and distinct were thus mixed up and confounded, for a time, together. The political spirit has evolved new truths in law and new forms in government, and paved the way for a great alteration of the balance of power between different classes in society.

III. THE PHYSICAL INFLUENCES.—These have prodigiously accelerated the force and power of the other influences. New facts in science have been discovered, or rather new sciences have been founded, new combinations of physical power have been effected, the whole material world has been enlarged, the capabilities of man have been enormously increased, and, as one of the results, there has been a general diffusion of scientific knowledge.

IV. Under a distinct head we may place the LITERARY INFLUENCES, EXTENSION OF EDUCATION, &c., which, however powerful, are, in some sort, only auxiliary to the other influences.

I. RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES.

THE RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES come first in point of time as well as importance. The movement may be said to have begun with the Methodists. Not that Wesley and Whitfield *originated* the movement. While they were passing through the religious discipline that shaped their characters and influenced their career, the Dissenters were mourning over the melancholy aspect of affairs, holding meetings for the purpose of "engaging in public addresses to God," and rousing one another to do something to remedy "the declining state of religion." Doddridge appeared as an author for the first time in 1730, in answer to an "Enquiry into the Causes of the Decay of the Dissenting Interest." In his "Free Thoughts" Doddridge does not take so gloomy a view of affairs as the author he was answering, for he was then young and ardent, and entering on his comparatively short career of activity and usefulness. But he admits the necessity there was for exertion, deplored the apathy which prevailed, and pointed out means by which it might be roused. There was, in fact, amongst pious men, both Churchmen and Dissenters, a general looking forward to some revival in religion; and, though the numbers of such expectants were few, they were influential. The soil was therefore preparing for the labours of Wesley and Whitfield; and this shaking of the withered leaves may help to explain how Whitfield was charged with driving fifteen of his hearers mad by his first sermon—his fervour and his eloquence fell on hearts that not only wanted but wished for revival. The tide had begun slowly to flow when Whitfield and Wesley launched upon it.

And yet, perhaps, if these men had foreseen all the direct and collateral results of their agitation of the public mind, they would have shrunk back in fear. They set in motion a social as well as a religious revolution; they began the organization of a public opinion; they set the first great example in this country of the middle classes teaching the hand-working classes to combine, and then stimulating and guiding them. Whitfield might have been the most eloquent or rather effective preacher that ever roused a vast congregation, and Wesley the most prudent manager that ever founded a party—yet Methodism would have melted away like snow in April, but for the organization of the people. A moral sense and feeling were infused into a

large body of the hand-working classes; they received work to do, and thereby their self-esteem and sense of importance were elevated—each a prime ingredient in the formation of character. In Wesley's life-time, the government of his society was a patriarchal despotism; and truly affecting was that incident which took place over the cold remains of the venerable man, when he who read the funeral service changed "brother" into "father," and all the congregation "lifted up their voices and wept." Since his death the government has assumed the form of an oligarchy. But it is the infusion of the democratical spirit which has knit Methodism together; and it is the struggle of the democratic and aristocratic elements which has caused breaches in the society. The various associations of Methodism, band meetings, love feasts, prayer meetings, or by whatever name they may be called, are democratic in their nature. The facilities which have existed, by which the humblest member of the society, if he possess the gifts, may rise to be a "ruler in Israel," are also of great importance in their influence, and belong to the democratic character of Methodism.

What Methodism did for our social character may be gathered, in some sort, from the persecution which raged against it in its early career. We can assign a reason for persecution from heathens in a heathen country, for their idolatry may have been rebuked, their superstition affronted, their prejudices offended, or the political feelings of the ruling class alarmed. But persecution in a professedly Christian country argues a very low state of Christian knowledge, a very feeble appreciation of Christian morality. No excuse can be allowed on the plea that the Methodists behaved extravagantly, and that they were regarded as enthusiasts or fanatics. The true Christian ever bears in recollection his Master's example and words, when he rebuked his two zealots, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." But that in professedly Christian and Protestant England the Methodists should have been dragged before magistrates as rogues and vagabonds—pelted with stones and beaten with sticks—injured often to the peril of their lives—besieged, like the angelic guests of Lot, in the houses where they had taken refuge, and their hospitable entertainers placed in danger—divine worship interrupted by indecent outrages—all these things cast a foul blot on our national character, and present a humbling picture of the state of society. The Methodists were not alone in receiving this treatment, though they shared it most largely. Dr. Doddridge, writing in 1737, tells how a "poor but honest man," who had induced one of his pupils to come and preach a sermon to a congregation, was shamefully ill-used, and dragged through a horse-pond, while the congregation was broken up, pelted with "stones, sticks, and dirt," and the life of the young student threatened.

But it was precisely to renovate such a state of society as this that Methodism came. It came to an utterly ignorant population, whose sports and pastimes were bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and drunkenness, and it strove to lift them out of the pit of sensuality in which they were sunk. The quarry was rough, and it did not commit the folly of attempting to hew blocks with razors. It selected from among the people rude and untaught men, and, firing their hearts with awful hopes and promises and fears, sent them out to persuade their fellows. We may admire the power, tact, and heroism of Whitfield, assaulting vice in the very midst of "Vanity Fair;" there is something indeed picturesque in the scene at Moorfields, where the little children, seated round the pulpit for the purpose of handing the notes sent up to the preacher from "awakened" persons, looked up with streaming eyes as he was struck with missiles, and seemed to wish they could bear the blows for him. Wesley's conduct in the midst of danger, though not so striking as that of Whitfield's, is also calculated to excite much sympathy, from the calm, placid resoluteness with which he faced a mob. But there is something far more interesting in the examples of humbler Methodists, who had not the power and tact of Whitfield to protect, nor the calmness and character of Wesley to shelter, them. Many of them were often rash, indiscreet, and extravagant in their conduct; often brought mischief on themselves; yet we cannot but sympathise with their patient courage, their resolute perseverance, and we feel that nothing but an inspiring faith could carry them through their trials and labours. The working classes were, in fact, renovated by themselves; and those who sneered at cobblers, tailors, and tinkers turning preachers, little understood how powerfully that very circumstance was operating, not merely for the propagation of Methodism, but for the elevation of the great body of the working classes.

After Methodism had agitated the lower classes, and to some extent had pervaded them, it began to ascend. From the very first it was aided and patronized by a portion of the middle classes, and not wholly despised by a few, though a very few, of the lower section of the upper classes. But by the time it had acquired some character, it began visibly to ascend and spread. Some of its most active supporters in upper life were ladies. Lady Maxwell enabled Wesley to found Kingswood School, and continued through a long life to give her exertions and heart to the cause. But she is far outshone by the celebrated Lady Huntingdon. Both these ladies were driven to take shelter in Methodism by domestic bereavements. So early as 1748 Lady Huntingdon had Whitfield preaching in her house at Chelsea, where, amongst others of the nobility she had gathered to hear him, were Lords Chesterfield and Bolingbroke. Chesterfield complimented Whitfield "with his usual courtliness;" the shrewd, witty, selfish man of fashion praised the preacher as he praised Garrick. Bolingbroke was moved; he invited Whitfield to visit him. According to Southey, the restless, unprincipled partisan, whose intellect was more than a balance for his moral sense, "seems to have endeavoured to pass from infidelity to Calvinism, if he could." Lady Huntingdon did for Calvinistic Methodism what Wesley did for Arminian Methodism. She founded Trevecca College, in Wales, and at her death left upwards of sixty-four chapels built through her means and exertions.

The furious, and, in many respects, most indecently-conducted controversy between Calvinistic and Arminian Methodism, did considerable good. Controversy is the "safety valve of religious zeal;" but this controversy was more than a safety valve; it was an intellectual steam engine, often worked at high pressure. Hitherto Methodism had only stimulated the feelings, but had not informed the intellect; it had roused ignorance through the medium of the imagination, but had only stirred not instructed the understanding. But in the Calvinistic and Arminian controversy both parties were compelled to take sides; they had to exercise some portion of thought; they had to choose their weapons, and to attack or defend; and though the controversy had the usual effect of producing many grievous imputations, many scalding and bitter words, many hot and hasty partisans, it also led to discussion, and discussion leads to truth. The first religious journals sprang up in England out of this controversy; and the "Christian Magazine," the "Spiritual Magazine," the "Gospel Magazine," and the "Arminian Magazine," were the fruitful parents of a numerous and useful progeny.

While Methodism, in its two-fold character of Calvinistic and Arminian, was spreading through the country, and establishing itself, dissent was also rising in extent, influence, and numbers.

The movement was at first chiefly excited amongst the Nonconformists, or at least amongst a section of them; and it is not too much to say, that Nonconformity might have all but dwindled away, if it had not been for the movement. Wesley and Whitfield took the ball at the rebound, and sent it higher. But in the religious stir there were many who did not approve unreservedly of all the principles and practices of Methodism; and these, joining themselves to Independent and Baptist churches, greatly increased that portion of the Dissenters. In fact, the word Nonconformity disappeared; the Independents, comprehending both the Congregational and the Baptist bodies, took higher ground. Many ministers of great talent appeared amongst them; the congregations increased in numbers and respectability, comprising a large portion of the middle classes, while the triumphs of Methodism were amongst the hand-working classes. Its success, however, was not so great in Scotland as in England; the ground was already preoccupied; the congregations assembled to hear a Methodist preacher, too often, instead of giving themselves up to the emotions of fear and alarm created in England, were more disposed to criticise. Whitfield made some impression, but Wesley complains of the coldness of the Scotch, and accused them of having no heart—an accusation which Burns disproved. The truth is, the Scotch were nearly as far advanced in intellectual capacity and religious instruction as are their brethren in England at the present day. Had we risen to our present state of improvement without the aid of Methodism, Wesley, and even Whitfield, preaching as they did seventy or eighty years ago, would often complain of a barren congregation, and be tempted to accuse the English, as Wesley accused the Scotch, of having no heart. Nevertheless, the religious movement was felt in Scotland; a great nonconforming body, the Secession church, was created by Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine; and from that time to this dissenting bodies of various name and character have been gradually growing.

The religious spirit, now fast extending itself, and rising rapidly, began to overflow the boundaries of particular sects and parties, and to acquire something of a portion of Catholicity. The remarkable example of John Newton and the delightful poetry of William Cowper gave a character to it, and diffused it through the middle classes. Hannah More, who had realized the dream of her childhood, had associated with "bishops and booksellers," was the pet of Johnson, the friend of Garrick, and a favourite in fashionable circles, felt its influence, and ventured, though timidly and anonymously, to publish her "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great." This work sold well, and was soon followed by "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." But a far more effective impression was made a few years afterwards. "A Practical View of the Prevailing System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes in this Country, contrasted with Real Christianity," made its appearance in 1797, bearing the undisguised name of "William Wilberforce, Member of Parliament for the County of York." "Taken in all its probable effects," said the Rev. Thomas Scott, "I do sincerely think such a stand for vital Christianity has not been made in my time."

Before this time, the religious spirit had been organized into the first really "CATHOLIC" association. The suppression of the SLAVE TRADE presented a rallying point for ardent and benevolent minds of all parties and creeds. Mr. Wilberforce became the centre of a combination, which taught the lesson of untiring agitation to accomplish its purpose. And thus, in the very hour that Burke was exclaiming, "The age of chivalry is gone!" he might have seen expanding around him a newer and a nobler chivalry. Dr. Coke had planted Methodism in the West Indies. In the year 1791, William Carey, who, till his twenty-fourth year, had been a working shoemaker, but now a Baptist minister, proposed, at a meeting of his brethren, the question, "Whether it were not practicable, and our bounden duty, to attempt somewhat toward spreading the Gospel in the heathen world?" The first subscription to effect so mighty an object was 13*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*.; "but want of money in such cases is as a molehill in the way of zeal." Carey and his coadjutors set out, armed with the Bible and a printing press, to assail the hydra-headed superstitions of India. Then the newly-discovered South Sea Islands presented another field for exertion. In 1794, a project which had been abandoned, was renewed in the Evangelical Magazine. "Meetings for prayer and consultation were held every fortnight during six months; a society was formed, a general meeting convoked in London; great was the company of the preachers, ministers, and Christians of all denominations, assembled; and so strongly and entirely did they sympathise in their zeal, that they were constrained to say, This is a new Pentecost! Subscriptions poured in, and candidates in abundance presented themselves, from whom thirty were selected. Every possible precaution was taken to secure success as far as the foresight of the directors could secure it; the ship was manned with sailors really or professedly religious; and Captain Wilson, who left his retirement to take the command, was a man especially qualified for the charge by temper and opinions, as well as professional skill. On the 20th of August, 1796, they weighed anchor, and hoisted the missionary flag—three doves argent in a purple field, bearing olive branches in their bills. These colours did not excite more surprise in the navy, than the remarkable deportment of all on board; not an oath was heard among them: and the sailors who were at Spithead when the 'Duff' finally departed, long talked of the 'Ten Commandments' as they called her, in which, when she set sail, the captain, the crew, and the *cargo*, were all singing psalms."

But now the religious spirit was about to develop itself more powerfully, and to occupy a larger and a wider sphere. An agitation arose amongst the friends of religion respecting a more extensive distribution of the Bible. A Society did indeed exist—the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—which, as a Christian *Diffusion* Society, supplied the Bible in places where it was little known. But its operations were too tardy to satisfy the more ardent of those who longed to distribute the Bible everywhere. They were also of a confined and narrow character, for the members of the Society did not perceive that the public mind was ready to advance, if it only had a leader. At last, after some years of delay, inquietude, and indecision, a few individuals who were acting together in the spirit of a catholic Christianity, formed the rudiments of a new society. But how to go about their work they did not clearly see. All was in a kind of dimness and darkness—they were like men groping their way. They judged it wise, before proceeding further, to appeal to the public respecting their design: and so they issued their *manifesto*. One of their number, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, a Baptist minister, wrote, "The Excellence of the Holy Scriptures an Argument for their more general Diffusion." This appeal, extensively circulated at an appropriate time, because the minds of people were prepared for something of the kind, had a powerful effect. The BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY was formed, commencing in weakness and obscurity, but soon to pass the period of its infancy, and to become the mightiest association for the diffusion of knowledge that the world has ever seen. Some there were, indeed, who viewed its operations with jealousy, and who were fearful of intrusting the great mass of the people with the Bible without note or

comment; but the bulk of all classes in the religious world hailed the scheme with delight and wonder. They beheld, in its common bond of union, a proof that Christianity was essentially *one* in its spirit and character, and they hastened, by their contributions, to enable the Society to set in motion a machinery, the extent of whose influence on the world at large a future age must determine. The *excitement* respecting the Bible Society has in a great measure died away; but it still carries on its gigantic operations, steadily and quietly supported, and effectively pursued. Through its exertions, and the exertions of all those numerous associations to which it gave origin in Europe and America, the Bible is finding its way into the language of "every nation under heaven;" and thus a volume containing the most ancient, the most affecting, and the sublimest compositions, is now, and will be, the most widely diffused of any book that was ever penned.

We must now go back to the period of the commencement of the movement, and perceive how it was that, as the religious spirit ascended, the sceptical or infidel spirit descended. The latter portion of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century, were periods of considerable controversy respecting the EVIDENCES of Christianity, and also its DOCTRINES. "The philosopher of Malmesbury (Thomas Hobbes) was," says Warburton, "the terror of the last age, as Tindall and Collins are of this. The press sweats with controversy, and every young churchman-militant would try his arms in thundering on Hobbes's steel cap." It was an intellectual exercise for ministers to defend the bulwarks of Christianity, or to strengthen the foundations on which its evidence rests: but the controversy was confined to the thinkers and readers of the time, who were comparatively few in number. The great body of the people were too ignorant to be either infidels or Christians: they did not understand the matter. But in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, the general corruption of morals which prevailed amongst the upper classes was favourable to a propagation of infidelity: and accordingly infidelity became fashionable. The religious excitement caused it to descend upon the classes below. Cool and sober people, who were offended by many of the extravagances of which Methodism was guilty in the early part of its career, considered those extravagances as part of Christianity itself, and by the reaction of provocation became infidel in their opinions. Methodism also supplied a number of infidels. For amongst those who became Methodists there were some who deceived themselves and others, and for a time were zealous in their profession. But when their artificial heat died away, and they fell into indifferency or into sin, the ghosts of their departed characters haunted them, and they rushed into profligacy or into infidelity to hide themselves. Then came Hume, "the most subtle, if not the most philosophical, of the deists, who, by perplexing the relations of cause and effect, boldly aimed to produce a universal scepticism, and to pour a more than Egyptian darkness over the whole region of morals." The discussion which arose spread still wider the principles of infidelity. The works of Lardner and of Leland bear testimony to the diffusion of scepticism. Lardner, in the Preface to his "Credibility of the Gospel History," tells us he wrote, not for learned, but for plain men; and in like manner Leland gave his "View of the Deistical Writers," that the "bane and antidote" might be seen together. Still, a large audience had not yet been obtained; the discussion was almost confined to the comparatively small number of readers and thinkers; but amongst them Hume's writings produced a considerable influence. The works of Hume, in which he has directly assailed Christianity, are the "Essay on Providence and a Future State," and the "Essay on Miracles." Gibbon came to help Hume, not by impugning Christianity, but by sneering at it; the first volume of the "Decline and Fall," containing the chapters on the progress and extension of Christianity, was published in 1776. This carried still farther the discussion respecting the divine origin of Christianity, and drew out numerous productions in defence of it. But while the debate was going on, and the press teeming with controversy, plain, half-informed readers became confused and confounded; they felt as if enveloped in a mist of argument, and could not see their way; until Paley, with his penetrating understanding, his clear, logical head, and level style, appeared to throw light on the darkness. Paley's "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy" appeared in 1785; his "Horæ Paulinæ," in 1790; and his "Evidences of Christianity," in 1794. His "Natural Theology" did not appear till 1802. The great success of these works shows what a large and deeply interested audience was now obtained.

The descent of the infidel spirit upon an ignorant population might have produced the most disastrous effects, if its influence had not been counteracted by the religious spirit. We need not speculate on what would have been the result, if the agitation of the American war of independence, and the excitement produced by the French revolution, had found the upper classes in England as loose in morals, and the lower as ignorant, brutal, and depraved, as when Methodism began its work. That a very great improvement had taken place by the time of the French revolution, is evident, even in spite of the glaring facts of the London and Birmingham riots. There was much dimness and confusion in the public understanding; men were called upon to make up their minds on new questions of religion, law, and government, before they had any thing like a clear conception of what the things signified; and hence bitter party spirit, savage rancour, and a confounding of things wholly distinct. But the religious spirit triumphed over the infidel; a vast body of evidence has been erected around Christianity; and though Paine's "Age of Reason," or Volney's "Ruins of Empires," continued for a portion of the present century to puzzle and pervert young, uninstructed, or petulant minds, intellectually the infidel spirit was broken; and SUNDAY SCHOOLS, and LENDING LIBRARIES, came to give their influence and their power over the minds of the rising generation.

II. THE POLITICAL INFLUENCES.

THE discussion on the principles of political science had been confined, in England, to the few thinkers and readers, who found pleasure in dissecting the structure of society. But a change was coming—political discussion was about to shake both Europe and America. In 1753, William Blackstone, who was a barrister, and afterwards became a Judge, began to lecture, at Oxford, on the principles of the laws and constitution of England. His lectures acquired great celebrity, and widely diffused a kind of political knowledge to readers who would never have dreamed of attempting to understand the subject, but for the manner in which it was treated. Blackstone's great antagonist, Jeremy Bentham, terms his lectures "correct, elegant, unembarrassed, ornamented; the style is such as could scarce fail to recommend a work still more vicious in point of matter to the multitude of readers. He it is, in short, who, first of all institutional writers, has taught jurisprudence to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman; put a polish upon that rugged science; cleansed her from the dust and cobwebs of the office; and if he has not enriched her with that precision that is drawn

only from the sterling treasury of the sciences, has decked her out, however, to advantage, from the toilet of classic erudition, enlivened her with metaphors and allusions; and sent her abroad, in some measure to instruct, and in still greater measure to entertain, the most miscellaneous and even the most fastidious societies." Some controversies arose on incidental points touched upon in Blackstone's lectures. But on the whole they were received with almost unbounded applause, as the first great popular attempt to exhibit the laws and constitution of England, and to give to the increasing body of readers a *why* and a *because* for the government and state of things under which they lived. De Lolme, on the "Constitution of England," was to Blackstone what Paley was to Lardner, breaking down the larger and more elaborate work into a smaller, adapted not for professional, but for general readers.

One of Blackstone's pupils at Oxford, where the lectures were delivered, was Jeremy Bentham, a young man, then only sixteen years of age. According to his own account, he was, even then, dissatisfied with many of Blackstone's reasons, which he considered as so many fallacies. The first volume of Blackstone's Commentaries was published at Oxford, in 1765; and in 1776, appeared Bentham's first work, "A Fragment on Government." It was published anonymously; and, though it was a book not calculated to gain many readers, it at least startled the thinkers. Dr. Johnson attributed it to Dunning, the celebrated lawyer, who was afterwards created Lord Ashburton. Bentham's book was the first philosophic attack upon many of the distinguishing characteristics of the English constitution. In it he propounded his famous doctrine of UTILITY, as a universal solvent of all difficulties in law and government, as the grand test of political right and wrong. The "Fragment on Government" may be said to have been the commencement of his long career of projects of reform. He sowed in his closet the seeds of those reasons and arguments which were made use of by other men, and which have materially influenced the demand for the great changes that have been made in English forms of government and law. In the preface to the "Fragment on Government," he says "The age we live in is a busy age, in which knowledge is rapidly advancing towards perfection. In the natural world, in particular, every thing teems with discovery and improvement. The most distant and recondite regions of the earth traversed and explored; the all-vivifying and subtle element of the air so recently analyzed and made known to us, are striking evidences, were all others wanting, of this pleasing truth." And, in like manner, De Lolme introduces his book on the English Constitution, by telling us that "The spirit of philosophy which peculiarly distinguishes the present age, after having corrected a number of errors fatal to society, seems now to be directed towards the principles of society itself: and we see prejudices vanish which are difficult to overcome, in proportion as it is dangerous to attack them."

The same year, 1776, in which Bentham's "Fragment on Government" was published, saw the publication of another far shorter work, but far more significant and startling in its nature. This was the American "*Declaration of Independence.*" It was a kind of thunder-shock in the moral and political world. The American War of Independence was a natural product of natural causes. It was caused by the expansion of the democratic element, and the war opened a wide chasm for the passage of the ascending body, and allowed it to rest on the surface. John Wesley, writing at the time, says, "forty years ago, when my brother was in Boston, it was the general language there, 'We must shake off the yoke; we shall never be a free people till we shake off the yoke; and the late acts of Parliament have not been the cause of what they have since done, but the occasion they laid hold on.'" Thomas Paine published, in 1776, his "Common Sense," exhorting the Americans to resistance; he boasts that the demand ran to one hundred thousand copies. On the other side, John Wesley, who agreed with Dr. Johnson that "taxation was no tyranny," issued a "Calm Address," of which forty thousand copies were issued in three weeks.

A few years before this, namely 1771, the Press obtained a triumph over the Legislature, the importance of which, as influencing the future character of the country, can scarcely be exaggerated. Hitherto, whatever reports of proceedings in Parliament had been given to the public had been done in a sinister manner, and under sufferance. But now, as if the Press had felt that it was past its nonage, and was about to enter on the exercise of a giant's strength, a number of the London newspapers began to publish boldly the parliamentary debates. In 1771, the subject was taken up by the House of Commons. Furious were the debates, and the divisions were almost endless. Printers were apprehended by the officers of the House of Commons, and released by the Lord Mayor of London, Crosby, and Aldermen Wilkes and Oliver. Crosby and Oliver were sent by the House of Commons to the Tower. Great public excitement prevailed, and immense multitudes assembled nightly around the House of Commons. But after an exhausting struggle, the matter was dropped, and the debates have ever since been regularly published. To this great cause of public excitement may be added the various political and party strifes, interesting the people in political affairs more keenly than ever, just at the time when great exertions were making to supply them with food for their new appetite. The "Letters of Junius" taught newspaper writers to come out boldly, and accustom their readers to the roll of the leading article.

At last, after gathering for a century, the French Revolution burst out. It was an awful time. Some, the eyes of whose understanding were but opened, and who saw "men as trees walking," shouted aloud for joy; the hearts of others failed them for fear, "because of those things that were coming upon the earth." Dr. Price preached a sermon on the 4th of November, 1789, on "the love of our country," and Burke made it the text of his famous "Reflections on the French Revolution." "Dr. Richard Price," says Burke, "a non-conforming minister of eminence, preached at the Dissenting meeting-house of the Old Jewry to his club or society a very extraordinary miscellaneous sermon, in which there are some good moral and religious sentiments, and not ill expressed, mixed up in a sort of porridge of various political opinions and reflections, but the Revolution in France is the grand ingredient of the cauldron." Burke's impassioned and eloquent "Reflections" were read with amazing avidity. Six editions were issued within a year, and thirty thousand copies were sold before the first demand was satisfied.

In answer to Burke, and to the party for whom he appeared, there were many writers; amongst them were two young men who had been fellow-students, and who continued in friendly correspondence through life. These were Sir James Macintosh and Robert Hall, the celebrated Baptist preacher. Sir James Macintosh produced "Vindiciæ Gallicæ; a Defence of the French Revolution and its English Admirers, against the Accusations of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke." This work was the cause of the introduction of Sir James Macintosh into fame and public life. Thomas Paine came out with his "Rights of Man; being an answer to Mr. Burke's attack on the French Revolution." Robert Hall replied to an Independent clergyman, in the essay, "Christianity Consistent with a Love of Freedom;"

and afterwards issued "An Apology for the Freedom of the Press and for General Liberty: to which are prefixed, Remarks on Bishop Horsley's Sermon, preached on the 30th of January, 1793, before the House of Lords." Hannah More also appeared on the stage in this great time of excitement. She issued "Village Politics, by Will Chip;" of which the Bishop of London, writing to her, says, "Village Politics is greatly extolled; it has been read and admired *at Windsor*, and its fame is spreading rapidly over all parts of the kingdom. I gave one to the Attorney-General, who has recommended it to the Association at the Crown-and-Anchor, which will disperse it through the country.' The country was shaken to its centre; and with political associations, political or state trials, and the Irish Rebellion, seemed on the verge of destruction. The war that ensued diverted for a season the internal strife; but it revived with tenfold vigour after peace was secured, and produced, as its fruits, the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, Catholic Emancipation, and Parliamentary Reform, with all the other reforms and alterations of *power* which have followed.

III. THE PHYSICAL INFLUENCES.

THE advance of the lower and middle classes is strikingly illustrated by the fact of the great number from these classes who contributed to all the departments of agitation or improvement, especially in science and art. Thus, though Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, may be claimed by the upper classes, they belong strictly to the middle class. Franklin was emphatically a "working man." Of the three men whose discoveries laid the foundation of modern chemistry, Black, Cavendish, and Priestley, Cavendish alone belonged to the upper classes, being related to the noble family of Devonshire. Watt, the great improver of the steam engine, was a mathematical instrument maker. Fulton, who introduced steam navigation into America, was the son of Irish emigrants. Arkwright, through whose discoveries the cotton manufacture was destined to receive so prodigious an impulse, had been a barber. Brindley, the creator of canal navigation in England, was the son of a labourer. Captain Cook, one of the most scientific of maritime discoverers, rose from the condition of a common sailor. Sir William Herschel, the worthy and remarkable parent of a worthy and remarkable son, was of very humble origin. Dollond, the justly celebrated optician, had been a Spitalfields silk weaver. James Ferguson, one of the earliest of the diffusers of science in a popular form amongst the people, and to whom the extension of knowledge owes much, acquired the rudiments of astronomy while watching sheep. John Hunter, the profoundest and most philosophical of surgeons, worked in his youth as a cabinet-maker. Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was a humble medical practitioner, though his discovery made him rich. In literature and religion, the Wesleys, Goldsmith, Cowper, Coleridge, &c., by virtue of being children of clergymen with small stipends and large families, belong to the middle class; but Whitfield was the son of a tavern keeper. Burns was the child of a poor farmer, and held the plough. Adam Clarke, the most learned man whom the Methodists have produced, was the son of Irish cotters. Gifford, the celebrated editor of the Quarterly Review, worked as a shoemaker, as did Carey, the chief of the British pioneers of Christianity in the East Indies. To the middle classes belonged Bentham, Sir Walter Scott, Cuvier, Sir Humphry Davy, &c.—we need mention no more, unless it be the name of William Cobbett.

Dr. Black matured his speculations on the nature of heat between the years 1759 and 1763; and it is commonly said, that Watt was led by them to his improvement of the steam-engine. "This is, we think," says an author of the life of Black, "a mistaken view of the matter. That heat will generate steam, and cold condense it, are facts that were well known, independently of the doctrine of latent heat; though that doctrine undoubtedly gives the explanation of them. The knowledge of these facts might therefore have been practically applied to the construction of the steam-engine, had Dr. Black's discovery never been made. It is at the same time perfectly true, that this theory supplies us with accurate data dependent on the quantity of heat necessary to to be communicated, on which calculation must proceed; and it is on the basis of such exact investigation, that the great improvements in the application of steam have been brought about." But in spite of this objection, which almost moves in a circle, the popular notion is very probably true; "Black taught, and Watt learned;" and the fruits are the application of a physical power, which is changing the whole relative positions of men to men.

About the year 1765, Mr. Cavendish discovered and described the properties of inflammable air, since called hydrogen gas; and on the 1st of August, 1774, Dr. Priestley made the great and important discovery of what he called dephlogisticated air, since termed oxygen gas. From that period chemistry has risen into a science of almost inconceivable value, as affecting the whole physical condition and existence of the human race.

In 1767, James Hargreaves, an illiterate but ingenious mechanic, invented the spinning jenny; in 1769 Arkwright took out his patent for spinning by rollers; Mr. Crompton, of Bolton, invented the mule jenny in 1775; and the Rev. Mr. Cartwright took out a patent for his invention of the power loom in 1787. The improvements made by Watt on the steam-engine, gave a giant's hand and strength to the cotton manufacture; and both together developed trade and commerce to an extent almost inconceivable, sustained a war of enormous weight, and supplied an expenditure far beyond the most sanguine imagination of the most daring speculator, who only knew Britain previous to the year 1767; and aided in the increase of a population, whose numbers and demands will yet produce extraordinary changes in society.

In 1767 Captain Cook sailed on his first voyage of discovery to the South Pacific Ocean. He clearly proved that there was no *Terra Australis incognita*, no unknown continent, supposed to exist, as a counterpoise to the great mass of land in the northern hemisphere. And yet the many isles of the southern seas are destined to be the seat of a "New World;" a safety valve for the old world, and a resting-place for its civilisation. The "voyages of Captain Cook" revived for a time the old spirit of maritime discovery, to which the "Mutiny of the Bounty" added a romantic interest.

We might easily accumulate a number of facts, exhibiting the prodigious change which the physical influences have produced on society; and in reading how, in a century, the National Debt was increased from 50,000,000 to 800,000,000, and the population of Britain, in half a century, from eight to sixteen millions —how roads were formed, and mail coaches began to run, and Brighton, Ramsgate, and Cheltenham sprang up—we fancy that we see something of the change, and think that we understand how the present world differs from the past. But even if we had a visible glimpse of the old world, and saw our fathers dressed out in wig, and square-cut coat, and high-heeled shoes, we should form but a vague notion of the change which the physical influences have produced on our moral nature. We no longer breathe in the same atmosphere of thought and opinion; man has become

a new creature; old things have passed away, and all things have become new. Pope, writing a century ago, exclaimed—

> "Life's stream for observation will not stay,
> It hurries all too fast to mark our way;
> In vain sedate reflection we would make,
> When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take."

What language would he hold now? "If we were to prophesy," says the Edinburgh Review, "that in the year 1930, a population of fifty millions, better fed, clad, and lodged than the English of our time, will cover these islands—that Sussex and Huntingdonshire will be wealthier than the wealthiest parts of the West Riding of Yorkshire now are—that cultivation, rich as that of a flower-garden, will be carried up to the very tops of Ben Nevis and Helvellyn—that machines, constructed on principles yet undiscovered, will be in every house—that there will be no highways but railroads, no travelling but by steam—that our debt, vast as it seems to us, will appear to our great grand-children a trifling incumbrance, which might be easily paid off in a year or two—many people would think us insane. Yet, if any person had told the parliament which met in perplexity and terror after the crash in 1720, that in a century the wealth of England would surpass all their wildest dreams—that the annual revenue would equal the principal of that debt which they considered as an intolerable burden—that for one man of £10,000 then living there would be five men of £50,000, that London would be twice as large and twice as populous, and that nevertheless the mortality would have diminished to one-half of what it then was—that the post-office would bring more into the exchequer than the excise and customs had brought in together under Charles II.—that stage coaches would run from London to York in twenty-four hours—that men would sail without wind, and would be beginning to ride without horses—our ancestors would have given as much credit to the prediction as to Gulliver's Travels."

IV. LITERARY INFLUENCES, EXTENSION OF EDUCATION, &c.

The rhetorical age of literature, when tropes and figures were nearly as much valued as ideas, and a thought was little esteemed unless it was elaborately dressed, began to go out on Dr. Johnson's death. Three men, who may be taken as the representatives of their respective countries, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns, introduced the reign of genuine poetry, natural feeling, and common sense. The Scotch philosophers, Reid, Stewart, Brown, &c., were speculating on the human mind; and Adam Smith had modelled the science of Political Economy. Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, taught a new mode of history. While literature was thus ascending, a curious "literary episode" occurred. A style of poetry, called the "Della Cruscan" arose, and was in high favour for a time. Della Crusca, that is, literally, "of the bran or chaff," was the name of the celebrated Italian Academy, which undertook the *sifting* or purifying of the national tongue, and whose dictionary is the standard authority for the Italian language. The following is the origin of the Della Cruscan style of poetry as given by Gifford:—

"In 1785, a few English of both sexes [amongst whom was Mrs. Piozzi, formerly Mrs. Thrale, the celebrated *patroness* of Dr. Johnson] whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high-flown panegyrics on themselves, and complimentary 'canzonettas' on two or three Italians, who understood too little of the language in which they were written to be disgusted with them. In this there was not much harm, nor, indeed, much good; but, as folly is progressive, they soon brought themselves into an opinion that they really deserved the fine things which were mutually said and sung of each other. Thus persuaded, they were unwilling that their inimitable productions should be confined to the little circle that produced them; they therefore transmitted them hither; and as their friends were enjoined *not* to show them, they were first handed about the town with great assiduity, and then sent to the press.

"A short time before the period we speak of, a knot of fantastic coxcombs had set up a daily paper called the 'World.' It was perfectly unintelligible, and therefore much read; it was equally lavish of praise and abuse; and, as its conductors were at once ignorant and conceited, they took upon them to direct the taste of the town, by prefixing a short panegyric to every trifle which came before them.

"At this auspicious period the first cargo of poetry arrived from Florence, and was given to the public through the medium of this favoured paper. There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics, which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarcely ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove, with an ostentatious display of 'blue hills,' and 'crashing torrents,' and 'petrifying suns!' From admiration to imitation is but a step. While the epidemic malady was spreading from fool to fool, Della Crusca came over, and immediately announced himself by a 'Sonnet to Love.' The fever turned into a frenzy: Laura Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand other nameless names, caught the infection, and from one end of the kingdom to the other all was nonsense and Della Crusca."

To crush the "tinkling trash," Gifford published his "Baviad," and afterwards the "Mæviad," a similar satire directed against the puerilities and extravagances of the modern drama. Pope's "Dunciad," Gifford's "Baviad and Mæviad," and Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," are satires of a class.

Crabbe is the link that connects Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns, with Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, and Moore. Crabbe and Gifford have something very similar in their fortunes. Both had a hard struggle in youth; and both attained literary eminence and comparative affluence. The romantic portion of their respective histories ends at an early period, and the rest of their lives are only marked by their productions.

The publication of Scott's Novels commenced in 1814; and the prodigious influence which they had in still farther stimulating the public appetite for reading is well known. Goldsmith's exquisite "Vicar of Wakefield" indicated a class of novels, to which some of our female writers, Miss Edgeworth, for instance, and Miss Hamilton, in her admirable "Cottagers of Glenburnie," powerfully contributed; but the general English school of novels merited, to the full extent, Cowper's indignant denunciation, as vile trash, that marred what they affected to mend. Scott opened a new novel world; and the interest which his writings excited, as well as the sale which they obtained, showed something more than the fact of their intrinsic excellence: they showed how rapidly had been the intellectual growth of the middle classes, and to what a vast audience literature could now appeal. A portion of "Waverley" was written in 1805; and we may put the question, if the success of the series would have been *so* great, if the publication had then commenced, instead of being delayed till 1814? All successful things are largely dependent upon appropriate time and opportunity. Scott's poetry had been creating the demand for his novels, and preparing the way; and when Byron, with his impassioned and fever-heated lays, was carrying off a portion of his popularity, the time was come for their appearance.

Indeed, looking back to the close of the last century, and to the first twenty years of the present, it is most remarkable to see how incessantly and vividly the intellect of the nation was stimulated by the productions of so many men in the highest walks of literature, and by female writers, each of whom, had she appeared singly, would have shone out the star of the age, and would have been petted and idolised like Hannah More.

In 1797, a number of young men united in Edinburgh in the formation of a society called the Academy of Physics, the objects proposed being "the investigation of nature, the laws by which her phenomena are regulated, and the history of opinions concerning those laws." Amongst the earliest members were, Brougham, Erskine, Brown, Birkbeck, Leyden; and afterwards Jeffrey, Horner, &c. Out of this society originated the "Edinburgh Review," begun in 1802, and which at once raised periodical literature to a high standard. The "Eclectic Review" followed. Robert Hall, writing to Dr. Olinthus Gregory, in 1804, says, "You have probably heard of the project of a new Review, called the 'Eclectic Review,' which is intended to counteract the irreligious bias which seems to attach to almost all literary journals." In 1809, the Quarterly Review was established as a counterpoise to the Edinburgh Review: its first editor was William Gifford. "Blackwood's Magazine" was commenced in 1812; its editor, during the first six months of its existence, was the late Mr. Thomas Pringle, Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, one of the most amiable of men, and occupying a leading place among our minor poets.

In taking up the early volumes of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, or Blackwood's Magazine, readers of the present generation are apt to ask why the articles contained in them are said to have so greatly influenced the public of the time. But this is to measure them by our standard, after we have been long accustomed to expect and demand excellence in periodical literature. They were the best that had been hitherto known; and meeting with great success, in proportion to the delight and surprise which they created, editors and publishers were stimulated to rise still higher, and to produce still better things. From the influence of literature the transition is easy to that of science. Perhaps the greatest shock that has been given to established opinions and habits of thought by any modern scientific discoveries, has been by the discoveries and inferences of geologists. Smith in England, and Cuvier in France, led the way to a science which has done more to startle and amaze than even the mightiest discoveries of Newton. For astronomy has visible testimonials of her own awful grandeur; she seems to speak of a vast unknown; and even if the mind feels a difficulty in rising up to the idea of a universe, apparently boundless in its extent, there is, at least, a vagueness in the thought of worlds rolling in space, which is both exciting and soothing. But geology deals with the fire and the flood; it descends into the dark places of the earth; turns the globe into an immense laboratory; and picking up its bones, and fragments, and shells, tells us we are living in the midst of ruins, and are but the inhabitants of the sepulchre of time.

But whilst the middle classes were thus abundantly provided with intellectual instruction, or amusement, another great and growing class had been but little attended to, except in Sunday schools; and this class had been struggling with the government from the peace of 1815. A continued series of events showed the force of the pressure: and at last, fear and alarm were created, that an irruption was to be dreaded, in which our civilization would be trampled down. The multitude, said the Edinburgh Review, "is physically the most powerful in the state. Like the Hebrew champion, it is yet held in captivity by its blindness. But if once the eyeless giant shall find a guide to put his hand on the props of the State—if once he shall bow himself upon the pillars, woe to all those who have made him their laughing-stock, and chained him to grind at their mill!"

An agitation now began to spread extensively respecting popular education and the more extensive diffusion of knowledge. It was held, and rightly held, that it was a brutish thing that the great mass of the people of this country should be ignorant of the wonders of creation; that a nation whose practical ingenuity, manufacturing skill, and commercial activity, made it the greatest on the earth, should have a working population unacquainted with the nature of what they handled, or converted into shape and form. So a murmuring cry began to be heard throughout the land, calling upon those who were sitting in darkness to turn their eyes towards the light. Then were institutions founded, and lectures delivered; scientific associations were formed in workshops; and men, mostly of the generation coming, or just come to manhood, engineers and glass-makers, workers in brass and in iron, handicraftmen of all sorts, with shopmen and others, were to be seen joyfully hastening to hear expositions of the laws of motion, the properties of light, and heat, and air, the marvels of the steam-engine, and the history of Watt, the nature of alkalies, and acids, and colours; and even the very housewife at home was to be taught, that the "art of good and cheap cookery was intimately connected with the principles of chemical philosophy." It was a wonderfully exciting time; and during the excitement the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" sprang into existence. "The Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science," written by the most remarkable man of his age, Lord (then Mr.) Brougham, who had himself been mainly instrumental in exciting this *mental* agitation, was issued; and the tract had a powerful influence, even though, in the author's zeal for an accumulation of *facts*, he repeated the stories of ants, whose structures no traveller could approach without being devoured, and recounted those marvellous things, now laughed at by all naturalists, respecting the sagacity of the beavers, and how they had overseers amongst them, who "superintend the rest, and make signals by sharp strokes with the tail, which are carefully attended to."

It is now eleven years since this tract appeared; and a brief analysis of it may, therefore, be acceptable to some readers. The author began by stating the pleasure to be derived from knowledge, as well as the advantages; pointed to the mathematical sciences, and showed that even *amusement* might be extracted from them; defined Natural Philosophy, and explained with what objects it dealt; how admirably adapted animals were in their formation to the conditions of their existence; and how ingenious were the instinctive contrivances of birds, bees, and ants; described man, and how he is composed, of "two parts, body and mind, connected indeed together, but wholly different from one another," explained how the whole circle of the sciences and arts might be made to minister to his intellectual improvement and physical enjoyment; and ended with the conclusion, "that the pleasures of science go hand in hand with the solid benefits derived from it; that they tend, unlike other gratifications, not only to make our lives more agreeable, but better; and that a rational being is bound by every motive of interest and of duty, to direct his mind towards pursuits which are found to be the sure path of virtue as well as happiness."

All eyes were now turned towards the Society. Its scheme seemed noble, generous, magnificent. As the Bible Society had its bond of union in the circulation of the Scriptures without note or comment, so had the Useful Knowledge Society, in the diffusion of science without admixture of theological or political opinion. As Christians of all sects were banded together to diffuse the Book

of Revelation, so men of various character were invited to join in the design of opening and expounding the Book of Creation to the meanest of the people. Some called out to beware of enlightening the masses, without, at the same time, amending their physical condition. Others looked jealously at an attempt to enlighten them at all, thinking it but a covert for insidious designs. Others again, though cordial friends of the diffusion of knowledge, were afraid of the disjunction of religious and intellectual instruction, and shook their heads, marvelling "whereunto this would grow." But the great body of the people rejoiced to hear the voice of the Society, and listened with greedy ears. It seemed as if the breaking up of the intellectual monopoly was a warning note of destruction to all other monopolies. Learning might still try to seclude itself in halls and colleges, but science had taken staff in hand, had girded his loins, was about to travel over the whole country, to visit the manufactory and the mine, and to sit down by the poor man's fireside. Henceforth the meanest drudge had opportunity of placing himself on an intellectual level with his more favoured brethren; many of the "difficulties" that impeded the "pursuit of knowledge" were taken out of the way; and, quoting from Chenevix, it was announced that "the bent of civilisation was to make good things cheap." No wonder, therefore, that the efforts of the Society struck with power into the heart of the nation. The Messrs. Chambers had sagacity to perceive that now was the time for a useful cheap publication; then followed the Penny Magazine, the Penny Cyclopædia, with all the host of cheap periodicals that rose and fell as the tide of excitement flowed and ebbed.

What the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has done, may be summed up in a few brief words. By taking advantage of prevailing excitement, and concentrating public attention, it has exercised great, and, we may justly add, *permanent*, influence on the mind of the nation. It broke in upon old-established forms of publication. By its really admirable and useful publications, it excited hundreds, if not thousands, to think, who could hardly be said to have thought before. By strongly stimulating the minds of the young men of its generation, it enlarged the circle of readers; and by accumulations and exhibitions of FACTS gave to the reading of a people disposed to be practical a practical direction. It helped to uproot old prejudices and errors. It directed the attention of the people to the treasures contained in our national collections; and the curiosity thus excited will doubtless settle down into a *taste*.

We may freely confess one benefit which "useful knowledge" has rendered to religion and common sense. At first, religious men were afraid that it would strengthen the hands of that vulgar, narrow, illogical nonsense called "Infidelity"—a mixture of drivelling sophistry and coarse licentiousness—the dregs or sediment of that infidelity which we have described as descending, and as being neutralized by the spirit of religion—which prevailed to some extent among our working population, when the agitation concerning "useful knowledge" first began to be general. But it has done quite the reverse. We may say of the bulk of our population—that is, of that portion of it enlightened by "useful knowledge"—that it is a stage beyond that pitiful infidelity which only nibbles at detached portions of revelation, and is incapable of seeing its entire breadth and scope, and of appreciating the grandeur and magnificence of the whole. Our young men, speaking of them generally, would now scorn an "Age of Reason." The time is fast going by for stuff of that kind; and there is less occasion now to write elaborately on the external "Evidences of Christianity."

Certainly, whatever danger there may be to Christianity from the spirit of inquiry which useful knowledge has excited, there is none from useful knowledge of itself. If infidelity is to prevail once more in this country, it will not be the infidelity of Thomas Paine, nor even of Hume. It will be a subtler kind of infidelity, one which does not commit the absurdity of disputing the evidences of revelation, but which dissipates the spirit of Christianity by a scientific process. Of this there is some danger; and it is a danger to be guarded against. New views of truth should be freely taken; but truth remains the same, though we should shift our position again and again. All this, however, forms no objection to useful knowledge; and the Christian who shrinks from acquiring as much of it as he can, from the fear that it will lead him into infidelity, has yet to learn much of the nature of Christianity. The early Christians were deemed infidels and impious, because they refused to sacrifice to idols, and preached the *new* doctrines of the gospel.

But, while the Bible Society, after enduring storms that threatened its very existence, is now carrying quietly on its great work in the full vigour of manhood, the Useful Knowledge Society, after an infancy of much promise, has shrivelled into a lean atomy, with little more than the appearance of life. Making all allowance for the vast and momentous difference between the "knowledge" diffused by the one Society and the other, we may ask—Why is this? Why has the Useful Knowledge Society, instead of becoming a great institution, degenerated into a mere book association, patronising a limited number of works? The truths of Revelation are of paramount importance; but the truths of Creation are of great value and interest, delightful to know, useful when known. And to a practical working nation, such as Britain is, and must be, our very existence depending on our ingenuity and skill, our dexterity, forethought, and knowledge, one would think that an ample field, for many years to come, was provided for the exertions of a Useful Knowledge Society.

One chief cause of the decline of the Society's influence has been owing to what at first was considered its crowning excellence. Its motto, its cry, was—FACTS! There seemed at first something so novel, so pleasing, so instructive, so useful, in its varied combinations and exhibitions of facts, that people were delighted beyond measure. It was an incessant appeal to the practical sense—ranging round the material world, and showing how all things in nature and art could be made subservient to man's power and comfort. These facts, too, so often upset preconceived notions, and demolished old theories, that the young mind, willing to think for itself, felt all the gratification of discovery. But as "the body without the spirit is dead," so facts, unconnected with principles appealing to the *feelings* as well as the *understanding* of men, gradually lose that gloss of novelty which makes them so pleasurable on first communication. It is now seen and felt, that a mere extensive acquaintance with facts has not, of itself, a tendency to elevate the character of a man, or a nation. There may be a morbid growth of the intellectual system at the expense of the moral. It has been said that an "undevout astronomer is mad:" not so—for however elevating and exciting a first acquaintance with the wonders of astronomy may be, a perpetual familiarity with its *facts* has a tendency to encrust the feelings. It is almost essential to the character of a large-minded and liberal citizen, that he should know something of the truths of Political and Social Economy; but these, of themselves, will not make him a good citizen. It is very necessary that the mechanic should know something of the properties of the lever, and of the wheel and axle; but an intimate acquaintance with dynamics and chemistry will not necessarily make him a good man. The mind that repudiates the sophistry which would stamp the Bible as a forgery and an imposition, may yet be quite incapable of appreciating in it whatever is grand, and beautiful, and true. Facts are at all

times valuable—nay, frequently precious. but to be for ever conversant with a *material* literature, has a withering influence, dries up the spirit, and, if it does not weary the mind, gives it a hard practical tendency. The truth is, the plan of the Society is too narrow, though at first sight it may seem large; with it the mind of the nation has been carried a certain length, but it can carry it no farther. For all extensive, or great purposes, in any way answering the promise of its popular infancy, the mission of the Society is fulfilled, its work is done.

While the bulk of the people were enjoying the benefits of the diffusion of knowledge, the middle and upper classes were sharing in the excitement, and participated in the demand for useful and practical instruction. The *British Association for the Advancement of Science* is a useful knowledge society; and it has, in some measure, made that fashionable, which, changing the word, was popular amongst the people. How long it will continue to exert its influence, and to what extent that influence reaches, we cannot undertake to say.

We have now arrived at a period, not of stillness, but of repose. The public mind seems resting more on what it has done than on what it is doing; gathering strength, meanwhile, for a new race. It seems a suitable opportunity for reviewing the past, and looking to the future.

In looking back, we perceive a vast increase of the moral power of the people, arising, not from the mere increase of their numbers, but from a thousand causes elevating their character. Science has created wealth; wealth has stimulated science; literature has infused a sense of opinion; and opinion has acted, after a long struggle, on the administration of law and government. The mental revolution which we have undergone, and are still undergoing, is far too extensive and powerful for us of the present day to estimate its influence rightly. Old stubborn prejudices have been melted down; the capacity of the existing generation has been extended; and practices once reckoned an essential portion of our national constitution have disappeared. Not only has there been a new distribution of political rights and privileges; not only a new power exerted by the governed on the governors; but vice and crime have felt the "spirit of the age," the prisons have been visited, justice wears a more merciful aspect, and the value of human life has been raised. All this has been accompanied by a large increase of social comfort; and were we to fix our eye exclusively on what the "past" has done for the present generation, as compared with their forefathers, we might exclaim, with some justice, that Great Britain was the most powerful, the wisest, the happiest, the most *comfortable* nation on the earth.

But, looking at our actual condition and future prospects, there is much matter to excite anxiety. Taking civilisation to mean the growth of a nation in worldly prosperity, wealth, resources, increase of population, security of life and property, advance in science and art, freedom of discussion and liberty of person, with large available resources for the spread of wealth and happiness throughout the bulk of the community, there is no nation like Great Britain in all history—we stand at the head of civilisation. But if civilisation also means the equal diffusion of happiness and social comfort throughout the community, there is no nation in all history which presents in the records of its condition so many startling anomalies. Knowledge is spreading throughout all classes, and the means for its diffusion are powerful and prompt; yet the ignorance that exists in the community seems to keep a-head of it. Wealth flows in a thousand channels, but poverty and destitution are to be found on every side. Virtue, benevolence, public spirit, and enlightened zeal for all the best interests of man, are in daily juxta-position with vice, selfishness, meanness, and ignorance. Mud hovels surround all our marble palaces; our land is like the land of Egypt, when the favoured few had light in their dwellings, while gross darkness overshadowed the rest.

During the last fifty years *all* classes have advanced in social comfort—in the participation of personal enjoyment—in the means of enjoying life: but all classes have not shared equally, in proportion to their numbers or claims. Hundreds enjoying affluence, thousands living in comfort, mingle with thousands who cannot be said to *enjoy* a precarious existence. Such a state of things cannot endure for ever. It will either be mended, or there is great danger of its being ended in a violent manner. In a population, increasing at the rate of at least three hundred thousand per annum, and with a hand-working class rising in a sense of their importance, power, and wants, it is impossible that great wealth and great poverty can safely be found to meet together; that ease and comfort can daily look uneasiness and misery in the face; that prosperity and distress can always shake each other by the hand. A change must come, be it for better or worse.

One cause of the many irregularities which exist in our social condition, is the plain and obvious fact, that our physical resources have outgrown rapidly all our means of moral improvement. We live in a world altogether different from the world of the eighteenth century. The conditions of our existence are widely different—we have acquired new powers of enjoyment, and lost the old power of endurance. Yet, while the very elements of our earthly existence are entering into new combinations, a great portion of our moral machinery remains the same. No mere diffusion of knowledge can cure the mischief. It will rather aggravate it. Some have expressed a fear that the empire of civilisation is destined to be broken up by an irruption of barbarism more terrible than that which overthrew the ancient power of Rome. Exaggerated as this fear is, we ought not to despise it. We know not what struggles have yet to be made before the new forms of society have room to develop themselves. "Civilisation," says M. Guizot, "is still in its infancy. How distant is the human mind from the perfection to which it may attain—from the perfection for which it was created! How incapable are we of grasping the whole future destiny of man! Let any one even descend into his own mind—let him picture there the highest point of perfection to which man, to which society, may attain, that he can conceive, that he can hope. Let him then contrast this picture with the present state of the world, and he will feel assured that society and civilisation are still in their childhood—that, however great the distance they have advanced, that which they have before them is infinitely greater."

The amendment of the physical condition of our population will be one prime ingredient in any scheme for our national improvement. Such a subject does not at present come within our scope—there are other and more legitimate mediums for its discussion. But the moral education of our people is one which fairly presents itself to us, and in which we are anxious to be found engaged. Men of all classes now feel the vast importance of the subject, and almost every one who thinks about it has a remedial plan to propose. The great question is, to unite the discordant opinions, and to procure a unity of expression. What we can do, by means of a weekly periodical, to aid in bringing about such an expression of opinion, we are very willing to try.

Let not the reader think that we are about to add to the hundred remedies which have been proposed. All we mean to do is, to dedicate our "JOURNAL" to the advocacy of the religious, moral,

and social improvement of the country, convinced that the time is approaching, when parties will meet each other more nearly on the principles and mode in which the improvement is to be carried on. We are quite satisfied that on this momentous subject a new direction must be given to the public mind, a fresh impulse to its spirit. Whether the public mind is yet ready to take this direction, or must have longer time to settle down; in *what* direction the movement is to be made, and *who* may be competent to point it out—are questions for the sagacious to resolve. We do not pretend to have made the discovery, neither do we insinuate any peculiar competency for such a task. We are but uncertainly feeling our way; we fancy that there is a *want* amongst the reading portion of the public, not supplied by any of the existing periodicals. And in the firm belief that there is such a want, we are satisfied that the success of our attempt will not depend on our readers, but on ourselves. There *is* a class that will support our Periodical, if it be but conducted with earnestness, propriety, and judgment; and to that class we now appeal, submitting the "GUIDING PRINCIPLES" on which we propose to conduct it.

1. We are cordial friends of the "diffusion of knowledge," but do expressly desire to link this with a distinct and specific avowal of Christian principles and spirit. The attempt to combine what is called "useful knowledge" with religious feelings and instruction has been more than once tried, but, in our opinion, neither wisely nor well.

2. The Christianity we wish to advocate is a Catholic Christianity, in its widest range. The division of Christians into sects and parties has been mourned over for ages as a great evil. Yet there can be no doubt that the divisions of the Christian Church have been overruled, under the providence of Almighty God, for great good. As far as we can see, had there been no divisions, intellect in the church, and much of it in the world, might have slumbered; the principles of religious liberty might have been unknown; and all that energy of will and intenseness of purpose concentrated in particular bodies, and producing so much of good to the human race, might have been dissipated over the surface of a "Pacific Ocean," or rather lost in a "Dead Sea," on the banks of which but little fruit either of hope or promise might be seen to grow.

3. Nevertheless, believing that man is a progressive creature, and that the chief agent in carrying him forward is Christianity, we believe that a time is coming when sects and parties will be *fused* together, or melted into one another. A great agent in effecting this revolution will be, the diffusion of knowledge under the guidance of the spirit of Christianity. "Whoever," says Robert Hall, "forms his ideas of the Church of Christ from an attentive perusal of the New Testament, will perceive that *unity* is one of its essential characteristics, and that, though it be branched out into many distinct societies, it is still but one." To this we may add, that in whatever form the future unity of the Church will be manifested, it cannot remain in its present form—broken up, torn, divided, and excited, by party strife and controversy.

4. We derive great hope from the fact that there is a general excitement, if not a movement, in the Christian Church. The CHURCH OF ENGLAND presents the pleasing spectacle of being in a movement state. In such a movement, error and truth may swim together, like the iron and earthen pot in the fable: but error will be broken by truth in the collision. It is always a hopeful sign to see a discussion about fundamentals, provided the discussion is FREE. The Church of England has now more zealous and able ministers, and has a greater number of the laity more earnestly attached to her, than ever she had. True, these are divided into parties; and it may be said that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." But zeal and earnestness are great things; and when a Church is in motion it is more indicative of life than when it is still. There is much movement, too, amongst the Dissenters; and all this gives promise of some results, leading to the farther advancement of man.

5. But what do we mean by man being a "progressive creature?" We have no visionary prospects, no ideal views. Believing that man individually will continue as he has been to the end of time, a creature of nerves, feelings, appetites, and passions, a subject of moral government and trial, and at all times liable to error, we are yet amongst those who look forward hopefully to the progress of man *collectively*, and think that revelation and reason warrant us to expect that *socially*, *morally*, and *intellectually*, he will rise in the scale of existence. The process may be slow, but it is sure. One generation will gradually become wiser, better, more free from prejudice, more enlightened, than the one that preceded it. Step by step the race will be lifted up. It will gradually ascend a higher platform, and obtain a clearer view of its interests, obligations, and rights. The force of enlightened public opinion will be the moral lever for elevating man individually and collectively.

6. Almighty God, having committed the *civilization* of man to himself, undoubtedly expects from all of us an account of our stewardship—what each of us has done in his sphere, be it large or small, for promoting the good of his fellows. Christianity, the prime civilising agent, has been committed, for its propagation, to the exertions and activity of men—much more all the minor civilising agents, inventions, discoveries, "diffusion of knowledge," force of example, and the like. But we may civilize *unequally*, and thus produce intermediate mischief. To take an imaginary example:—we may stimulate the intellect of our population, without at the same time advancing their moral character, or bettering their physical condition. Then, if a time of pressure and distress arrived, feeling more acutely than they might otherwise have done their distress, and understanding wherein their strength lay, yet perceiving dimly how to remedy their condition, such a population might put forth rude hands to the artificial framework of our society, and shake it to pieces. Doubtless, man *will* advance, though Britain were cast down to the bottom of the sea. But such an event as we have imagined, would be a great intermediate mischief. It would retard the progress of man by upsetting the machinery now existing in Britain, for the spread of Christianity, and the civilization of the world.

7. It is, therefore, the duty of all men to endeavour to advance the MORAL as well as the INTELLECTUAL character of their fellows, and thus to lend a helping hand, however feeble, in promoting the ADVANCEMENT OF MAN. It is our wish to dedicate this periodical to such a cause; and most unfeignedly shall we rejoice, if we attain the smallest influence, and prove of the slightest use. And to all who have at heart the progress of the race, and who wish to see man becoming a wiser and a better being, we say, not in the spirit of arrogance and presumption, but with a perfect consciousness of being amongst the humblest of the humble workers in the cause—"COME OVER AND HELP US."

From these statements, it will be seen that the guiding principle of our periodical is to be—"THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY:" or,

in other words, "THE MORAL AND SOCIAL ADVANCEMENT OF MAN UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF A RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE." It remains for us briefly to point out what we propose to do, in thus endeavouring to lend our aid to such a cause.

I. We wish to present a Weekly Literary Journal and Review, throughout the whole of which will be clearly discerned an earnest desire to enlist the feelings as well as the intellect of our readers in the cause of social improvement. We shall, therefore, give a series of essays, or papers, directed to the consideration of great social questions, and also intended to promote the moral improvement of our readers.

Here, we desire to explain why we do not think ourselves altogether precluded from discussing political questions. The reader assuredly need not be afraid that we are going either to violate the law, or to injure our chances of a general circulation, by discussing any of the current political topics of the day. The Newspaper Press of Great Britain is fully competent to carry on its work, without the intrusion of unlicensed peddlers. But there are Political Truths of great and general importance, which may, without offence to either law or propriety, be discussed in our columns. The Christian man who shrinks from an investigation of political topics, as inconsistent with Christianity, but ill understands his privileges. Under a professedly Christian Government, he is in a very different position from that which he would occupy under an established Heathen authority. In the one case, his rights as a citizen, and as a member of the social body, are recognised in conjunction with his profession of Christianity; in the other case, he must often forego his privileges of citizenship, lest their exercise should bring a scandal on his religion, or hinder its propagation. This is the spirit of all those exhortations in the New Testament, respecting obedience to "the powers that be." The Gospel was introduced under an established Pagan government; and it was no part of Christianity that existing establishments should be overthrown by any other process than the diffusion of its spirit. Paul himself asserted his political rights at the proper time, and on the proper occasion, demanding, when the mob were shouting after him, if it were "lawful to scourge a Roman, and uncondemned?" If the Christian really believes that his faith is one day to overspread the whole earth, should he forego one of his most important duties, when, by the exercise of it, he may be aiding and not hindering the cause of truth?

II. We wish to act as a Christian spectator, reporting what is now doing all over the earth for the improvement of man. For this purpose we shall describe foreign countries, either as presenting eligible fields for missionary enterprise, or as making progress under the exertions of Christians, and by the translation and circulation of the Bible. The materials for such a purpose are scattered over various reports and periodicals, expressly devoted to the subject. By suitable and appropriate selections, and by presenting the subject, not in detached portions, but in wholes, we shall be able to give a connected view of the operations of the various Bible and Missionary Societies, whether at home or abroad.

III. That Britain, in the providence of God, is intended as a bee-hive of civilisation, seems as unquestionable as that Britain exists. Particular attention will, therefore, be directed to our colonies—those vast possessions, which are comparatively so little known to the inhabitants of the mother country. Their physical geography, and natural productions; the condition and treatment of their aborigines; the means that have been adopted, or may be suggested, for their improvement; just systems of emigration; the progress of settlements, &c.; are important subjects for our consideration.

IV. We shall exercise a vigilant attention to all new discoveries and appliances in science and art, convinced that, properly directed, they may become the most powerful auxiliaries of Christianity. It is impossible not to feel this, when we contemplate the wonderful and increasing facilities for internal communication—the already stupend[illegible]but yet not half developed, progress of steam navigation—and the immense extension of *religious*, *moral*, and *useful* knowledge, which has resulted from the labours of the printing machine. Whatever, therefore, in science or art, appears to us as calculated to convey a moral lesson, to increase the stock of practical information, or to diffuse physical comfort and convenience through society, will have strong claims on our notice.

V. Reviews of such books as we think have reference to our "leading principle," and are worthy the notice of our readers, will from time to time be given. In this department we shall not confine ourselves to the productions of Great Britain. Foreign literature generally, and more particularly that of "The United States" of America, will be consulted for whatever may tend to promote the views we wish to carry out. With the latter country, as a powerful and zealous ally in developing and establishing the principles of universal civilisation, we have now a much closer union, and a far deeper interest, than when it formed a portion of our own colonies.

VI. Believing that principles and facts are to many minds rendered more apparent by familiar illustration, we shall continually appropriate a portion of The Journal to tales, sketches, and essays, of a lighter cast, hoping thereby to amuse and instruct, without losing sight of the leading objects which direct us.

Having thus briefly stated the views we entertain in endeavouring to establish the "LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and some of the objects at which we propose to aim, we may now turn round to that portion of the public, for whose sup-

port we look, and ask—Is there room for US? Can our voice be heard amid the many clamouring sounds that issue from the press? Or are our wishes and our objects larger than our power, and are we about to add to the many attempts which have been made to float on the breath of public opinion, and then to drop into that paradise of oblivion, where the weak, and the worthless, and the unfortunate, are all glad to mingle in forgotten confusion?

To these questions we boldly answer Yes! and No! The public have the right to reply: but, in that spirit of faith which earnestness imparts, we will anticipate their privilege, and prognosticate success. For we do not come as supplanters or competitors; we do not seek to reap that which other men have sown; but we come to occupy a field which seems to us uninclosed, or, on the fairest principles of political economy, to supply a want—to meet a demand. There is, therefore, room for us, and we feel confident that our voice *will* be heard.

We are very anxious to obtain favour and acceptance with one portion of the community—OUR YOUNG MEN. These constitute the hope of the present age, and the strength of the future. After deducting the fops, and the fools, and the witlings, we believe that there is now a very large body of thoughtful, intelligent young men—of MEN in all the fulness of the word—whose seriousness is the result of an intelligent and joyous cheerfulness, not of an austere and ignorant gloom—and who, while they enter with zest into the amusements of life, are not forgetful of the nobler and better part of their being, their rational nature. To this body we appeal, and ask for its support.

Our elder readers must not begrudge our latitude in affording *amusement* as well as *instruction*. They must remember, that they themselves were once young, and life to them was sparkling in the dew of the morning. God has given us the sunshine and the shower—we should laugh with those that laugh, as well as weep with those that weep. This wondrous world is full of the materials of enjoyment—our very appetites were given to us as blessings, God writing upon their use, "Do thyself no harm." Therefore we must have room to range "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" and in seeking the moral improvement of our fellow-men, and making general literature subservient to it, we must not forget that there are many more ways of accomplishing the object than exclusively by the formal lecture or the serious advice; or even by scientific disquisition and detail.

Shall we find entrance into the domestic circle? This, too, is our "heart's desire." Give us room, then, around the fire-side, for we long to be neighbourly and social. We wish to talk to our friends of domestic duties and domestic life; to show how spirit, and feeling, and manner, tinge with beauty and grace the commonest of our associations and occupations, and how intimately the true happiness of a nation is interwoven with the happiness of households and individuals. We seek a seat by the fire-side as an honour and a privilege; the hearths of Old England are her hallowed places, where nothing profane should come—they are sacred to affection and love: and merry voices ring around them.

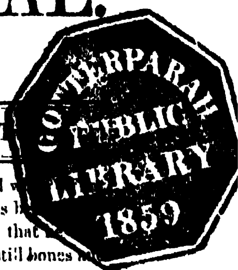
And now, kind reader, what seek we more? We seek for support, for without support we could not live; we seek for reward, for "reward sweetens labour." Of both we are assured; and, receiving them, we shall steadily pursue the path we have marked out. But over and above this expectation of support and reward there is a desire to have a share in the improvement of our fellow-men; and if, through the medium of our periodical, we succeed in rousing a dormant understanding, implant a good thought, or rightly direct a feeling, we shall derive a portion of that gratification which a good man may enjoy, when, at the close of existence, looking on all the way that he has come, and mourning over the manifold deficiencies that have marked his course, he can yet raise his eyes to Heaven, and thank God that he has not been permitted to live altogether in vain.

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CREDIT AND DEBT.

CORYAT, in his "Crudities," tells us that he saw the following inscription, which some witty rogue had posted up:—"On ne loge céans à credit: car il est mort, les mauvais payeurs l'ont tué."—"Here is no lodging upon credit: for credit is dead, bad payers have killed it." But Credit has a "charmed life;" all the bad payers in the world could not kill her; she may be wounded, smitten down, and trampled in the dust: but a little glimpse of sunshine is sufficient to revive her, and she that appeared to be dead will sit up and begin to speak. Like time, she may appear to be ever on the move; like riches, she may take wings and fly away: but earth, after all, is her native home, and amongst men she delights to dwell.

In truth, Credit is the daughter of Faith and sister of Hope. "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God;" and by credit we know that the world that now is has been upheld. Credit, or if you will, faith, between man and man, is the vital element in society, the binding influence, the key-stone of the arch—

> "The rest that there are put
> Are nothing till this come to bind and shut."

Without credit, or faith, social existence would pine and die; and, the more perfect the social organization, the more powerful will the influence of credit be.

How else can we account for those details which are now become an essential portion of a daily newspaper—dextrous swindlers, defrauded tradesmen; one day, the son of a nobleman in his cabriolet, the other a "black prince" with his secretary, going their rounds, and stocking their apartments with plunder? The mere struggle for existence, the anxiety to "do business," are not sufficient to account for it. It is because credit is an all-important element of social life, the more important as social life becomes more fully developed, and because our moral progress is far behind our social, that police reports abound in those details, of which the plundered tradesmen may say, like the frogs in the fable, that while they furnish sport to others, they are death to them. Credit is the steam by which society becomes locomotive; but it may also cause the machine to explode. With all the evidences around us, of fraud, deceit, trickery, and cunning, it is marvellous, and it is cheering too, to see so much faith placed by man in man. The poor man, indeed, who has come to London with an empty purse, willing to dig, but ashamed to beg, may complain that credit is nowhere to be found. But let him get over that difficult thing, a beginning: let him get possession of some decent house in the suburbs, and he will soon find that, instead of having to hunt after credit, credit will come a hunting after him. He has scarcely got the key into his hands, before a card informs him, that in his immediate neighbourhood teas are to be found packed up in the same state in which they left China, and therefore he may save himself the unnecessary trouble of sending into the "city" for his supplies. The butterman makes his bow, and the green-grocer touches his hat, and the milk-woman, dropping her pails and a curtsey, hopes the lady of the house will patronise her and her "walk;" nay, rival chimney-sweeps reciprocally caution you, and each bids you observe that "my boys have my name and address on a brass-plate." In fact, throw around yourself a little air of respectability—just hang out those mute but intelligent signals, which seem to indicate that you are a man, and are disposed to "do as you would be done unto," and you will quickly perceive what an overflowing thing is the faith of tradesmen, and make the discovery that perhaps it is easier to get into debt than to keep out of it!

Imprisonment for debt! when did it originate, and w[illegible] labour is capital, has been perceived since labour has b[illegible] upon the earth; and men have understood in all ages, that [illegible] while he had neither land, nor corn, nor cattle, had still bones [illegible] sinews to perform service, is a capitalist, and can enter the market of exchange. But the distinction which separates between a man's services and the *body* by which those services are performed, required a great advance in society before it could be rightly understood, and acted upon. The creditor who found that his debtor had nothing wherewith to repay him—not an ox nor an ass, nor a skin, nor a hoof, could yet clearly understand that his debtor's head and hands would furnish capital to repay the debt. But to secure the debtor's services it was deemed necessary to secure his person; the insolvent's body was regarded as the principal of the debt, and his services the annual interest. This incapacity of making a distinction between the person and the services of the labourer is clearly shown in the offer made by those inhabitants of the old world of civilisation, the Egyptians, when they repaired to Joseph with their complaints, during the grievous seven years' famine. "We will not hide it from my lord," they said, "how that our money is spent; my lord also hath our herds of cattle: there is not aught left in the sight of my lord but our bodies and our lands: wherefore shall we die before thine eyes, both we and our lands? *Buy us* and our land for bread, and we and our land will be servants unto Pharaoh." Joseph's father, Jacob, acquired his wealth and his wives by his labour, and though he was working for wages, and therefore a hired servant, was regarded by Laban as a kind of superior slave; Rachel and Leah both regarded themselves as exchanged, and considered the bargain as perfectly right and natural; "He hath *sold* us," said the wives to their husband, when they were debating about quitting their father; and this argument was given to second Jacob's resolution, and to convince him that as he had bought them, so he had a perfect right to carry them away. As people, therefore, in selling their services, considered that they were selling themselves, the transition was easy and consequent for a creditor, in lack of other capital wherewith to repay himself, to seize the person of the debtor, and repay himself out of his labour. The wives and children of debtors were also considered as property available for the payment of debts; and so early as the time of Job we find allusions to the fact, that creditors, in exercising their privilege, were often guilty of cruelty—"plucking the fatherless from the breast, and taking a pledge from the poor."

The right of the creditor to seize the person of his debtor, and those of his wife and children, was recognised under the Jewish polity; though here, as in the law of slavery, the right was tempered with mercy. Once every seven years, debts contracted by poor persons who were unable to pay, were ordered to be cancelled, and the year was significantly termed the "Lord's release." We are not to suppose that this extended to *all* debts: for though the Jews were not a commercial people, yet even amid the quietness of an agricultural life, a cancelling, once every seven years, of all debts contracted in the usual intercourse of social existence, would have unhinged society. The regulation was intended for the benefit of the poor, and doubtless, also, to check rapacious persons from inveigling debtors, as well as to teach a sentiment of commiseration and mercy.

After the Jews were settled in Palestine under a monarchy, we find that both the goods and the bodies of debtors were taken in execution. "Be not thou one of them that strike hands," said

[Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.]

the wise man, "or of those that are sureties for debts. If thou hast nothing to pay, why should he take away thy bed from under thee?" One of the many affecting stories with which the Bible abounds, records how the prophet Elisha performed a miracle to save a poor widow woman from the grasp of a creditor. "Now there cried a certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets unto Elisha, saying, Thy servant my husband is dead; and thou knowest that thy servant did fear the Lord; and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondmen." And on the return of the Jews from Babylon, some of the poorer sort complained to Nehemiah, "We have mortgaged our lands, vineyards, and houses, that we might buy corn because of the dearth—lo, we bring into bondage our sons and our daughters to be servants, and some of our daughters are brought into bondage already; neither is it in our power to redeem them."

All this time there was no *imprisonment* for debt; the thing would have been laughed at as an absurdity. But it was introduced amongst them by their conquerors, the Romans; and we find that the idea was familiar to them in the time of our Saviour, as in the parable in the 18th of Matthew, where both the sale of wife and children, and the casting into prison, are mentioned. The Roman law of debtor and creditor was very severe, though even in its primitive severity the idea of getting payment of the debt out of the labour or services of the insolvent was distinctly involved. "The cruelty of the twelve tables," says Gibbon, "against insolvent debtors still remains to be told; and I shall dare to prefer the literal sense of antiquity to the specious refinements of modern criticism. After the judicial proof or confession of the debt, thirty days of grace were allowed before a Roman was delivered into the power of his fellow citizen. In this private prison twelve ounces of rice were his daily food; he might be bound with a chain of fifteen pounds weight; and his misery was thrice exposed in the market-place, to solicit the compassion of his friends and countrymen. At the expiration of sixty days the debt was discharged by the loss of liberty or life: the insolvent debtor was either put to death, or sold in foreign slavery beyond the Tiber." In practical operation, the law allowed the creditor to confine the debtor in his own house, there to work out the debt: but as this led to gross abuses, private imprisonment was changed for that of public; and imprisonment for debt in public prisons was in operation in the Roman empire long before the Christian era.

In English law the legal acceptation of debt is, "A sum of money due by certain and express agreement: as, by a bond for a determinate sum, a bill or note, a special bargain, or a rent reserved on lease, where the quantity is fixed and specific, and does not depend upon any subsequent valuation to settle it. The nonpayment of any of these is an *injury*, for which the proper remedy is by action of debt, to compel the performance of the contract, and recover the specifical sum due."

Upon this simple notion of an injury has been built our costly and absurd system of imprisonment for debt. The person injured is supposed to go to the Court and complain of the injury; the Court, as representing the authority by which law and justice are maintained and administered, issues its writ, "a mandatory letter from the king (or queen) on parchment, sealed with the great seal, and directed to the sheriff of the county wherein the injury is committed, or supposed so to be, requiring him to command the wrongdoer, or party accused, either to do justice to the complainant, or else appear in court, and answer the accusation against him." The great prerogative of an Englishman is personal liberty; but as the law assumes itself to be "the supreme arbiter of every man's life, liberty, and property," the person accused of committing the injury must answer the demand of the law, why he has injured his neighbour; and hence the origin of holding persons to *bail* for debt (the word bail, as the reader is doubtless well aware, being derived from a French word, signifying to deliver up); the person bailed being supposed to be delivered into the care of his friends, who became answerable for his appearance at the proper time. Lack of bail conducts us at once to imprisonment; the debtor being confined, not as a punishment, but as a security that he will be forthcoming to give satisfaction for the wrong he has done.

One of the specific forms of action, provided at a very early period in the history of English law, for the redress of injuries, is technically termed assumpsit, from the past tense of the Latin word *assumo*, construed to signify "I undertake." As an instance:—The plaintiff having supplied the defendant with goods, the defendant is considered to have undertaken, *super se assumpsit*, to pay the plaintiff so much money. But out of the fear that debtors, on the first intimation of an action being commenced against them, would make their escape, or hide themselves, grew the monstrous abuse of arrest on mesne process. Mesne process is defined to be, all such process as intervenes between the beginning and end of a suit. It is an intermediate process—something occurring between the commencement and end of an action. The action being commenced, the defendant could, under mesne process, be immediately arrested. Mesne process, in English law, was therefore something similar to the Scotch *meditatio fugæ*—the Scotch creditor swearing that his debtor was *in meditatione fugæ*, that is, thinking of running away, got a warrant for his arrest.

As the law stood, a person might be arrested under mesne process who had not the slightest knowledge of his alleged creditor, and who had never directly or indirectly incurred legal or moral liability for the debt which some perjured profligate might have sworn to him. Anciently, a plaintiff was required to give security that he had not brought an action without cause, and was liable to amercement for raising a false accusation; but this became a mere form, those imaginary and immortal personages, John Doe and Richard Roe, being always returned as the standing pledges for this purpose. Thus the means provided by the law for remedying an injury might be turned with ease into the means of committing a gross injury. Add to this, all the exactions in the shape of fees and expenses—the extortions of spunging-houses, and the misery and profligacy of prisons, and a more ingeniously contrived system for defeating its own purpose can hardly be imagined; the English law of debtor and creditor has hitherto been a disgrace to the intelligence and humanity of Englishmen.

Our practice hitherto has been the worst form of the Roman—we imprison the debtor, not to get the debt out of his services, but, in effect, to cut off the least chance of the debt being repaid, by suspending the debtor's power of labouring. We are speaking now, not of deliberate fraudulent debtors, or lazy scoundrels, or idling blackguards, but of men having some honest purpose in view, whether they have been thoughtless, inconsiderate, or unfortunate. Compared with our practice of imprisonment for debt, the law which permitted the seizing of a debtor, with his wife and children, was wise and merciful: for the slaves must be fed while they worked; but in our free country the debtor might pine inactive in prison, and his family perish by inches at home. Oh! what a long catalogue of sorrow and suffering, what an amount of ruined character, broken hearts, and awful curses, are to be found in the records of English imprisonment for debt!

In early life, circumstances made us, for a time, well acquainted with the debtors' side of a provincial prison. The face of the youngster was familiar to turnkeys of outer and inner doors, and on presenting himself, in the visiting hours, he was freely admitted. By degrees the novelty and the sensation of fear and aversion wore away; the promiscuous groups, the rackets, skittles, dice, and cards, the wine, spirits, porter, pipes, and tobacco, all furnished matter for amusement; and long after the necessity for visiting the prison was over, it was visited still. Once, while enjoying a holiday with a school-fellow, and being near the prison, the thought sprang up to conduct him there. He was a quiet, timid, home-bred youth, had no other idea of a prison than as a dark and dismal place, the abode of wickedness and woe. He acquiesced in the proposal to visit the city jail with a hesitation which told how much he relied on his conductor for safety and protection. That conductor was artful enough to play on his timidity; and marking how he looked

behind him as the heavy inner door was closed with a jar, he told him to keep quiet, otherwise he would be seized and put into a cell. This intelligence made his heart to throb, and his knees almost to knock together: yet, while a cold perspiration was breaking over him, he rallied a little, and staggered after his companion. But the visit was one of agony and horror; he shrank within himself, and scarcely saw or heard anything. In passing through one of the galleries, a voice called him by name; and the poor little fellow might have been knocked down with a straw. It came from one who had frequently been a visitor at his father's house. After recognition, and the youth had felt somewhat reassured, he put the question, "Why are *you* here?" "Because I owe your father a little money." "*My* father!" exclaimed the boy, in a tone expressive of incredulity, surprise, and indignation. "My father owes money, and nobody dares to put *him* into jail!" Something of the nature of the English law of debtor and creditor was explained to him, and he also learned that he who had often eaten salt with his father, was now, because of some disarrangement of affairs, and a consequent quarrel, the inmate of a prison, was spending his days in useless indolence or fretful inactivity, had lost a fair chance of recovering his position in the world; and his family, losing self-respect, were frittering away whatever of comfort or happiness they once enjoyed. If ever a transformation passed suddenly over a human being, it passed at this moment over the mind and feelings of this timid yet manly boy. He entered the prison almost crouching with fear, he left it swelling with an indignant scorn; from that hour he became an enthusiast in the cause of the abolition of imprisonment for debt; his limited means were always ready to be given in aid of the relief of unfortunate debtors; and he has now lived to see an important step taken towards effecting an object, rendered dear to his heart by the memorable and ineffaceable scene of his early days.

Yes! imprisonment for debt is now at least *half* abolished. Here is one of the evidences of our social advancement—one of the proofs of our moral progress—one of those *facts* which make us thankful to see reason, humanity, justice, common sense, self-interest, triumphing over old prejudices, old customs, and old law. Under the law as it stood three months ago, anybody might be arrested. if any other person made an affidavit that he owed him twenty pounds. Now, nobody in England can be arrested for debt, until judgment is obtained in the cause. There is an exception in the case of a person about to abscond or leave the country: and if a creditor can satisfy a judge that such is the fact, the debtor may be apprehended, or, which is the same thing, required to find bail. Arrest, therefore, on what is called "mesne process," is wholly abolished, except in the instance mentioned; and all personal actions in the superior courts of law are to be commenced by writ of summons, which is something like a rational procedure. True, by this act far greater facilities are given to creditors to recover their debts out of the property of their debtors; lands, goods, and funds, can be touched that could not be touched before; and a fraudulent debtor has fewer chances now of so arranging his property, as to have all the enjoyment of it to himself, leaving his creditor without the means of satisfying his claims. But with the present comparatively low tone of moral feeling on the subject of debt, there are strong reasons why great protection should be given to the creditor.

We cannot yet say that the occupation of the sheriff's officer is gone; far from it. Whitecross-street-Prison need not yet be shut up; the Fleet still opens its doors in Farringdon street; the King's Bench still looks dark, dingy, and towering in the Borough. But something has been done; we may express a hope that the statistical annals of England will not, in future, have to record the fact of seventeen thousand persons imprisoned in one year for debt, four-fifths being confined for sums under £80, and a large proportion for sums under £30. The law has done something for us; and we should do something for ourselves. We must acquire a more sacred notion of the word "debt." When we buy without paying, we pledge our sacred word and honour; we induce our creditor to exercise towards us relatively a portion of that faith which *we* exercise, when we look for seed-time and harvest, for sunshine and rain. Under the new law, we have a more powerful motive to recollect the moral of Miss Edgeworth's story, "Out of debt out of danger." De Foe conjures us—"Never think yourselves discharged in conscience, though you may be discharged in law. The obligation of an honest mind can never die. No title of honour, no recorded merit, no mark of distinction, can exceed that lasting appellation, 'an honest man.' He that lies buried under such an epitaph has more said of him than volumes of history can contain. The payment of debts after fair discharges is the clearest title to such a character that I know, and how any man can begin again and hope for a blessing from Heaven, or favour from man, without such a resolution, I know not."

To crown all, a higher authority tells us, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. *Love worketh no ill to his neighbour;* therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DANIEL DE FOE.

TARDY justice has been done, of late years, to the memory of Daniel De Foe. But his extraordinary character is far from being generally appreciated or understood. We know him as the author of a few imperishable works; but the wonder is, that these works were written when he was an old man, and after he had been struck by apoplexy. He was about fifty-eight when he produced immortal Robinson Crusoe; and past sixty when he wrote the Journal of the Plague, the Memoirs of a Cavalier, Religious Courtship, &c. &c. Before the production of these works, he had written nearly *two hundred* separate publications, on almost every topic of human speculation: and one might have thought that after the storm and toil of his life, the old man had nothing else to do, but to "cover his feet," and die. But just as the lamp of life was beginning to burn dim, it blazed out with a brilliancy that threw his past exertions into the shade. De Foe stamped his name in English literature as he was stepping into the grave.

Cobbett has been compared to De Foe; and in some respects the comparison is good. There is the same untiring exertion, much of similar versatility, and much of the same unflinching boldness. But altogether, De Foe was immeasurably Cobbett's superior in moral and mental qualities. De Foe was far in advance of his time, Cobbett very little, and that only on a few narrow and confined topics. Cobbett was full of stubborn prejudices, and reduced everything to his own standard; while De Foe had a quick and vigorous mind, saw almost intuitively many of the broad and liberal views in trade, politics, and religion, which have now passed into truths, and endeavoured to enlighten his countrymen on topics on which Cobbett would have been incorrigible. As to moral consistency, the two men are not to be named in the same category. Cobbett was a clever man, a remarkable man, and when De Foe's advantages of education are deducted, and Cobbett's self-taught acquirements are recollected, the two men may appear to stand more nearly equal. But De Foe was, what Cobbett, with all his ability, was not—*a man of genius*.

Short notices of De Foe are to be found in the *Biographia Britannica*, and works of a similar description; and much valuable matter has been collected by Mr. Chalmers and Dr. Towers: a life prefixed to Cadell's edition of Robinson Crusoe, is also interesting. But a very full and complete "Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe," was published in 1830, in three volumes, 8vo, written by Walter Wilson, Esq., of the Inner Temple. From this valuable work a great portion of what follows is collected.

Little is known of the progenitors of De Foe. His grandfather, Daniel Foe, (the *De* being a prefix adopted by our author,) was a freeholder in Northamptonshire, and farmed his own estate of Elton,

in that county. His father, James Foe, it is presumed, was a younger son of the latter, and was sent to London, where he was apprenticed to a butcher, in which business he flourished in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and afterwards retired with a competency. In this parish was De Foe born, in 1661. His parents were nonconformists, and under their guidance, and the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Annesley, an esteemed presbyterian minister, who had been ejected from the living of Cripplegate, he was early initiated in those moral and religious principles which give such a lustre to his subsequent life and writings. While yet a boy, he manifested a cheerfulness, vivacity, and buoyancy of spirits, with such remarkable courage, as was soon displayed in that spirit of independence and unconquerable love of liberty, which he maintained throughout his long and singularly checkered life. In one of his reviews he remarks, of himself, "From a boxing English boy, I learnt this early piece of generosity, not to strike my enemy when he is down," a disposition he cherished in his literary contests. An anecdote, illustrative of the times of his youth, may be given: "During that part of the reign of King Charles II., when the nation was under strong apprehensions of a Roman Catholic government, and religious persons were the victims of persecution, it being expected that printed Bibles would become rare, or locked up in an unknown tongue, many honest people, struck with the alarm, employed themselves in copying the Bible into short-hand. To this task, young De Foe applied himself, and he tells us, "that he worked like a horse till he had written out the whole Pentateuch, when he was so tired, that he was willing to risk the rest." The influences of pious example, and the blessing of a liberal, religious education, were developed in all his after circumstances. Brought up amongst dissenters, he embraced their views of religion and politics, he wrote and suffered in their cause; and a fuller and clearer view of their history and progress, is, perhaps, nowhere to be found than in his "*Reviews*," and others of his publications. At the age of fourteen, he was removed from school to the academy at Newington Green of the Rev. Charles Morton, noted in his day as "a polite and profound scholar." Shut out by law from the universities, this was one of the institutions which the dissenters had as substitutes. His progress here is not known, but it is to be gathered from his writings that "he had been master of five languages, that he had studied the mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, geography, and history." In this academy he went through a course of theology, and studied politics as a science. If his active habits prevented him from becoming a profound scholar, he acquired sufficient learning to become a formidable rival to the writers of that disputatious age. That he was intended for the ministry is certain; what made him change his course does not clearly appear. However, his genius following another bent, and his necessities compelling him, he entered on a succession of employments, the details of which illustrate the history of half a century.

At twenty-one De Foe commenced as author, and with all the ardour of youthful blood espoused the popular side in politics. His first recorded publication was an answer to Roger L'Estrange's "Guide to the Inferior Clergy," and was entitled "*Speculum Crape-Gownorum*; or a Looking-glass for the young Academies new foyl'd: with reflections on some of the late high-flown Sermons; to which is added, an Essay towards a Sermon of the newest fashion. By a Guide to the Inferior Clergy. London: printed for E. Rydal, 1682," 4to, pp. 34. The title he borrows from the crape gowns worn by the inferior clergy. In this, and in most of his controversial writings, he makes use of the most biting irony and satire; and by his unremitting attacks on the court and high-church party, he entailed upon himself a long-continued persecution.

Popery was the epidemic of the time, and the public mind was constantly disturbed with rumours of plots and conspiracies. It was dangerous to be in the streets; and many carried arms for their protection. De Foe gives a curious description of a weapon then in use, from which some idea may be formed of the character of the times. "I remember," says he, "in the time of the Popish plot, when murthering men in the dark was pretty much in fashion, and every honest man walked in the streets in danger of his life, a very pretty invention was found out, which soon put an end to the doctrine of assassination, and the practice too, and cleared our streets of the murthering villains of those days; this was a *Protestant flail*. Now, a Protestant flail is an excellent weapon—a pistol is a fool to it; it laughs at the sword or the cane; for you know there's no fence against a flail. For my part I have frequently walked with one about me, in the old Popish days; and though I never set up for a hero, yet when armed with this scourge for a Papist, I remembered I feared nothing." De Foe laments the factions of the times, and the insecurity of life and property. "It would be melancholy," says he, "to fill this paper with a history of the dilapidations and invasions made upon one another here in a nation of Christians. No man would think, and foreigners are amazed when they hear, how a Protestant nation, not long before persecuted themselves, and by reason of that persecution rending themselves by force from the Roman church, and having established a reformation, should not, among the rest of their doings, have rooted out that canker of religion, *persecution*."

In 1685, De Foe engaged himself in business, some say as a hosier, but most likely as a hose-factor, an agent between the manufacturer and retailer, in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, to which he devoted part of his time during ten years. He was admitted a liveryman in 1688. But he was not successful in business; the times were too stormy for his active spirit to keep quiet at the counter; and he was drawn out into company, and spent too many of his hours in coffee-houses and taverns, engaging eagerly in the controversial subjects which then interested all classes. He set himself in determined opposition to one of the current opinions which was then embraced by great numbers of all parties, that kings derive their dignity and power immediately from Heaven, and are not accountable to men for their actions.—"It was for many years together," says De Foe, "and I am witness to it, that the pulpit sounded nothing but the duty of absolute submission, obedience without reserve, subjection to princes as God's vicegerent, accountable to none, to be withstood in nothing, and by no person. I have heard it publicly preached, that if the king commanded my head, and sent his messengers to fetch it, I was bound to submit, and stand still while it was cut off."

The Revolution, and the accession of King William, commenced a new era in the life of De Foe. He annually commemorated the 4th of November, in token of our deliverance: "a day," says he, "famous on various accounts, and every one of them dear to Britons, who love their country, value the Protestant interest, or who have an aversion to tyranny and oppression." At this period of his life De Foe abstained from politics, and was engaged in commercial speculations with Spain and Portugal, but was unsuccessful, and failed in business. In 1695 he obtained the situation of accountant to the glass commissioners, which he lost in 1699, by the termination of the commission, on the tax being suppressed. De Foe designates William's reign as the "Projecting Age," which brought forth his "Essay on Projects," under the heads of politics, commerce, and benevolence. One of his projects was the plan of friendly societies, which, says he, "might be improved into methods that should prevent the general misery and poverty of mankind, and at once secure us against beggars, parish poor, alms-houses, and hospitals, by which not a creature so miserable or so poor but should claim subsistence as their due, and not ask of charity." Another project was an institution for the education of females. It was an easy transition from politics to the reformation of manners, to which he devoted his attention. He published "The Poor Man's Plea, in relation to all the Proclamations, Declarations, Acts of Parliament, &c., which have been or shall be made, or published, for a reformation of manners, and suppressing immorality in the nation." Reformation societies were established, and in reference to the subject he says, "England, bad as she is, is yet a reforming nation, and the work has made more progress from the court even to the street, than, I believe, any nation in the world can parallel in such a time, and in such circumstances."

In 1701 he produced the "True-born Englishman," a satirical poem, which went through many editions. It opens with some lines which have passed into a proverb:

> "Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there;
> And 'twill be found upon examination
> The latter has the largest congregation."

The "True-born Englishman" was caused by an attack upon King William, in which his faults were summed up in the epithet of "foreigner," which then had a very opprobrious kind of sound and meaning. This was the cause of his personal introduction to King William, and the favour he enjoyed. It was about this time also that he drew up the celebrated LEGION paper, on the occasion of five Kentish gentlemen being committed for presenting a petition to the House of Commons. Also, "Reasons against a War with France," which has been characterised as one of the finest political tracts in the English language.

By the death of King William, De Foe lost a true and powerful friend, and his gratitude was only equal to his admiration of his

virtues. In various publications he defends his memory, and celebrates his praise. "His name," says he, "is a word of congratulation; and The immortal memory of King William will be a health as long as drinking healths is suffered in this part of the world."

From this time De Foe's pen became exceedingly prolific, and tract after tract kept pouring from the press on almost every topic that started into notice: it would be endless to enumerate them. Among these was the celebrated piece of grave irony called the "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" (published anonymously), by which all parties were at first imposed upon. It met with applause in the two Universities as the work of a violent Churchman, while the Dissenters became alarmed lest the measures recommended should be actually put in execution. Under this impression they joined in the general outcry against the author. De Foe complained "how hard it was that his intentions should not have been perceived by all the town; and that not one man could see it, either Churchman or Dissenter." Mr. Chalmers observes, "This is one of the strongest proofs how much the minds of men were inflamed against each other, and how little the virtues of mutual forbearance and personal kindness existed amidst the clamour of contradiction which then shook the kingdom, and gave rise to some of the most remarkable events in our annals." A proclamation was issued, offering 50*l.* for De Foe's apprehension. A formal complaint was also made to the House of Commons, who ordered the book to be burned by the common hangman in New Palace-yard. The printer and bookseller being taken into custody, De Foe surrendered. His wit was construed into a libel, and nothing but weakness or wickedness on the part of the bar, bench, and jury, can account for the issue of the trial. Party feeling pervaded even the seat of justice, as was apparent in the severity of his sentence, which was, "that he pay a fine of 200 marks to the queen; stand three times in the pillory; be imprisoned during the queen's pleasure; and find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years." De Foe was particularly hurt with the Dissenters: of them he says, "All the fault I can find in myself as to these people is, that when I had drawn the picture, I did not, like the Dutchman with his man and bear, write under them, *This is the man*, and *this is the bear*, lest the people should mistake me: and having, in a compliment to their judgment, shunned so sharp a reflection upon their senses, I have left them at liberty to treat me like one that put a value upon their penetration at the expense of my own." The pillory was no disgrace to him, for, contrary to the expectations of his enemies, he was greeted with triumphant acclamations by the populace; and "the mob, instead of pelting him, resorted to the *unmannerly* act of drinking his health." De Foe, undaunted, published on the very day of his exhibition "A Hymn to the Pillory." "In this ode," says Mr. Chalmers, "the reader will find satire pointed by his sufferings, generous sentiments arising from his situation, and an unexpected flow of easy verse." In this he had ample revenge upon his enemies. Cibber remarks, that "As the ministry did not think proper to prosecute him for this fresh insult against them, that forbearance was construed a confession of guilt in their former proceedings."

Till this befell him, and his being imprisoned, De Foe was in good circumstances, and could keep his coach; but he was now ruined in business, and lost 3500*l.* While in Newgate, he studied the habits and pursuits of the prisoners, which he made so good use of on future occasions; and engaged himself in the composition of various political works. The Reformation in Scotland also was now a favourite study of De Foe; and, as will be seen, he had afterwards an active part assigned him in advocating the Union of the two kingdoms, when he spent much of his time in Scotland: was exceedingly partial to the country, its inhabitants, their manners, and form of religion, and wrote largely on the contests of the opposing parties. It was likewise while in prison that he projected his "Review," a periodical work of four 4to pages, which was published for nine successive years without intermission, during the greater part of the time three times a week, and without having received any assistance whatever in its production; an extraordinary undertaking for one man, when his various literary and other employments are taken into account. Throughout this work he carried on an unsparing warfare against folly and vice in all their forms and disguises, and, but for the mass of temporary matter with which it is encumbered, it would have long outlived its day. It pointed the way to the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians, and may be referred to as containing a vast body of matter on subjects of high interest, written with great spirit and vigour.

Newgate had no terrors for De Foe. He continued to write his "Review" in an unsubdued tone. The Tories, mortified by his wit and satire, "tried hard to enlist him in their service; but he preferred poverty to the shame of serving a cause that his soul abhorred," and remained in durance while they were in power. Some time after Harley's accession to office, "the queen, through him, became acquainted with De Foe's merits, and was made conscious of the injustice of his punishment, which she now appeared desirous to mitigate. For this purpose she sent relief to his wife and family through Lord Godolphin; sent him a sufficient sum for the payment of his fine, and the expenses attending his discharge from prison."

Almost any other man than De Foe would have sunk under the trials and persecutions to which he was hourly and daily exposed for many years, by the unceasing malice of his political enemies. Not only was he subjected to their slander and abuse, but threatened with violence. His writings were misquoted, even reprinted in the most garbled manner to suit party purposes. His works pirated and hawked about to prevent his receiving emolument from them; his property intercepted, and made away with in the most lawless manner. He was obliged to withhold his name from his works to ensure their reaching the public. His Reviews were stolen out of the Coffee-houses to prevent their being read. His printer and publisher were threatened with extinction for their connexion with him. His debts were bought up that proceedings might be had against him. However, with undaunted courage he set his face against all that came across his path, and he continued to lash the vices of the age with an unsparing hand.

De Foe wrote, in 1706, voluminously on the subject of the union with Scotland, and acquired ministerial favour, which opened the way for him to be received into the service of the queen. His acquirements and his general knowledge pointed him out as a fit person for a mission to Scotland, and he was received there in a character almost diplomatic. His labours in that country procured him great approbation. While in Edinburgh, he published "Caledonia, &c., A poem in honour of Scotland and the Scots nation." Of the Union he says, in his Review, "I have told Scotland of improvement in trade, wealth, and shipping, that shall accrue to them on the happy conclusion of this affair; and I am pleased doubly with this, that I am likely to be one of the first men that shall give them the pleasure of the experiment." During his residence in Scotland the "Review" continued to be regularly published.

De Foe returned to London in January 1708, and was rewarded with an appointment and a fixed salary, but he visited Scotland several times during that and the following year. When the Union was completed, he published in Scotland the first edition of "The Union of Great Britain," folio, pp. 685.

In his Review, De Foe gave discourses concerning trade from time to time, which excited great interest. Of the unproductive classes of society he writes, "When I am describing the people," says he, "I mean not the passive, good for nothing, who walk starving through the thoroughfare of life, and have no share in the active part of it, leaving no notice to posterity that ever they have been here; but the people who labour, or employ those that labour; trade, or assist those that trade; enjoy, or assist them that enjoy this life, like men, like benefactors to their country, and like Christians assisting futurity by laying up funds of wealth, and improvements for posterity, and a posterity instructed to manage them."

De Foe informs us that Church-politics now became the order of the day; that women and children, and the very street-gentry, arranged themselves in the hostile attitudes of party. The following is a curious picture of the times:—"The women lay aside their tea and chocolate, leave off visiting after dinner, and, forming themselves in cabals, turn privy-councillors, and settle the affairs of state. Every lady of quality has her head more particularly full of business than usual; nay, some of the ladies talk of keeping female secretaries, and none will be fit for the office but such as can speak French, Dutch, and which is worse, Latin. Gallantry and gaiety are now laid aside for business; matters of government and affairs of state are become the province of the ladies; and no wonder they are too much engaged to concern themselves about the common impertinencies of life. Indeed, they have hardly leisure to live, little time to eat and sleep, and none at all to say their prayers. If you turn your eye to the park, the ladies are not there; even the church is thinner than usual, for you know, the mode is for privy-councils to meet on Sundays. The very playhouse feels the effect of it; and the great Betterton died a beggar

on this account. Nay, the Tatler, the immortal Tatler, the great Bickerstaff himself was fain to eave off talking to the ladies, during the Doctor's trial,* and turn his sagacious pen to the dark subject of death and the next world; though he has not decided the ancient debate, whether Pluto's regions were, in point of government, a kingdom or a commonwealth." De Foe was now residing at Stoke Newington, in easy circumstances, which place he left for a time to proceed to Scotland on the business of the government. While in Edinburgh, the corporation, grateful for his former services, empowered him to publish the *Edinburgh Courant*. This was the second newspaper published in Scotland, projected by James Watson, in 1705. The first was the *Edinburgh Gazette*, established by the same writer, and printed by authority in 1699. Affairs of more importance soon recalled De Foe to London.

The following is a curious specimen of how his conduct was watched and punished even by private individuals:—"On board of a ship," says he. "I loaded some goods. The master is a whig, of a kind more particular than ordinary. He comes to the port, my bill of lading is produced, my title to my goods undisputed; no claim, no pretence, but my goods cannot be found. The ship sailed again, and I am told my goods are carried back, and all the reason given is, that they belong to De Foe, author of the Review, and he is turned about, and writes for keeping up the public credit. Thus, gentlemen, I am ready to be assassinated, arrested without warrant, robbed and plundered by all sides; I can neither trade nor live; and what is this for? Only, as I can yet see, because there being faults on both sides, I tell both sides of it too plainly." He sums up the scenes of his life in this distich:—

"No man has tasted different fortunes more,
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor."

In the midst of his other avocations, De Foe now gave to the world a considerable work—"The Present State of Parties in Britain, &c." He was again the subject of a prosecution, and under the pretence of writing libels in favour of the Pretender, was committed to Newgate; but the government took the matter out of the hands of the instigator, and he was soon released.

After the death of Queen Anne, De Foe, who had now been a political writer for thirty years, gradually left that field to others, beating out for himself a new path to fame. In bidding adieu to politics, De Foe considered he had an account to settle at parting. The ill-usage he had received from both friends and enemies, was greatly aggravated by the misconstruction that had been put upon his writings; he therefore furnishes a defence of his life and conduct, in "An Appeal to Honour and Justice;" but before he had fully completed it, he was struck with apoplexy. The ill-treatment he had received, it was believed, was the accelerating cause of the calamity. His friends, however, published the tract. De Foe eventually recovered from the attack, and regained sufficient health and vigour of mind to delight the world by his writings.

In 1715 appeared "The Family Instructor," which was followed by many others, which were well received. In 1719, *Robinson Crusoe, after making a circuit of the trade for a purchaser*, was published, and in four months there were as many editions,—the bookseller clearing a thousand pounds by the bargain. This work is now to be found in most languages of Europe, and gives delight even to the Arab. De Foe, now sixty years of age, lived to be the author of nearly fifty separate works, as may be seen in the Chronological List prefixed to Mr. Wilson's "Memoirs." "The Life and Adventures of Captain Singleton," "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the famous Moll Flanders," "Life of Colonel Jacque," "Roxana, or the Fortunate Mistress," "The History of the Plague," "Christian Conversation," "Religious Courtship," "Tour through Britain," "The Complete Tradesman," &c. In many of his latter writings he assumes the name of Andrew Moreton, Esq., that his own name might not mar the success and usefulness that might otherwise attend them. When in his sixty-seventh year, in the preface to a pamphlet, he alludes to his age and infirmities:—"I hope the reader will excuse the vanity of an officious old man, if, like Cato, I inquire whether or no I can yet do anything for the service of my country."

No subject—no circumstance, escaped De Foe's watchful eye. Popular prejudice, public impostures, notorious characters, ghosts, miracles, magic, whatever was uppermost in the minds of the public, were forthwith made the vehicles for conveying moral truths. The sale of his latter works was immense, and for some time his circumstances must have been easy. He however was sinking fast in health, and was tormented by the gout and stone, which in a few months brought his troubles to a final close. For some time previous to his death, his affairs had become again deranged, and he was separated from his family.

De Foe's character will stand the severest test. His numerous writings proclaim his worth; and posterity will bestow on him the credit and fame that his contemporaries denied him. In the storms that he had to withstand, he maintained a serenity of mind, inspired by conscious rectitude. "He that cannot live above the scorn of scoundrels," says he, "is not fit to live; dogs will bark, and so they shall, without lessening one moment of my tranquillity." Temperate himself, he denounces drunkards as "philosophers in wickedness," and ridicules swearing as that "frenzy of the tongue, in which there is neither pleasure nor profit." His religious scruples led him to discourage the theatre, the ball-room, and the card-table. De Foe was no friend to the doctor, thinking that unassisted nature, with temperance, would in most cases effect a cure; he therefore advises people to let their friends die a natural death.

* The trial of the celebrated Dr. Sacheverel.

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof,
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber soft to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state.
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchens small;
A little butterie, and therein
A little byn,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unclipt, unflead;
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire;
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine;
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the messe
Of water cresse,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent,
And my content,
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowles to drink
Spiced to the brink.
Lord! 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land,
And giv'st me for my bushel sowne,
Thrice ten for one.
Thou makest my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day,
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream for wine.
All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance! that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.—*Herrick.*

WEATHER ALMANACS AND THE LAW OF STORMS.

MR. Murphy may be considered as standing in relation to the yet unformed science of meteorology, in much the same capacity that one of the old enthusiastic alchymists may be considered to have stood in relation to chemistry. It is decidedly doing him injustice to call him a "quack." He is not a quack; he is simply an enthusiast in a department of science, presenting a large and most interesting field of observation, and which requires the combined powers of many intelligent and scientific observers for many years to come. One of the dictionary definitions of a quack is, "a boastful pretender to arts which he does not understand;" and the "scientific notices" appended by Mr. Murphy to his almanacs are not calculated to impress the reader with a favourable opinion of the writer. We are apt to associate clearness of expression with distinctness of idea; and the very indifferent English which Mr. Murphy uses conveys the impression, that the writer is wrapping up his thoughts in a vague, incoherent jargon, in order to mistify his readers. But whoever will take the trouble of disentangling Mr. Murphy's meaning from his language, will find that his "theory of the universe" is ingenious, however fanciful it may be.

Mr. Murphy attempts to do what has been attempted before, and, by cleverer men than himself, to upset the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation. It is rather an arduous task: but let him accomplish it, and he may well afford to bear a temporary shower of banter and ridicule. Should the "Weather Almanac" come to supplant the "Principia," no ordinary immortality awaits its author. If Mr. Murphy, to use his own words, can "shew the futility of the principle of gravitation, considered as the source of planetary movement," let him do so; we do not believe that he will find any predilection for the "principle" apart from the evidence on which it rests. Mere reverence for authority will not stand in the way of successful promulgation of his "first cause in physics," or his "electricity and magnetism considered as the primary active forces of nature in the sun and planets," if they are based on demonstrative evidence.

Mr. Murphy's "Weather Almanac" for 1839 shows a number of improvements, as compared with its predecessor. There is evidently as much reliance placed on its general usefulness as an almanac, to insure its sale, as on the weather predictions. The "trade" gossip on the subject of the sale is, that of the one for 1838, there were 60,000 copies sold; and that 20,000 copies of the one for 1839 were calculated upon, as being likely to "go off." One of the improvements in the new almanac shows considerable tact: for, whether Mr. Murphy obtains his results by "calculation" upon certain discovered principles; or, like the sensible author of a "Historical, Moral, and Weather Almanac," by careful examination of meteorological tables for a series of years, there is considerable likelihood, that, with ordinary care, such a general correctness may be obtained, as to satisfy the majority, who do not compare actual and predicted results very rigidly. Last year formed a decided exception to this general rule; for the lucky coincidence of the "great frost," which attracted such attention to Mr. Murphy's almanac at the beginning of the year, caused a more watchful inspection than would otherwise have been exercised; while the unusual irregularity of the seasons put the predictions very much out. But, either in perfect confidence in the soundness of his views, or acting upon the general rule of there being a chance of general correctness, Mr. Murphy has boldly supplied the purchasers of his almanac with blank columns, in which they may enter their own daily observations on the state of the weather, alongside of the printed predictions. We would urge our readers to act on the suggestion, and to become weather registrars, not for the mere comparatively paltry purpose of finding whether predictions given out in almanacs are right or wrong, but for the higher purpose of forming a very useful habit. In our present very ignorant state with regard to the causes of meteoric phenomena, such habits, adopted and steadily maintained by a large portion of the reading community, would help to stimulate philosophical investigation, by an assurance of a larger audience to which scientific observers could appeal, and also by contributing an additional number of accurate and trustworthy observations to the general stock now available for the purposes of scientific men. The habit itself would be found to be useful, without any reference to the recorded observations being of the slightest value. A few minutes would suffice each day for the purpose; and there are many persons to whom the keeping of a diary of observations on the weather, seasons, &c., would be of more real advantage than keeps record of personal feelings.

While Mr. Murphy professes to have discovered not merely the law of the weather, but the great law of the universe, another far more practical observer has been confining himself to a particular department of meteorology, "the law of storms." Mr. Murphy "begs to add the mite of his approval as to the general soundness of his (Col. Reid's) views, but more particularly in regard to the doctrine of the vortex, as being the figure described by a storm." But Colonel Reid himself does not advance his own theory or "views" as being "sound," i. e. established, but rather as a probable opinion, apparently supported by a number of facts, and therefore worthy of receiving a more extended and searching investigation. Colonel Reid, who belongs to the Royal Engineers, was employed to restore government buildings at Barbadoes, which were blown down by a tremendous hurricane in 1831. This led him to study the subject of storms. In seeking for information, he found a theory suggested in a work on Winds and Monsoons, by Colonel Capper, which was published in 1801. This theory seemed to him a reasonable one, and to be supported by a variety of facts, and he therefore set about endeavouring to ascertain what result a much more extensive collection of facts would yield, either by way of strengthening or destroying the theory. To this task he set himself with zeal, earnestness, and industry; and, amongst other modes of research, examined the "logs" of a great number of ships which had encountered violent storms. Besides furnishing a paper on the subject to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at its last meeting in Newcastle, he has published a book—"An attempt to develop the Law of Storms by means of facts, arranged according to place and time; and hence to point out a cause for the variable winds, with a view to practical use in navigation."

The reader may often have observed, in a gusty day, the dust on a road caught up by the wind, and made to perform a kind of whirling motion, at the same time that it is carried along. This may serve as an illustration of Colonel Reid's "law of storms." He thinks that those hurricanes in warm climates, whose tremendous effects we know more by report than by experience, are whirlwinds revolving on their own axes, but having a progressive motion. On this theory, a hurricane has a double motion like that of a planet,—a rotary motion, "whirling as a wheel" and an onward motion, moving through a given space. The storms are supposed to rise near the equator, and to whirl towards the poles, gradually losing their whirling or circling form as they move north or south—those which move towards the north pole, or in the northern hemisphere, whirling or revolving from east to west, and those which move towards the south pole, or in the southern hemisphere, whirling from west to east This is supposed to explain many of the remarkable circumstances which are often observed during a hurricane in the West Indies. Occasionally, a particular spot in the very heart of a storm will escape without injury, while all around has been desolated. In other places, during the progress of a hurricane, the wind appears to blow from opposite points of the compass. In the first case, the spot is inclosed in a kind of magic ring, the storm raging round it, but not upon it; in the second case the shifting of the wind is the result of the revolving motion of the storm.

Should this theory of the circular and progressive motion of hurricanes be established as an actual fact, or "law," it may ultimately be turned to great "practical use in navigation" But it will require observations much more extended and much more minute to establish the theory: for though Colonel Reid has done very much, as an individual, it will be necessary to obtain the labours of many individuals completely to develop it. In his work, however, he has brought together a very great number of facts illustrative of the subject; and the admirably lucid manner in which he has treated it is an example to all practical scientific men.

SPECULATION.

THE great number of persons afflicted with dyspepsia are to be found among care-worn speculators, stock-brokers, and ardent students; or among those whose nervous system has, by injudicious education, been too greatly developed, and rendered readily excitable. There can be no doubt that sedentary habits concur with mental excitement in producing this disease; but exercise derives much of its utility to them by determining the blood from the head to the extremities. So long as excessive mental excitement is kept up, but little relief can be obtained by the strictest attention to dietetics. Abstinence from mental toil, cheerful company, a country excursion, and relaxation of mind, will soon accomplish a cure, where all the dietetic precepts and medicines in the world would prove inefficacious.

PROSPECTS AND DUTIES OF OUR YOUNG MEN.

STEAM and railroads are turning the entire population of England into a marching regiment. There was once a time when a man might have acquired a little reputation by venturing away from home; he could return and make his fellows wonder "with a foolish face of praise" at all he had seen and heard. But everybody travels now—he who has been "nowhere" feels himself becoming quite ridiculous. Even Hodge has an itching to venture farther than the neighbouring market-town; and already, to travel by that venerable conveyance, the waggon, is becoming about as whimsical as to ride upon a file. The sanctities of remoteness are all removing; old associations are breaking up; places that once had a shadowy and mysterious character are becoming plain, palpable and distinct; the "distance" that "lent enchantment to the view," is taken away; and that garrulous old man, the traveller, is losing all his consequence, and becoming a commonplace and very ordinary personage.

All young men have a natural desire to travel. Some "green island" of imagination is ever holding out to them its tempting aspect, and inviting them to venture forth. They have a passionate desire to go abroad from their homes, some to seek their fortunes, others to "survey the world," and mark men and manners. Such a feeling is very strong amongst young men who have to earn their bread by the labour of their hands. They get tired, for a time, of their native places; home becomes too homely for them, at that time when the shell of non-age is burst, and the youth is thrown upon his own resources. In former days, many a youth had to crush such desires in the bud; and those who, overcoming the expense, and unawed by the risk of the experiment, contrived to ramble over the country, visited London, or even Paris, were regarded on their return, by their home-keeping fellow-workmen, with something of the feeling with which a member of the Traveller's Club, who has merely crossed the Alps, looks upon a fellow-member who has touched at Nova Zembla, or been on a voyage of discovery to the Antarctic ocean.

But now, we have only to put our precious selves on board a steam-boat, or take a seat in one of the carriages of a railroad train, and away we go, we scarcely know where sometimes, and we sometimes scarcely care. The ancient, standing on the shore, as it were, and watching the receding tide, mourns over the destruction of that sentimental seclusiveness, which threw over even physical nature a sort of moral haze and dimness, but the modern claps his hands, laughs aloud for joy, tells you how the market of labour and the market of produce are brought now almost to a level nearly all over the empire; how prejudices are melting away, and provincial peculiarities vanishing; how trade and commerce are multiplying, and making out for themselves new channels daily; and how, hour by hour, public opinion is augmented, until it becomes like a stone cut out of the mountain without hands, and hurled against the image of gold, and iron, and clay, breaks it in pieces.

What influence will all this ease and facility of communication have upon our young men? Taking our population to amount, at present, to 26,000,000, there are, out of that number, about two millions of young men from the age of fifteen to twenty-one. There are, at least, a million of them who have to depend exclusively on themselves, and who are looking about, and revolving in their minds what they shall do the moment they become MEN. The labour-market is crowded—the impulse of the demand for the means of existence comes in aid of the natural inclination at that time of life to venture away from home; and the facility of communication opens a wide door for the gratification of the wish. Instead of hundreds, we shall have thousands of young men perpetually on the move; thousands of half-educated young men, with moral principles but slightly fixed, snapping with ease, and without the slightest consideration, all those ties of relationship and local restraint, which often serve a man instead of defined principles. There is, therefore, a danger, with our present limited means of education, and from the struggle for existence, that a nomadic spirit will grow up with our youth, and that a large portion of the working population will become mere wanderers, the gipsies of civilisation. Workmen settled in some particular locality have something to care for; they may have wives and children, or if single, have acquaintances, friends, employers, to whom they are known, and a specific character to maintain. But the wanderers have little feeling or affection for any one; they are isolated creatures, shut up in themselves, and wedded perhaps to mean and coarse enjoyments; and broken down in moral principle, hard-hearted and selfish, they go hither and thither over the whole breadth of the land; and, as was said of the wits in the early period of English literature, they live men know not how, and they die men know not where.

Now, if we have the good fortune to address but a few hundreds out of the two millions of youths in the empire, we would say to such of them as are becoming impatient of home, and long to avail themselves of steam-boats and railroads in changing their habitation—Consider well what you are about, before you take a step that now seems so easy. He, doubtless, is a simpleton who sits at home, when employment may be obtained abroad. In a proper state of society, he might go anywhere, seeking for a resting-place; to a man of enlarged views, who considers that God formed the earth to be inhabited, and that wherever he can extract the means of comfortable existence, and fulfil his duties as a human being, there he may go, and make it his country and his home, it may be, and it ought to be, a matter of comparative indifference whether he remains in England or settles in Australia. But this is a very different thing from the mere rambling of which we are speaking. A young man suddenly quits his native place, and comes to London; he has come out, as it were, from the trade-wind in which his bark of life has sailed; he enters this "great city, this mighty city," a stranger, without a friend, and with scarcely an acquaintance; and he finds himself in the midst of two millions of his fellow-creatures, all of whom have their own wants, interests, and concerns to attend to. He may obtain employment, for the field of labour is large; but if he is impatient of the time which it requires to establish himself, to make himself known, or becomes discouraged by the fluctuations in the share of work he is able to obtain, he may start away to some other district, wandering from London to Birmingham, or Leeds, or Liverpool, crossing the channel to Dublin, or turning to Edinburgh or Glasgow, and in his progress perhaps contracts habits destructive of all his future peace and comfort.

The truth is, with all the benefits which steam and railroads are imparting to us, they are also, in our crowded community, productive of serious evil. We are driven too fast; and each man, in trying to keep his own feet, cares but little about his neighbour falling. Men become intensely concentrated in themselves; their own feelings and enjoyments become their chief concern and their chief good; while that very facility of communication, which is knitting the extremities of the empire, is disjointing the population. It may be a good thing for our population to become fused, if the process is safely and effectually completed—but the experiment in its progress is a dangerous one. While it is going on, the youth of the present day, who are to be the men of to-morrow, are peculiarly exposed to the deleterious influences.

One of these is the habits of expense and appearance which young men are contracting far beyond their means. There are many young men, who are not in affluent but in comfortable circumstances, compared with age and station in life. But instead of being moderate in their expenditure, and looking forward to futurity, they not merely live to-day, letting the morrow care for itself—but they take care that to-morrow shall find them embarrassed, if not ruined. Oh, it is so easy now to "leave town" for a little; everybody does so, and why should not youths with 100*l*. or 150*l*. a year? Are they, forsooth, to be contented with a poor cockney excursion to Greenwich, or Graves-

end, or Margate, when all the world is climbing the mountains of Wales and Scotland, travelling the long, monotonous, dusty road between Boulogne and Paris; or steaming it to Rotterdam and the Rhine? So off they go, in the proper travelling season, each man during his absence standing on tip-toe, and striving to appear what he is not. When they return to the desk, they must still hug themselves with the delusion, that they are gentlemen, and can afford to drink their wine. So they congregate in coffee-houses, and other places of resort; they patronize landlords and waiters; learn the trick of accommodation bills, and become familiar with the Insolvent Court. It is not of the merely vicious young men that we now speak—the haunters of gaming-houses, and the frequenters of third-rate hotels—but of young men whose general conduct entitles them to the appellation of "respectable." What a miserable thing it is, that in London, in the very heart of all the intelligence of the age, there should be so many youths entering on a course of railroad extravagance, and for the sake of seeming to be what they are not in early life, becoming far less than they might be all their lives after!

Some intelligent youth may say, it is all very well to lecture; but what are *we* to do, who are only the straws and feathers that float on the stream and current of society? We reply—Much, every way. The youth who is determined to be a *man*, need not be altogether the slave of circumstances, even though society should be running on a railroad. The young men of the present day have a greater necessity, and are furnished with more ample means, than were the youth of the past, to exercise a provident forethought. Why, for instance, should a young man inconsiderately choose an overloaded profession, when, by the exercise of a little inquiry and a little judgment, he might foresee that it will keep him a poor impoverished slave all his days? How painful is it, to see intelligent young men jostling each other in the crowded walks of law, medicine, or mercantile pursuits! All subordinate government situations are hunted after by packs of clamorous applicants; and hundreds of young men, educated, intelligent, in the spring-time of life, with feelings warm and generous, and anxious to get what *they* consider a decent corner to sit down in, are wasting away their time, and pining under the influence of hope deferred. Look into that splendid shop, hung round with India shawls, silk dresses, crape and cambric, "mousseline de laine," Irish linen, ribbons, &c., with its cloth and blanket "departments." Perhaps fifty young men are there, all dressed out with superfluous elegance, their faces tutored into smiles, and lavishing their blandishments on the customers. The watchful eye of the superintendant, or "shop-walker," as he is somewhat significantly termed, is ever glancing round, to see that all are "pushing" business, and suffering no customer to go away unsatisfied, whether he or she has come to spend five pounds or sixpence. Surely these young men are happy—so handsomely dressed are they, so bustling, so affable, and polite. Follow them up to their dormitory in the garrets, for the establishment is a sort of man milliner's priory, and our youths are all monks of the counter, who dare not marry, though they have taken no vow of celibacy. Mark how the system of herding them together is crushing out self-respect! A canker-worm is ever at their hearts, for they feel as if they were shut out from participation in many of the charities of life: yet if they complain aloud, there are half-a-dozen competitors ready to step into each man's shoes! Why should a young man, having no ulterior views, and without the means of bettering his condition, tie himself to such a "profession" as this*?

Young men, help yourselves! Stand aloof from whatever is degrading to personal character, for, as a body, you will never rise without the individual virtues. Aspire high, not in pretence, but in reality. Get all the knowledge you can, but do not vainly try to get all knowledge, for that is beyond the reach of the most laborious student, dedicating all his faculties and time to the work. Avoid that mental trick of the age, by which, owing to the diffusion of knowledge, men are supposed to know everything; and, therefore, they disguise their ignorance, as the Indian conceals his track through the forest, by covering the prints of his footsteps with leaves. If your lot in life is laborious, you must content yourselves with something like a superficial knowledge of many things: but it is better that you should have a general idea of what is doing in the world, than remain ignorant, from the fear of being called smatterers. Personally, take care of yourselves—keep your heads up. Let the tablet of imagination be kept clean and unstained—have no inner chambers of imagery within the temple of the heart, where, in silence and in secrecy, ye turn to worship the foul gods. Shun illicit pleasures—

> "I waive the quantum o' the sin,
> The hazard o' concealing,
> But oh! it hardens a' within,
> And petrifies the feeling."

Some of our readers may lay us down with a smile, and perhaps one or two with that bad expression in a young man—*a sneer*. But if the eye of *one* generous-minded youth light on our paper, perhaps he may be moved to implore the benign influence of Almighty God, that he may become a *man*. And if, turning round to his companions, he speak to them with a man's voice, the influence may spread farther than writer or reader dreams. Thus, dear young friends, for we speak to you in the earnestness of our souls, shall you give hope to your elder fellows in the present day; and when the palsy of age is benumbing our faculties, our dim eyes will be gladdened by the sight of a generation destined yet to be the strength of Britain, the "salt" of our country.

[We intend occasionally to devote a portion of our Journal to American literature. This we propose to accomplish, not by formal criticism, unless some special occasion should seem to call for it, nor even by interposing our own opinion in any form, beyond an occasional brief expression of approbation or dissent: but by selecting specimens, both in prose and poetry, which will enable our readers to form their own judgment, and at the same time, give variety and relief to our columns. We commence with an interesting Tale, taken from The Token, one of the American annuals.]

THE REBEL OF THE CEVENNES.

It was in the year 1703, whilst Louis the Fourteenth was engaged in hostilities with foreign powers, that a domestic war of singular character was baffling the skill of one of his bravest generals in the south of France. The persecuted Huguenots had been scattered abroad, carrying with them to other climes their indomitable valour and all-enduring faith,—and much, too, that France might have been glad to retain, for the sake of her own best interests,—their industrious habits, their skill in useful arts, and their correct morals. A few of their expelled clergy had had the courage to return; but, deprived of the wisest and best of the Protestant party, the untutored mountaineers of the Cevennes had become the prey of designing or deluded fanatics. A strange madness had broken out among them; prophets and prophetesses had appeared, and the people listened to the voices of women and children, as to oracles. When the arm of military discipline was raised to lash or crush them into submission, the undaunted spirit of mountain liberty blazed up; and heroes sprung forth from the

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* It is stated, that in London alone, there are no less than *twenty thousand* linen-drapers' "assistants" These young men have lately been making laudable exertions to abridge their hours of labour; and certainly, to be confined behind the counter from thirteen to sixteen hours a-day, must leave them quite incapable of any mental exertion. They may, perhaps, succeed in inducing the more independent, and what are termed "respectable" firms, to shut up their establishments earlier in the evenings, and to allow their exhausted shopmen an additional interval of relaxation; if so, we beseech them, for their own sakes, to give no handle to any avaricious employer to withdraw the indulgence. Very far would we be from grudging a cheerful half-hour; but to be seen in crowds, of an evening, sauntering up and down the streets of the metropolis smoking cigars, or indulging in idle and profane ribaldry, is surely no evidence of a profitable employment of leisure time. But we have little hope of the concession becoming general and permanent. Employers are themselves the slaves of circumstances; "profit" and "loss" too closely meet together, for even a half hour not to be of importance; and we fear that permanent help must come from without, not within. Young men must not rush to be linen-drapers' assistants, merely because they think the business to be "genteel."

fastnesses of the Cevennes and the Vivarez to defy the power of their sovereign. It was a fierce and protracted contest; and, at the time when our tale opens, the sieur de Montrevel, an officer of high repute, had been sent against the rebels. The severity with which he treated those who fell into his hands, struck no terror into the survivors; they seized every opportunity of making stern reprisals; and, as he advanced farther into the heart of their territory, carrying devastation among their humble cottages, and the fields which they had almost created on the bare rocks, they fought him at every pass with frenzied courage.

He arrived one sunny morning at a defile, which led down into a green valley, whose peaceful hamlet was to be reduced to ashes. Not a human being appeared along the grey cliffs above, not a living thing stirred in the silent village; a few smokes rose from the cottages, but no children sported on the green, no old men sat before their doors, no dogs barked at the stranger's approach. On marched the well-trained soldiers into the scene of their work; and, in a few minutes, brands, snatched from the lately deserted hearths, kindled a crackling conflagration; the red flames and black smoke rushed up, and the soldiers, again forming into ranks on a green slope where the rising breeze drove the smoke from them, sent forth a shout of triumph to the surrounding rocks. The rocks echoed it back again and again, and, as the last reverberation died away among the hills, another and yet wilder sound answered it from the depths of their forests. A yell of mingled voices arose from unseen spectators, which might have thrilled stouter hearts than those of the armed myrmidons of power. The march was again resumed; there appeared to be no farther passage through the everlasting barrier that rose beyond the village, and the sieur de Montrevel led his men back through the defile he had descended so quietly an hour before. But at a sudden turn in the road, his quick eye discerned the figures of several mountaineers, vanishing behind the trees and rocks; and he halted, that his men, already panting with the fatigue of climbing the steep, might take breath before encountering the next and still more precipitous ascent. It was a sudden and fortunate pause; the next minute a fearful sound was heard breaking the solemn stillness; his men's eyes turned wildly in every direction, not knowing at first whence it proceeded; but presently a tremendous rock came thundering and crashing down the precipice on their right, bearing earth, stones, and trees before it; and dashing into the centre of the road, with a weight and fury which would have crushed to the dust the leader and front rank of the party, had they not halted at the moment they did. Disappointed in their purpose, the peasants now appeared armed with rude weapons of every description, and fast and heavy came down showers of stones upon the soldiers, as they obeyed their commander, and hastened to scramble over the fallen rocks and rubbish. Not a shot was fired till Montrevel espied two figures, which might well arrest his attention, even in such a moment as this. On a cliff which overlooked the scene, and from whose ragged side it was plain that the rock had been hurled, knelt a female in an attitude of earnest and almost frantic supplication; her bare arms thrown wildly up,—her hands clasped,—her hair and scarlet drapery streaming on the wind,—her eyes fixed on the blue sky. She was apparently heedless of the confusion below; and, above all the din, her shrill but unintelligible accents could be plainly distinguished. By her side stood a slight but graceful young man leaning with perfect composure on his hunting-spear, and occasionally giving directions with his voice and gestures to his rude followers. He was clad, like many of them, in a white tunic; but a single eagle-feather in his cap marked him as the youthful leader of the Camisards, the celebrated Cavalier. No sooner did Montrevel behold this apparition, than a cry burst from his lips:—"They are there! to the chase! to the chase!" and in a moment the soldiers were climbing the rough sides of the pass, driving the peasants before them in the sudden onset, firing and reloading continually. The prophetess,—La Grande Marie, as she was termed,—was dimly seen through the smoke, still on her knees and immovable, while the sounds of the musket-shots came nearer and nearer. Cavalier, confident that more than earthly power would defend the being he thought supernaturally gifted, had rushed to direct the operations of his scattered followers. To his amazement, however, she remained in her ecstatic trance, till a ball whizzed by her; and then, rising slowly, she looked around with an eye from which gleamed the light of insanity. It seemed as if a consciousness of her danger then crossed her mind, for she glanced with some eagerness to the right and left, as if examining her means of escape; and, as two French soldiers sprang upon the ledge she occupied, she made an effort to throw herself down to a yet more narrow and hazardous spot. But their motions were too quick for the poor lunatic; and, as the infatuated peasantry saw their prophetess rudely seized, her powerless hands bound with leathern belts, while her head sunk despairingly on her breast, they again sent forth a howl, which startled the wolves in their dens. It was in vain that Cavalier now strove to rally the undisciplined insurgents; astounded, panic-stricken at an event so unexpected as the capture of La Grande Marie, they lifted not a hand against the triumphant soldiery, but hovered along the precipices above the road, and gazed in stupid amazement at their progress. When Cavalier reminded them, that she had the power to save herself yet from the hands of the destroyer, and would undoubtedly put it forth in some unlooked-for miracle, a gleam of hope brightened their rugged faces; but they only watched the more intently for the anticipated exhibition of superhuman power. Montrevel and his party at length disengaged themselves in safety from the passes where alone their enemies could annoy them, and marched down with floating banners and gay music upon the green plains. The mountaineers still kept them in view from the nearest heights, striving with sad and wishful eyes to distinguish the form of the prophetess. Instead of proceeding with rapid steps to the white town, which glittered in the sunshine at a few miles' distance, Montrevel no sooner found himself on level ground, safe from the assaults of hill-warfare, than he halted near a solitary tall tree, which stretched its branches abroad, as if to invite the heated traveller to its shadow. There was a pause; the soldiers were taking breath after their hurried march; there was a bustle; but they did not disperse, nor sit down on the grass to rest their weary limbs; and in a few minutes more, their march was resumed with increased speed. As they cleared the ground under the large tree, the distant spectators caught sight of a fearful object. It was the well-known scarlet drapery,—it was the body of their prophetess,—suspended from one of the lower branches of the oak. No cry burst now from their lips; not daring to believe their own eyes, they strained their gaze, then looked in each other's faces with blank and speechless horror. Still doubting,—still hoping,—Cavalier was the first to rush down to the place of execution, while the sound of martial music yet came on the breeze, and the cloud of dust raised by the troops, who had now reached a high road, was still in view. La Grande Marie was dead. Her body was yet warm, but the spirit had forsaken it; and never more should the bold accents of her prophecies kindle the souls of the Camisards against their oppressors. With reverent hands they bore her remains away to a cavern among their remote fastnesses; for in the minds of some, there lingered even now the hope of a miracle more stupendous than any hitherto performed by their departed friend. Upon the brow of Cavalier, however, a cloud had settled, such as that open placid countenance had never yet worn. It was not despair which brooded on his heart; but a profound sorrow, and a feeling that all now depended on his own unaided and desperate efforts. It is only on the unreflecting, that a sense of increased responsibility falls lightly.

It was scarce high noon, when the party of royalists encamped in safety near the town of N——, after their merry morning's work. Before nightfall, Cavalier had scoured the mountains in the neighbourhood; and, either in person or by his emissaries, had drawn together a large and furious body of peasants. As the sun sunk towards the west, black clouds gathered round his couch, and, glowing like fire at his approach, soon shrouded the blazing orb in premature twilight. The wind howled among the hills with those portentous sounds which, to the practised ear, foreboded a sudden and violent storm; and Cavalier smiled triumphantly as he looked at the gloomy heavens, and hurried over the rocks to the place of rendezvous. A voice calling him by name arrested him on his way, and, ere he had time to answer the call, a boy scarce fifteen, clad in the ordinary dress of a shepherd, sprang into his arms.

"My brother! my Philip!" exclaimed the young leader, "why are you here? why have you left the upper mountains?"

"I have come to fight, with you," cried the lad.

"My child," returned Cavalier, "you know not what you say. With that beardless cheek and feeble hand, what should you do in these fierce battles?"

"I have fought with the wolves, and I can fight a soldier," said the boy; "let me go with you; I cannot stay there among the women and children."

"But you must,—till you are a man," said Cavalier; "who will tend our flocks, if our boys neglect their charge?"

"Let the women watch sheep, or let the wolves eat them," answered the lad; "I am old enough, and strong enough, and bold

enough, to fight these robber-soldiers; and if you will not let me go with you, brother, I will fight them alone. People say they have taken La Grande Marie; they have hung her on a tree! Is it true?"

Cavalier's countenance, which had brightened as he looked on his brave young brother, grew sad as he whispered, "It is too true; God and his angels left her,—we know not why,—unless that we might revenge her murder."

"Then let me go, let me go!" cried Philip, vehemently, as the blood rushed into his face; and he strove to drag his brother forward.

"Nay," returned Cavalier, calmly, "hear me, Philip. You and I are alone in the world. We have no parents to love us, no brothers, no sisters. This day they have taken away the only other earthly being for whom I cared, and have cut deep into my heart. If I lose you too,—you are but a child, Philip; a noble but a feeble boy, and your arm could not ward off the death-stroke aimed against you. I should behold some ruthless sword drinking your life-blood, and the sight would palsy my own right arm. Go back, dear Philip! you are too young and weak for these bloody encounters."

"But *you* are scarce twenty," rejoined the boy, "and you have not the stout limbs of a mountaineer; yet men say, God has given you such a wise head and bold heart, that you can lead them to battle. I only ask to follow after you."

"In time, Philip, in time! Do you love me, my dear brother?"

The younger Cavalier looked up in the speaker's face with amazement, and then throwing his arm round his neck, exclaimed, "You know I do, Louis!"

"Then go back to the heights, and take care of your precious days, Philip; for I tell you, that, if you are in this conflict to-night, my thoughts will not be my own. I have more need of the clear head than of the strong hand, to guide yonder brave but undisciplined men,—and will you add to my perplexities, Philip?"

The boy's bright colour faded, and his head drooped, as he said dejectedly, "I will do as you bid me, brother."

Cavalier pressed him to his heart: "That is well, my noble boy! I love you all the better for your bold purpose, and better still that you can submit to disappointment. God knows if I do not love you too well, for I feel that to lose you would almost break my heart. Away, then, to the upper hills! it grows late." So saying, he disengaged himself hastily from the lad, and rushed down the rocks. As he looked back now and then through the deepening twilight, he discerned Philip still standing in a melancholy attitude, and repeatedly waved his hand to him to depart. But it was not till Louis had entirely vanished from his sight, that the gallant boy turned, with a heavy sigh, and with lingering steps began to ascend the mountain.

Cavalier's plans had been wisely laid. He was aware, that a blow must be immediately struck, to revive the drooping spirits of the insurgents. He knew that reinforcements for Montrevel's party were on the march, and would probably arrive the next day; and that no time was to be lost. Before midnight, the storm commenced, as if in league with the oppressed; it was accompanied by a violent wind, and, in the midst of its fury, his followers, divided into parties, approached the camp of Montrevel unperceived, from three quarters, and burst upon the bewildered soldiers, while the thunder roared over their heads, and the hurricane whirled their light tents into the air. Flushed with success, the assailants piked their victims without mercy, and pursued them into the very outskirts of the town.

Cavalier alone was cool in the midst of the general confusion; and his ear was the first to catch the sound of drums beating to arms within the town. He divined the truth instantly. Seeing the approach of the tempest, the officer sent to the aid of Montrevel had hurried forward, and had quartered his troops among the inhabitants, not two hours before the attack of the Camisards; and now it required the utmost powers of the young leader to bring together his scattered and raging adherents, and draw them off in good order to the mountains. He succeeded, however; and by turning occasionally to face his antagonists, then flying as if in consternation, tempted them on from the plains, into the broken soil at the base of the mountains. Before this was accomplished, the brief fury of the tempest had spent itself; the clouds were breaking away; and the moon, nearly full, looked out at times, from her quiet chambers in the sky, on the scene with unwonted brilliancy. Encouraged by this circumstance, the hot-headed young officer who commanded the fresh troops of the royalists, suffered himself to be lured among the hills; and then, soon finding his error, endeavoured to fight his way back with a bravery worthy of the sons of freedom themselves. The slaughter among his followers was great: and they might perhaps have been utterly cut to pieces, had Cavalier retained the same presence of mind, which had marked him throughout the night. But, while he was engaged in superintending the motions of his troops, he suddenly perceived a conflict going on, upon the very edge of a cliff at no great distance, which made his blood run cold. It was a boy,—sword in hand,—fighting most gallantly with a young royalist officer. His cap was off,—the moon shone full on his face,—it was Philip! Cavalier sprang towards him, but at the same moment he was himself set upon by two soldiers, and compelled to fight for his own life. Still he glanced continually at the rock beyond; he saw that Philip was unaware of the precipice behind,—that his antagonist gained upon him,—that the boy was yielding, retreating, but still parrying the thrusts aimed at his body; Cavalier uttered a warning cry, but it was unheard, and in an instant more, as Philip again stepped back to avoid the desperate lunge of his foe,—he disappeared! A mist came over the eyes of Cavalier; he fought like a blind man; and, had not some of his own friends come to his rescue, that night would have seen two of the boldest spirits of the Cevennes for ever extinguished. As it was, his faculties seemed benumbed; and, deprived of his wise command, the mountaineers suffered the soldiers to extricate themselves from their perilous position, and march back with some show of order to their quarters, under the grey dawn.

This was but one of a thousand conflicts, which those unhappy regions beheld. But, whether in defeat or victory, from that night the private and profound sorrows of Cavalier found no utterance. The gravity of premature manhood was on his brow; and, having but one object for which to live, his energies were wholly absorbed in the cause of freedom. The uneducated son of a peasant, he had naturally imbibed those superstitions, which had led him to yield all deference to the claims of the maniac prophetess; and many a time, in the dead watches of the night, did he groan in spirit as he remembered her murder; many a time did the tears gush from his eyes in those solitary hours, as he recollected the heroic boy, the darling of his heart, whom he had seen dashed in pieces, as it were, before his face. The fortunes of the fight had led him far from the dreadful spot before daylight; and no funeral rites had honoured the object of such fond affection; but his early virtue, his precocious courage, and sad fate, were treasured in the bosom of his brother.

For weeks and months the weary contest went on. The valour and cool judgment of Cavalier had exalted him to supremacy above the other leaders of the Camisards; his fame had spread far and wide; and, when he had succeeded in cutting off a large detachment of the royal troops near Martinargue, Montrevel was recalled; and a general of no less reputation than Marshal Villars was sent against the once despised rebels of the Cevennes. In a few months more, Villars himself came to the conclusion, that the warfare must be interminable; it was possible to harass and distress, but not to conquer. So indomitable was the spirit of the enemy, so impregnable the fastnesses of their mountains, that all hope of putting an end to the war by force of arms was abandoned by this able leader. And in the heart of Cavalier, who beheld the incessant sufferings of the peasantry from fatigue and famine, there also arose a secret longing for the return of peace to their valleys. Fearful was this conscientious young man, however, lest the voice of inclination should drown the commands of duty; he scarcely dared trust his own judgment; and it was not till he ascertained, that ten thousand rebels would lay down their arms if fitting conditions should be offered, that he consented to hold an amicable parley with the enemy.

An interview first took place between Cavalier and Lalande, an officer of high rank under Marshal Villars. Lalande surveyed the worn garments and pale cheeks of the young hero, whose deeds had reached the ear and troubled the mind of Louis the Fourteenth, in the midst of his mighty foreign wars; he looked upon the body-guard of the rebel chief, and saw there, too, signs of poverty and extreme physical suffering; and believed that he understood how to deal with men in such a condition. After a few words of courtesy, he drew forth a large and heavy purse of gold, and extended it towards Cavalier. The mild eye of the youth rested on it a moment with surprise; he looked in the officer's face, as if unable to comprehend his meaning; then, composedly folding his arms and stepping back, he shook his head, with an expression of countenance so cold, resolute, and dignified, that Lalande blushed at his own proffer. Glancing at the poor fellows who stood behind Cavalier, with ready address he intimated that the sum was but

intended for a free gift to relieve their distress, and scattered the glittering coin on the turf before them. Their eyes rested on it wishfully, as they thought of their half-famished wives and children; but, so perfect was the subordination into which they had been brought by their extraordinary chief, that not a man stirred hand or foot, till, after a brief conference, Cavalier signified his pleasure that they should accept the donative. That was not till he had made satisfactory preliminary arrangements with Lalande, and a final interview had been appointed between Lalande and himself.

It was on the 6th of May, 1704, that the renowned French marshal,—the antagonist of Marlborough,—descended into the Garden of the Recollets, at St. Césaire, near Nismes, to discuss peace and war with the son of a mountain peasant. He first reached the appointed spot; a grass-plot surrounded by formal gravel-walks and trim hedges, bright with the verdure of spring. He stood musing by a fountain, careless of the songs of a thousand birds; for the interests of his master were at his heart; and he was eager to terminate a contest, most annoying in the present crisis of the monarch's affairs. Cavalier approached him with a brow equally perturbed; for, though the sufferings of his countrymen had made him resolve on peace, if it could be honourably obtained, yet the forms of his departed friend and brother had haunted his dreams through the past night. His own wrongs swelled in his bosom; and he felt, that Peace, with her sweetest smiles, could not bring back the murdered to cheer the loneliness of his lot. Sad, therefore, were the tones of his voice, and melancholy the aspect of his countenance, as the conference opened between him and his noble adversary; and Villars looked on him with a deep admiration and sympathy. He knew, from common report, what had been the keenest trials Cavalier had ever experienced; and judged rightly, that, as the season of the year returned, which had been marked by events of pain, the jocund voices of spring could bring no gaiety to a heart so full of bitter associations. For a time, he spoke of the objects for which they had met, but with a military frankness, calculated to place the uncourtierlike Cavalier at his ease, questioned him of himself and his career; and gave just praises to the troops he had formed from raw mountaineers. At last the feelings uppermost in the heart of Cavalier could no longer be suppressed, and he broke forth, "My countrymen are born free and fearless, and from their tenderest years can defend themselves against oppression. I had a brother, General —"

He could not go on, but Villars did not wait. "I know you had; a hero of fifteen; the tale of that gallant boy's fate has reached me since I came into these parts. You might well be proud of him."

Cavalier's eyes were swimming in tears, as he repeated, in a stifled voice, "Proud of him! I prized him while he was mine, and, when he was gone, I thought I had never prized him enough, —noble, loving, beloved Philip!"

"Were you satisfied, perfectly satisfied, that he perished in the pass of Montluc?"

"Alas! he disappeared; I saw him pressed over the brink of a precipice; I knew it was not possible for flesh and bones to be dashed on the rocks below without destruction."

"Yet, if you remember, torrents of rain had fallen scarce an hour before; at least, so they tell me; and a deep basin of water had been formed under the cliff whence he fell."

Cavalier looked wildly in the Marshal's face, but spoke not. "If," continued Villars, "he should have escaped death, should have fallen into the hands of our troops, what ransom would you pay for such a prisoner?"

"Myself,—my liberty,—my life! I have nought else!" cried the young man.

Villars turned away, a benevolent smile lighting up his war-worn features, and raised his sword; the party of soldiers, who were drawn up at a little distance in a hollow square, opened, and there stood the slender stripling, Philip; in another moment, he had bounded like a mountain deer into the arms of his astonished brother, whispering, as he clung round his neck, "Will you forgive me, Louis?"

"He is yours," resumed the Marshal, dashing the tears from his eyes; "we demand no ransom for those that wear no beards, even though taken sword in hand, as this young goose was, ten minutes after he came dripping and dizzy out of the water. The swords of our dead Frenchmen were scattered too plentifully about him. Carry him off, or I shall steal him; and teach him loyalty, I pray you; for five years hence he will match us all. And now for business."

Briskly indeed the business went on. The cloud had vanished from the brow of Cavalier, the load had been lifted from his heart and, both parties having the same object honourably in view, a friendly arrangement was speedily concluded, in which the interest of the monarch and of the long-oppressed subject were alike consulted.

It was not till many years after, that the Governor of Jersey,—the veteran of Almanza,—the trusted servant of the English crown,—quietly departed this life of shadows in the ordinary course of nature, leaving behind a high and unblemished reputation. That honoured officer was Louis Cavalier, once the rebel Peasant of the Cevennes.

"Flower upon the green hill side,
  Thou, to shun the threatening blast,
In the grass thy head dost hide,
  By the tempest overpast.
Then to greet the azure skies,
  And to feel the soothing sun,
Brighter, sweeter thou dost rise,—
  Tell me, flower, how this is done?"

"I will tell thee as thy friend,
  Artless, timid, whispering low;
To the blast 'tis good to bend—
  He who made me taught me so!
While His teaching I obey,
  I but fall to rise and stand
Brighter for the stormy day,
  Leaning on His viewless hand.

When to Him I've lowly bow'd,
  He with freshness fills my cup
From the angry, scowling cloud;
  Then He gently lifts me up.
So I fall; and so I rise;
  In the dark or sunny hour
Minding Him who rules the skies!—
  He's my God, and I'm His flower!"—*The Gift*, 1839.

DIFFERENCE OF MENTAL ACTION IN ANIMALS AND MAN.

It has been maintained that, though there be a great difference between the capacities of man, and the thinking of animals, yet the difference is not in the kind but merely in the degree, and that the mental powers of the highest animal approach so closely to those of the lowest man, that, in fact, it may be said, there is no essential difference, but merely a gradual transition, and that therefore no conclusion, important in an ethic point of view, can be drawn from this difference.

This objection may be answered thus: First, whether the existing state of mind of the lowest man approaches very closely to the intellect of the highest animal, or sinks even below its level, is not the important point to be discussed. The question is—Can the low intellect of man be raised and developed or not? and is the mind of the animal which approaches to that of the lowest man, in its highest manifestation? Everything else is accidental, not essential. The eyes of a new-born eagle may be weaker, and, considered in their actual state, more defective organs of sight, than perhaps those of a mole; yet the eyes of the eagle are far superior, and differ strongly in their organization from those of a mole.

Secondly, I believe we do not venture too far, in considering it as a settled truth, that the mental activity of the animal, which it undoubtedly possesses, does not elevate itself above some of the most elementary combinations of impressions received through the senses—combinations which the mind of the brute performs without consciousness. We, ourselves, perform numerous combinatory processes, without consciousness of the performance; *e.g.* when we avoid a disagreeable disturbance, which we have repeatedly met with, on our usual walk, by taking a different direction, and become conscious of the cause only after we have been reminded of our change by the fact of having chosen already a different walk. The animal undoubtedly thinks, but man reflects. "A mule," says Frederick the Great, in his Considerations on the Manner of Waging War with Austria (1758), "though it might have made ten campaigns under Prince Eugene, would not become for all that a better tactician." Man reflects upon his reflection; thinks on his thoughts; makes the mind itself the subject of its inquiry. The animal can do no such thing. If it could, it would speak; for though its organs of speech may not be so favourably formed for

the expression of a great variety of tones and accents as the high-arched palate, the peculiar construction of the wind-pipe, the peculiarly movable lips, and the many other organs of man which contribute to the variety, pliability and beauty of language; yet there are many animals which possess a scale of tones, even now uncultivated as they are, sufficient to become the basis of articulate communication. It is not because the animals have no perfect organs of speech that they have no language, as Anaxagoras said, that animals would be men had they but hands; but they have no language because they have not the ideas to be expressed. I doubt not but that some of the most intelligent animals feel at times a degree of that unspeakable pain which man suffers when language forsakes him, and his soul is anxious to express more than words can convey. I believe that I have observed this painful effect of a struggle between the mind and means of utterance, in a dog which was anxious to communicate a serious accident, and yet did not succeed in doing so for a long time. But this proves nothing against the position just taken. We observe the same pain in children. Did this pain always press upon the mind of the dog, the means of utterance would finally be raised to the wants of the mind, of whatever compound of sounds and signs this utterance would consist. It is the want of thought which makes the brute the "mute creation."

I am aware that there existed formerly a ready way of accounting for many intellectual phenomena in the brute world, by ascribing them simply to instinct. This is not accounting for the phenomenon. First, the superiority of man was said to exist in his acting by reason, while the animal acts by instinct; and when phenomena were cited, which showed undeniable traces of combinatory powers, and which would have contradicted this dictum, it was said, these phenomena must be explained by instinct, because animals have nothing else to guide them. With this argument in a circle many seem to be satisfied. It can, however, undeniably be proved, that, in some cases, animals act not because impelled by instinct, but in consequence of mental action within them, though it may be, and most probably is, unconscious to them. Ask any hunter whether some pointers think or not.

Yet though this mental action in the brute animal is allowed—and some instances shall be given directly—there is still a line which very distinctly marks, even in a popular point of view, the difference between man and brute.

1. Man gathers experience and transmits it from generation to generation, conscious of its being experience, and thus capable of receiving new additions. The animal improves likewise by experience; we find around us daily proofs of this fact. All drilling, which does not produce a new habit, is founded upon it. Animals entirely change their habits in different countries, and acquire gradually a facility in protecting themselves against the inclemency of weather or in procuring food. Young animals learn from the old ones, and what thus appears to many, at first glance, to be instinct, *i. e.* a primitive and direct impulse of nature, will be found, on closer examination, to be the effect of experience. The most timid animals, in parts of the world which had never been visited by intruders, showed no fear at their first approach. The birds or seals, on the solitary islets in the Pacific, show no apprehension of any danger, no shyness when first attacked; but they acquire it as soon as they know the character of their pursuers. Whether the beaver builds his curious hut because it cannot resist an impulse entirely independent upon its volition, as the bee, for instance, forms its regular cell, or whether this species has formed its architecture by a stock of common experience gradually acquired, might be tested by observation; but this seems certain, that knowledge—and experience is a species of knowledge—is transmitted with animals by mere imitation, and remains within a very limited circle, even with the most favoured animals; while man improves it infinitely. The beavers of North America build to-day, as they were found the day when the first white men settled on the Western continent. There is likewise a greater uniformity in the actions of animals in different parts of the world; the natural impulses, though acted upon by experience, seem therefore to be more prominent.

2. There is foresight in animals, and yet their foresight differs from that of man, even of the lowest grade, by a marked characteristic. The beaver builds very cunningly his dams at a great distance from his lodge, following entirely the necessity arising out of the shape and current of the river. Animals collect stores for the winter, build bridges, prepare for battles, concert upon plans to decoy, entrap, or otherwise to catch their prey, endeavour to mislead the disturber of their young ones, or the enemy of their females, wait for favourable winds, observe a fixed order in travelling, relieve each other in the performance of laborious tasks, change their nests according to a change of circumstances, observe in some cases a certain degree of division of labour, (as is the case with the beavers,) the fox resorts to a series of actions having distinct reference to one aother, in order finally to arrive at his object,—and whatever else animals may do as indicating foresight or a faculty to combine received impressions. But there exists, as far as I know, no solitary instance of exchange among animals, or of anything that could be fairly considered as approaching it. The animal elevates itself in no case to any exchange of labour or produce, of which a certain degree exists among all men, the very lowest Hottentot or the most barbarous South-Sea Islander not excepted. There is no human tribe known, which has not risen to this incipient stage of all civilisation, however impeded its farther progress may be by constant disturbances, such as incessant warfare, the permanence of savage habits, famine or disease. Even the most brutish Pelew Islander will willingly part with the fish which he has caught, for a piece of iron. So common an act of man is the exchange of articles and of labour, engrossing so much of his attention, and so large a number of all human actions in common life consist in exchanging, that in German the word acting means carrying on trade, and *action* a commercial house. Yet the etymology of the German word indicates nothing of the kind; for *handeln* (etymologically the same with the English *to handle*) is derived from *Hand*, and means, still, acting, because our visible actions are chiefly performed with the hands.

It is not necessary for the present purpose to ascertain when the animal acts, simply impelled by instinct or not. If it be shown that in many cases the brute thinks, it suffices for our purpose, which, in this particular case, is to prove, on the one hand, that it is an erroneous notion, and, I believe, one unworthy of the Creator, to imagine that the whole brute creation moves and acts no ways different from the dissolved chemical elements of some body, when they crystallise; on the other hand, that it is equally erroneous to deny any essential difference in the thinking of the animal and that of man. If a bird builds its nest for the first time, we cannot suppose that it has retained during the whole time it was living singly, a recollection of its parental nest, or that any idea of the fact that at the proper season it will have young ones in its turn, and that it ought, consequently, to provide for them beforehand, has been imparted to it by any other individual of its species. This would necessarily indicate operations of the mind, which we entirely miss where we should certainly expect them soonest. But if, on the other hand, a rising freshet threatens to reach the nest of a granivorous bird, built in a hedge, and the bird hastily builds a temporary nest in a safer place, and carries, against its natural disposition, and contrary to the common use for which the beak is formed, carefully its young from the endangered spot to the new nest, we cannot possibly explain it by instinct, if this word is meant to express any definite idea. When the land-crabs of the West Indies sally forth, at the proper season, in long procession from the interior mountains, and proceed in as straight a line as possible to the sea-shore, to deposit their eggs and shed their shell, and then return in the same order, we can hardly bring ourselves to consider these movements in so low an animal to be the effect of experience and thinking. Take, on the other hand, a Newfoundland dog, which, as is common with dogs, took great pleasure in walking with its master. He soon found out that the act of taking hat and gloves, or of merely putting aside books and papers, at certain times of the day, were indications of the master's intention of going out, and he expressed his anticipation of pleasure by manifest signs. Several times, however, the dog had been sent home, as his company could not always be convenient to the master. The consequence was that the dog would take good care not to show that he expected to leave the house, but he would slyly steal out of the room, as soon as he thought that any indications of a walk had been given,* and

* The above instance has not been mentioned, because peculiarly remarkable, but simply because it fell under my own observation. I can give another more striking instance of mental operation in this intelligent animal. He accompanied a servant, who rode to a place at some distance from home. The horse was tied to a tree in front of a house, while the servant executed his message. When, after some delay, he came out of the house, the horse was gone; he went on a hill, and from this elevated spot he observed the dog leading the horse by the bridle, which the canine leader held in his mouth, both trotting at a moderate pace. The dog brought home the horse and led it to its proper place in the stable. So he was in the habit of leading one of the horses

wait at a certain corner, which the master had to pass daily, and which was at a considerable distance from home. Surely this indicates some operation of the mind, not to be accounted for by instinct.—*Lieber's Political Ethics.*

THE SMALL-POX AND VACCINATION.

DURING the past year the metropolis and country generally have suffered considerably from the prevalence of small-pox, which, in its virulence, has far exceeded any of its visitations for several years. Unhappily, many individuals who have been vaccinated, and whose security might consequently have been anticipated, did not escape an attack of this loathsome and direful disease; which circumstance has given rise to opinions respecting the non-efficacy of vaccination that are altogether fallacious, although such notions might reasonably be entertained by persons totally unacquainted with the generally permanent influence of vaccine on the constitution, when once received into the system. The two prevailing opinions on this subject amongst the uninformed, are these:—That the protecting property of the cow-pox has become deteriorated by being transmitted through the constitutions of so many hundreds of thousands of individuals, and that the only way to ensure its success is, again to take the vaccine lymph *from the cow*, which they would not find very practicable, as the disease is of very rare occurrence amongst cattle, and seldom, if ever, shews itself, except when they are collected in herds. Others, again, imagine, that re-vaccination is absolutely necessary every seventh year, considering its influential effects to have then ceased. Neither of these opinions can be sanctioned by medical men; they, on the contrary, unanimously assert, that the character of the vaccine vesicle of the present day is exactly what Dr. Jenner described and delineated. It runs through the same course, occupies the same number of days, and is in every respect identical with what it was in 1790. We know of no other matter, whether animal or vegetable, which, by inoculation on man, would produce a like series of symptoms as the vaccine virus does. From an early period after its discovery, it was known that even those who had the cow-pox by direct inoculation from the cow, were as liable as others to the chance of subsequent small-pox. Persons vaccinated by Dr. Jenner himself, and in the very infancy of the cow-pox, were attacked by small-pox. The children of a distinguished naval officer residing at Chatham were vaccinated by Dr. Jenner; one of them, five or six years afterwards, had an attack of small-pox, and unfortunately died, whilst the others resisted the infection through the protecting property of the cow-pox. We are, therefore, of opinion, that there is no reason to believe that the cow-pox virus has been injured in the slightest degree by successive inoculations, or by the time which has intervened since it was taken from the cow.

Although public attention is attracted to the number of cases of small-pox following vaccination, even when the latter has been performed with the greatest care, and has proceeded through all its stages with the utmost regularity; we are warranted in stating that permanent security is afforded to the many, whilst only the few are attacked; and out of the few, we are bold to say, that twenty-nine out of thirty have the small-pox so changed, so modified, and so slight, that they are able to walk about on the fourth day; whilst there is not one out of a hundred who dies, or who is permanently marked by it.—Is this not a boon to be thankful for? Is it not a prize of great value, which we should treasure up and preserve with all care? Especially when we recollect what happened before the introduction of the cow-pox. It appears from the bills of mortality, that in the latter part of the last century the deaths from small-pox in the metropolis averaged two thousand annually, or about one-tenth of the total mortality. In the year 1796, it prevailed with such severity, that in the metropolis alone, 3549 lives are recorded to have been sacrificed to its virulence. The deaths by small-pox throughout England, before the year 1800, were computed to be 45,000 annually! The number of deaths by small-pox has been considerable during the year 1838. In November, 1837, the disease began to spread epidemically in London; and during the ensuing twelvemonths, (till November 1838,) the admission into the London Small-Pox Hospital amounted to 740; and about 100 were refused admission, from want of room. The wards were so crowded, that fever of a very malignant sort gained a footing in the hospital, and swelled the already severe mortality. A considerable number of the patients admitted of late years had been vaccinated in early life. The proportion of these was two vaccinated persons to three unvaccinated. Hence, unthinking persons have hastily concluded, that the vaccine matter has lost its protecting power. In refutation of this idea, it is stated in the annual report from the National Vaccine Institution to the Secretary of State, dated in the spring of 1838, that "the virus of small-pox itself has lost nothing of its force in the course of two hundred years; and we are enabled to state a strong fact, with perfect confidence, that of more than 70,000 vaccinated in descent, with successive portions of the matter originally collected by Dr. Jenner, thirty-eight years ago, vaccination has manifested its peculiar influence in all; though, of this number, some hundreds have been subjected to the severest trials by exposure to small-pox in its most fatal form."

We repeat, and can safely say, that if the cow-pox is not in all cases a perfect protection against the attack of the small-pox, it renders it, in forty-nine cases out of fifty, a mild and manageable disease.

Nothing can be urged against the practice of re-vaccination. On the contrary, it is likely to be attended with benefit, even if it only confers additional confidence to the person, making surety doubly sure. The period of puberty, when important changes take place in the constitution, appears to be the most advisable period to have it performed. There are, however, many who labour under the delusion that if they have their children once vaccinated, they must necessarily have the protecting influence of the cow-pox; whereas, it not unfrequently happens that the operation is obliged to be performed three or four times before it is done successfully. The following case will illustrate this fact:—A medical gentleman last summer visited a part of the country where the small-pox was prevailing. He had occasion to speak to a poor woman who had a daughter, an interesting-looking child, and he inquired if it had had the cow-pox. The poor woman assured him, with joy on her countenance, that as soon as she heard of the small-pox being in her neighbourhood, she had her child vaccinated by the Union doctor, and hoped that she was safe. Curiosity, combined with an interest felt for the interesting subject of their conversation, induced the gentleman to examine the child's arm, when he discovered that it did not bear a mark of vaccination, and that the child was consequently unprotected. We believe that there are many such cases, where the children are vaccinated, but, from some cause or another, they are never taken again to the medical man who performed the operation, to see whether the disease has gone through its proper stages, or not. In the course of time, some of those who have been vaccinated, but who are, like the above case, unprotected, take the small-pox, have it severely, or die; and these are the cases that are frequently reported to have happened after vaccination. An odium is consequently, and most unjustly, cast on one of the kindest blessings of Providence. The following is a general statement of what takes place after vaccination; and any deviation should be carefully attended to by parents, who, in such cases, should have their children re-vaccinated.

On the third day the incision or incisions are elevated, and resemble a flea-bite. On the fifth, a distinct vesicle (like a small blister) is formed, elevated at the edges, and depressed in the centre. It gradually enlarges till the eighth day, when it is distended with a clear fluid, or lymph, and on this day it is perfect. On the morning of the ninth day an inflamed ring forms round the vesicle, which is now of a light yellow colour.

to be watered. This animal was sent from the coast of Labrador, and was not of the common long-haired breed of Newfoundland dogs.

The vesicle continues to increase for two days, and there is considerable redness round the part. On the eleventh day the redness begins to decrease, and the surface of the vesicle acquires a brown colour. The lymph concretes and forms a brown scab, which dries, contracts, blackens, and falls off about the twenty-first day; leaving a cicatrix, or mark, which is permanent, and which ought to be about the size of a large split pea, circular, indented by five or six minute pits, and be a little depressed.

In conclusion, we would earnestly urge all parents to pay attention to the vaccination of their children; and there is no excuse for the poor, as gratuitous vaccination is extensively performed. Let the children be vaccinated between the third and fifth month, and at a time when they are in good health and free from any *eruption* on the *skin*, when their bowels are not disordered, and when they are not suffering from any irritation from teething.

The failure of vaccination in particular cases can be traced to particular causes. "To do justice to the merits of vaccination, it ought to be performed by well-instructed and skilful surgeons, who are able to discover whether there be any temporary ill prevailing in the habit of the patient to be submitted to it, in the form of a slight cutaneous eruption (for this will often render the body unsusceptible, for a time, of effectual vaccination); and it should be carefully observed whether the prevalence of any epidemic disease may interfere with the success of the process; for it has been remarked by several experienced vaccinators, that the influenza of 1837 did make it necessary to repeat vaccination, more than once or twice, before it took effect."

Parents who are careless about vaccination are very culpable—neglectful of their own interests, and that of society. By neglect or over-confidence, the small-pox might once more become a scourge, and, even in the 19th century, leave a memorial of its increased virulence sufficient to stamp its visit as that of a great plague. We have had a hint of this in the recent augmentation of its influence in London, and throughout the country.

INFLUENCE OF STEAM AND RAILROADS.

The numbers that now go up and down the Thames in search of health, pleasure, or business, are certainly amazing. Upwards of 500,000 persons are conveyed annually by the steamers to the short distances of Greenwich, and about 300,000 to Woolwich and Blackwall, independent of the tens or perhaps hundreds of thousands conveyed to Gravesend, Herne bay, Margate, Ramsgate, &c., and of considerably more than 1,000,000 who travel to and from Greenwich by the railway. It is, perhaps, still more astonishing, that the land conveyances have nevertheless increased with almost equal rapidity. Two coaches, running each twice a-day, formed the *only* passenger conveyance between London and Woolwich not longer than 30 years ago. The omnibuses alone now perform the journey 48 times per day, besides the numerous vans and coaches which ply between Woolwich and Greenwich to take passengers to and from the railway.

The number of omnibuses in London, which is daily augmenting, has not prevented the establishment and success of steamers continually plying between Westminster and London bridges, and daily conveying many thousands of persons, although it is a contiguous and parallel line to one of the chief directions of the omnibus traffic.

From the metropolis, the influence is felt all over the country. Only two generations back there were no means of reaching London from Horsham, in Sussex, a distance of thirty-six miles, but on foot or on horseback. Upwards of thirty coaches now pass through Horsham daily to and from London, besides post-chaises, private carriages, &c., while the traffic of goods exceeds 40,000 tons per annum. This change has been solely caused by the construction of a good road.

The Stockton and Darlington Railway was the first in England upon which locomotive steam-engines were used. On the Stockton and Darlington road, the passengers conveyed amounted only to 4000 annually, previous to the opening of the railway; they now exceed 16,000. The average number of passengers on the Bolton railroad is now 2500 per week, although it did not previously amount to 300. The coaches running between Newcastle and Carlisle prior to the railway were only licensed to carry 343 persons per week, or both ways, 686; now 1596 are on the average conveyed the whole distance every week. On the Dundee and Newstyle line, the railway has increased the annual number of travellers from 4000 to upwards of 50,000. Between Liverpool and Manchester, the number of passengers by the coaches was formerly 116,000 in the year; it is now more than 500,000 by the railway alone.

Similar effects have been experienced in the United States, both in the increase of travelling and in the rapidity and denseness with which the vicinity of railroads and of steam navigation has become located and peopled. Hence the great stimulus which has been given to the construction of railroads in that country: in January, 1835, full 1690 miles of railway had already been completed in the United States, at a cost of about 8,130,000*l.* sterling.

The continent of Europe is also beginning to feel the influence of rapid communication. The former traffic between Brussels and Antwerp consisted of about 75,000 passengers per annum; the railroad has raised it to more than 1,200,000! Still the progress is comparatively slow. In Germany, however, there are a number of railroads in construction; one from Vienna to Prague, which is advancing rapidly; another between Leipsic and Dresden; and a third from Mannheim to Bâle, with others in speculation. In 1835 there were only about 100 steam-vessels employed on the rivers and in the ports of France; and in the year 1836, the number was only slightly increased. The French government possesses about 40 steam-vessels used as packets. About the end of the year 1836, there were 4 steamers employed in the intercourse between the ports of Denmark. In the ports of Sweden, 27; Russia, 26; Prussia, only 3. Rostock had 1, Lubeck 2, Hamburgh 3, Amsterdam 3. Rotterdam had 26, from 75 to 100 tons burthen; they ply on the Rhine, between Rotterdam and Cologne. Antwerp and Ghent had only 3, Spain and Portugal, 4; Sardinia, 5; Tuscany, 1; Naples, 8; and Austria, 6. Great Britain has about 1000 steam-vessels, and the United States perhaps about 600, many of which are of large capacity.

NEWSPAPERS.

By a recent parliamentary return, the number of stamps issued to periodicals in 1837, appears to be 53,496,207. The four-penny stamp was reduced in 1836; the number of stamps issued during that year being 35,576,056. The first year of the penny stamp shows thus an increase of eighteen millions of stamps. Of this number, the London press took up about ten millions; the English provincial press, six millions; and the Scotch, nearly two millions. There is no *perceptible alteration on the Irish* press. The number of London periodicals taking out stamps in 1836 was 71, in 1837 it was 85; the English provincial press appears, in 1836, to muster 194 periodicals; in 1837, the increased number of 237. The Scotch newspapers are set down at 54 and 65; the circulation rising from 2,651,438 to 4,123,330.

NUMBER OF NEWSPAPERS IN

Year.	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Total.
1833	218	46	75	369
1836	265	54	78	397
1837	322	65	71	458

From the last return, up to the 30th of September, 1838, there appear to be 88 London periodicals taking out stamps, and consuming upwards of thirty millions annually. One day during last summer, 175,000 newspapers were put into the London Post-office, to be forwarded to the country. Contrast this with the statement made in the introduction to the first Number of that most venerable of periodicals, the "Gentleman's Magazine." When Cave started the "Gentleman's Magazine," his intentions were of the humblest nature—merely to collect in a focus the best results of what was then considered the amazing number of London periodicals. Thus, in the introduction to the first Number for January, 1731, it is said:—

"Upon calculating the number of newspapers, 'tis found that (besides divers *written* accounts) no less than two hundred half-sheets per month are thrown from the press, only in London; and about as many printed elsewhere in the three kingdoms; a considerable part of which constantly exhibit essays on various subjects for entertainment; and all the rest occasionally oblige their readers with matters of public concern, communicated to the world by persons of capacity, through their means; so that they are become the chief channels of amusement and intelligence. But then, being only loose papers, uncertainly scattered about, it often happens that many things deserving attention contained in them are only seen by accident, and others not sufficiently published or preserved for universal benefit and information."

DIFFUSION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

From the annual report of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, just issued, it appears that 95,649 bibles, 87,496 testaments, 191,723 prayer-books, 10,069 psalters, 145,479 bound books, 2,222,652 tracts, have been sold this year, making a total circulation of scriptural publications of 2,753,608. The income on the year amounts to only 83,163*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.*, while the expenditure is stated at 85,140*l.* 3*s.* The number of schools in connexion with the society are 6,068 Sunday-schools, containing 438,280 scholars; 10,152 Sunday and day-schools, in which are 514,450 scholars; and 704 infant schools, containing 43,730 scholars. Total schools, 16,224; and total number of scholars, 996,460.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SHERRIES.

At Xeres the old wines are kept in huge casks, not much inferior in size to the great tun of Heidelberg, called *Madre* butts; and some of these old ladies contain wine that is one hundred and twenty years of age. It must, however, be confessed that the plan adopted in keeping them up partakes somewhat of the nature of "*une imposture delicate,*" since, whenever a gallon of wine is taken from the one hundred and twenty year old butt, it is replaced by a like quantity from the next in seniority, and so on with the rest; so that even the very oldest wines in the store are daily undergoing a mixing process. It is thus perfectly idle, when a customer writes for a "ten year old" butt of sherry, to expect to receive a wine which was grown that number of years previously. He will get a most excellent wine, however, which will probably be prepared for him in the following manner:—Three-fourths of the butt will consist of a three or four year old wine, to which a few gallons of *Pajarete* or *Amontillado* will be added to give the particular flavour or colour required; and the remainder will be made up of various proportions of old wines, of different vintages; a dash of brandy being added, to prevent sea-sickness during the voyage. To calculate the age of this mixture, appears, at first sight, to involve a laborious arithmetical operation. But it is very simply done, by striking an average in the following manner:—The *fond*, we will suppose, is a four-years' old wine, with which figure we must, therefore, commence our calculations. To flavour and give age to this foundation, the hundred and twenty years' old '*madre*' is made to contribute a gallon, which, being about the hundredth part of the proposed butt, diffuses a year's maturity into the composition. The centigenarian stock-butt next furnishes a quantity, which in the same way adds another year to its age. The next in seniority supplies a proportion equivalent to a space of two years; and a fourth adds a similar period to its existence. So that, without going further, we have, $4+1+1+2+2=10$, as clear as the sun at noon-day, or a demonstration in Euclid.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

IVY.

Ivy is one of the few shrubs which will bear without injury the smoke of London, and this property renders it exceedingly valuable for street houses. About London it is raised in immense quantities in pots, and trained to the height of from six to twelve feet on stakes, so that at any season of the year a hedge may be formed of it, by training it over an iron railing, or wire fence, or wooden railing, or lattice work, or a naked wall covered with it, at an incredibly short notice. One valuable use to which the ivy may be applied, in street houses in towns, is to form external framings to the windows instead of architraves. In the interminable lines of naked windows in the monotonous brick houses built about fifty years ago, which form the majority of the London streets at the west-end of the town, the ivy affords a resource which any householder of taste may turn to very good account. He has only to form projecting architraves of wire to his windows, and to place a pot of ivy on his window-sill, or in a small balcony, at the base of each jamb, taking care to fix the pots securely, and to make a provision for supplying them regularly with water. In rooms, ivy, when planted in boxes, and properly trained, may be made to form a rustic screen, either to soften the light, or to exclude a disagreeable view: and in very large drawing-rooms, plants in boxes or vases, trained on wire parasols, or other overhanging framework, will form a rustic canopy for small groups of parties, who may seat themselves under its shade, in the same manner as parties sit under orange-trees in the public rooms of Berlin, and other cities of the Continent.—*Loudon's Arboretum.*

WRITING INK.

The late Dr. Wollaston recommended the following mode of making ink. Eight ounces of Aleppo galls, coarsely powdered; four ounces of gum-arabic; four ounces of green vitriol; a quarter of an ounce of cloves, also coarsely powdered. Pour two quarts of boiling water on the galls, and stir frequently till cold: the next day pour off three pints and a quarter of the infusion. Dissolve the gum-arabic in hot water, to make half a pint of mucilage, and mix this thoroughly with the infusion. To this mixture then add the vitriol (previously dissolved in hot water), and the cloves. When poured off for use, care should be taken not to disturb the sediment.

CULTIVATION AND MANUFACTURE OF TEA IN BRITISH INDIA.

One of the most important discoveries connected with our commerce in the East has recently been made. It may end in the entire liberation of this country from dependance upon China for tea, and if so, it will open new and grand fields for mercantile enterprise, and afford a fresh and inexhaustible source of wealth to this country, and prosperity to her East Indian possessions. It appears from an official memorandum, just issued from the India Board, that the project of Sir Joseph Banks, in 1788, for introducing the cultivation of tea into British India, has been suddenly and unexpectedly accomplished. It was thought by Dr. Wallick, of the Botanical garden near Calcutta, by Dr. Falconer, of the Botanical garden at Seharunpore, and other authorities, that the tea plant might be cultivated with success in some districts of the Himalaya mountains: and while certain steps, under the auspices first of Lord William Bentinck, and afterwards of Lord Auckland, were being taken to introduce it, whole forests of it were discovered in the Assam country, growing, as it were, indigenously. The Assam country, our readers may be aware, lies to the north of the Burman empire, and forms part of our late conquests. The tea there produced has been duly prepared by persons from China, and several chests of it have been very recently received in this kingdom, and their contents have been found of a quality not at all inferior to that for which we have hitherto been indebted to "the Celestial Empire."—*Morning Chronicle.*

REAL BENEVOLENCE.

There is an art in making a man happy which very few understand. It is not always by putting the hand into the pocket that we remove afflictions;—there must be something more—there must be advice, and labour, and activity—we must bestir ourselves, leave our arm-chairs, throw off our slippers, and go abroad, if we would effectually serve our fellow-creatures. We must give our time, our tongue, and our presence, as well as our money; we must comfort them in their sorrows, counsel them in their affairs; stand between them and oppression; intercede, where intercession is needful; persuade, where persuasion can be of avail, and lend them the authority of our countenance. The doing of all this revives that spring of action which misfortune is apt to enfeeble; and without which no man can permanently prosper; it creates in the object of our bounty that confidence and emulation which produces the happiest consequences. When to this active and effectual benevolence the more prompt efficacy of money is added, how great and how lasting may not the good be! Few, however, possess this quality of philanthropy: for it costs *less* to give a guinea than to give an hour.—*Five Nights at St. Albans.*

THE WILL AND THE DEED.

The will to the deed—the inward principle to the outward act,—is as the kernel to the shell; but yet, in the first place, the shell is necessary for the kernel, and that by which it is commonly known; and in the next place as the shell comes first and the kernel grows gradually and hardens within it, so it is with the moral principle in man. Legality precedes morality in every individual, even as the Jewish dispensation preceded the Christian in the education of the world at large.

The Will for the Deed.—When may the will be taken for the deed? Then when the will is the obedience of the whole man; when the will is in fact the deed, that is all the deed in our power. In every other case, it is bending the bow without shooting the arrow. The bird of paradise gleams on the lofty branch, and the man takes aim, and draws the tough yew into a crescent with might and main, and lo! there is never an arrow on the string.—*Coleridge.*

ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

Milton, who had been Latin secretary to Cromwell, and distinguished himself by writing in defence of the king's death, seems to have anticipated the fate of the regicides. When he found himself excluded from the act of indemnity, he adopted the ingenious device of feigning himself to be dead, and ordered a public funeral procession. To this, perhaps, he, in part, owed his escape; for the king, who was heartily fond of a joke, seemed to have approved of it in the present instance, and is said to have applauded the policy of Milton in eluding the punishment of death, by a seasonable show of dying.—*Cunningham's Great Britain.*

WHO IS RICH ENOUGH.

He is rich who hath enough to be charitable; and it is hard to be so poor, that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." There is more rhetoric in that one sentence, than in a library of sermons.—*Sir T. Browne.*

INSCRIPTION ON A PORTRAIT OF JAMES I.

Crowns have their compasse, length of dayes their date;
Triumphes their tombes, felicitie her fate;
Of more than earth can earth make none partaker,
But knowledge makes the king most like his maker.

Beloe's Anecdotes.

[We cannot permit this, our first Number, to pass into the hands of the public without a brief observation. Such of our readers as may have perused our "*Preliminary Number,*" are, doubtless, acquainted with the general character of the motives and principles which actuate us in starting and conducting the "LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL." But the *objects* indicated in that preliminary Number are not to be accomplished in a week or a month. They are rather to be considered as the animating principle of our periodical existence. Conscious of the sincerity of our motives, we ask for a kind and sympathising audience; and desire our friends to recollect, that if we appear occasionally to deal in generalities, it is not because our own opinions are unfixed, but because we wish to come with acceptance amongst all classes of readers.]

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PROGRESSIVE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

THERE is an anecdote recorded of a Frenchman, who, while he was resident in London, was told that there was a mob in the streets. He therefore ran out, and mingling with the crowd, eagerly asked every one around him, "Where is the mob, where is the mob?" Something like this is performed frequently by ourselves, when we are told that we are living in society which is in a state of revolution. We rub our eyes, and looking around us, ask our neighbours, "Where is the revolution?" We are too apt to associate revolutions exclusively with grand events, public demonstrations, and outbreaks of physical violence, forgetting that all that is really valuable in a movement is mental in its operation, and has taken place frequently before it begins to display itself openly. It is thus that we meet, in history, with examples not only of individuals, but of whole portions of a community, who resemble those inhabitants of London who sometimes become first acquainted with events that happened in the metropolis, by meeting with the record of them in the columns of a provincial newspaper. Or, to use a more appropriate illustration, they are like the sleeping inhabitants on the banks of a river, who are made aware of the presence of a flood, by finding themselves swimming in their beds.

We apply the word revolution to physical, mental, and moral movements. The earth daily presents its scarred face to the sun; and year by year continually it runs its silent course in the heavens, returning to the place from whence it came. The mind of man, also, is ever in motion, but, unlike the earth, it runs, not in a circle, but on a straight line, which stretches out to infinity. It never returns to its starting point, but presses forward to an unseen goal. All that takes place on the earth—wars, and rumours of wars, upturning of governments, changes of language, and manners, and costume,—are but indications of the movement, marks of the restless, busy, and progressive spirit. Junius has a much-applauded sentiment, to the effect, that in revolutions whatever is light and worthless floats on the top, while whatever is solid and valuable sinks to the bottom. This is only true locally. Were we wise beings—if we clearly saw our own and our neighbour's interest and welfare, and were disposed to act on our convictions, none of those frightful events would occur, to which the name of revolution has been almost exclusively attached. But we are not wise beings; good and evil is ever mixing in our lot; and so, under the overruling providence of God, revolutions arise and burst out, like storms, in the natural world—and during the process, the good flies off, like a volatile spirit, to seek some new combination, while the worthless is shivered to pieces.

In this perpetual and progressive movement, Christianity has a most important share. Its primary and its great work is moral in its nature, and deals with individuals: but it has a secondary work, of a mental character, which is performed not on individuals as individuals, but on man as an intelligent creature. We are frequently murmuring,—Why has Christianity made so little progress during the eighteen hundred years that have passed away?—why has it been so circumscribed in its operation and its influence? But we forget, poor pigmies that we are, that God's ways are not as our ways. Man himself has presented a resisting medium to the spread of Christianity: but, at the same time, during all the period that has elapsed, it has never retrograded, never stood still. We can but dimly see it, in the flickering, uncertain light of history, spreading through all the Roman empire, like that elastic ether which, astronomers now tell us, pervades the universe; gradually it overthrows Paganism, and Paganism, as it dies, inflicts a wound on it; then it encounters that great ocean of barbarism which overspread the Roman empire, and covered its ruins, but still, like the salt of the ocean, its pervading and preserving influence can be traced and seen; a misinterpretation of a Scripture caused that extraordinary commotion all over Europe at the end of the tenth century, by which the minds of men were shaken by the idea, that the end of the world was at hand, and many, disposing of their lands and goods, hurried to Palestine, to meet, as they vainly thought, the descending Son of God; following this, and partly a result of it, was the first crusade, termed by M. Guizot, the "first event" of modern European society;—the first circumstance, in modern history, which animated entire nations with one impulse, with one co-operating spirit. We need not here speak of the prodigious influence of the crusades, as felt throughout the entire structure of European society; of the dawn of the Reformation; of the Reformation itself; nor of all that has resulted from it, still extending its influence, and spreading out to the future.

Now, in all these changes it is most interesting to observe, how an expansion of the intellect of man has preceded or followed an expansion of Christianity. We talk of the purity of the primitive age; and certainly the Christians who could ask counsel of those who had seen their Lord in the flesh had a far better chance of being rightly informed of the truth than we have. But we must recollect that the general intellect of man was then far lower than it is now. It is a peculiar glory of Christianity that it is adapted to the wants of the most ignorant as well as the most refined: but to appreciate it in all its excellence and purity requires a large and cultivated mind—it is another glory of Christianity that the intellect or wit of man can never outgrow it. We are therefore approaching to a period when Christianity will be seen more pure and glorious than ever it has been since the days of the apostles. Nay, we are wrong in using the word "pure;" Christianity has never been corrupted; men, in their dull, narrow, and sluggish minds, have mixed up portions of its spirit with their own fantasies and errors; they have called the mixture Christianity, and fought for it and died for it—while such portions of the truth which they held was ever struggling with the error with which it was united, and labouring to drive it out.

To illustrate this, let us refer to the different interpretations of the parables, taking the parable of Lazarus as an example. Thus, for instance, amongst other follies at Jerusalem, they show to credulous pilgrims and incredulous travellers the houses of the Rich Man and the Beggar. Major Skinner, a recent traveller, was shown the house of Dives, "at the end of a street in the Turkish quarter of the town. We stood for a while to gaze at it, many of the pilgrims shaking their heads and uttering expressions of scorn; when, turning round, some one, in a more softened tone, proclaimed, 'And this is the house of Lazarus himself.' The people rushed towards it, (for it is within sight of the spot where 'the dogs came and licked his sores,') and stood in nearly as much astonishment at it as I did. It is an exceedingly clean and neat building, of a middling size. I know not how old this tradition is: but if one of the monks had not assured me of its certainty with very great solemnity, I should have thought the whole affair had been meant as a joke."

Between the Christian who believes in the literal fact of the

[Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.]

parable of Lazarus, and the Christian who sees in it one of those beautiful imaginations, through the medium of which the MASTER taught awful and immortal truths, what a great distance is there! The difference does not lie in the parable, nor in the truth taught. The unintellectual Christian, who seriously believes that there was a beggar named Lazarus, and that he was actually carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, may derive as much edification and as much warning from the doctrine of a future state taught in the parable, as may the refined and cultivated Christian, who sees in the story of the beggar but the vestments of the great truth of the immortality of man. Yet what a difference is there in the degree of justice done to the truth by the two minds! The one, because of his lower range of intellectual capacity, but ill understands the Scripture, and may fall into the gross and ludicrous error of believing that the houses of the rich man and Lazarus are to be seen in Jerusalem to this day. The other more correctly perceives the object of the parable, does far more justice, not merely to the truth, but to the simple and affecting grandeur of the manner in which the truth is told; and has a mind prepared or preparing to taste and enjoy the moral beauty, the purity, the majesty, of the Christianity of the New Testament.

As with individuals, so with man as a whole. Even in the apostolic age, the great majority of those who embraced the gospel but ill comprehended what they believed. Can we wonder at this? The larger portion of the early converts were "ignorant and unlearned men," who belonged to the middle and lower classes of society—mechanics, domestic servants, or rather slaves. There was then no magic printing, to perform its wonders before the people. Converts came with their inveterate Jewish prejudices, or their Gentile philosophy, or the lingering remains of Pagan superstition or Pagan habits; and into such a soil as this was the precious truth dropped! Frequently, the very men who so loved the truth as to "count not their own lives dear" to themselves, were sometimes blameably forward in offering to "seal their testimony with their blood." The errors of the early Christians were those of excess, addition, and deficiency of perception; and to those who look no further than the surface, a large portion of the employment of Christians in all the ages that have elapsed seems to have been merely a process of ravelling and unravelling the bandages with which the truth has been swathed. The ark of the covenant has been carried backwards and forwards throughout this dry and rocky wilderness of the past world's history; and all the men who came out of Egypt have died without entering the promised land. Nevertheless, the manna has continued to fall, and the living stream has flowed. How far are we yet from the banks of the Jordan, whose waters are to roll back, while the tribes cross over on dry land?

Even the sceptic must admit the prodigious influence which Christianity has exercised on the civilisation of man. In spite of all retarding influences—in the midst of blunders, and folly, and ignorance, the truth has ever striven to rise outwards and upwards, and to carry the human mind along with it. Man, in his ambitious and selfish pride, has repeatedly tried to forge chains out of the corruptions of Christianity, with which to bind his own intellect. But the truth itself has been too ethereal to be bound down: even in the darkest and most humiliating portion of the history of Christianity it may be seen struggling to get free. Christianity was as a pharos, sending its light across the troubled sea of European society, before it settled down into the form of the feudal system; it exercised an influence over the rude, fierce, but comprehensive mind of Charlemagne; it inspired with hope and noblest effort our own Alfred, and made his reign a great landmark in English history; it taught the monks to feed the lamp of literature with oil, though frequently that oil was anything but pure; it tinged war with something like a generous sentiment, and gave to chivalry a portion of its romance; stirred the mind of the English nation, and supplied our early literature with a treasure-house of holy and sublime images: and now, in our own tongue alone, there is a mass of learning, research, controversy, and criticism, having the Bible for its object, sufficient of itself to form and expand the mind of any nation whatever.

A great portion of scepticism, and of the irregularities of religious enthusiasm, have been produced during the transitions of the popular mind from a lower to a larger appreciation of Christianity. To mistake a corrupted faith for the faith of the New Testament, has been the fault or the misfortune of men in every age of the history of Christianity: yet even a corrupted faith acts as ballast, and, should it be thrown overboard suddenly, the vessel may be upset. And just as from generation to generation the national faith has been moved forward with the advance of the national mind, so, in each transition, scepticism has shifted its ground, and clothed itself in a new form. And this makes us think it possible, that, before we reach a higher elevation in religious truth, another and a newer form of scepticism, as well as other developments of religious enthusiasm, will spread over the surface of society. Should this be the case to any extent, the commotion will be fearful. The press, with its hundred tongues, will clamour loud and long; and men, accustomed to pay but small reverence to mere authority, may fling away the bonds of their old faith before they fall down to worship the new. But at the very time that ruin seems impending, the voice of the tempest will be stilled, and men will perceive Christianity "looking forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

We may compare the present time with the century that preceded the Reformation. The steam-engine is to this age what printing was then; and facility of communication, and the advanced state of all our physical resources, may be fairly compared with the Mariner's Compass, the discovery of America, and the passage of the Cape of Good Hope. Men were burned at the stake for reformation long before *the* Reformation began; and the Church had confessed a necessity for reformation, and had attempted it, before Luther opened his mouth. The great intellectual excitement of the fifteenth century was followed by a corresponding great religious movement. Reasoning from analogy, may we not expect that the still higher mental activity of the nineteenth century will be followed by a still higher development of religious faith and practice? All good men look for it, and long for it. Milton saw it afar off, when he prayed that the "Mighty One" would "gird his sword upon his thigh, and go forth, as of old, conquering and to conquer;" and now, more than in Milton's time, is there visible sign and token that "the whole earth sighs to be renewed."

This advance in Christian knowledge and faith may be preceded or accompanied by a change in social condition. "We shall find," says M. Guizot, "that every expansion of human intelligence has proved of advantage to society; and that all the great advances in the social condition have turned to the profit of humanity. One or other of these facts may predominate—may shine forth with greater splendour for a season, and impress upon the movement its own particular character. At times it may not be till after the lapse of a long interval, after a thousand transformations, a thousand obstacles, that the second shows itself, and comes to complete the civilisation which the first had begun; but when we look closely, we easily recognise the link by which they are connected. The movements of Providence are not restricted to narrow bounds: it is not anxious to deduce to-day the consequences of the premises it laid down yesterday. It may defer this for ages, till the fulness of time shall come. Its logic will not be less conclusive for reasoning slowly. Providence moves through time as the gods of Homer through space: it makes a step, and ages have rolled away! How long a time, how many circumstances intervened, before the regeneration of the moral powers of man, by Christianity, exercised its great, its legitimate influence upon his social condition? Yet who can doubt or mistake its power?" That power, we may add, will work with a tenfold influence in the ages that are future, as compared with those that are past.

CIVILISATION IN MADAGASCAR.*

Madagascar was first made known to Europeans by that most intelligent and veracious traveller, Marco Polo. He was, as the reader may be aware, for many years (from 1275 to 1292) in the service of Kublai Khan, the great conqueror of China. Being highly in favour with his employer, and acquainted with many of the languages spoken within the wide extent of the Mongol empire, he was frequently sent on distant missions, and to places so remote, as often to be six months in travelling to his destination. He kept a journal, in which he entered not only what came under his own observation worthy of record, but whatever information he received from others respecting countries which he had not visited. Of course, he was occasionally both intentionally and unintentionally deceived, and was also, as was the character of his age, a little credulous. But his book of travels opened a new world to the people of Europe, and exercised a great influence at the time of its publication.

Madagascar he did not visit; but his account of it bears evidence of having been derived from those who did; as, for instance, his mention of the strong currents which run along the coast of Africa. He confounds some of the productions of the continent with those of the island, and mentions elephants, giraffes, and tigers, which are not to be found in Madagascar. The reader will be amused by his fabulous *rukh*, and be reminded of the *roc* of the Arabian Nights. But though Marco Polo mentions only the "Saracens" or Arabians as inhabitants of Madagascar, (they form but a small section of the inhabitants,) his description of the active commerce carried on renders his account of the island, which he calls Magaster, worthy of quotation. It is as follows:—

"Leaving the island of Soccotera, and steering a course between south and south-west for a thousand miles, you arrive at the great island of Magaster, which is one of the largest and most fertile in the world. In circuit it is three thousand miles. The inhabitants are Saracens, or followers of the law of Mahomet. They have four sheikhs, which in our language may be expressed by "elders," who divide the government amongst them. The people subsist by trade and manufacture, and sell a vast number of elephants' teeth, as those animals abound in the country, as they do also in that of Zanzibar, from whence the exportation is equally great.

"The principal food eaten at all seasons of the year is the flesh of camels. That of the other cattle serves them also for food, but the former is preferred, as being both the most wholesome and the most palatable of any to be found in this part of the world. The woods contain many trees of red sandal, and in proportion to the plenty in which it is found, the price of it is low. There is also much ambergris from the whales; and as the tide throws it on the coast, it is collected for sale. The natives catch lynxes, tigers, and a variety of other animals, such as stags, antelopes, and fallow-deer, which afford much sport; as do also the birds, which are different from those of our climates.

"The island is visited by many ships from various parts of the world, bringing assortments of goods, consisting of brocades and silks of various patterns, which are sold to the merchants of the island, or bartered for goods in return, upon all of which they make large profits. There is no resort of ships to the other numerous islands lying further south, this and the island of Zanzibar alone being frequented. This is the consequence of the sea running with such prodigious velocity in that direction as to render their return impossible. The vessels that sail from the coast of Malabar for this island perform the voyage in twenty or twenty-five days, but in their returning voyage are obliged to struggle for three months, so strong is the current of water which constantly runs to the southward.

"The people of the island report that at a certain season of the year, an extraordinary kind of bird, which they call a *rukh*, makes its appearance from the southern region. In form it is said to resemble the eagle, but it is incomparably greater in size, being so large and strong as to seize an elephant with its talons, and to lift it in the air, whence it lets it fall to the ground, in order that, when dead, it may prey upon the carcase. Persons who have seen this bird assert that when the wings are spread they measure sixteen paces in extent from point to point, and that the feathers are eight paces in length, and thick in proportion. Messer Marco Polo, conceiving that these creatures might be griffins, such as are represented in painting, half birds and half lions, particularly questioned those who reported their having seen them as to this point, but they maintained that their shape was altogether that of birds, or, as it might be said, that of the eagle. The grand *khan* having heard this extraordinary relation, sent messengers to the island, on the pretext of demanding the release of one of his servants who had been detained there, but in reality to examine into the circumstances of the country, and the truth of the wonderful things told of it. When they returned to the presence of his majesty, they brought with them, as I have heard, a feather of the *rukh* positively affirmed to have measured ninety spans, and the quill part to have been two palms in circumference. This surprising exhibition afforded his majesty extreme pleasure, and upon those by whom it was presented he bestowed valuable gifts. They were also the bearers of a tusk of a wild boar, an animal that grows there to the size of a buffalo, and it was found to weigh fourteen pounds. The island contains camelopards, asses, and other wild animals, very different from those of our country."

It was not till the passage by the Cape of Good Hope was made, and Portuguese barks were ploughing the Indian ocean, that Madagascar was known by actual examination of its coasts. The Portuguese made a small settlement on the south-eastern extremity of the island, but the settlers were cut off by the natives. The island, however, lay under the eye of the early voyagers to the East Indies; and Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English vessels, touched at some of its harbours for refreshment. Great exaggeration prevailed respecting the wealth and resources of Madagascar, and about the middle of the seventeenth century, the French and English seemed to be trying a race for its possession. A Mr. Walter Hamond, who visited it in 1630, published, in 1640, a short and somewhat foolish tract, with a long and flaming title, of which the following is a copy:—"A Paradox, prooving that the inhabitants of the isle called Madagascar, or St. Lawrence [it was called St. Lawrence by the Portuguese], in temporall things are the happiest in the world: whereunto is prefixed, a briefe and true description of that island, the nature of the climate, and condition of the inhabitants, and their speciall affection to the English above other nations: with most probable arguments of a hopefull and fit plantation of a colony there, in respect of the fruitfullness of the soyle, the benignity of the ayre, and the relieving of our English ships both to and from the East Indies." The "Paradox," to which the account of the island is a prefix, is a ludicrous enough affair. While the author is exhorting the English "concerning the commodities and riches of this island," and vehemently affirming that "for wealth and riches no island in the world can be preferred before it," he rings the changes on the advantages of poverty and the evils of wealth, deplores the abject servitude into which the use of clothes and money brings the man of civilisation, and admires the ease, freedom, and absence of all care and anxiety, which he fancies the naked savage enjoys.

Mr. Hamond reappeared in 1643, with another tract—"Madagascar the richest and most fruitful island in the whole world;" dedicated to the "Honourable John Bond, governor and captain-general of Madagascar." That there was a serious intention entertained by the English government for a settlement on Madagascar, we learn from a work published in the following year (1644), by a Mr. Richard Boothby, a merchant of London, who gives it as his "humble opinion" that "whatsoever prince in Christendom is once really possessed of, and strongly settled in, that brave, fruitful, and pleasant island, by computation three times as big as England, may with ease be emperor or sole monarch of the East Indies." He did not foresee that a private company of "merchant adventurers" was about to become almost "emperor or sole monarch of the East Indies," even without the possession of Madagascar. The troubles of the reign of Charles the First prevented the execution of the scheme mentioned in Mr. Boothby's tract; a settlement however was formed by the English in St. Augustine's Bay, but the individuals composing it did not experience that "benignity of the air" of which Mr. Hamond boasted on his title-page, for almost all the settlers were cut off by the climate. The greater portion of the coast of Madagascar is marshy, hot, moist, and abounding with an exuberant vegetation. Hence there is a mal' aria (bad air), the subtle poison of which is fatal not only to foreigners, but even to natives at certain periods of the year.

While the English government was talking, the French government was acting. In 1642, Cardinal Richelieu granted a patent, under which a French East India Company was formed. A settle-

* History of Madagascar; comprising also the Progress of the Christian Mission established in 1818; and an Authentic Account of the recent Martyrdom of Rafaravavy, and of the Persecution of the Native Christians. Compiled from chiefly Original Documents, by the Rev. William Ellis, Foreign Secretary to the London Missionary Society. In two vols. London, 1818.

ment was made on the south-eastern extremity of Madagascar, and a fort built, which was called Fort Dauphin. We have no space to follow the narrative of the repeated attempts made by the French to effect a permanent settlement. Bad or weak-minded men were too often at the head of the infant colony; quarrels and wars with the natives were frequent; and M. Lescallier, who was deputed, in 1792, by the French National Assembly, to visit Madagascar, thus reports :—"Europeans have hardly ever visited this island but to ill-treat the natives, and to exact forced services from them; to excite and foment quarrels amongst them, for the purpose of purchasing the slaves that are taken on both sides in the consequent wars; in a word, they have left no other marks of having been there but the effects of their cupidity. The French government has, at long intervals, formed, or rather attempted to form, establishments amongst these people, but the agents in these enterprises have attended exclusively to the interests and emoluments of the Europeans, while the interests and well-being of the natives have been entirely forgotten."

Robert Drury's interesting narrative of his fifteen years' detention in Madagascar gave to the English a better idea of the climate, natives, and resources of the island, than they had hitherto obtained. Robert Drury was the son of the landlord of the King's Head in the Old Jewry, London; and having, at the age of 14, a passionate wish to go to sea, was sent out in a vessel to the East Indies, his careful mother providing him with all comforts, in the hope that a single voyage would cure him of his sea-faring inclination. On the homeward voyage the vessel was wrecked on the coast of Madagascar in 1702. A large number of the people on board got safe to land, where they were, on the whole, kindly treated by a native chief; but becoming furious at their detention, violent counsels were adopted, the chief was seized as a prisoner, and the whole party undertook a perilous march, or rather flight, pursued and harassed by the natives. Drury details the subsequent proceedings with some minuteness; the natives repeatedly overtook the flying party; the chief was restored to his people on a promise of no further molestation being given, but still the pursuit was continued; the fatigued and the stragglers were cut off; and at last, the more hardy and resolute having got greatly a-head of the pursuers, those who remained behind were assaulted and slain, Drury being preserved, his youth having saved him.

Drury spent fifteen years in Madagascar, "suffering almost every kind of privation and distress, became a domestic slave, and as such passed from the hands of one proprietor to another, sometimes experiencing kindness, but more frequently being treated in a manner, which, though not regarded as cruel by his masters, must often have embittered the regrets with which he remembered the reckless desertion of his own pleasant home." He at one time made his escape, for the purpose of reaching St. Augustine's Bay, in the hope of meeting with some of his countrymen; and his description of his lonely wanderings in the country can only be compared to the narrative of Ross Cox, when, without arms or food, he lost the party with which he was travelling across the American continent, from the Colombia River to Canada. Ross Cox tells us that at one time a wolf faced him, and he had no other resource but to boldly face it too, while he shouted out all the names of all the acquaintances he could recollect, to make the animal believe he had friends at hand. At another time he went to sleep in the hollow trunk of a tree, which proved to be a bear's nest, and was awakened by Bruin returning home. Confounding his visitor by a sudden blow with a stick, he got time to ascend a tree: but the bear watched him with persevering attention, and it was only when it went off to get a meal, that Ross Cox had an opportunity of escaping from the unpleasant neighbourhood. Robert Drury was not troubled with bears or wolves; but one night, as he lay asleep between the decaying embers of two fires he had kindled, a fox began to pull away at his heel; and when Drury started up and struck it with a brand, the audacious creature flew at his face, and was with difficulty beaten off. At another time, as he was trying to cross a river, he was chased by a crocodile. "As I was searching," he says, "for a proper place to wade through, or swim over, I spied a large crocodile; I still walked upon the banks, and in a short time saw three more. This was a mortifying stroke, and almost dispirited me. I went on until I came to a shallower place, when I entered the river about ten yards: but seeing a crocodile make towards me, I ran directly back. He pursued me until I got into very shallow water, and then he turned back into the deep, for they will never attack a man near the shore." He afterwards crossed the river when it was dark, carrying with him a lighted firebrand to scare those dreaded monsters. Drury was brought home to England by a vessel which came to Madagascar for slaves.

Domestic slavery has been, from time immemorial, a part of the constitution of society in Madagascar; and, like the Britons at the time of the invasion of Julius Cæsar, or the New Zealanders of the present day, the various tribes consigned their prisoners of war to slavery. But early in the eighteenth century, the exportation of slaves grew into a great trade. Madagascar had been for many years a resort of reckless sailors, who turned pirates*, and infested the Indian seas. But their establishments having been broken up, many of them became slave factors. Enormous was the mischief thus inflicted on the natives; internal wars were excited; and all the evils followed which spring from cupidity, violence, and lawless indulgence. Yet even amid the horrors of that detestable trade, we can perceive something like good springing from it. In return for slaves, various commodities were imported; new wants were created, and some of the advantages as well as the evils of civilisation began to be diffused among the people.

It appears that Madagascar has been peopled by different races at different periods. We perceive from Marco Polo that the island was frequented by Arabians, and some of the tribes on the eastern coast are of Arabian descent. A great immigration has also evidently taken place from the African continent, a large proportion of the natives being black, with "woolly" hair. But there is also an olive-coloured race, which has exercised nearly as much influence on the civilisation of Madagascar as the Normans did on that of England. Whence they came, and when, are matters for speculation; they are not aborigines; they now occupy chiefly the central portion of Madagascar, which is an elevated and hilly country, not so fertile, but far more salubrious than the coast. The tradition is, that they came from the south-east, and dispossessed or conquered the aborigines, who are traditionally known as the Vazimba, and whose graves are objects of idolatrous veneration to their conquerors, as the barrows of the ancient Britons are objects of curiosity to ourselves. The name of this olive-coloured race is the Hovahs; the central province which they inhabit is called Ankova, the "country of the Hovahs," the *h* being changed into *k*; and this province contains Tananarivo, which, within the last half century, has become the capital of Madagascar.

"In the early part of the reign of the father of the late Radama, a period not more than seventy years ago, the Malagasy were divided into not fewer than fifty distinct tribes, governed by their respective chieftains, and independent of each other; the chief of each tribe exercising absolute power over the lives, property, and services of his subjects. Since that period the processes of amalgamation have been rapid and effectual, and the principal divisions now recognised are those already named. All the rest are either subdivisions of those, or people belonging to one or the other intermixed. That they are all nearly the same, is manifest from their general colour, language, customs, and the names of towns, rivers, hills, and productions."

The father of Radama, mentioned in the preceding extract, from Mr. Ellis's recently published "History of Madagascar," was a Hovah chieftain, who began that acquisition and centralization of power which was still farther carried out by Radama himself, and will probably result in making the people of Madagascar united, national, and subject to one government. Radama's father is "universally represented as having been a man of great energy of character, bold, brave, and adventurous, yet possessing an eminent share of prudence, sagacity, and shrewdness." He died in 1808. Of Radama, who was a second son, (his elder brother having been put to death for a conspiracy against his father,) the following characteristic anecdote is told:—

"When quite a child, having observed that his father and mother had some dispute, and that the latter had been sent from home divorced, he contrived one day during his father's absence to get a chicken, which he tied to the leg of a chair in the house. His father on his return inquired who had done this, and was told Radama. The child was called, and asked why he had so treated the little animal. He replied, it was 'a little chicken crying for its mother.' Impoina took the hint, sent for his wife home, and the dispute which had separated them terminated."

We now arrive at an important era in the history of the civili-

* One of Defoe's works is, the Life, Adventures, and Piracies of the famous Captain Singleton, containing an account of his being set ashore at Madagascar, his settlement there, with a description of the place and inhabitants.

sation of Madagascar. The enlightened governor of the Mauritius, Mr. afterwards Sir Robert Farquhar, sent, in 1815, a party of English to form a settlement on Madagascar. The settlers, having inconsiderately offended a badly-disposed chief, were all treacherously slain by his contrivance. Governor Farquhar despatched Captain Le Sage to inquire into the matter. The other chieftains in the neighbourhood not only disavowed all participation in the affair, but gave a proof of their sincerity by causing the offender to be apprehended, tried, and executed. Captain Le Sage then went on an embassy to Radama, who, though but a mere youth, was making himself famous as the most powerful chieftain in the island. Radama received Captain Le Sage with great attention. Two of his brothers were sent to the Mauritius to be educated; and Governor Farquhar, in looking out for a preceptor, selected a man who had been a common soldier, and was now a non-commissioned officer. This was the late Mr. Hastie, a worthy and an honourable name. He was the son of Quakers in Cork; grieved his parents by his gay disposition, and still more by enlisting in the army; and came, in the providence of God, to occupy a position, where what he did will yet ripen into fruit, and shed its influence over unborn generations. Mr. Hastie attracted the attention of Governor Farquhar by his exertions in aiding to extinguish a fire which broke out in the government-house, at Port Louis, and was recommended for a commission in the army. Meantime, in 1817, he went over to Madagascar with the young princes; and found that a soldier of the name of Brady, whom Captain Le Sage had left behind him, had greatly improved Radama's troops. Mr. Hastie returned to the Mauritius; but, after an interval, was settled at Tananarivo as British agent, and acquired great influence over the mind of Radama, though for a time that influence was put to a severe trial. One of Sir Robert Farquhar's objects was to procure a treaty with Radama, to abolish the slave-trade. This was not only opposed to the pecuniary interests of the slave-traders, but Radama's principal revenue was derived from the traffic, and his subjects looked to it as a commercial staple. But Mr. Hastie induced him to agree to a treaty for its abolition, on the condition of certain annual supplies being paid by the English government. The treaty was faithfully kept for a time by Radama, and he put to death some of his subjects for daring to disobey his orders. But the supplies never came; Governor Farquhar had gone home on leave of absence, and the acting governor of the Mauritius broke off all connexion with Radama; the slave-trade was resumed, and "false as the English" became a proverb amongst the Hovahs. On Sir Robert Farquhar's return in 1820, he re-opened the communication; and Mr. Hastie returned to Madagascar, accompanied by the missionary Mr. Jones, from the London Missionary Society, who had been for several years watching for an opportunity to occupy this interesting field of labour. Mr. Hastie had an arduous task to remove the impression which had been made. But the activity of a straight-forward, manly mind, managing a rude, energetic, and ambitious one, and directing all its appeals with admirable judgment, dexterity, and tact, at last triumphed over all opposition, and the Madagascar slave-trade was abolished.

Mr. Hastie died in 1826, at Tananarivo, having met with a series of accidents and illnesses before his death, which broke up his constitution. He died at the early age of forty. Radama watched his sick bed, and wept over his grave; and the following testimonial, truly eloquent in matter, is inscribed by Mr. Ellis to his memory:—

"It would be fruitless to attempt anything like an account of the individual instances in which Mr. Hastie endeavoured to promote the great work of civilisation in Madagascar. The introduction of the first Protestant missionaries to the capital; the wise, humane, and judicious counsels he gave to Radama; and the faithful, laborious, persevering efforts made to effect the abolition of the slave-trade, and the suppression of the piratical attacks on the Comoro islands, have been already detailed. His successful efforts with the king to induce a commutation of capital punishments, by substituting hard labour in chains, is as creditable to his humanity, as the reduction of money from 70, 80, and 100 per cent. to 33, is to his sound policy, in a country where capital is small, and requires encouragement. Besides the good already stated, Madagascar is indebted to Mr. Hastie for the introduction of the horse, and many other useful and valuable animals, and of seeds and plants of various descriptions. He had made arrangements with the king for the manufacture of sugar, and, a short time before his decease, ordered apparatus from England for that purpose. He had also introduced two ploughs, a harrow and some wheel-carriages, with various implements of industry; and to him the people are indebted for the method of training oxen for the yoke, and to carry burdens. Though passionately and avowedly fond of amusements, he neither introduced nor encouraged them in Madagascar. His constant aim was to set an example of industry; and hence, although a billiard-table was opened by a European at Tananarivo, he neither played himself nor gave it his sanction.

"The Protestant mission in Madagascar is deeply indebted to the support and countenance of Mr. Hastie. He was not only ready on all occasions to sanction its labours when solicited, but voluntarily embraced every opportunity by which he could manifest the cordial interest he felt in its prosperity, believing it to be among the most important means for securing his favourite object—the civilisation of Madagascar."

Two years after Mr. Hastie's death, Radama followed him to the grave. He succeeded his father at the age of sixteen, and died at that of thirty-six; he found Tananarivo, not what its name would imply—"a thousand towns"—but a mere village, and he left it adorned with many excellent houses, roads, plantations, and with an increased and increasing population; his father left him a reputation to be sustained, and the "beardless boy," as a rival chief termed him, surpassed his father's fame, for he was the first to reduce Madagascar to a real or nominal dependence; and having a proud, ambitious spirit, being keenly sensitive to reputation, and quick to perceive his country's good, he adopted improvements even of the most novel description, and carried all his purposes with a high hand. It is to be deeply regretted that such a man should have given way to self-indulgence, to the ruin of his constitution, in the very prime and best estate of his life. On his coffin was placed the following inscription—(Manjaka signifies king)—the first of the kind that with any justice could have been inscribed to the memory of a Madagascar prince:—

Tananarivo—1 August, 1828,
RADAMA MANJAKA.
Unequalled among the Princes,
Sovereign
Of the Island.

Great confusion followed the death of Radama. But at last one of his queens, Ranavalona, a woman, doubtless, of energy and spirit, however they may be directed—was proclaimed his successor, to the exclusion of his favourite queen and daughter. The usurpation was immediately marked by blood. Prince Rataffe, who was married to Radama's sister, and who had created considerable interest in London by his visit to our capital in 1821, was put to death, after a mock trial, and his wife was speared. Several of Radama's ablest chief men shared the same fate. During Radama's lifetime the party opposed to innovation—who hated the Missionaries and their schools—had been kept in check, though their complaints compelled their imperious monarch on one occasion to tell the Missionaries that they were going on too fast. Now, with the accession of Ranavalona, an opposite policy was introduced; and the first victims to it were the illustrious natives who had patronized the new system. But Ranavalona went farther—she annulled the treaty with Britain, and permitted Mr. Hastie's successor, Mr. Lyall, to be driven out of the country with indignities for which Radama would have exacted a plentiful crop of heads.

Meantime the coronation of the new queen was celebrated with a splendour unknown before in Madagascar, showing, in a most decided manner, the progress that had been made during the late reign. Ranavalona was crowned on the 12th of June, 1829. Upwards of 60,000 people were assembled to witness the ceremony, which took place in a large open space near the capital, where the Kabaries or public assemblies are held. The Europeans in Tananarivo had a place reserved for them behind the platform, with a guard of two hundred soldiers to protect them from the crowd. We cannot give the whole of the coronation ceremonial, as detailed by Mr. Ellis; it would really appear to advantage beside our own; but we may find room for the following passage:—

"When the queen entered the place of assembly, she was carried towards the sacred stone, which stands about one hundred yards from the platform on which the sovereign usually appears. Alighting on the south side of the stone, her majesty ascended it, and stood with her face towards the east, being surrounded by five generals, each holding his cap or helmet in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, the band at the same time playing the national air. The queen, standing upon the sacred stone, exclaimed, 'Masina, masina, v'aho?' *i. e.* 'Am I consecrated, consecrated, consecrated?' The five generals replied, 'Masina, masina, masina, hianao!'—'You are consecrated, consecrated, consecrated!' Then all the crowd shouted, 'Trarantitra

hiansao, Ranavalomanjaka !' *i. e.* 'Long may you live, Ranavalomanjaka!' The queen, then descending from the stone on the east side, took the idols Manjakatsiroa and Fantaka into her hands, and addressed them, saying, 'My predecessors have given you to me. I put my trust in you; therefore support me!' She then delivered them into the hands of their respective keepers, entered her palanquin, and was borne towards the platform."

The Missionaries, after the accession of Ranavalona, did not immediately experience any inconvenience, farther than the loss of court favour and patronage. But their proceedings were strictly watched; restriction after restriction was placed on their preaching and teaching; the natives were restrained from free communication with them; and one Sunday, as the queen passed the chapel, and heard the congregation singing, she exclaimed that these people would not stop till they had lost their heads! The Missionaries, notwithstanding, continued cautiously their operations, endeavouring to avoid cause of offence. The New Testament was finished in 1830, and a printing-press and types brought from London in 1834. But at last the queen's mind was roused by insinuations that the objects of the Missionaries were ulterior and political, tending to the overthrow of the government; and at a great "kabary," or assembly of the people, held early in the year 1835, the decree was issued for the suppression of Christianity. All things considered, this decree is a very remarkable state document; the following passage contains the whole spirit of the objections of the Madagascar government to the propagation of Christianity:—

"As to baptism, societies, places of worship, distinct from the schools, and the observances of the sabbath, how many rulers are there in this land? Is it not I alone that rule? These things are not to be done, they are unlawful in my country, saith Ranavalomanjaka, for they are not the customs of our ancestors, and I do not change their customs, excepting as to things alone which improve my country."

This decree completely stopped the operations of the Missionaries, who seeing no change in the sentiments of the government, left Madagascar in 1836, and went to the Mauritius. The native Christians, who were numerous, have been subjected to a bitter persecution, have been obliged to read their copies of the Scriptures in secrecy, and to meet by stealth; and many have lost their lives. Mr. Ellis records the fate of an interesting and noble-minded lady. Indeed the whole reign of Ranavalona has been hitherto marked by the blood of the best and bravest of her people.

But there is hope for Madagascar. The very circumstance of a well-appointed embassy being sent to Paris and London in 1836, shows what progress the nation is making. The language has been written; the foundation of a literature laid; the Scriptures have been translated; useful arts have been introduced; and if Christianity be not utterly exterminated, it will revive with more power. If the comparison does not appear too far-fetched, we may term Radama the Henry the Eighth of Madagascar, and his successor a combination of the Mary and Elizabeth. May we not hope that this "Great Britain of Africa," as Mr. Ellis terms it, is yet destined to be a great nation?

The natives, customs, and physical characteristics of Madagascar afford ample materials for another article. We shall therefore, at an early period, return to the island.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

OVER deserts wide and far
They have traced the guiding star;
Still with eyes of faith they gaze
On the mystic meteor's blaze.
To Bethlem's stable points the sign,
Rude cradle for a babe divine!
There the Virgin-mother mild,
Gazed upon her heavenly child,
While all around the Shepherds bent
Honouring him their God had sent,
The bearer of his gracious will
Who his promise should fulfil,
And in this his wondrous birth
Give hope and happiness to earth.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF MRS. FELICIA HEMANS*.

IT is one of the beauties of Christianity that it not only warns the soul of the future, and fits it for the life to come, but also sheds its kindly influence over the relations of the present. It is adapted to every situation and circumstance in which we may be placed. Interwoven with the best habits and dispositions of our nature, its gentle graces, like the dews of heaven, water every fertile soil. It is serious in the solemn worship of the sanctuary; it is tender and familiar in the affections of the household; it is the friendly companion amid the scenes of nature; it is the stay of adversity, and the best comfort of prosperity: it never deserts us. Wherever a man has a true source of enjoyment, it is present to sanctify and increase the happiness. Christianity embraces all the conditions of our state. It nerves the arm of the artisan at his daily labour; it strengthens the soldier in patriotism; it enlightens the study of the philosopher; it teaches the scholar his just end and aim; it seconds the call of duty; it invigorates every faculty to its most perfect exercise. Nor does it fail the mere man of letters in his pursuit of literature, but it meets the author in his closet and infuses into his page the real and natural interests of life. For it lays before him in the Bible the best model of composition ever penned, and awakes in him the influence of noble precept and example. It enlarges his understanding. It shows him effects not in themselves, but linked to a first Great Cause. It unfolds futurity, and thus gives the necessary completion to the history of man. It creates new sympathies in the kind, for it teaches that all men are brothers, and humility the corner-stone of virtue. It cultivates the love of nature. It cherishes the domestic ties, and reads a brighter memorial in the tear of affection than in the most successful effort of policy. It is spiritual, and looks to the emotions of the soul above the great acts of fortune. In fine, it embraces the very spirit of literature; dwelling in the heart, and rendering every thought sensitive to the claims of humanity.

These remarks might be pursued, but we hasten to illustrate them by the example of Mrs. Hemans. By observing the superiority of her verse to that of the poetesses of the day, and of her later to her early writings, in connexion with her history, we must be led to attribute the different character to the influence of religion inspiring her later poetry with a more natural interest, and fitting it for its just end—an intimacy with the religious principles of our nature.

Mrs. Hemans set out in life with all the ardour and enthusiasm of genius. She showed her individual character almost in her childhood. Her parents' residence in Wales, surrounded by lofty hills, and bordering on the ocean, brought her under poetic influences she was formed to experience and retain. Often do we find her in after life, recurring in her imagery to the scenes of her youth. Living apart from the world, her soul dwelt in a sphere of its own—weaving peculiar associations into an ideal world for its abode. She cultivated only the imagination; all her thoughts were tinged with romance. This, as her biographer remarks, has its evils as well as its advantages. While she was looking on all things in a poetic light, seeing only the fanciful and romantic separated from the gross and actual, her affections were lost to the thousand social sympathies with mankind, which only an actual participation in their joys and sorrows, a mingling with the common routine of life, can confer. But this was destined to be remedied in the sad experience of life, loosing one by one these ties, and fastening them to more real objects of interest.

The poetical character of Mrs. Hemans' mind being thus early established, her muse was never silent; but sent forth to the world a long series of works which, undergoing some curtailment—as what modern poets shall not?—will be remembered with the language. Her first pieces were little more than specimens of skilful versification; as she advanced, her individual manner appeared in the truly woman-like feeling which marked her poetry. The selection of subjects, the delicacy of taste, the nice perception of beauty, the heroic ardour shown in her writings, nay even their fluency, evince the feminine nature of her mind. Her women share the grace and softness with the high-toned spirit of her disposition. In great trials they are courageous with the boldest, and where they may not do or die, they can submit with heroism. The "Records of Woman" are a trophy for her sex; its constancy, devotion, patriotism, and love, are commemorated in strains that should be dear to every female heart. It was reserved, however,

* From the New York Review.

for her later works to add to these a still nobler memorial—the strength and endurance of woman's piety.

Another of the early characteristics of Mrs. Hemans' verse was its patriotic tone. Her mind clung to every trait of national character wherever it might be found. Her fine martial and lyric "Lays" are of "Many Lands." They embrace the northern legend of "Runic rhyme" with the tradition of the south. Songs of ancient Greece awake in the stirring pages with the old English war message. The German harvest song equally with the Indian tale enlists her sympathy, while America owes her a debt of gratitude for the bold and picturesque

"Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers."

But her attention became awakened to simpler objects. In a gay mood she could always surrender herself to an "Hour of Romance," and live over some old dream of chivalry; but as the pressing interests of life closed around her, she gave herself to more real though less ambitious topics. The poetry of domestic life, as it appears in the excitement of joy, the calm sufferance of affliction, or the hope of hereafter, arrested her thoughts. She felt that this came home to the hearts of all; that while other themes might attract the fancy or imagination, this was buried deep in the soul with an interest permanent as our nature. She knew that other associations of man would lose their force—the storied castle perish with the record of human glory—while this remained a part of our common humanity—

> "*There* may the bard's high themes be found,
> We die, we pass away:
> But faith, love, pity—these are bound
> To earth without decay.
>
> The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,
> The tear from hidden springs,
> The thorn and glory of the rose—
> *These* are undying things."

This change in the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, caused by a devotion to real life, may in no slight degree be attributed to the study of Wordsworth. When she had once become acquainted with his works, they were ever after her chosen oracles. What she says in one of her letters of the lake scenery, "My spirit is too much lulled by these sweet scenes to breathe one word of sword and spear, until I have bid Winandermere farewell," may be extended to the mighty genius of the place. The poetry of Wordsworth opened her a new being. She had before looked upon the world with an eye to the fanciful and romantic; she now saw the simple and religious. Her thoughts of the affections had been always blended with the woman's love of excitement—the interest of battle and engagement, the knightly banquet and the aged minstrel, the tilt and tourney, the masquerade, and all the ancient retinue of chivalry; now they were attempered to a kindlier feeling. Her harp had echoed to the notes of glory and adventure: it was now responsive to the vibrations of the soul. She became acquainted in his pages with

"The still sad music of humanity"

stealing gently from the heart of every human being, the simple as well as the learned, the cottager and peasant alike with the nobleman, the humblest with the most elevated. Here she found something like repose. The tempest of the passions was stayed, the airy visions of fancy were called home, and she came to learn the calm of true poetry. In her own language her earlier works had been

> "Sad sweet fragments of a strain—
> First notes of some yet struggling harmony,
> By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain
> Of many inspirations met, and held
> From its true sphere."

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to quote Mrs. Hemans' own words with respect to Wordsworth. Her first acquaintance with his writings is celebrated in a letter to Miss Jewsbury:

"The enclosed lines (those to the poet Wordsworth) are effusions of deep and sincere admiration, and will give you some idea of the enjoyment, and I hope I may say, advantage, which you have been the means of imparting by so kindly intrusting me with your precious copy of Wordsworth's Miscellaneous Poems. It has opened to me such a treasure of thought and feeling, that I shall always associate your name with some of my pleasantest recollections, as having introduced me to the knowledge of what I can only regret should have been so long a 'Yarrow Unvisited.' I could not write to you sooner, because I wished to tell you that I had really studied these poems, and they have been the daily food of my mind ever since I borrowed them. There is hardly any scene of a happy, though serious domestic life, or any mood of a reflective mind, with the spirit of which some one or other of them does not beautifully harmonize. This author is the true *Poet of Home*, and of all the lofty feelings which have their root in the soil of home affections. His fine sonnets to liberty, and indeed all his pieces which have any reference to political interest, remind me of the spirit in which Schiller has conceived the character of William Tell—a calm, single-hearted herdsman of the hills, breaking forth into a fiery and indignant eloquence, when the sanctity of his hearth is invaded."

After this introduction, Mrs. Hemans became a student of Wordsworth, so that, at least during the later years of her life, a single day never passed without a reference to his works. It was indeed a source of pleasure to her when she lived a summer at "The Lakes," during part of the time an inmate at Rydal Mount. Her acquaintance with the man did not detract from the idea of his writings.

Intimacy with the poetry of Wordsworth doubtless led the way to the change to a more serious character in Mrs. Hemans' verse, which the severe school of affliction afterwards matured. The "Quarterly Review" of 1820, in a notice of her poems, says, "In our opinion, all her poems are elegant and pure in thought and language; her later poems are of higher promise, they are vigorous, picturesque, and pathetic." There was yet a third stage to which they afterwards attained—they became sublime and religious. It was not till sickness had touched her frame, and sorrow tamed the wildness of her spirit, that she reached her worthiest efforts in song. As her heart was purified from the world, her mind was freed also, and soared to a better element. Its purpose was fixed, for it had found an appropriate object in the religious sympathies of life. Not only the domestic affections, but even the beauties of nature, ever familiar to her verse, were coloured with a new aspect. They were not only holy or fair in themselves, but they reflected the qualities of their Creator. The passions of life, before so imperfectly represented in their brief hour of excitement, were, by the prospects of Revelation, connected to an endless existence hereafter. There, just poetry, like true morality, must find its end; all else falls short of its proper aim. This is well illustrated by our authoress herself in one of her letters. She is speaking of a character in her verse. "It was with some difficulty that I refrained from making Alcestis express the hope of an immortal re-union. I knew this would be out of character, and yet could scarcely imagine how love so infinite in its nature could ever have existed without the hope (even if undefined and unacknowledged) of a 'heavenly country,' an unchangeable resting-place. This awoke in me many other thoughts with regard to the state of human affections, their hopes, and their conflicts, in the days of the 'gay religions, full of pomp and gold,' which, offering, as they did, so much of grace and beauty to the imagination, yet held out so little comfort to the *heart*. Then I thought how much these affections owed to a deeper and more spiritual faith, to the idea of a God who knows all our inward struggles, and pities our sufferings."

The best corollary on what we have written is to be found in the actual experience of Mrs. Hemans, as recorded by herself. She writes, the year before her death, serious with the solemn purpose of life, "I have now passed through the feverish and somewhat visionary state of mind, often connected with the passionate study of art in early life; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I now feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long wander from without some sense of dereliction." And about the same period—"The more I look for indications of the connexion between the human spirit and its eternal source, the more extensively I see those traces open before me, and the more indelibly they appear stamped upon our mysterious nature. I cannot but think that my mind has both expanded and strengthened during the contemplation of such things, and that it will thus by degrees arise to a higher and purer sphere of action than it has yet known. If any years of peace and affection be granted to my future life, I think I may prove that the *discipline of storms* has, at least, not been without a purifying and ennobling influence." These few sentences unfold the true secret of Mrs. Hemans' later success. It is the "discipline of storms" that must elevate the human character. Prosperity may be joyful to the sense, but adversity is healthful to the soul. "Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed."

Under the combined influence of improved taste, much sorrow, and a firmly infixed religious principle, Mrs. Hemans wrote her last work, "The Scenes and Hymns of Life." It is certainly, as

a literary composition, her best production, and justifies her confidence, had her life been prolonged, of giving to the world something far superior to her other writings. As admirers of her verse, we would point to this, and show Christianity to be the best instructor in literature. It will bear the test of criticism. To note an occasional beauty—she has a power of condensed expression rarely acquired by the female writer, which appears in single lines of great force. Calling poetic inspiration

"The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,"

she approaches Wordsworth's "Vision and the faculty divine." Her allusions in these poems are incidental, and far more vigorous than in her earlier works. When she speaks, in "The Prayer of the Lonely Student," of

"The grave sweetness on the brow of Truth,"

we fancy almost that the dream of Plato has been realized, and that we are looking upon the countenance of Truth, so lovely, that all fall down and worship her. The Sonnets entitled "Old Church in an English Park," and "A Church in North Wales," are picturesque and thoughtful. In the sketch of the "English Martyr," there is a fine ode on the Passion.

"The sun set in a fearful hour,
The stars might well grow dim;
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow Him."

The Sabbath Sonnet, her latest work dictated from her bed of death, was a noble last strain for a Christian poetess.

"How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their way
Toward spire and tower 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day.
The halls from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a free vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, oh my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbing still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."

Our task is now briefly performed. We have asserted our argument, not that all poetry must be religious, but that the best poetry, and worthiest the name, that which enters into the nature of man, his passions and affections, which represents his character, must be essentially so. Let the poet, then, who would write for man, study to be taught of Heaven. Let the envy, malice, and selfishness of his disposition be supplanted by Christian charity. Let his life breathe the spirit of the New Testament. Let his inspiration be from Heaven.

SILVER SPOONS AND WOODEN LADLES.

"Some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and others with wooden ladles." Every one knows what this proverb means, and how it is applied; and we are constrained to say that we admire neither the proverb nor its application. Spenser says:—

"It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greater store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vows devize
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

That every one may in this manner "fortunize" his inner life by the cultivation of habits, feelings, and acquirements, which tend to happiness by strengthening the mind, and humanizing the character, is not much questioned. But perhaps there are not many readers who would be quite ready to concede that chance has in general very little to do with even a man's external prosperity in life. What the wooden-ladle people call the "luck" of the silver-spoon people is assuredly nothing more than the proper use of some common quality, such as industry, perseverance, self-denial, which all men, if they choose to tax their own energies, are capable of exerting. We allow our minds to dwell too much on contrasts—to look too much on effects, separately from the causes which produced them. We see one walking to and fro among us, mingling with us in the business and the charities of life, apparently superior to ourselves in no internal endowment, and perhaps inferior to ourselves in external advantages and possessions. This man remains among us, or perhaps we lose sight of him for several years, after which he comes upon us all unawares, as one more respected and distinguished than ourselves—one who receives more greetings in the streets and market-places—one who can afford to fare and dress better than ourselves. Most people are content to account for this by exclaiming, "Some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths!" This may be a very short and easy way of reaching a solution; but it is not a just one. If one inquire minutely into the history of such a person, we shall generally find that conduct, and not chance—conduct more than even ability—has been the source of his welfare. If we could acquaint ourselves intimately with the secrets of his heart and of his chamber, and see how all things were made subservient to one chosen pursuit—how carefully every fragment of time was employed—what discouragements were borne—what difficulties were overcome,—and how, in the midst of trial and sorrow, the eye looked steadily forward to the brighter and better days to come at last:—if we could see this, we should not be so ready to think that these more prosperous and better days came too soon, or were too bright when they came.

We, who are now privileged to address the readers of the *London Saturday Journal*, have ourselves been regarded as a silver-spoon man by many of the friends and associates of our boyhood. Not that we have attained to any positive eminence among men, but that our circumstances and employments are in strong contrast to those of our early life; and the stronger such contrast is, the stronger at all times will be the disposition to attribute the alteration to happy chances, or to a peculiarly happy tact in bending circumstances, or in bending to them. We see no reason to imagine that the most destitute reader of this Journal has experienced circumstances of greater destitution than ourselves, or has been less favourably situated for the improvement of his mind, or his personal circumstances. The very worst of the discomforts and privations which the poorest and most destitute are obliged to bear, formed but the least portion of our discouragements and difficulties: and while it is denied that they were overcome through fortunate chances, it is admitted that there is no man to whom victories more signal are not open, if he will but fight for them.

Our own prevailing desire in early life was to gratify a strong thirst for knowledge, under circumstances of physical obstruction which made it difficult to procure books, while books were soon rendered the only means by which that knowledge could be obtained. Almost the earliest thing we can remember, is, that we were the possessor of an ingenious cabinet of our own manufacture, being a box six inches long, by about four in breadth and depth, made of deal board nearly an inch thick, secured by a hasp of shoemaker's thread, a staple of wire, and the padlock of a stable door. Through the kindness of one whose kindness availed not in the cloudy and dark days which came after, and through much abstinence of our own from apples, gingerbread, and barley-sugar, this box was stored with a very extensive collection of halfpenny, penny, and two-penny books. There was Cock Robin and the House that Jack Built; Cinderella and Goody Two-Shoes; the Giant-killer and King Pippin; with many other works of less note, the very names of which have escaped our recollection. These, certainly, were not works of the most informing description; but on the same principle that the "sports of children satisfy the child," exciting and amusing reading of this sort, in the want of something more fitted to the use, forms an early love of reading, the value of which in maturer years cannot be too highly estimated. The sanguine hope and expectation with which we look forward to the doings and conduct of the rising generation, is principally founded on the consideration of the happier auspices under which their minds have been formed. During the first fifteen or twenty years of this century, such as

those in the above enumeration, were the only books a child could purchase with his pence; and even of these the best were always the most difficult to procure. Five shops were ransacked for a copy of King Pippin; but the rest, any of the shops could have supplied. *Now*, one or two pence will purchase a large quantity of interesting and useful literature. Children have now an extensive literature of their own, their larger volumes, their little books, their annuals, their magazines; * and to speak of those tiny books which children more especially delight to possess, the stupid things with which our own early childhood was obliged to be satisfied, are in the course of being rapidly superseded by others perhaps not less attractive, and certainly far more useful—far more healthily stimulative of the new-born appetite.

Here, then, was at the very first outset, in those days, a difficulty, which—apart from any difficulties of personal position—required something more than all the "silver spoons" in Cornhill, and something more than a concentration of all the "luckiest chances" in the lottery of life, to overcome.

In like manner, in later years, the entire absence of cheap publications, and hence the absolute want, in the homes of working people, of useful books, which they might lend to a poor seeker after knowledge, while the absence of proper lending libraries, precluded even those who could afford to spare a few weekly pence from any other resource than the novel and romance,—were circumstances necessarily continuing the same class of obstacles which required far other endowments than "luck" to overcome. Yet they *were* overcome; not, though we say it ourselves, by any desultory efforts of what is termed genius or ability, but simply by *perseverance*. The knowledge we are now master of, has placed and sustained us in a situation of life far superior to the most sanguine hopes of our early years.

This argument appears so self-evident, that we should deem the statement of it a work of perfect supererogation, were it not that we have had some strong experience in the case of others and in our own, that there is often too much of a disposition to remember nothing but the "luck" of the successful, to forget the long and weary years they had to wait before they could find the doors of knowledge open to them,—how long they were excluded from the feast, yet fainted not, but diligently gathered up the crumbs which fell from the table,—and how very often, in those their self-guided days, they found only stones and unprofitable things, where they had sought the bread of true knowledge with hunger that might not be appeased. Yet there is much in this of the history of hundreds whom their old companions regard only as "fortunate." But this is no marvel; for those who do not like to *think* must very often be unjust.

* It is worthy of notice that the first low-priced magazines were appropriated to the service of children. The Child's Companion, Children's Friend, Teacher's Offering, Tract Magazine, and many others, were established a long while before any decided attempt was made to furnish the general public with cheap periodicals. The above were all religious publications, but contained a great deal of general information.

THE GULF STREAM.

The remarkable current between the Bahamas and the American coast, called by navigators the *Gulf Stream*, is that which passes through the Gulf of Florida, running to the north-east with considerable velocity. It crosses the Atlantic in an easterly direction, sweeps along the shores of the Azores, and turns towards the straits of Gibraltar and the island of Madeira. Its track across the Western Ocean may always be distinguished by the high temperature of the waters, their deep blue colour, the quantity of sea-weed floating on their surface, and by the heat of the surrounding atmosphere. The steadiness with which substances thrown into this stream are carried onward in its course, is strikingly illustrated by the recorded fact, that towards the close of the fifteenth century, before Europeans were acquainted with the existence of America, two bodies of an unknown race of men were cast on the shores of the Azores, and pieces of the indigenous cane of the West Indies were brought by the same current to the little island of Porto Santo. These circumstances are said to have strengthened Columbus in his conclusions with respect to the existence of a Western Continent, and to have led to his subsequent important discovery of the New World.

A TALE OF LA VENDEE.

The war in La Vendée, the insurrection of the peasants of that devoted district against the authority of the Convention, their determined stand in defence of the monarchy, was one of the most remarkable events which occurred during the progress of the French Revolution, and it has been surrounded with tenfold interest by the publication of the memoirs of the celebrated Madame de La Rochejaquelin, whose unparalleled adventures and sufferings fill the mind of the reader with astonishment and sympathy.

The district usually denominated La Vendée, comprises more than is strictly entitled to that name; the prominent part which the Vendéans, properly so called, took in the contest, caused the term to be extended to the whole tract of country to the south of the Loire, which engaged in the contest. It consists of that part of Poitou called the Pays du Bocage, (the woodlands) part of Anjou and of the Comté Mautais, or, according to the modern division of the country into departments, of parts of the Lower Loire, Maine and Loire, and the two Sèvres and La Vendée.

The district nearly approached the sea coast on the west and south, but a narrow tract on each of those boundaries adhered to the Convention. and thus La Vendée was entirely surrounded by a hostile country, except on the side of Brittany, where the inhabitants were also favourable to the Royal cause, and there the Loire intervened.

The country is peculiar in its character, consisting of low hills and narrow valleys, few eminences rising to a height sufficient to command an extended view. It was traversed by only one great road, that leading from Nantes to Rochelle, and was intersected by numberless cross roads of the most wretched description, forming such a labyrinth that the inhabitants themselves were puzzled if they went far from home. Woods and forests occurred here and there, although of no great extent, but the whole was scattered with trees, in clumps and hedge-rows, and thence obtained the name of Bocage. Every valley possessed its little rill, which, increasing in its onward course, swelled into considerable streams, as they approached the coast.

The inhabitants held but little communication with their neighbours, and lived among themselves in a state of almost patriarchal simplicity. Their chief wealth was in their cattle, and the produce of the soil and their rents were generally paid in kind. The seigneur and his tenants lived in a state of friendly intercourse, in which all the good, and but little of the evil, of the feudal relation of lord and vassal was experienced.

It is not surprising that a sudden change in the government, arbitrary and oppressive decrees emanating from an unacknowledged and unaccustomed authority, could not be acceptable to a rural population who had never felt, and consequently could not sympathise with, the grievances which had excited the rest of the nation to madness. The first decrees of the Convention establishing a national guard were unwillingly submitted to by the Vendéans, but the seigneur was elected captain of the troop in every parish. The next step, the deprivation of all the clergy who refused to take the national oath, produced the first display of open opposition; the people assembled in arms to hear mass performed by their old teachers in the open fields, and on several occasions resisted the attempts made to disperse them; the churches were deserted, and the new clergy were so much detested that one of them who wished to celebrate the mass, could not find one person in a parish containing 4000 souls, who would afford him the means of lighting a taper.

The attempt to levy the conscription at length drove them into open resistance. On the 10th March 1793 the drawing of the conscription was appointed to commence at St. Florens in Anjou. The young men attended and refused to submit; they were attacked by the gens-d'armes, and a piece of cannon was brought out against them. They drove off the gens-d'armes and captured the gun. On that very day two troops were raised, one by Cathelineau, a dealer in wool, and the other by Foret, a countryman. A third was shortly raised by Stofflet, a German who had been for sixteen years a soldier, and was then gamekeeper to the Marquis de Maulevrier. After gaining several advantages over scattered bodies of republican troops, they returned to their homes to keep the feast of Easter, but they re-assembled immediately after, and demanded of the chief gentlemen of the country that they would become their leaders. D'Elbé, Bonchamp, Royraud, Joly, and Lescure (the first husband of Madame de Larochejaquelin), were thus called upon. The celebrated La Charette raised a troop, and Henri de Larochejaquelin, a young man of twenty, who had been one of the king's constitutional guard, and had escaped almost miraculously from the massacre of the 10th of August, raised the peasants on his estates, and addressed them in these memorable words; "Friends!—if my father was here, you would have confidence in him. I am only a boy; but by my courage I will show myself worthy of commanding you. If I advance, follow me! if I give way, kill me—if I fall, revenge me."

Their success was such as to create the greatest alarm, and the Convention passed a decree of extermination against this ill-fated country, which was executed to the letter. The resistance of the Vendéans was most obstinate, and

they obtained repeated victories over the republican troops, but they could not ultimately withstand the overwhelming forces brought against them. General Turreau, who put the finishing hand to the destruction of la Vendée, after noticing his instructions "to exterminate the Vendéans, to destroy their hiding-places, to burn their woods, to cut down their crops," adds, "and in fine the land was utterly laid waste, and nothing left in this populous country but heaps of dead bodies, of ruins and of ashes, the frightful monuments of national vengeance."

The horrors of this war, in which no quarter was given on either side, in which even boys of twelve years old bore arms, in which women and children were massacred in cold blood by the republicans wherever they were met with, are detailed in the Memoirs of Madame de Larochejaquelin, who accompanied her husband secure throughout all the marches and countermarches of the army till his death. She subsequently married Louis de Larochejaquelin, the brother of Henri. During the hundred days, on Napoleon's return from Elba, Louis headed the second insurrection in La Vendée, and fell in battle.

The dreadful character of the war animated the whole population with a determination and a devotion to the cause, which is seldom exhibited in a popular outbreak, and serves to explain some circumstances in the tale to which these remarks are introductory, which might otherwise appear forced and unnatural. Turreau complains that he could never procure any information as to the proceedings of the Vendéans, and that if any of them ever consented to act as spies, they in every instance either betrayed or trifled with him.

The stern virtue which animated the whole mass of the people is well illustrated by the following authentic anecdote of Joly, one of their leaders.

He had two sons, one of whom was an officer in the republican army. When the insurrection took place, and he learned that his father and brother were engaged in it, he naturally desired to join them; but, aware of his father's character, he did not dare to do so, without obtaining his consent. Joly sent him word that he would pistol him with his own hand, if he deserted his colours. In one of the many engagements which took place, the father found himself opposed to the troops among whom his son was numbered. That day deprived Joly of both his children; the Vendéans were victorious, and on searching the field of battle, both the brothers were found among the slain, and were buried in one grave. Joly was sitting that evening overwhelmed with grief, when two young men, prisoners, were brought to him for sentence. "Let the poor boys live," he said; "their death cannot restore my sons."

We fear we have been too garrulous, and that our preface has become tedious. We will no longer try our readers' patience, but proceed at once to our TALE OF LA VENDEE.

THE night was dark and stormy, the wind raged among the branches of the forest, and the icy rain of a December night drenched the clothes, and chilled the blood of two sentinels, who kept watch beneath the chesnut-trees, at a spot where two forest-paths met. They had long watched in silence, when the younger thus addressed his companion:—"It is a bitter night, Francis, to keep guard in. The north-east wind freezes our hands and feet."

"What would you have, Andrew?" replied his brother; "it is our duty. If our good king had not been murdered, should not we have been in his service, and obliged to keep guard at the palace, and in the field? Why do you grumble at doing the same thing out of devotion to the good cause?"

"I was not grumbling, Francis, but I should like to know why we have been fixed here, like the trees, ever since nine?"

"Our captain told me, this morning, that he needed two brave men to guard a dangerous post, and that he had fixed on me for one. I told him I was ready, and that you would bear me company; and here we are."

"Well, well, but what are we here for? What are we to do? Whom are we waiting for?"

"Andrew," continued Francis, drawing closer to his brother, "we are watching over the safety of an officer, who is to-night on his road to La Chaponnière, to attend a general meeting there. Now you know as much as I do. Silence and attention! we are the advanced guard, and the least noise may betray us to the republican patriots."

Another hour elapsed, during which no word was spoken by the shivering sentinels, who sheltered themselves as well as they could beneath the trees, when at length a step was heard; both shouldered their arms, and Francis stepped forward to reconnoitre. "Who goes there?" he exclaimed.

"For God and the king," answered one of the travellers, in a loud voice, and in a foreign accent.

"Pass on, Monsieur Stofflet," replied the sentinel, presenting arms to the commander-in-chief, "pass on, I know your voice."

"There," said Stofflet to his companion, "you see that German is worth something in La Vendée, my dear baron."

"Since I have had the honour of serving under you, general, I have received so many proofs of it, that I should be as ready to doubt of it as of the existence of a God."

"You are a flatterer, baron, but as you only flatter a poor game-keeper, I hope Heaven may forgive you."

Turning to Francis, who, like an old soldier, had shouldered his piece, and remained motionless, the general beckoned him to approach, and demanded of him how far it was to La Chaponnière.

"Only a short league, general," replied the sentinel. "And you have seen nothing? The blues have sent out no patrols on this side to-night?" inquired the general.

"We have neither seen nor heard anything."

"That is well, your watch is ended, and you may go home to bed; but first take a little brandy with us, it will warm your hearts; the abbé carries the bottle in the same pocket as his breviary."

During this conversation a fourth person had come up, panting, and almost overpowered by fatigue. "Come along, Monsieur Bernier," cried the general, with that hoarse laugh, by which he was so well known among the Vendéans, "Come along! If it took you as long to prepare a diplomatic note, or a proclamation, as to make your way through by-paths, to escape an enemy, you would never have been chosen secretary-general of the catholic army. You are a regular tortoise, and upon my soul, your lagging has two or three times nearly made us fall into the hands of the blues."

Without replying a word, the abbé leant against a tree, but handed over the bottle, which Stofflet had asked for. The general took a draught, and passed it to Francis, who in turn gave it to Baron Lichtenungen.

"Well, now to you, abbé," said the general, "you seem more in need of it than any of us."

"Pardon me, general," replied the aged curé of Angers, with a calm and dignified air, "pardon me, it is past midnight, and in a few hours I shall offer the holy sacrifice of the mass for the success of our cause."

These words checked Stofflet, who was about to utter a jest; the better to conceal it, he turned round to Francis, and said, "you look like a brave man. You are not too fatigued to go on with us to the farm-house, where we are expected?"

"If I were, Monsieur Stofflet, I should still find strength enough to follow you."

"Well, give your arm to Monsieur l'abbé Bernier, who is not so well accustomed to forest-paths and cross-roads, as the Comte de Colbert's game-keeper. I shall reward you, and possibly to-morrow, by leading you to fight the republicans at my side."

"I desire nothing better, general; but I am not single on this post. My brother is here, who, if you will permit him, will be as ready to follow you as I am. Andrew," continued he in a low voice, "Andrew, come here."

Andrew did not reply.

"This is strange," said Francis, "he was there when you came up."

"And he went away, I suppose, when he heard me say you need not remain longer. He has done quite right. You will see him in the morning."

So saying, General Stofflet, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, and the abbé Bernier, supported by Francis, proceeded through dreadful paths, plunging through ruts and pools of water, which they had no time to turn away from; and at length, covered with mud, pierced with cold, and drenched with rain, they reached La Chaponnière.

The farmer was still up; a bright fire of heath burned, upon the hearth, and at the end of a long table of chesnut-wood, smoked a large vessel filled with a stew of bacon and greens, the smell of which filled the whole apartment, where several officers were already waiting for their chief.

The abbé Bernier drew the farmer aside. "Within four hours," said he, "two generals of our army will be here, to confer with Stofflet, like these gentlemen. Nobody, not even those who have been waiting for us here, know that they are expected. Your house, it is true, is safe; it is hidden, as it were, in the midst of the forest. But, nevertheless, we must keep a good watch against any surprise of the blues; for on the interview of to-morrow morning depends perhaps the destiny of the catholic and royal army."

"Come, come, abbé," cried Stofflet, who, with his officers, was already doing ample justice to the provisions of his host, "although you cannot sup with us, there is no reason why you should not warm yourself by this fire, and thaw your frozen limbs; or why you

should busy yourself with giving signs and counter-signs to this good man, as if you had exchanged your cocked hat for a helmet."

"General," replied the abbé, "God has not interdicted us from exercising prudence. I am doing the best both for you and these gentlemen. I am making arrangements to prevent any surprise, or that at least no traitor may slip in among us."

"Still the same, my friend; ever in dread of spies and surprises. You think all the world is as black as your cassock. For my part, I'm glad I do not hold the same opinion."

"You are in the wrong, general. When the whole fabric of religion and monarchy depend on the safety of a few individuals, no means must be neglected to provide for their security. You are good in war, my dear Stofflet, but, out of the battle-field, you know not how to protect yourself."

"I do not deserve your reproaches, my friend; for in truth I should be as little pleased as you to fall into an ambuscade, to die without fighting these republicans, cut off by a musket-ball, or on the scaffold. But there seems nothing to fear here. Coulon, my secretary, has recommended this place, and this honest man; and why the devil do you wish to frighten us away?"

"I cannot tell," said Bernier, covering his face with his hands, "I cannot tell." Then after a few minutes of silence a sudden idea struck him, and stepping towards Francis, who, with the rest, was busy at the supper-table, he laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Young man," said he, "I think you said that two were stationed at the spot where the general met you?"

"Yes," replied Francis, "two of us were on guard; my brother Andrew and myself. The captain of our parish placed us there, and confided to me the pass-word and the secret."

"Why not to your brother also?" said the abbé, keeping his eyes fixed on the open countenance of Francis.

"Oh! I was going to tell you. Andrew, although he is as brave as a lion, is sometimes indiscreet."

"And to whom does he tell his secrets?"

"Oh! to his comrades, Monsieur Bernier, to the villagers, all, like us, under the royal standard."

"To no others?"

"But, abbé," began Stofflet, "what is the use of interrogating this poor boy, who would certainly much prefer eating his supper to replying to all the idle questions you shower upon him?"

"My inquiries are both for his interest and yours; I beg you will not again interrupt me. When did your brother leave you out there in the forest?"

"Andrew left me as soon as you came up. The general said our service was no longer necessary. As my brother was on the other side of the road, he thought I was following him, and went away."

The abbé, muttering some unintelligible words, retired to the large old-fashioned chimney, and sitting down began to read his breviary; but first he said, "I would recommend you, gentlemen, to snatch an hour or two's repose. Who knows if you will find so favourable an opportunity to-morrow!"

"Truly," whispered the Baron Lichteningen to the general, "these are the first sensible words the abbé has uttered to-day."

"Comrades," said Stofflet, "let us take the abbé's advice, and whilst he is praying for us, let us sleep for him."

In a few minutes all who had been sitting at the table with Stofflet were asleep, with the exception of Francis, who, disturbed at the questions of the abbé, approached him, and requested him to explain his reasons.

"My child," said the abbé, "I am far from believing your brother to be a traitor; God preserve me from condemning my neighbour without proof; but I, all that are here, are burdened with a fearful responsibility. In three or four hours, all the principal chiefs of the Vendéan army will be assembled under this roof, for the purpose of arranging a movement on which the glory, and perhaps the pacification of the country, depends; if this meeting does not take place, if Stofflet, or the generals who are on the road, passing through the woods without any escort, should be betrayed to the blues, think what a reckoning he will owe to his country, who has traitorously, or even only indiscreetly, revealed so important a secret!"

"But, sir, my brother is incapable of treachery; he has returned to the farm,—and if you would only give the word, I would go there."

"My good Francis," cried Monsieur Bernier, "Heaven has inspired you with that thought. Go quickly, and return yet more swiftly; please God, you will find Andrew with his family."

Francis set out, and the abbé, still troubled by anxious doubts, began again to peruse his breviary.

Francis took the nearest road to his father's house, and crossed fields, hedges, swamps, and ditches; but nothing stopped his course, so anxious was he to remove the doubts entertained by Monsieur Bernier. He had gone a considerable distance, when he was astonished at the appearance of several lights, which appeared to come towards him, and to be proceeding in the direction of La Chaponnière. He stepped aside, and concealed himself behind a bush, through which he had a full view of a body of republican soldiers, who, carrying lanterns, were advancing under the guidance of a countryman, who marched at their head. They passed close to Francis, who, with a thrill of horror, recognised Andrew, in the leader. There he was, with his Vendéan musket, his white cockade, and his sacred scapulary, his hands at liberty, and his head erect.

There could be no doubt as to the object of these troops; and swift as an arrow Francis retraced the road to La Chaponnière, and sank breathless at the feet of M. Bernier.

"Save yourselves!" he cried; "save the general! my brother is a traitor!"

"I felt a presentiment that it was so," said the abbé. "General—gentlemen—rouse yourselves!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder; "arouse, for we are surprised!"

Stofflet, Lichteningen, and the other officers, sprang to their arms. "Where is the enemy? Where is the enemy?" repeated the general.

"The enemy is not here," replied Francis, in tears; "but he will not be long, for I am but a few minutes in advance. Fly."

"Where shall we fly to?" cried all at once.

"Precautions have been already taken," replied the abbé, with admirable coolness, "taken whilst you were sleeping. Our honest host has prepared a place of concealment; let us follow him."

They went forth under the guidance of the farmer, the abbé walking at their head, leaning on the arm of Francis, who wept and trembled. In about an hour they reached a cottage, where their host assured them they were safe from pursuit.

Francis was plunged in mournful reverie, when Stofflet approached him. "Give me your hand," said he, "your brother is a coward, but you have courage enough for two. You have saved La Vendée and your family from the most horrible crime. I am proud to embrace you. Come, cheer up! But remember, if Andrew ever falls into my hands, whilst I am in power, his last hour is come. Traitors cannot be suffered to exist on the soil of La Vendée; and if by any chance he is taken, a musket ball at five paces will finish his account. I love the son of the Comte de Colbert, who has been my protector, my father: well, if it were possible that M. de Colbert could be placed in such a position as Andrew's, I would not pardon even him!"

"I will repeat all this to my brother," murmured poor Francis, sobbing. "I promise it to you, I swear it to you. Heaven must decide the rest."

"Gentlemen," continued Stofflet, turning to the rest, "here we are on the brink of danger; but M. de Charette, M. de Marigny, who were to join us this morning at La Chaponnière, will infallibly fall headlong over the precipice, from which we have escaped, through the especial goodness of God. They must be warned at all hazards; we must——"

"That is already cared for, general," replied the abbé, "they are in no danger. Our host's two sons set off to them with letters, which I wrote to them in your name, whilst Francis was gone in search of his brother. My fears were too strong for my patience, and it is happy that they were so."

"Capital, my dear abbé! If Lichteningen was not here, I should say you were the cleverest aide-de-camp that ever belonged to a general's staff."

Francis and the farmer now retraced their steps towards the farm-house; but when they reached La Chaponnière, not one stone was left upon another. A few hours had sufficed to destroy the house, to burn the barns, stacks, and granaries, and to slaughter and mutilate the cattle. A cry of horror burst from the poor farmer, who called aloud upon his children. No voice replied. A scornful laugh, which issued from a shed spared by the conflagration, was the only answer to his piteous lamentation; the farmer sprang towards the door, but ere he reached it, a shot laid him dead upon the ruins of his homestead.

At seven o'clock that morning, Francis was sitting by the fire, which his old mother was occupied in tending and exciting to a flame. His mind was agitated by the most dreadful thoughts; he had not spoken a word since his return; he had not even looked at his parents, and did not seem to hear the questions they reiterated, as to what had become of Andrew. A length, overcome

by their repeated solicitations, he rose, traversed the room with hasty steps, striking his forehead and tearing his hair; at length, with a convulsive effort, he approached his parents.

"Father," cried he, "this night a man of La Vendée, born in this village, under this roof, (but he is no more my brother, he never could have been your son,) this man has sold the life of Stofflet, has sold the life of M. Bernier, has betrayed Messieurs Charette and Marigny, who were on their way to La Chaponnière. That house is a mass of ruins and ashes, on which the blood of its master is yet fresh. I have seen all these crimes committed, and I know their author."

"And have you suffered him to live?" demanded his father.

"He has not received his sentence. But M. Stofflet has told me that if the Comte de Maulevrier, his old master, whom he loves next to God and the king, should (but that is impossible) commit such a crime, he should die by his own hand. Father, in these words the general pronounced Andrew's sentence. To purify our name, hitherto without stain, although lowly, from this foul blot, I must take upon myself the execution of this judgment; and I have come here, before I shall quit this dwelling for ever, to give you and my mother my last salute, and to bid you an eternal adieu."

This dreadful announcement seemed to paralyse the hearers. A mournful silence succeeded, which was only interrupted by the sobbing of the poor mother.

"Wife," said the old Vendéan at length, in a firm voice, "this is no time for tears and sighs. God gave us two sons; one has been taken from us in a cruel manner; but let us bless His name, notwithstanding."

"But oh! unhappy man, what are you about to do?" cried she, in one of those transports of love, which nature explains so well.

"What are we about to do? That which Abraham, at the command of God, would have done upon the mountain, where he made ready to sacrifice Isaac, who was innocent, and had not violated his faith, or been a traitor to his king; that which M. Stofflet would not hesitate to do, if Colbert had betrayed him. Wife, pray for the traitor, if you have courage to do it; for me, I will pray for strength to enable me to do my duty."

And all three fell on their knees.

At this moment the door opened, and Andrew entered with a smiling face, and joy sparkling in his eyes; but his step was unsteady, and his voice betrayed his debauchery and intoxication.

"Mother," stammered he, sitting down on the table, and rapping on it with his fingers, "I am thirsty, give me some wine; you will have plenty of time to say your prayers by-and-bye."

"We are praying for the dead," said Francis, "especially for those slaughtered this morning at La Chaponnière."

These words brought Andrew to his senses; he dreaded lest his brother had conceived suspicions against him; and in a hurried voice he began a tale he had devised to account for his absence.

"Well," said his father, who, still on his knees beside the hearth, had listened to his son; "well, both night and day have been wearisome to all of us, we need repose, and to-morrow we shall see what is to be done."

Happy to have escaped so easily from the inquiries of his family, Andrew retired. His mother, then leaving the spot, where all this time she had bedewed with her tears the chaplet of beads which she rapidly passed through her trembling fingers, approached her husband.

"Perhaps," said she, in a supplicating voice, "Andrew is not so guilty as you suppose. He may have acted only indiscreetly."

"Mother," said Francis, "Andrew has sold his soul to the nation, and General Stofflet to the blues. I saw him acting as their guide, when they were marching to cut our throats. He has received the price of blood; drunkenness is in his brain, and wine sparkles in his eyes. What he has done once he may do again."

"But your suspicions may be unfounded. Will you kill our child? Will you murder your brother?"

"Come with us," said the father, "Andrew is by this time asleep: it may be that his pockets contain further proofs of his crime."

They all ascended the stairs in silent and mournful procession. Andrew slept, or seemed to sleep. The old man began his search, and soon twenty pieces of gold rolled upon the floor from his red girdle. The mother grew pale, and her heart grew sick, as if the gold was for her a sufficient proof of guilt. The father, suppressing his emotion, continued his examination, but when he drew a letter from the pocket of the under waistcoat, Andrew, his forehead covered with cold drops of perspiration, threw himself at his father's feet. "Father," cried he, "my father, in the name of Heaven, do not read that letter; it is a death-warrant."

"For whom?" said Francis, making his musket ring upon the floor; "is it for La Vendée or for spies? Answer, for the hour of judgment is about to strike."

But Andrew answered not.

"Andrew," continued Francis, "we can learn nothing from this paper, we cannot read; but answer me. Who betrayed the secret of Stofflet to the blues? Who trafficked for his head? Who led the soldiers to the slaughter at La Chaponnière?"

Andrew was silent.

"What is this gold which lies at our feet, not one half of which we could gain by the honest labour of a whole year? Who has polluted this house? What is the recompense of infamy?"

Andrew uttered not a word.

After some minutes of mournful silence, the mother, obeying the signal of her husband, covering her face with her apron, slowly quitted this place of horror. When she had reached the bottom of the stairs, the old man advanced towards his son, whose clasped hands trembled, and whose haggard eyes dared not to look upon his father or his brother.

"There have never been either traitors or spies in our family, and such there shall not be whilst I live. Andrew, collect yourself, confess your sins, and pray to God for that pardon which your father can never give you on earth; pray as we three prayed for the guilty, when Providence conducted you to the house; pray! for when you have performed that act of penitence, I shall have only one son."

Then with the majestic sorrow of a judge, who in the name of society has condemned a criminal to death, the old man remained with folded arms and steady countenance, betraying no traces of emotion.

Francis, with his musket still in his hand, now approached Andrew, whose livid face was marked by terror and remorse.

"Brother," said he, "recommend your soul to God, repent of your great crime, and since you cannot live an honest man, at least die like a Christian."

"I will die so, my father, if Heaven grant me grace," replied Andrew, whose teeth chattered together; "I am guilty towards you, whose name I have disgraced; towards La Vendée, whose trust I have betrayed. I am still more guilty than you think me, but grant me no favour; for I feel that I am still weak, and that for gold or wicked pleasures I should barter my soul."

"Back, Francis!" said the father; "leave him the few minutes he has to live, to make his peace with God."

"It is made, my father," said the criminal, rising, with a face full of serenity; "I deserve death, I am ready to receive it at your hands."

That moment a terrible report resounded through the house.

"He died a brave man and a Christian!" cried the old man. "Francis, let us go down and comfort your mother."

It was unnecessary. At the bottom of the stairs they found a corpse; the stroke of grief had rendered them a widower and an orphan.

Forty-eight hours had elapsed since that terrible night. Stofflet was in his tent, preparing with his staff the plan of the battle about to take place the next day, when the Baron de Lichteningen introduced two peasants. The younger threw himself at the feet of the general.

"Monsieur Stofflet," he said, in an agitated voice, "my father and myself have put to death the man who betrayed you at La Chaponnière; he has experienced the same fate as you declared yourself ready to inflict on your best friend in such a case. The wretched man was to us even something more, for this is his father, and his brother is at your feet. Together with some pieces of gold, the fruit of his perfidy, we found this paper; I have brought it to you, Monsieur Stofflet; the only favour left us to request after such a deed, is to be placed to-morrow in the foremost rank, and to die on the field of battle."

"To-morrow, then," said the general, who covered his eyes with his large hand to conceal the tears which flowed from them—"to-morrow;" and the father and son left the tent with less of gloom than they had entered it.

"Let M. le Abbé Bernier be called immediately," said Stofflet. After glancing over the letter which had been placed in his hands—"Gentlemen," he said, "these men who were here just now have saved the army, whose safety would have been endangered if this letter had reached its destination. I am, therefore, bound to pardon their savage virtue, as I trust God will pardon

them. We shall find them in the thick of the battle to-morrow, for they are not men to survive their first field."

As they had hoped, and the general had foretold, so it happened, and the next day both lay dead side by side on the field of battle, pierced through and through with innumerable wounds.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE RUSSIAN PRESS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Journal des Débats," who states that he is well acquainted with Russia, gives an account of the character of the Press in that empire, and an enumeration of the various Periodicals published. The following is an abridgment of his account :—

"During a long time all the literary exertions of the Russian empire were concentrated in St. Petersburgh and Moscow. The provinces contented themselves with reading the productions of those two capitals, but without producing anything themselves. The foundation of universities, academies, and different establishments for public instruction, added to the natural development of civilisation, has, within the last two years, changed vastly this order of things.

"In the year 1838, upwards of 100 papers and periodical publications were published in the Russian, French, Polish, and German languages, and even in that commonly spoken in the provinces bordering on the Baltic. The principal centres whence these publications emanate are, St. Petersburgh, Moscow, Kieff, Kasan, Dorpat, Jaroslaw, Odessa, Wilna, Archangel, Witepsk, Wladimir, Velogda, Jitomir, Woronesk, Viatka, Grodno, Ekaterinoslav, Kaluga, Rastroma, Minsk, Mittau, Novogorod, &c. These towns, consequently, are considered as the centres of the intellectual movement in Russia.

"This development of the periodical press is entirely owing to the Government, without whose protection, or at least permission, nothing can prosper in the empire. It may, therefore, be easily imagined that the character of this press is essentially different from that of most part of the daily newspapers of other countries, and approaches nearer to that of the official journals and literary or scientific publications of France. It is very rare to find in the Russian papers any political discussion. They oftener content themselves with the simple relation of facts. But it must not be thought that the Russians remain in invincible ignorance of political discussions, because their own journals are not in the habit of informing them on such matters. The knowledge of foreign languages, so common among the Russians, renders the perusal of the French and German papers as easy to them as their own.

"Each Ministry has its journal, destined to keep the public acquainted with everything relative to its peculiar department of the government. The price of subscription never exceeds thirty francs, and is often only fifteen francs (12*s.* 6*d.*, British) per annum, the government contenting itself merely with the return of the mere expense of the publication. Every one can easily procure the paper most interesting to him. The following are the names which I shall content myself with citing :—The Journal of the Ministry of Instruction, the Journal of the Ministry of the Interior, the Military Journal, the Journal of Manufactures, Mining Journal, Engineering Memoirs, Journal of Military Surgeons, Journal of Ways of Communication (bridges and roads), Journal of Forests, Commercial Gazette, Agricultural Gazette, and Gazette of the Senate.

"The most interesting of all these papers is that of the 'Ministry of Instruction;' it appears every month, and contains documents relative to the progress and to the direction of the public instruction of the country. It publishes, besides the official acts, articles, original or translated, upon scientific or literary subjects, as well as details of the learned associations and establishments of education, (public and private,) both in Russia and abroad. There are also critiques upon new works, Russian or European, worthy of attention; notices of travels and discoveries; in short, everything interesting to the learned world. The university professors are the principal contributors to it; but a great number of foreign correspondents supply it with intelligence concerning the rest of Europe. This journal, to which I am not afraid of awarding too much honour by placing it at the head of all others, has several thousand subscribers.

"The 'Gazette of St. Petersburgh,' published by the Imperial Academy of Sciences, is not, as may be supposed, an entirely scientific journal. It appears every day, and treats of all things interesting to the public. The 'Russian Invalid' is a gazette which appears every day, and which treats especially of things concerning the army. The 'Literary Supplement to the Russian Invalid' is a literary publication, exclusively devoted to the criticism of plays and works in general.

"The most widely circulated daily paper in Russia, is the 'Northern Bee,' conducted by Messrs. Gretsch and Bulgarine; the former has acquired some celebrity in Russia for his Russian grammar, and the latter by his romances, some of which have been translated into French.

"The 'Northern Bee' was the first daily paper published in Russia. Until its appearance the want of such prompt publication was not felt. This paper is nearly what we understand in France by a daily paper. It gives political and literary news, foreign and domestic, analyses of new works, &c.

"The 'Contemporary,' founded by the poet Pouschkine, is a sort of review, appearing quarterly, and often contains remarkable articles on the history of Russian literature. The 'Son of the Country,' edited for the last twenty-five years by M. Gretsch, is a monthly review, in which are to be found pieces in prose and verse of the best known authors, articles translated or extracted from the principal reviews of England and France, literary and political critiques, and a very well written historical summary.

"The 'Literary Library,' edited on the same plan by M. Senkowsky, a distinguished oriental linguist, has probably the most extensive circulation of all the Russian publications, and is peculiarly remarkable for the witty composition of its literary bulletin.

"The 'Gazette of the Arts,' edited by M. Koucolnik, the author of several esteemed tragedies, appears forty-eight times a-year, with 100 engravings, executed by French and German artists.

"The 'Children's Journal,' commenced by M. Bachoutsky, appears monthly, and publishes beautiful vignettes, designs, and pieces of music. M. Bachoutsky is also the editor of the 'Journal of Useful Knowledge,' published on the plan of the French work of that name.

"The 'Friend of Health,' a medical journal, treats of all questions connected with medical science, and regularly acquaints its readers with their progress in England, France, Germany, and Italy.

"The oldest journal published in Moscow is the 'Muscovite Observer.' The plan of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' of Paris will give you an idea of that on which this journal is conducted; it appears monthly. The 'Moscow Gazette' comes out twice a-week, and contains a summary of the events published in other papers. It has great circulation, and 9,000 subscribers. The monopoly of advertisements which it enjoys imparts to it a peculiar degree of interest. The receipts from advertisements alone amount to between 300,000 and 400,000 roubles per annum, and are applied to the support of the Moscow University. Agriculture being a much more important matter in the provinces adjoining that city than in the vicinity of St. Petersburgh, the publications relative to agricultural sciences have their principal seat in Moscow, where no fewer than four publications of the kind appear regularly, accompanied with plates. These are, the 'Agricultural Journal,' the 'Russian Farmer,' the 'Horticulturists' Journal,' and the 'Shepherds' Journal.'

"The cities of Odessa, Wilna, and Teflis, have each a journal, which derive their principal interest from their geographical position. Thus the 'Odessa Courier' anticipates all the other journals in its intelligence from Constantinople, the Black Sea, and Asia in general. The 'Transcaucasian Courier' publishes the best information from Caucasus, and most valuable information respecting the provinces of that region of the empire, which are so interesting, and have hitherto been so little known.

"Finally, the professors of the University of Kasan also publish a journal. This University, placed as an intermediate station between Europe and Asia, and intended, as it were, to form a link between both continents, is the establishment most specially adapted to the study of Oriental sciences in the whole empire. Its character, reflected in the journal it publishes, is on that account highly valuable for those who are, or desire to be, occupied with Eastern matters.

"All the journals mentioned are in the Russian language.

"There are, besides, as I have already stated, several published in French;—namely, in St. Petersburgh, the 'Political and Literary Journal,' appearing three times a-week; the 'Scientific Bulletin of the Academy of Sciences;' the 'Journal of the Ways of Communication;' the 'Foreign Review;' in Moscow, the 'Scientific Bulletin of the Society of Natural History;' and at Odessa, the 'Odessa Journal,' and the 'Bulletin of Rural Economy.'

"A greater number of journals are published in German, a fact which is accounted for by that language being spoken in several provinces of the empire. There are no fewer than 20 German journals. Four more are published in the *Lette* language—three at Riga, and one at Mittau.

"There exist no circulating libraries, except in the capitals and other large cities; the readers, therefore, who wish to know the merit of a work before they buy it, are in the habit of carefully consulting all the journals, in which they expect to find the necessary information to enable them to judge of its merits. The journals are thus invested with a sort of magistracy and a confidence, which their interest, as well as reputation, make it a point with them to deserve.

"The 'Northern Bee' is the journal most esteemed, on account of its criticism; and the 'Literary Library' the most dreaded, because of the severity of its judgments and the sarcastic style of its writers. The 'Literary Library' is the representative in Russia of English ideas. It endeavours as much as possible to treat matters with a view to public utility, and generally avoids philosophical abstractions. The 'Son of the Country,' on the other hand, is the partisan of German ideas. It belongs to no particular school, but it indulges in metaphysical speculations, and takes a philosophical view of all the questions it examines."

ANECDOTES OF PORSON.

MANY men, remarkable in their time, whose merits or whose fame have excited wonder and admiration,—whose talents or success have been sources of emulation or envy,—whose society and correspondence have been sedulously courted and anxiously sought after during their lives, and their praises celebrated after their deaths,—do soon, after all, pass into a kind of oblivion. Their biographies may be too meagre for standard literature—their works may not be adapted for Family Libraries—yet, may they not be popularly exhibited once or twice at least in a century, if it were but to say, such men have been? Saving an occasional stray anecdote or passing remark, many who deserve a better fate are allowed to pass away with the generation they left behind them. Cannot a revival of their virtues still confirm the old, or an exhibition of their follies be yet a warning to the young? How many good names might be preserved from obscurity if it were but by stringing together a few anecdotes of them, and thus, as it were, now and then making them write their own lives! Of Porson, who has been dead thirty years, little more is known to the tyro of the present generation than that he was merely a Greek Professor, a learned man, a profound scholar, and an eccentric character all his lifetime. There are some incidents in *his* history, however, that may be read with interest at any time. A few anecdotes of him may not now be uneutertaining.

That he was born on Christmas-day, 1759—that he early found a patron who sent him to Eton, and afterwards to Cambridge, where he became Greek Professor—that he died in London on the 19th of September, 1808, in the 49th year of his age, while Librarian of the London Institution, a sinecure situation he had for some years enjoyed—and that he was buried with academic honours at Cambridge—may soon be disposed of. The leading features of his character may be gathered from what follows:

Although his parents were poor, they were persons of sound sense. As soon as young Richard could speak, his father began to tutor him in reading and writing by means of a piece of chalk, or with his finger in sand. This exercise delighting his fancy, an ardour of imitating whatever was put before him was excited to such a degree, that the walls of the house were covered with characters which attracted notice from the neatness and fidelity of delineation, and excellence in penmanship was ever after one of his accomplishments. His father likewise taught him arithmetic without a slate, up to the cube root, before he was nine years of age. His extraordinary memory soon developed itself; he was noticed by several gentlemen in Norfolk, who kept him at school, where he made rapid progress, and read and retained everything that came in his way. The same kind friends sent him to Eton, and subsequently to Cambridge.

At Eton, as he was going to his tutor's to construe a Horace lesson preparatory to the business of school, one of the senior boys took Porson's Horace from him, and thrust into his hands some English book. The tutor called upon him to construe, and the other boys were much amused in considering the figure he would make in this emergency. Porson, however, who had Horace by heart before he went to Eton, knowing where the lesson was to begin, began without hesitation—

Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis—

and went on regularly, first reciting the Latin, and then giving the Latin and English, as if he had really the author before him. The tutor, perceiving some symptoms of astonishment as well as mirth among the other boys, suspected there was something unusual in the affair, and inquired what edition of Horace Porson had in his hand. "I learned the lesson from the Delphin," replied his pupil, avoiding a direct answer. "This is very odd," replied the other, "for you seem to be reading on a different side of the page from myself. Let me see your book." The truth was, of course, then discovered; but the master, instead of showing any displeasure, wisely and kindly observed to the others, that he should be most happy to find any of them acquitting themselves as well in a similar predicament.

Porson used to say that he learnt little at school. Though he would not own it, he was obliged to the collision of a public school for the rapidity with which he increased his knowledge, and the correction of himself by the mistakes of others.

He was in the habit of having the last word, and of seeing everybody and everything out.

He communicated information in a plain, direct, straightforward manner; and used to say, "whether you quote or collate, do it fairly and accurately, whether it be Joe Miller, or Tom Thumb, or the Three Children Sliding on the Ice."

On one occasion he said, "I never remembered anything but what I transcribed three times, or read over six times, at the least; and if you will do the same you will have as good a memory." He has often said that he had not naturally a good memory, but that what he had obtained in this respect, was the effect of discipline only. His recollection was really wonderful. He has been known to challenge any one to repeat a line or phrase from any of the Greek dramatic writers, and would instantly go on with the context. The Letters of Junius, the Mayor of Garratt, and many favourite compositions, he would repeat *usque ad fastidium*.

Porson by no means excelled in conversation: he neither wrote nor spoke with facility. His elocution was perplexed and embarrassed, except where he was exceedingly intimate; but there were strong indications of intellect in his countenance, and whatever he said was manifestly founded on judgment, sense, and knowledge. Composition was no less difficult to him. Upon one occasion he undertook to write a dozen lines, upon a subject which he had much turned in his mind, and with which he was exceedingly familiar. But the number of erasures and interlineations was so great as to render it hardly legible; yet, when completed, it was, and is, a memorial of his sagacity, acuteness, and erudition.

Porson had a very lofty mind, and was tenacious of his proper dignity. Where he was familiar and intimate, he was exceedingly condescending and good-natured. He was kind to children, and would often play with them; but he was at no pains to conceal his partiality, where there were several in one family. In one which he often visited, there was a little girl, of whom he was exceedingly fond: he often brought her trifling presents, wrote in her books, and distinguished her on every occasion; but she had a brother, to whom, for no assignable reason, he never spoke, nor would in any respect notice. He was also fond of female society, and though too frequently negligent of his person, was of the most obliging manners and behaviour, and would read a play, or recite, or do anything that was required. He was fond of reading the Greek physicians; and, when he lived in the Temple, slept with Galen under his head: not that Galen was his favourite, but because the folio relieved his asthma.

There were blended in Porson very opposite qualities. In some things he appeared to be of the most unshaken firmness; in others he was wayward, capricious, and discovered the weakness of a child. Although, in the former part of his life, more particularly, he would not unfrequently confine himself for days together in his chamber, and not suffer himself to be intruded upon by his most intimate acquaintance, he hardly ever could resist the allurements of social converse, or the late and irregular hours to which they occasionally lead.

That he was friendly to late hours, and generally exhibited Dr. Johnson's reluctance to go to bed, might naturally arise from the circumstance of his being from a child a very bad sleeper. He frequently spent his evenings with the venerable Dean of Westminster, with Dr. Wingfield, with Bennett Langton, and with

another friend in Westminster; yet he hardly ever failed passing some hours afterwards at the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane.

The above individuals, being all of them very regular in their hours, used to give him to understand that he was not to stay after eleven o'clock, with the exception of Bennett Langton, who suffered him to remain till twelve; corrupted in this instance, perhaps, by Dr. Johnson. But so precise was Porson in this particular, that although he never attempted to exceed the hour limited, he would never stir before. On one occasion, when from some incidental circumstance, the lady of the house gave a gentle hint that she wished him to retire a little earlier, he looked at the clock, and observed, with some quickness, that it wanted a quarter of an hour of eleven.

In the former period of his early residence in the metropolis, the absence of sleep hardly seemed to annoy him. The first evening which he spent with Horne Tooke, he never thought of retiring till the appearance of day gave warning to depart. Horne Tooke, on another occasion, contrived to find out the opportunity of requesting his company, when he knew he had been sitting up the whole of the night before. This, however, made no difference; Porson sat up the second night also till the hour of sunrise.

What shall we call it—waywardness, inconsiderateness, or ungraciousness? but it is a well-known fact, that he spent the day of his marriage with a very learned friend, a judge, without either communicating the circumstance of his change of condition, or attempting to stir till the hour prescribed by the family obliged him to depart.

The following anecdote he would often relate himself with the greatest good humour. He was not remarkably attentive to the decoration of his person; indeed, he was at times disagreeably negligent. On one occasion, he went to visit the above-mentioned learned friend, where a gentleman, who did not know Porson, was waiting in anxious and impatient expectation of the barber. On Porson's entering the library where the gentleman was sitting, he started up, and hastily said to Porson, "Are you the barber?" "No, Sir," replied Porson, "but I am a cunning shaver, much at your service."

When there was considerable fermentation in the literary world on the subject of the supposed Shakspeare manuscripts, and many of the most distinguished individuals had visited Mr. Ireland's house to inspect them, Porson, with a friend, went also. Many persons had been so imposed upon as to be induced to subscribe their names to a form, previously drawn up, avowing their belief in the authenticity of the papers exhibited. Porson was called upon to do so likewise. "No," replied the professor, "I am always very reluctant in subscribing my name, and more particularly to articles of faith."

He had undertaken to make out and copy the almost obliterated MS. of the invaluable Lexicon of Phorius, which he had borrowed from the library of Trinity College, and this he had with unparalleled difficulty just completed, when the beautiful copy, which had cost him ten months of incessant toil, was burnt in the house of Mr. Perry, at Merton. The original, being a *unique* entrusted to him by his college, he carried with him wherever he went, and he was fortunately absent from Merton on the morning of the fire. Unruffled by the loss, he sat down without a murmur, and made a second copy as beautiful as the first.

He was not easily provoked to asperity of language by contradiction in argument, but be once was. A person of some literary pretensions, but who either did not know Porson's value, or neglected to show the estimate of it which it merited, at a dinner party, harassed, teazed, and tormented him, till at length he could endure it no longer, and rising from his chair, exclaimed with vehemence, "It is not in the power of thought to conceive, or words to express, the contempt I have for you, Mr. ——."

On his being appointed to the Greek professorship, a gentleman who, in his boyish days, had shown him great kindness, and who indeed, being the agent of his first patron, was the dispenser also of that personage's liberality to Porson, wrote him a kind letter of congratulation. At the same time, not being acquainted with the nature of such things, he offered, if a sum of money was required to discharge the fees, or was necessary on his first entrance upon the office, to accommodate him with it. Of this letter Porson took no notice. A second letter was despatched, repeating the same kind offer. Of this also no notice was taken. The gentleman was exasperated, and so far resented the neglect, that it is more than probable his representation of this matter was one of the causes of Porson's losing a very handsome legacy intended for him.

Porson was altogether an eccentric character. He was at times guilty of that for which a schoolboy would have been soundly flogged. One day he accompanied his friend Beloe in a walk to Highgate: on their return they were overtaken by a most violent rain, and both of them were thoroughly drenched. As soon as they arrived at home, warm and dry garments were prepared for both; but Porson obstinately refused to change his clothes. He drank three glasses of brandy, but sat in his wet apparel all the evening. The exhalations of course were not the most agreeable; but he did not apparently suffer any subsequent inconvenience.

He was exceedingly capricious. He would visit the theatres for many nights together, and leave off all of a sudden. In like manner, after visiting a friend's house for a week or so together, he would abruptly absent himself for as many weeks. He was minute even in trifles, and could tell how many steps it was to a friend's house.

He latterly became a hoarder of money, and when he died had £2000 in the funds. His library, which was valuable, was sold, and brought £1254 18*s*. 6*d*.

With all his singularities, Porson was a man of the most inflexible integrity, had an inviolable regard for truth, and possessed the most determined independence. But he would have been a greater had he been a better man.

COMPARATIVE CLAIMS OF RANK AND GENIUS.

Goldsmith one day was complaining in company, that Lord Camden had neglected him. "I met him," he said, "at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man." The company laughed, but Dr. Johnson interfered. "Nay, gentlemen, Dr. Goldsmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to such a man as Goldsmith; and I think it is much against Lord Camden that he neglected him."

Dr. Johnson treated a nobleman in company with rudeness, affecting not to know him, on account of the plainness of his dress and manner. On the nobleman's departure, he was told who he was—and then he justified himself by asking how was he to know it? what were stars and garters for? Now, that was rudeness without a reason. Speaking of some noblemen he said, "Lord Southwell is the highest-bred man without insolence that I ever was in company with; the most *qualitied* I ever saw. So was Lord Chesterfield, but he was insolent. [Chesterfield called Johnson a *respectable* Hottentot.] Lord Shelburne (the second earl, afterwards first marquis of Lansdowne) is a man of coarse manners, but a man of abilities and information. I don't say he is a man I would set at the head of a nation, though perhaps he may be as good as the next prime minister that comes."

Sir Egerton Brydges, a clever, singular, eccentric man, who was almost a monomaniac on the subject of hereditary honours, says,

"I never yet thought that there was any excuse for the insolence of birth; I never dreamed that it was to be set up, but as a protection against insult. I could never pay Burns or Bloomfield one atom less of respect on account of their low origin; nay, to surmount its obstacles, and to have noble thoughts and refined sentiments in the midst of early and habitual poverty and meanness, increased, instead of having diminished, the grounds of admiration for them. If in anything they were entitled to less attention, it was only so far as their *manners partook* of their origin. To look back with complacence on historical ancestors, is no mark of either pride, insolence, or vanity. It is an exercise of intellect and imagination, which it would be strictly and absolutely stupid not to indulge. To be unconcerned for the past, and to feel no interest in those from whom we draw our blood, is a sort of insensibility which approaches to brutal ignorance. And where other qualities are equal, the state which would not prefer those of most illustrious birth is deficient in wisdom and justice."

"An ingenious French writer observes, that those who depend on the merits of their ancestors, may be said to search in the *root* of the tree for those fruits which the branches ought to produce."—*Andrews' Anecdotes.*

LAWS.

The celebrated answer of our old Barons, when it was proposed to introduce some part of the Roman laws, "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare*," is by no means so strongly adverse to innovation as an institution of *Charondas*, legislator of Thurium, a city of Magna Græcia. Whoever proposed a new law, was obliged to come into the Senate House with a rope about his neck, and remain in that situation during the debate; if the law was approved, he was set at liberty, but if it was negatived he was immediately strangled*.

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* Diod. Sic. Hist. lib. xii.

DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA FELIX.

"We had at length discovered a country ready for the immediate reception of civilised man, and fit to become eventually one of the great nations of the earth. Unincumbered with too much wood, yet possessing enough for all purposes; with an exuberant soil under a temperate climate; bounded by the sea-coast and mighty rivers, and watered abundantly by streams from lofty mountains: this highly interesting region lay before me with all its features new and untouched as they fell from the hand of the Creator! Of this Eden it seemed that I was only the Adam; and it was indeed a sort of paradise to me, permitted thus to be the first to explore its mountains and streams—to behold its scenery—to investigate its geological character—and, finally, by my survey, to develop those natural advantages all still unknown to the civilised world, but yet certain to become, at no distant date, of vast importance to a new people. The lofty mountain range which I had seen on the 11th was now before us, but still distant between thirty and forty miles; and as the cattle required rest, I determined on an excursion to its lofty eastern summit.

"We now travelled over a country quite open, slightly undulating, and well covered with grass. To the westward the noble outline of the Grampians terminated a view extending over vast open plains, fringed with forests, and embellished with lakes. To the northward, appeared other more accessible-looking hills, some being slightly wooded, others green and open to their summits, long grassy vales and ridges intervening: while to the eastward, the open plain extended as far as the eye could reach. Our way lay between distant ranges, which, in that direction, mingled with the clouds. Thus I had both the open country and the hills within reach, and might choose either for our route, according to the state of the ground, weather, &c. Certainly, a land more favourable for colonisation could not be found. Flocks might be turned out upon its hills, or the plough at once set a-going in the plains. No primeval forests required to be first rooted out here, although there was enough of wood for all purposes of utility, and adorning the country just as much as even a painter could wish. One feature peculiar to that country appeared on these open downs; this consisted of hollows, which, being usually surrounded by a line of 'yarra' gum-trees, or white bark eucalyptus, seemed, at a distance, to contain lakes, but instead of water, I found only blocks of vesicular trap, consisting, apparently, of granular felspar, and hornblend rock also appeared in the banks enclosing them. Some of these hollows were of a winding character, as if they had been the remains of ancient water-courses; but if ever currents flowed there, the surface must have undergone considerable alteration since, for the downs where these hollows appeared were elevated at least 900 feet above the sea, and surrounded on all sides by lower ground. There was an appearance of moisture among the rocks in some of the hollows; and whether, by digging a few feet, permanent wells might be made there, may be a question worth attention when colonisation extends to that country."—*Major Mitchell's Expeditions.*

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

The worthy Sir Henry Wotton incurred the displeasure of King James, by a facetious sentence of innocent meaning, that was capable to be interpreted in favour of falsehood—"An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country." Besides, it is an argument of a cowardly poor spirit, and though it may chance to serve a present turn, yet it enhances the guilt of the crime, and when it is detected makes a man look like a pitiful baffled fellow; whereas the brave and magnanimous person does not sneak, but speaks truth, and is bold as a lion; and this is appositely expressed in the counsel of the divine poet:—

"Dare to be true, nothing can want a lie;
A fault that wants it most grows two thereby."

Epaminondas and Aristides were so tender in this respect that they would not tell a lie so much as in merriment. Equivocal speeches and mental reservations become none, much less great men. Egyptian princes were wont to wear a golden chain, beset with precious stones, which they styled truth, intimating that to be the most illustrious and royal ornament.

PRINTERS' DEVILS.

There are two accounts of the origin of this title. One of them says, there was one Mons. Leville, or Deville, who came over with William the Conqueror, in company with De Laune, De Vau, De Val, De Ashwood, De Ufine, D'Umpnding, &c. A descendant of this Monsieur Deville, in the direct line, was taken by the famous Caxton, in 1471, who, proving very expert, became afterwards his apprentice, and in time an eminent printer; from him the order of printer's Devilles, or devils, took their names.—The other account says, if they took it from infernal devils, it was not because they were messengers frequently sent in darkness, and appearing as scoffers would suggest, but upon a very reputable account; for John Faust, or Faustus of Maintz, in Germany, was the first inventor of the art of printing; which art of printing so surprised the world that they thought him a conjuror, and called him Dr. Faustus, and his art the black art. As he kept a constant succession of boys to run errands, who were always very black, some of whom being raised to be his apprentices, and afterwards raised themselves in the world, he was very properly said to have raised many a devil.—*American Paper.*

CUTCH AND THE CUTCHEES.

"Cutch is a small state, under the subsidised protection of the British Government, in the northern extremity of Western India. The Koree, or eastern outlet of the Indus, washes it on the west; the Great Sandy Desert bounds it on the north; and the sea, and Gulf of Cutch, to the south and east. Its length is about 160, and its extreme breadth, 65 miles. The population is estimated at about 400,000. The northern part of the country is an extensive salt morass, called the Runn, flooded during the rainy season. The soil of the more habitable part is clay, covered with a deep sand. There is little wood, except brushwood and brambles. Cotton is cultivated to a great extent, and is exported in return for grain, of which a sufficiency is not grown for home consumption.

"The Cutchees are simple in their habits of life; their common food is rice, parched grain, or a few vegetables, cooked with a little ghee, and eaten with cakes of coarse flour; the better sort of people sometimes indulge in curry and sweetmeats. They profess themselves water-drinkers, but are really addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, which they distil in all the villages from various vegetable productions. They drink also freely of toddy, which is procured in large quantities from the date and the cocoa-nut palm. Opium is prepared by them, and used, both as kusumba, and in its simple state, in large quantities. It seems less injurious, however, than the Turkish drug, and its effects are less perceptible. The men carry the opium in little boxes about their persons, and take it at all times. With this means of refreshment, they are capable of great fatigue, and can journey long and rapidly without food, smoking as they go, and stopping only for a draught of water from the numerous wells. The Cutchees appear to feel respect for the European character, and are obliging in their intercourse with us. Amongst other notions of our superiority, they believe us all to be astrologers and doctors. In both astrology and medicine, however, they have their adepts, and great men never hazard a journey without choosing a favourable conjunction of the planets for their departure. There are no fewer than thirty-five hakeems, or medicos, in the city of Bhooj; but unluckily for their fever patients, not one Sangrado amongst them all. In this strait the sufferers apply to a carpenter, who has somewhere learnt the art of phlebotomy, and operates on them with a phlem. They are equally at a loss for dentists, and the absence of a polished key is remedied by the use of a bent and rusty nail, urged against the offending tooth, by an unskilled practitioner. None of the sciences, either curious or useful, is known, even in its simplest elements, to these poor people, yet they show a desire for information, when one wiser than themselves excites their curiosity, which might, ably directed, prove a channel for their general improvement."—*Mrs. Postan's Random Sketches.*

THE LAMA.

The lama is the only animal associated with man, and undebased by the contact. The lamas will bear neither beating nor ill-treatment. They will go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance a-head as guide. If tired they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian becoming uneasy toward sunset, after all sorts of precaution, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waves his hand coaxingly towards the lamas, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time in the softest tone, and, with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates *ic-ic-ic-ic*. If the lamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are in ill humour, they do not even turn towards the speaker, but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, or a happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions, all give them an air at once noble and sensitive. It must be so, in fact, for the lama is the only creature employed by man that he dares not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or threats, what the lama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by word or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and without attempting to escape ill treatment by flight (the lama is never tied or fettered), he lies down, turning his looks towards heaven. Large tears flow freely down his beautiful eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in a half or three quarters of an hour at most, he expires. Happy creatures, who so easily avoid suffering by death! Happy creatures, who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The respect shewn these animals by the Peruvian Indians, amounts absolutely to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the burthen on his back: if he did, he would fall down and die. It is the same in unloading: if the burthen exceeds a certain weight, the animal throws itself down and dies. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the lama. It is, doubtless, from this extraordinary companion that he has learned to die when overtasked.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

"LOT'S WIFE."

Mr. Colman, in his agricultural address last week, illustrated the folly of modern fashionable female education by an anecdote. A young man who had for a long while remained in that useless state designated by "a half pair of scissors," at last seriously determined he would procure him a wife. He got the "refusal" of one who was beautiful and fashionably accomplished, and took her upon trial to his home. Soon learning that she knew nothing, either how to darn a stocking, or boil a potatoe, or roast a bit of beef, he returned her to her father's house, as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A suit was commenced by the good lady, but the husband alleged that she was not "up to the sample," and of course the obligation to retain the commodity was not binding. The jury inflicted a fine of a few dollars, but he would have given a fortune rather than not to be liberated from such an irksome engagement. "As well might the farmer have the original Venus de Medicis placed in his kitchen," said the orator, "as some of the modern fashionable women." "Indeed," continued he, "it would be much better to have Lot's wife standing there, for she might answer one useful purpose; she might *salt his bacon!*"—*American Paper.*

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OUR COLONIES.

ONE of the most remarkable facts in the history of the world, is, that its greatest ancient empire, by unjust aggression, conquest, and colonisation, produced its greatest modern one. We do not know what Britain might have become, had she never been invaded by Rome. We know that, in the early part of the Christian era, this island enjoyed for centuries the civilisation and protecting care of the then mistress of the earth; that the roots of that civilisation struck too deep to be upturned by Saxon, Dane, or Norman; and that, of several of our cities which owe their origin to Roman plantation, London has been for between sixteen and seventeen hundred years an important receptacle of men, and now presents a mightier combination of them than ever did the "Eternal City" herself.

The "decline and fall" of the British empire may occupy the labours of some future historian, who may come, perhaps, across the sea to survey the ruined monuments of greatness strewed over the surface of the "tight little island." He may sit down amid the tombs and fallen columns of Westminster Abbey, to muse over that vast field in the history of man which shall there spread before his mental vision. To him will be afforded a far larger view, and a clearer perception, of the connecting links in that strange and eventful history, which is running its course, to be wound up when the roll of time is called. He will see that there is as little "annihilation" in the moral as in the natural world; and, like some of our own geologists, trace the supplies of artificial heat and light which animate his own age to gigantic forests which grew in a former period, and have long since been engulfed.

Meantime Britain, like Rome, has her appointed work to do; and one important branch of that work is, to plant Christianity and the arts of civilised life in various quarters of the globe. Our social state and our vast possessions are unerring indications of this. Accumulated in a single island are great wealth, restless activity and enterprise, moral and physical machinery in powerful combination, much poverty and distress, a perpetually growing and advancing population, pressing on the means of subsistence, and endangering the artificial structure of our society. No sane man can dispute that *Emigration* forms a natural relieving outlet for such a state of things; and but few can hesitate to admit, that our COLONIES are destined to be *foci*, concentrating British civilisation, and transmitting it to future ages and countries. It is in this point of view, that we wish to dedicate a portion of our columns, from time to time, to the subject of emigration, and descriptions of our colonies. These must soon assume a far higher interest and importance to us than ever they have hitherto done; and in the progressive enlargement of our knowledge of just principles of emigration, and the strong action of enlightened public opinion on the subject of colonisation, and the treatment of aborigines, readers who would formerly have cared but little for these things, are now paying considerable attention to them.

It seems of but little use to advert to the past history of civilisation, unless with an express intention to make use of the information in guarding us from committing similar blunders and similar crimes. The whole subject is deeply painful, exhibiting, in a concentrated form, man's selfishness, cupidity, cruelty, and short-sighted ignorance—showing to us how, under certain circumstances, all that is most mean and base in our nature can be so strongly developed, as to extinguish whatever is better and nobler in feeling and action. But it is very absurd and ridiculous, as some writers have done, to charge these excesses, and the vices which savage tribes have acquired from Europeans, to the account of Christianity and civilisation. Christianity washes her hands of all participation in them: Civilisation, in like manner, has nothing to do with them;—"Heaven is high, and Europe is far off," said a Dutch merchant on the gold coast of Africa, when expostulated with: it is only because men, ignorant of the true tendencies of civilisation, and unacquainted with its spirit, have perverted the use of some of its powers and appliances when they came in contact with other men, sometimes far less deserving the name of savages than their conquerors and exterminators. We might as well lay any of the evils which afflict civilised life itself to the credit of civilisation, as the destruction or corruption of the coloured tribes. War, that monstrous evil, which has always been carried on in the most formidable manner between civilised nations, has not been caused by civilisation, and will one day be conquered by it. We might as well put to the credit of civilisation all the evils which have befallen colonies and emigrants, when, by bad management and worse calculation, colonies have been broken up, or individuals have suffered the miseries of destitution and sickness.

"It seems to be an opinion," says the first Report of the Aborigines' Protection Society, "founded rather on past experience than on any essential principle in the nature of the case, that the coloured races must inevitably perish as civilisation and Christianity advance. Whatever past facts may be, and unquestionably they are painful enough, they are not evidence that no better scheme of colonisation can be found, compatible with the safety and improvement of the aborigines. We cannot admit the doctrine that the establishment of a civilised community in the neighbourhood of uncivilised tribes, must be injurious to the latter, without supposing something extremely defective and improper in the regulations and principles of the former. Let these be corrected, and the evils must be diminished. The capacity for intellectual, moral, and social improvement in the coloured races, cannot be denied. Sufficient experiments have already been made to prove that, with fair means of culture, they can attain a rank of equality with the other races. The Canadas and South Africa afford illustrations sufficiently in point. Peter Jones, John Sunday, Andrew Stoffels, Jan Tzatzoe, Waterboer, and many others, are names familiar to the British public. What these have become by the pains bestowed on them, others may also become by the same process. It is education they require; intellectual and moral culture will prove their defence. H. Hendrick, a native Hottentot, residing at Griqua Town, justly, though by a bold figure, conveyed that sentiment to Macomo, when, holding up a pen to him, he remarked, 'Learn to wield this, and it will afford you more protection to your country than all the assagais of Caffreland.' He remarked also, 'Thank God, I have lived to see the day when I have learned to know, that mind is more powerful than body.'"

Ignorance has acted as a two-edged sword on emigrants. An ignorant man is generally one on whom local associations have a powerful influence, but who, at the same time, has his imagination easily inflamed by tempting accounts of distant countries. Driven by the pressure of distress, or urged by ambition, he goes out to the land of promise, and cold reality has unveiled everything, and made all appear even more plainly distinct than might otherwise have been the case. Then, when toiling in the forest, the local associations have risen with tenfold power; the memory recollects the most trivial object, and attaches to it an intense interest: and often the whole future life of the emigrant has been a bitter struggle with home sickness. And just as individuals

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have been affected, so have communities. Bad calculation, bad management, and ignorance of the proper and most productive modes of colonisation, have caused the waste of much capital, created much misery, retarded, perhaps for a century, the growth of one settlement, and sometimes extinguished others. The way to look at the question, is to consider the greater portion of British colonisation to have been carried on during the thoughtlessness, ignorance, and folly of nonage. We have now risen to that time of life in the history of our nation, when all that we do should be planned with thought and carried on with prudence; and when the wicked and wanton trifling with the lives and morals of aborigines, the stupid waste of capital and resources, the heedless sacrifice of the natural love of country, and affection for home, should be either utterly abolished, or modified by all the means within our power. The great *fact* is before our eyes, that Britain MUST be an emigrating and colonising country. This is one of the conditions of our national existence; and upon the manner in which we fulfil these conditions depends much of our national prosperity, and much of the slower or more rapid progress of the world at large.

We have no *colonies* in Europe. If the Channel islands are considered a portion of Great Britain, then our foreign possessions or dependencies are, the little island of Heligoland off the coast of Holstein; the rock of Gibraltar; Malta and Gozo, in the Mediterranean; and the Ionian islands off the coast of Greece.

On the fatal long extent of the western coast of Africa—a coast whose records present so humiliating a picture of man, when *half* civilised, as were the Europeans who committed such atrocities, in their greedy eagerness after gold, and the bodies of their fellow-men—we have but a few possessions. The first is Bathurst, on the island of St. Mary, at the mouth of the river Gambia, where there is a population of about 3000: gold, ivory, bees-wax, and hides, are exported to England. Lower down—nearer the equator—is Sierra Leone—the "white man's grave"—with a population of perhaps 30,000; and still nearer the equator are our settlements on the Gold Coast—one of the hottest regions on the globe, and from whence, for nearly a century, upwards of a hundred thousand persons were annually carried off as slaves. Our settlements here are known as Cape Coast Castle and Accra; the fortress of Cape Coast Castle is built on a rock close to the sea. The European possessions on the Gold Coast are limited to a few fortresses, and some houses; in the interior are the great native kingdoms of Ashantee and Dahomey. Below Cape Coast Castle, in that upper portion or curve of the Gulf of Guinea, called the Bight of Benin, is the island of Fernando Po, taken possession of by the English in 1827—considered of some importance, as the Quorra or Joliba, one of the largest of African rivers, falls into the sea by several mouths, opposite the island. Crossing the equator, and standing well out to sea, for it is upwards of 1400 miles from the African coast, is the little speck of Ascension, where we have had a garrison since 1815, which has not only successfully disputed possession with the turtle and the rats, but has been the means of converting what was lately a "desert cinder" into a green and fertile island. Ascension is nearly 700 miles north-west of far-famed St. Helena.

We are now in the southern hemisphere, and about to make the passage of the Cape of Good Hope. How beautifully transparent is the atmosphere! how brilliant is the sky at night! The naked eye can perceive stars of two degrees less magnitude than in the northern hemisphere, and Jupiter and Venus shine out with startling refulgence. As we turn round the promontory, we may perceive that one of its three mountains has the shape of a lion—one of nature's colossal carvings. On the northern side of Corsica, close to Bastia, there is another lion of nature's making, but on a much smaller scale than the one at the Cape—it is a rock which has the distinct appearance of a lion in repose. The colony of the Cape of Good Hope, though it has increased greatly in interest and importance, is of an awkward extent—stretching over about ten degrees of longitude, and about two degrees of latitude, or containing an area of more than a hundred thousand square miles, with a population of only about one hundred and sixty thousand.

Leaving the Cape, we must stretch across the phosphorescent waters of the Indian Ocean, where, in an expanse of about 1800 miles long and 2000 broad, only a few islands break the watery continuity, amongst which are our possessions of the Mauritius, with a population of nearly a hundred thousand. As we draw near the shores of India, may we not ask, Is not that vast empire to many of us in England little more than a NAME? Here, on the eastern extremity of that great peninsula, is ancient Ceylon, with its fragrant cinnamon and its pearl fisheries. It was known to the Greeks and Romans, visited and praised by Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville, and now, in the hands of the British, is exemplifying what the powers of civilisation, *rightly directed*, will effect, in triumphing over the supposed immobility of the East. For the British have done and are doing, in Ceylon, *more* than the Romans did in Britain. They have interposed the hand of gentle authority between the natives and that cruel and ignorant native despotism which ground them to the earth; they have abolished pernicious native monopolies, and set free the labourers of the soil; they have opened the island, by penetrating it with roads, which are now covered with the vehicles of commerce; introduced a *savings bank*; effected economical reforms; and improved the administration of civil and judicial affairs. Ceylon is in extent of surface somewhat less than Ireland; when it is properly cultivated, and drained, and its jungles cut down, it will become, not merely more fertile than it is now, rich and exuberant as is its natural character, but it will become a very healthy island—perhaps as healthy as England. Its area is supposed to contain upwards of 24,000 square miles, and its population approaches a million and a half.

Shall we venture on the neighbouring continent? That empire is not a colony, and it is too large for us to glance at. Strange, that there should not be above forty thousand British subjects, to govern and regulate between eighty and ninety millions of people, spread over half a million of square miles. And not only so, but there are tributaries, allies, and independent states, to control, check, and keep in awe, whose population raises the entire number more or less in connexion with us to upwards of one hundred and thirty-four million souls! It is a tremendous responsibility!

We may relieve ourselves from a consideration almost painful by hastening across the ocean to the great island—call it a continent rather—of Australia. Surely this is destined to be the seat of a new empire, where all the elements of civilisation will enter into fresh, if not new, combinations. Is it not vexing to think that we should have begun such an empire, by laying down an infected root! New South Wales has thriven by convict labour, in spite of its horrible immorality—but it requires no sage to tell that that prosperity contains a cancer within it, which must be cut out, or death will ensue. Here, on the southern shores, is that new colony, whose progress we are all so deeply interested in, for every friend of humanity is deeply interested in the working of any experiment, which is professedly endeavouring to show what may be the result of a right adaptation of human powers and resources. On the boundaries of the South Australian province lies Major Mitchell's newly discovered paradise, Australia Felix. "We traversed it in two directions," he says, "with heavy carts, meeting no other obstruction than the softness of the rich soil; and in returning over flowery plains and green hills, fanned by the breezes of early spring, I named it Australia Felix, the better to distinguish it from the parched deserts of the interior country, where we had wandered so unprofitably and so long." But opinions differ as to the general capabilities of Australia, taken as a whole. "Our present knowledge," says the "Colonial Gazette," "of the immense Australian Continent does not extend to one-sixth part of its surface; and, how little it has hitherto been made available for colonisation appears from the fact that, of 694,969 persons who emigrated to all the British Colonies in the

thirteen years 1825 to 1837 inclusive, only 28,642, or about one twenty-fourth part of the whole, were destined for the Australian settlements. Its natural features seem, indeed, to preclude the possibility of this country's becoming the seat of a dense population, except in a few isolated spots; for with its vast extent of desert plains, its great scarcity of water, and its want of permanent rivers, it is, in general, neither fit for cultivation, nor possessed of the means of communication from one district to another." But we really know too little to speculate on the general capabilities of Australia.

Returning homeward, we cross the American continent, and pause to glance at that great extent of territory, from the boundaries of the United States to the Arctic Ocean, which acknowledges the dominion of Britain. With the exception of the Canadas, no part of this region may be considered as at present capable of being colonised: between two and three millions of square miles are given up to the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, and the scattered Indians who supply the Company with furs. The country is not destitute of mineral and other productions, but its present wealth lies in its animals, its different kinds of deer, bears, beavers, foxes, otters, &c., which are hunted for the sake of their flesh and skins.

The West Indian islands are the last of our possessions that shall detain us at present. Here, an entirely new state of society is evolving, an experiment which should cause us much anxiety and much watchfulness. If the experiment is successful, these fertile islands will become of new value—for their resources, instead of being exhausted, will be much more fully developed.

The following Table of Emigration to the British Colonies and to the United States, is from a recent Parliamentary document.

YEAR.	British Colonies in N. America	United States of America.	Total to America.	Cape of Good Hope.	Australian Colonies.	TOTAL.
1825	8,711	5,551	14,292	111	485	14,891
1826	12,818	7,063	19,881	116	903	20,900
1827	12,618	11,526	27,174	114	715	28,003
1828	12,084	12,817	24,901	135	1,056	26,092
1829	13,307	15,678	28,985	197	2,016	31,198
1830	30,574	24,887	55,461	204	1,242	56,907
1831	58,067	23,118	81,485	114	1,561	83,160
1832	66,339	32,872	99,211	196	3,733	103,140
1833	28,808	29,109	57,917	517	4,093	62,527
1834	40,060	33,074	73,134	288	2,800	76,222
1835	15,573	26,720	42,293	325	1,860	44,478
1836	34,226	37,774	72,000	293	3,124	75,417
1837	29,884	36,770	66,654	326	5,054	72,034
Totals	363,129	300,259	663,388	3,939	28,642	649,969

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK PAGE OF AN OLD COPY OF LOVELACE'S "LUCASTA."

A STEEDE! a steede of matchless speede!
  A sword of metal keene!
Al else to noble heartes is drosse—
  Al else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,
  The rowleinge of the drum,
The clangour of the trumpet lowde—
  Be sounds from heaven that come.
And oh! the thundering presse of knightes,
  When as their war-cryes swelle,
May toll from heaven an angel brighte,
  And rowse a fiend from hell.
Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants all!
  And don your helms amaine;
Death's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
  Us to the field againe.
No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
  When the sword-hilt's in our hand;
Heart-whole we'll parte, and no whit sighe
  For the fayrest of the land.
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
  Thus weepe, and puling crye;
Our business is like men to fyghte,
  And like to heroes die!

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION ON THE SABBATH.

THE following observations of Dr. Farre, given before a committee of the House of Commons, will be read with deep interest by every reflecting man:—

"I have been in the habit, during a great many years, of considering the uses of the Sabbath, and of observing its abuses. The abuses are chiefly manifested in labour and dissipation. The use, medically speaking, is that of a day of rest. In a theological sense it is a holy rest, providing for the introduction of new and sublimer ideas into the mind of man, preparing him for his future state. As a day of rest, I view it as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labour and excitement. A physician always has respect to the preservation of the restorative power, because, if once this be lost, his healing office is at an end. If I show you, from the physiological view of the question, that there are provisions in the laws of nature which correspond with the divine commandment, you will see from the analogy that 'the Sabbath was made for man' as a necessary appointment. A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation, as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man run down the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature by which God (who is not only the giver, but also the preserver and sustainer, of life) prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day with night, that repose may succeed action. But although the night apparently equalises the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. You may easily determine this question, as a matter-of-fact, by trying it on beasts of burden. Take that fine animal, the horse, and work him to the full extent of his powers every day in the week, or give him rest one day in seven, and you will soon perceive, by the superior vigour with which he performs his functions on the other six days, that this rest is necessary to his well-being. Man, possessing a superior nature, is borne along by the very vigour of his mind, so that the injury of continued diurnal exertion and excitement on his animal system is not so immediately apparent as it is in the brute; but in the long run he breaks down more suddenly; it abridges the length of his life and that vigour of his old age, which (as to mere animal power) ought to be the object of his preservation. I consider, therefore, that, in the bountiful provision of Providence for the preservation of human life, the sabbatical appointment is not, as it has been sometimes theologically viewed, simply a precept partaking of the nature of a political institution; but that it is to be numbered amongst the natural duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question; but if you consider further the proper effect of real Christianity—namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good-will to man—you will perceive in this source of renewed vigour to the mind, and through the mind to the body, an additional spring of life imparted from this higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest. Were I to pursue this part of the question, I should be touching on the duties committed to the clergy; but this I will say, that researches in physiology, by the analogy of the working of Providence in nature, will establish the truth of revelation, and consequently show that the divine commandment is not to be considered as an arbitrary enactment, but as an appointment necessary to man. This is the position in which I would place it, as contradistinguished from precept and legislation; I would point out the sabbatical rest as necessary to man, and that the great enemies of the Sabbath, and consequently the enemies of man, are all laborious exercises of the body or mind, and dissipation, which force the circulation on that day in which it should repose; whilst relaxation from the ordinary cares of life, the enjoyment of this repose in the bosom of one's family, with the religious studies and duties which the day enjoins, (not one of which, if rightly exercised, tends to abridge life,) constitute the beneficial and appropriate service of the day. The student of nature, in becoming the student of Christ, will find in the principles of his doctrine and law, and in the practical application of them, the only and perfect science which prolongs the present, and perfects the future life."—*From Molesworth's Domestic Chaplain.*

MRS. CHALONER'S VISIT*.

AN AMERICAN SKETCH. BY MISS LESLIE.

"I have pleasant news for you, my dear," said Mr. Gilmore to his wife, as he came in to dinner; "your old friend Mrs. Chaloner is in town."

"What, Cornelia Adderley that was?" exclaimed Mrs. Gilmore. "We were certainly intimate enough when girls, our families living for several years next door; but since Cornelia married and removed to a remote part of Virginia, we have lost sight of each other. We corresponded for awhile at first, but our letters gradually became less frequent, and at last ceased entirely, for you know I was married myself soon after Cornelia, and then I lost all inclination for letter-writing; as is generally the case, I believe, with women that are settled in life, and have no longer anything to write about."

"Well," said Mr. Gilmore, "you will no doubt be glad to renew your friendship with the ci-devant Cornelia Adderley, whom I recollect as an uncommonly fine girl. You know, we heard of the death of Mr. Chaloner eight or nine years ago. She has been spending most of the winter at Washington, having had business with Congress, on account of a claim of her late husband's against the United States. She is here with some friends from the south, and they leave town for Boston in a few days."

"But who told you all this?" asked Mrs. Gilmore.

"Herself," was his reply; "I stepped in at the United States Hotel, to inquire if Mr. Atkinson had yet arrived, and I saw her name on the book. So, believing it to be that of our old friend, I made her a visit and introduced myself;—Mrs. Chaloner and her party have a private parlour at the hotel. I was glad to find that she recognised me even before I mentioned my name, notwithstanding the lapse of more than sixteen years. You know her marriage took place about three months before ours."

"How long will Mrs. Chaloner remain in town?" asked Mrs. Gilmore.

"Only two or three days. Of course, you will call and see her this afternoon, and show her all possible kindness during her stay in Philadelphia."

"I am just thinking how that is to be managed. What a pity she did not arrive in town a month ago, and then I could have had her at my party!"

"That would have been nothing," said Mr. Gilmore.

"Nothing—my dear, how can you talk so! What better could I have done for Cornelia Chaloner, than to invite her with all my other friends?"

"Friends!" exclaimed her husband; "why will you persist in calling a crowd of several hundred people your friends!"

"So they were," said Mrs. Gilmore. "You know very well it was not a general party."

"Is it possible you were acquainted with even the names of all the people I saw here that night?" asked Mr. Gilmore. "I know not what you call a general party if that was not one."

"Well, it was *not*," resumed the wife. "A general party is when we ask everybody with whom we are on visiting terms: and invite by families, even when some of the members are not exactly such as we like to show to the élite of our circle. For instance, I did not ask Mrs. Lilburn's sisters, though they live in the house with her, nor Mrs. Laidley's neither; nor Mrs. Wilkinson's cousin Margaret; nor Mrs. Bramfield's two step-daughters, though I had all three of her own; nor the Miss Herberts' aunt; nor Mrs. Danby's sister-in-law; nor Mrs. Ashton's neither; also, I invited nobody that lives north of Chesnut-street. Now, if I had not taken care beforehand, to have it understood that I was not going to give a *general* party, I should have been obliged to invite all these people."

"In other words," observed Mr. Gilmore, "a general party is one in which the feelings of all your acquaintances are respected: whereas they may be offended with impunity, if your crowd is designated as select."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Gilmore, "I am sure there was crowd enough; notwithstanding that I left out everybody whom there was no advantage in having. Not half the ladies even *saw* the supper-table; at least, no more of it than the tops of the sugar temples and pyramids. And when the dancing commenced, there was only room for half-cotillions, of four people in each. And the sleeves were all pressed flat, as everybody was jammed into one mass; and the blond of some was torn to tatters by catching in the flowers of others. The heat was so great that all the real curls came out, and hung in strings; and numbers of ladies caught violent colds from passing nearly the whole time on the stairs, and in the entry, for the sake of coolness."

"And you regret that your friend, Mrs. Chaloner, was not here to enjoy all this?" said Mr. Gilmore.

"Enjoy?" returned his wife. "Was it not a splendid party? Think of the sum that it cost."

"You need not tell me that," said the husband. "Rather too large a sum to be expended by persons in middle life, for *one* evening of pain—pleasure I am sure it was not to any human being."

"Middle life!" repeated Mrs. Gilmore; "you are always talking of our being in middle life, even before strangers."

"So we are. And even if we were to expend five times the sum on one evening of foolery and suffering, I doubt if we should still be admitted into what is termed high life."

"You know well enough," replied Mrs. Gilmore, "that I have friends at whose houses I have met with people of the very first rank and fashion—people who treated me so politely when I was introduced, that I did not hesitate to call on them previous to my party, as a preparatory step to sending them invitations."

"But did they come when thus you called on them?" asked her husband, smiling.

"Nonsense, Mr. Gilmore," replied the lady, "they all sent very reasonable excuses, and sincere regrets."

"Well," resumed Mr. Gilmore, "we have discussed this subject often enough. But what is it all to the widow Chaloner?"

"Why I don't know exactly what to do with her—I cannot give another party this season."

"Heaven forbid you should!" ejaculated her husband.

"Well, as to inviting a small select company to meet Mrs. Chaloner, as some people would, that's quite out of my way. I give one great party every season, and then I have done my duty, and my conscience is clear till next season: having paid off my debts to all that have invited me to their parties, and laid a foundation for future invitations next winter."

"Notwithstanding all this," said Mr. Gilmore, "my advice is, that you invite Mrs. Chaloner for to-morrow evening, and ask fifteen or twenty agreeable people to meet her."

"Well then," replied Mrs. Gilmore, "we must light up the parlours, and have ice-creams, and other such things, and hire Carroll to help Peter hand them round. All this would cost as much as one of Vanharlingen's new style pelerines, and I am dying for another of them. There is one that is worked all round in a running pattern—"

"Never mind the running pattern," interrupted her husband, "but endeavour to devise some way of evincing your pleasure at meeting again with one of the most intimate friends of your early youth. I remember her as a very handsome and agreeable girl, and she is now a most agreeable woman, and handsome still."

"Have you any idea what her circumstances are?"

"Not in the least."

"How was she dressed?"

"I did not observe."

"That is so like you. I am sure if I were to buy all my things at the cheap stores, where they keep nothing but trash, and have them made up by cheap mantua-makers and milliners, you would be none the wiser. I do not believe you would know the difference between a bonnet from Gaubert's or Pintard's and one made in the Northern Liberties."

"I am certain I should not," replied her husband; "but let us now postpone this discussion, and go to dinner."

In the afternoon, as they proceeded together towards the United States Hotel, the subject was renewed by Mrs. Gilmore saying:—"As to my troubling myself with any extra evening company after having given my party, that is entirely out of the question."

"Then invite Mrs. Chaloner to dinner," said Mr. Gilmore, "and ask the Roxleys, and Harmans, and Lysters, to meet her; they are among the pleasantest people we know."

"I cannot undertake all that," replied the lady; "the trouble and expense of a dinner would far exceed that of a small tea party."

"In this instance I am willing to pay the cost," said Mr. Gilmore, "for I expect some gratification in return for it."

"You talk of your own gratification," said Mrs. Gilmore, "and yet you refuse to make poor Mary Jane happy by giving her the superb silver card-case that she saw at Baily and Kitchen's the day she got her last ear-rings, and that she has been longing

* From the "Gift."

for ever since. But, to make an end of all this arguing, the cheapest way of entertaining Cornelia Chaloner, is—"

"Cheapest!" said Mr. Gilmore, indignantly.

"Yes, to be sure," pursued his wife. "Is it not our duty to consult cheapness in all unnecessary expenses? You know that we have a large family, and now that Mary Jane has come out, our bills for articles of dress and jewellery are of course very much enhanced."

"I know that perfectly," replied Mr. Gilmore; "she ought not to have come out for at least two years,—seventeen would have been quite time enough."

"There was no possibility of keeping her in," remarked Mrs. Gilmore.

"But, as I was saying, the cheapest way is to invite Cornelia Chaloner to stay at our house while she is in town; and she will no doubt consider it a greater compliment than if we made a dinner or tea party for her. It will look as if we desired only the pleasure of her society, and were unwilling to lose any part of it by sharing it with others."

"I am not certain though," said Mr. Gilmore, "that she will find *our* society (if we give her nothing else) a sufficient compensation for what she will lose by resigning that of the friends with whom she is staying at the hotel."

"How you talk!" replied Mrs. Gilmore. "Have you no idea of the delight of calling up recollections of our days of girlhood, and of discussing once more our former lovers?"

"It will not take *you* very long to get through your old sweethearts," observed Mr. Gilmore,—"myself and the two midshipmen make three."

Before the lady could reply, they had reached the door of the United States Hotel, and were immediately conducted to the parlour occupied by Mrs. Chaloner and her party. They found her alone and expecting them, as Mr. Gilmore had told her he would bring his wife to see her that afternoon. She received Mrs. Gilmore with open arms, and both ladies seemed very glad to meet again after so long a separation; for they had been extremely intimate at so early an age that the characters of both were still unformed.

Mrs. Gilmore examined the dress of her friend with a scrutinising eye, and wondered how a woman could look so well in a plain black silk; and wondered, also, why any one with such a profusion of fine hair should wear a cap, and why it should be a little close cap simply trimmed with white riband. Yet she now felt rather glad that Mrs. Chaloner had not come to town a month sooner. "After all," thought she, "poor Cornelia would not have been much of an ornament to my party; for I can easily see that her style is always very plain. To be sure, as it was not a general party, I need not have asked her. Yes, yes—I see clearly that it is not worth while to invite any of my friends to meet her either at dinner or at tea."

However, Mrs. Gilmore earnestly pressed Mrs. Chaloner to remove to her house, and pass with her the two days she was yet to remain in town. Mrs. Chaloner, who, though she was very pleasantly situated at the hotel, imagined that she might spend two days still more agreeably with one of the most intimate friends of her youth, was soon prevailed on to accept the invitation. She was engaged to go with her party to Fairmount that afternoon, and to the theatre in the evening; and it was arranged that she should remove to Spruce-street at an early hour next morning. All being satisfactorily settled, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore took their leave. By the evening post, Mr. Gilmore received a letter requiring his immediate presence in New York on some business of importance, which would most probably detain him there several days. He was therefore obliged to set out next morning in the early boat, lamenting that he was thus prevented from participating in the pleasure of Mrs. Chaloner's visit, and desiring his wife to do all in her power to make it agreeable to that lady; so that she would have no occasion to regret leaving the hotel, and her own party.

"I shall treat her just as I would my sister," replied Mrs. Gilmore;—"but make haste, my dear, or you will be too late for the boat."

"Mama," said Mary Jane Gilmore, who was not yet fifteen, "a'nt you going to dress yourself, and sit in the front parlour all day with Mrs. Chaloner?"

"Not I indeed," replied Mrs. Gilmore; "you know, as I am never at home to morning visitors, it is not my way to sit up dressed in the parlour, and therefore, as of course I would not put myself *out of* the way for so old a friend as Cornelia Chaloner, she must take me as she finds me; that is in the nursery, where I can be at my ease in a wrapper. As for having such parlours as ours littered with sewing, that is quite out of the question. And besides, they are so much darkened by the window-curtains, that there is no seeing to thread a needle, or to read a word even in the annuals that lie on the centre table."

"But she might look out of the window," observed Mary Jane.

"She could not see much through the muslin blinds," replied Mrs. Gilmore, "they are worked so closely all over, and I won't have them rumpled by drawing aside."

"It is well pa's not at home," remarked the daughter.

"I am very glad he is not," resumed Mrs. Gilmore. "He and I have such different views with regard to entertaining company, and he is always so hard to counteract. However, Mary Jane, you must constantly bear in mind that it is the duty of all children to consider their father superior to every man in the world."

"Yes, mama," replied Mary Jane; "but you know very well that 'pa has a great many queer notions."

"Undoubtedly he has," answered the mother, "and he is in every respect the reverse of myself. But remember always that it is your duty as a child to be blind to his faults, however great they may be."

About eleven o'clock, Mrs. Chaloner came to the door in a carriage, with a small trunk containing a change of clothes. "Dear me!" said Mrs. Gilmore, "who would have thought of her being here before twelve, at the earliest. When I urged her to come directly after breakfast, I had no idea that she would take me at my word; nobody ever does. Run down, Mary Jane, and show Mrs. Chaloner into the back spare bed-room till she gets her bonnet off, and then bring her into the nursery. I shall not put myself the least out of my way. If visitors *will* come, they must take me as they find me."

Accordingly Mrs. Chaloner was ushered into the nursery; a long narrow room in that part of the house denominated the back building, with a low ceiling, low windows, and a door opening into a sort of balcony or verandah. This apartment always presented a most disorderly appearance, and the furniture (which was very plain) had been much abused by the children. But though it was the constant abiding-place of the successive Irish nurses, it was in the nursery that Mrs. Gilmore spent most of her time; there she sat in the full enjoyment of extreme déshabiller, except when in an exuberance of finery she went out for the purpose of shopping, or of making visits by leaving her card; her professed devotion to her children never preventing her, during the season, from spending the first part of every evening at her toilet, and the last at a large party.

"My dear Cornelia," said Mrs. Gilmore, "I am delighted to see you. But how late you are! Mary Jane and I have been anxiously expecting you ever since breakfast. Do take a seat on the couch. Nelly, shake up the pillows, the boys have been on them with their feet. You find me just going to dress the baby; a thing I always do myself, before Nelly carries her out walking; you were right to bring your sewing. You must make yourself quite at home, and neither use ceremony nor expect any. Mary Jane, are you going out this morning?"

"To be sure I am," replied the daughter; "I shall begin dressing immediately."

"Well then, I must get you to leave cards for me and yourself at Mrs. Warden's, and at Mrs. Morley's, and at Mrs. Clarkson's, and at Mrs. Simmons's; and to stop at Madame Pintard's and hurry her with my bonnet."

"Pintard won't be hurried," said Mary Jane. "Besides I have visits of my own on hand, and no time to stop at all those places."

"Mildness of voice and deportment, my dear Mary Jane," proceeded Mrs. Gilmore sententiously, "and strict compliance with the wishes of a parent, are peculiarly becoming to all young ladies who desire—"

But before her mother had time to finish the sentence, Mary Jane had flounced out of the room, shutting the door violently.

"A perfect child of nature," observed Mrs. Gilmore. "She is, as yet, incapable of self-control, and is considered *brusque*. But *brusquerie* sometimes succeeds quite as well as *manner*. Mary Jane takes exceedingly. The other night, at Mrs. Dellinger's, she was constantly surrounded by gentlemen. She is but fifteen, and her father thinks I brought her out too soon. But there was no such thing as keeping her back."

"So I should suppose," thought Mrs. Chaloner.

"Come now, Nelly, give me the baby," proceeded Mrs. Gilmore; "I have all her things ready. You see, my dear Cornelia, (for I make no stranger of you,) Nelly washes and dresses the baby every morning; but when she is to be carried out, I always prepare her myself; and while I am doing so, we can talk of old times, quite at our ease. Do you remember Maria Wilford's Christmas Ball? Nelly, give me the pincushion. Hush, baby—hush."

"I remember it very well," replied Mrs. Chaloner. "It was eighteen years ago."

"I wore a crêpe lisse looped up with daffodils over a primrose-coloured satin," pursued Mrs. Gilmore. "There now, baby, hold still till I pin its petticoat; hush, darling, hush. She always cries when I dress her.—Yes, as I was saying, I wore that night a pale yellow crêpe lisse; the sleeves were in bouffants divided with rouleaux of primrose-coloured riband, finished with rosettes, and Frank Edwards said to me very gallantly—Baby, you must not cry so; be quiet now till I put your frock on.—What was *your* dress, Cornelia?"

"Indeed I have no recollection," replied Mrs. Chaloner; "but I remember that the ball was a very pleasant ball, and that a very amusing incident occurred."

"I found nothing there that amused me so much," said Mrs. Gilmore, "as seeing Mrs. Denham in the same eternal black velvet that she had worn everywhere for three winters. But, as I was telling you, Frank Edwards said to me—Baby, hush, or mother will whip her. See now, stop crying, and look at its pretty pink cloak."

The baby did stop, and did look at its cloak, which was of embroidered merino, lined with white silk.

"And Cornelia," pursued Mrs. Gilmore, "don't you remember the day, when a large party of us went down to the Navy-yard to see a ship or something, that there came on a sudden rain all in a moment; and before we could get to the carriages, my chip hat was completely ruined? It was perfectly new, and you know it was trimmed with pearl-white riband, and a wreath of cape jessamine.—There now, baby's quite ready. Come, darling, shake a day-day before it goes."

After the baby had shaken a day-day and departed, Mrs. Gilmore went to the glass, to arrange her disordered wrapper, to smooth her still more disordered hair; and she had thoughts of putting on a clean cap, but concluded, that as her husband was not at home to insist on it, and as she should see nobody that day, it was not worth while. She talked all the time to Mrs. Chaloner, sometimes of her children, and sometimes of what she called old times, but in reality these reminiscences adverted only to the dresses she had worn on certain occasions in her girlhood, and to the compliments paid her by the persons she denominated her beaux. And such was her volubility, that Mrs. Chaloner, though a woman of excellent conversational powers, had seldom an opportunity of speaking at all.

"Mrs. Gilmore (who notwithstanding her passion for dress and parties, professed to be *au fait* to all the petty details of housewifery, and was one of those very common characters, that exercise the closest economy in some things, and the most lavish extravagance in others) sat down to piecing together some very old calico for a servant's bed-quilt, saying to Mrs. Chaloner, "This is not very pretty work to bring out before a visitor; but you know I do not consider you as a stranger."

In a few minutes the street-door was thrown violently open, and a "rabble rout" was heard ascending the stairs. Presently, in rushed five boys just from school, and shouting for bread and molasses. But they all stopped short, and stared at the sight of Mrs. Chaloner.

"Never mind, my dears," said their mother; "it is only Mrs. Chaloner, an old friend of mine. My dear Cornelia, I am sorry you have no children, you know not the pleasure of them."

The boys having recovered from their surprise, now clamoured with one accord for the bread and molasses; and Mrs. Chaloner thought that, like Mary Jane, they certainly wanted *manner*. Mrs. Gilmore mildly requested them to go and apply to Phillis for it. "You know very well," said one of the boys, "that Phillis always drives us out of the kitchen, and says she won't be plagued while she's getting dinner. We are afraid of Phillis."

"I wish you were half as much afraid of me," murmured their mother. However, she went down to supply their demands, saying as she left the room, "I do not ask you to take anything by way of luncheon, my dear Cornelia, lest it should spoil your dinner."

The boys all ran down after her, and in a short time returned; their faces and hands very much smeared with molasses. From that time till dinner, the nursery and the balcony resounded with noise and riot; the mother sometimes raising her voice in vain attempts to check them, but generally contenting herself with remarking to Mrs. Chaloner that "boys would be boys," an indubitable truism. "Their father," said Mrs. Gilmore, "inclines to be rather strict with the children; which is the reason that I am rather indulgent. And therefore, when he is away, they always break out. But I like to see them natural, and I have no idea of cooling their affection by abridging their little pleasures. And I must say, they all absolutely dote on me. Come here, Willy."

"What for?" said the urchin, who was just then busily employed in unwinding and tangling one of Mrs. Chaloner's cotton-spools.

"Come and kiss mama."

"No, I won't," was the reply.

Mrs. Chaloner now endeavoured to give a turn to the conversation, by inquiring after one of their former friends, Helen Harley.

"Oh! she married William Orford," replied Mrs. Gilmore. "Only think, her wedding dress was a plain brown gros des Indes; some said it was a gros de Suisse. Just imagine, a bride in brown. Helen was always eccentric. My dear boys, let me request that you will all go down and play in the yard."

Her dear boys took no heed of the request, but persisted in acting naturally by scampering in and out of the balcony, (sometimes through the door, but generally through the windows,) prancing on the couch, and throwing its pillows in each other's faces, oversetting chairs and stools, and trampling on their mother's sewing. One of them being pursued by another with the hearth-brush, fell over Mrs. Chaloner, and seized her silk dress in his molasses-daubed hands to assist himself in rising. Another with similar hands snatched her reticule to pelt his brother with, and scattered its contents all over the floor. But it were endless to relate their pranks; none of which were the least amusing, though all were extremely annoying. They played at nothing, and there was no meaning in their fun. It was nothing but senseless running, shouting, and scrambling. Besides which, they were ugly, and had remarkably foolish faces. Mrs. Gilmore said that all her children took after herself; and Mrs. Chaloner saw no reason to doubt the truth of the assertion.

Dinner was at last announced; Mary Jane made her appearance, and the ladies descended to the dining-room, where they found the boys (who had run down *en masse* before them) already squabbling about their seats.

Mrs. Gilmore requested Mary Jane to place herself between James and Joseph, to keep them apart; but that young lady refusing, her mother said to Mrs. Chaloner, "My dear Cornelia, will *you* oblige me by taking a seat between those two young gentlemen, who are apt to be a little unruly when they sit together." Mrs. Chaloner complied; and the boys were all the time striking at each other behind her back.

"We have a very plain dinner to-day," said the hostess. "When Mr. Gilmore is at home, he and I, and Mary Jane, do not dine till three; and the children have an early dinner by themselves, at one o'clock, on account of their going to school again at two. But as he is absent, and I do not consider you as a stranger, I did not think it worth while to have two dinners prepared. What shall I help you to?"

The two youngest boys now cried out to be helped first, and as their mother knew they would persist, she complied with their demand, saying, "My dear Cornelia, I am sure you will excuse the poor little fellows. Children are always hungry, and we can have no comfort with our dinner unless we pacify them first. Anything, you know, for peace and quietness."

The children soon devoured their meat, and while the ladies were still eating theirs, the pudding was called for and cut, and the juveniles were all served with it, by way of keeping them pacified. Little Willy, thinking that his brother George had rather a larger piece of pudding than himself, fell into a violent tantrum, screamed and kicked, and finally, by Mary Jane's order, was carried from the table by the servant-man. And the mother rose up and begged to be excused, while she went out to quiet the poor little fellow; which she did by carrying with her a much larger piece of pudding. Mrs. Chaloner silently wishing that the children were less natural, or rather, that their nature was better, or that she was considered more of a stranger.

"It is always so when papa is away," said Mary Jane. "But mama is rightly served, for not having two dinners as usual."

When the uncomfortable repast was finished, and peace restored by the boys going to school, Mrs. Gilmore retired to her chamber, having informed her guest, that it was her custom and Mary Jane's, always to take an afternoon nap in their respective rooms, and, "I suppose," said she, "you would like to do the same." Mrs. Chaloner was not inclined to sleep, but she had no objection to the quiet of her own apartment, and she expressed a desire to take a book with her.

"Except a few annuals," said Mary Jane, "we have no books except those in papa's library (neither mama nor myself having any time to read); but I will take you there to choose one. I believe he has the Waverley novels, and Cooper's, and others that I hear people talk about."

When they reached the library, they found the door barricadoed by a table, on which a woman was standing while she cleaned the paint; and looking in, they saw another scrubbing the floor, half of which was floated with water. The books were all in disorder, having been taken down to be dusted: and it was found that Mrs. Gilmore had seized the opportunity of her husband's absence to have his library cleaned. "To go in here is impossible," said Mary Jane, "but I will bring you one of the annuals from the centre table in the front parlour."

The annual was brought, and Mrs. Chaloner retired with it to her apartment; but having read it before, she did not find it very amusing.

In the evening it rained, and Mrs. Gilmore said that she was glad of it, as now she need not dress; and as her husband was away, there could be no danger of any of his visitors dropping in. Also that it was not worth while to have the parlours opened, as they had been shut up all day. So they spent the evening in the eating-room; and Mary Jane wisely went to bed immediately after tea, longing, as she said, to get her corsets off. The younger boys slept about the sofa and carpet, and screamed when any one touched or spoke to them; the elder boys racketted overhead in the nursery. The baby was brought down, and kept worrying about the table in the arms of Nelly, till nine o'clock, that it might sleep the better during the night. When the justly-fretting infant could be kept awake no longer, either by wafting it up and down, showing it the lamp, jingling a bunch of keys in its ears, or shaking a string of beads before its closing eyes, it was undressed on the spot, crying all the time, having been thoroughly wakened in the process; and it was finally carried off by Nelly, whose dismal chant, as she rocked and sang it to sleep, was heard from above stairs for half an hour.

Mrs. Gilmore now seemed so very tired and sleepy, that her guest (who was tired also) took her leave for the night, and repaired to her chamber. This apartment, though called a spare bed-room, was used by every member of the family as a receptacle for all sorts of things; and Mrs. Chaloner being (unfortunately for her) considered no stranger, nothing had been removed with a view to her accommodation. While she had sat there reading in the afternoon, at night when she was preparing for bed, and in the morning before she was up, and while she was dressing, her privacy was continually invaded by the nurse, the other servants, and even Mrs. Gilmore, and Mary Jane, coming up to get various articles from the closets, bureaus, and presses. This chamber was unhappily on the same floor with the dormitories of the boys, who began their career at daylight; chasing each other along the passage, and enacting a general wrestling-match so close to Mrs. Chaloner's door, that they burst it open in the mêlée, and fell into the room, while she was engaged at the washing-stand.

There was another spare bed-room, superior in every respect to this; but Mrs. Gilmore did not think it worth while to be so ceremonious with her old friend Cornelia Chaloner, as to place her in the best of the two chambers.

As soon as the mother and daughter met in the morning—"Mary Jane," said Mrs. Gilmore, "I have been thinking of something—Miss Nancy Risings has not yet made her weekly visit: as we may be sure of the infliction between this and Sunday, suppose we kill two birds with one stone, and have her to-day with Mrs. Chaloner?"

"Never were two people more unsuitable," replied Mary Jane; "Miss Nancy is the most stupid woman on earth."

"No matter," said Mrs. Gilmore; "am I responsible for her stupidity? It will be a good opportunity of getting at once through the bore of her visit; at least for this week. Mrs. Chaloner has seen too much of the world, not to know that she must take people as she finds them; and as she is the least hard to please, I dare say she will get along well enough with Miss Nancy, who *must* be tolerated, as your father in his foolish kindness will not allow her to be affronted away. So we will send for her to come to-day, and no doubt the poor old thing will be highly pleased with the compliment, as I dare say it is the first time in her life she ever was *sent for* by anybody."

Miss Nancy Risings was an old maiden lady who lived alone, on a very small income, derived from a ground rent; and to make it hold out, she was in the habit of visiting round in seven or eight families with whom she had long been acquainted. After the death of Mrs. Gilmore's mother, whom she had visited once a week for twenty-five years, Miss Nancy transferred her visits to the daughter, and as it was really an object of some importance to the old lady to spend every day from home, Mr. Gilmore insisted on her being received by his family; and she was not in the least fastidious as to the mode of reception.

Accordingly, Miss Nancy Risings was sent for, and by the time breakfast was over, and the boys prevailed on to go to school, the old lady arrived; and she and their other guest were ushered into the back parlour; Mary Jane having protested to her mother that it would be too bad to condemn Mrs. Chaloner to another day of the nursery, particularly as she had Miss Nancy in addition.

The two visitors were now left alone. Miss Nancy had her knitting, and Mrs. Chaloner her sewing. Mrs. Chaloner kindly endeavoured to draw her into conversation, but in vain, for Miss Nancy had no talent for talking, or for anything else. She had read nothing, seen nothing, heard nothing, and she knew nothing; and her replies were little more than monosyllables. Mrs. Chaloner, as the morning was fine, had intended going out; but down came Mrs. Gilmore and Mary Jane full dressed for shopping and card-leaving.

"As by this time, my dear Cornelia, you must feel quite at home," said Mrs. Gilmore, "I need make no apology for leaving you with Miss Nancy Risings, who is a very particular friend and a great favourite of mine. Make yourselves happy together till dinner-time, for I doubt if we can get home much before." And out they sallied, leaving Mrs. Chaloner to feel very much as if caught in a trap. But her good-nature prevailed; and having by this time learned to consider a visit as a salutary trial of patience, she proceeded with the heavy task of entertaining the unentertainable Miss Nancy.

At noon the boys rushed home and behaved as usual. Mrs. Gilmore and her daughter being very tired with running about all the morning, put on undresses to come to dinner in; and the dinner proceedings were the same as the day before. Early in the afternoon, Mrs. Chaloner took her leave, and terminated her visit; having, as she truly said, some purchases to make previous to leaving town next morning for Boston. Mrs. Gilmore professed great regret at the departure of her dear Cornelia, and hoped that whenever she came to Philadelphia, she would always make a point of staying at her house. Mary Jane expressed much disappointment at Mrs. Chaloner leaving them before evening; and she really felt it, as she knew that it would now fall to *her* lot to get Miss Nancy through the remainder of the day.

We need not inform our readers with what satisfaction Mrs. Chaloner found herself that evening again at the hotel, and in the society of the refined and intelligent friends with whom she was travelling to Boston, to visit a brother who had married and settled there.

Mr. Gilmore did not return for three weeks, having extended his journey to the far east. The first thing he told on his arrival at home, was that he had been at a wedding the evening before he left Boston, and that the bride was Mrs. Chaloner.

Great surprise was expressed by Mrs. Gilmore, and Mary Jane; and they were still more amazed to hear that the bridegroom, Mr. Rutledge, was a southern gentleman of large property, and of high standing in every respect. Having become acquainted with Mrs. Chaloner at Washington, he had followed her to Boston, as soon as Congress broke up, (it was one of the long sessions,) and had there prevailed on her to return with him as his wife. They were married at her brother's, and were going home by way of the lakes, and therefore should not pass through Philadelphia.

"How very extraordinary, Mary Jane!" said Mrs. Gilmore to her daughter, as soon as they were alone; "who could have guessed the possibility of that plain-looking little woman making a great match! I remember hearing when she married Mr.

Chaloner, that he was by no means rich; and I knew nothing of the people she was travelling with; therefore I did not see the necessity of putting myself the least out of the way on her account. Still if I had had the smallest idea of her so soon becoming Mrs. Rutledge, the wife of a rich man, and a member of Congress, I should certainly have dressed myself, and received her in the front parlour, instead of the nursery, and had nice things for dinner, and invited some of my best people to meet her in the evening."

"And not sent for Miss Nancy Risings," interrupted Mary Jane. "Well, mama, I think we have made a bad business of it; and, to say the truth, I was actually ashamed more than once to see the way things were going on. As to the boys, I am glad papa is going to send them all to that Boston boarding-school; the farther from home, the better for themselves and us; it will be such a relief to get rid of them."

In the next private confabulation between the mother and daughter—" Only think, Mary Jane," said Mrs. Gilmore, "your father tells me that the family Mrs. Chaloner was travelling with, is one of the very first in Boston, quite at the head of society, immensely wealthy, and living in almost a palace—such people as we never had in our house. What a pity we did not know who they were! we might have derived so much *éclat* from them. What an opportunity we have lost! If Mrs. Chaloner had given me any reason to suppose that *her* friends could be persons of that description, I would have invited them all in the evening, and strained every nerve to get some of our most fashionable people to meet them; and I would have had Carroll and Truelar both; and ice-creams, and blanc-mange, and champagne, and all such things—but how was I to suppose that little Mrs. Chaloner, with her plain gown and cap, was likely to have made such acquaintances, or to make so great a match? I wish I had not treated her *quite* so unceremoniously; but I am sure I thought it could never be worth while to put myself the least out of the way for *her*."

"You see, mama," said Mary Jane, "in this, as in many other instances, you have overreached yourself. Your plans never seem to come out well."

"I believe," replied Mrs. Gilmore, "your father's notions of things are, after all, the best, and I shall pay more regard to them in future. Mary Jane, be sure you tell him no particulars of Mrs. Chaloner's visit."

ACCOUNT OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES,

November 25th, 1343, given by Petrarch in a letter written to a friend on the ensuing day.

A MONK, who was the bishop of a neighbouring island, and held in great esteem for his sanctity and his skill in astrology, had foretold that Naples was to be destroyed by an earthquake on the 25th of November. The prophecy spread such a terror through the city that the inhabitants abandoned their affairs to prepare themselves for death. Some hardy spirits, indeed, ridiculed those who betrayed marks of fear on the approach of a thunder storm; and as soon as the storm was over, jestingly cried out, 'See, the prophecy has failed.'

As to myself, I was in a state between fear and hope; but I must confess that fear sometimes got the ascendant. Accustomed to a colder climate, and in which a thunder storm in winter was a rare phenomenon, I considered what I now saw, as a threatening from Heaven.

On the eve of the night in which the prophecy was to be fulfilled, a number of females, more attentive to the impending evil than to the decorum of their sex, ran half naked through the streets, pressing their children to their bosoms. They hastened to prostrate themselves in the churches, which they deluged with their tears, crying out with all their might, "Have mercy, O Lord! Have mercy upon us!"

Moved, distressed with the general consternation, I retired early to the Convent of St. Lawrence. The monks went to rest at the usual hour. It was the seventh day of the moon, and as I was anxious to observe in what manner she would set, I stood looking at my window till she was hid from my sight by a neighbouring mountain. This was a little before midnight. The moon was gloomy and overcast; nevertheless, I felt myself tolerably composed, and went to bed. But scarce had I closed my eyes, when I was awakened by the loud rattling of my chamber windows. I felt the walls of the convent violently shaken from their foundations. The lamp, which I always kept lighted through the night, was extinguished. The fear of death laid fast hold upon me.

The whole city was in commotion, and you heard nothing but lamentations and confused exhortations to make ready for the dreadful event. The monks, who had risen to sing their matins, terrified by the movements of the earth, ran into my chamber, armed with crosses and relics, imploring the mercy of Heaven. A prior, whose name was David, and who was considered as a saint, was at their head. The sight of these inspired us with little courage. We proceeded to the church, which was already crowded; there we remained during the rest of the night, expecting every moment the completion of the prophecy.

It is impossible to describe the horrors of that night. The elements were let loose. The noise of the thunder, the winds, and the rain, the roarings of the enraged sea, the convulsions of the heaving earth, and the distracted cries of those who felt themselves staggering on the brink of death, were dreadful beyond imagination. Never was there such a night! As soon as we apprehended that the day was at hand, the altars were prepared, and the priests dressed themselves for mass. Trembling, we lifted up our eyes to heaven, and then fell prostrate upon the earth.

The day at length appeared. But what a day! Its horrors were more terrible than those of the night. No sooner were the higher parts of the city a little more calm, than we were struck by the outcries which we heard towards the sea. Anxious to discover what passed there, and still expecting nothing but death, we became desperate, and instantly mounting our horses, rode down to the shore.

Heavens! what a sight! Vessels wrecked in the harbour, the strand covered with bodies, which had been dashed against the rocks by the fury of the waves. Here you saw the brains of some, and the entrails of others; there the palpitating struggles of yet remaining life. You might distinguish the groans of the men, and the shrieks of the women, even through the noise of the thunder, the roaring of the billows, and the crash of falling houses. The sea regarded not either the restraints of men, or the barriers of nature. She no longer knew the bounds which had been set by the Almighty.

That immense mole which, stretching itself out on each hand, forms the port, was buried under the tumult of the waves; and the lower parts of the city were so much deluged, that you could not pass along the streets without danger of being drowned.

We found near the shore above a thousand Neapolitan cavaliers, who had assembled, as it were to witness the funeral obsequies of their country. This splendid troop gave me a little courage. If I die, said I to myself, it will be at least in good company. Scarce had I made this reflection, when I heard a dreadful clamour everywhere around me. The sea had sapped the foundations of the place where we stood, and it was at this instant giving way. We fled, therefore, immediately to a more elevated ground. Hence we beheld a most tremendous sight. The sea between Naples and Capræa was covered with moving mountains; they were neither green as in the ordinary state of the ocean, nor black as in common storms, but white.

The young queen rushed out of the palace, bare-footed, her hair dishevelled, and her dress in the greatest disorder. She was followed by a train of females, whose dress was as loose and disorderly as her own. They went to throw themselves at the feet of the blessed Virgin Mary, crying aloud, Mercy! mercy!

Towards the close of the day the storm abated, the sea was calm, and the heavens serene. Those who were upon the land suffered only the pains of fear; but it was otherwise with those who were upon the water. Some Marseilles galleys, last from Cyprus, and now ready to weigh anchor, were sunk before our eyes, nor could we give them the least assistance. Larger vessels from other nations met with the same fate in the midst of the harbour. Not a soul was saved!

There was a very large vessel, which had on board four hundred criminals under sentence of death. The mode of their punishment had been changed, and they were reserved as a forlorn hope to be exposed in the first expedition against Sicily. This ship, which was stout and well built, sustained the shocks of the waves till sunset; but now she began to loosen and to fill with water. The criminals, who were a hardy set of men, and less dismayed by death as they had lately seen him so near at hand, struggled with the storm, and by a bold and vigorous defence kept death at bay till the approach of night. But their efforts were in vain. The ship began to sink. Determined, however, to put off as far as possible the moment of dissolution, they ran aloft, and hung upon the masts and rigging. At this moment the tempest was appeased, and these poor convicts were the only persons whose lives were saved in the port of Naples.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE AND ASIA.

Mr. George Stephens, a lively and active-minded native of the United States, has, within the last eighteen months, published two sets of travels, giving an account of his rambles in Egypt, Idumea, the Holy Land, Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland. The first work, published in 1837, is called "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land;" the second, a more recent production, bears a similar title, and is concerned with the other countries named. The travels in Greece, Turkey, and Russia, precede, in point of time, the travels in Egypt and the Holy Land, though the latter were the first published. Mr. Stephens is an exceedingly agreeable writer, mixing common sense, information, and gossip, in a way calculated to carry the reader along with him; and he is so good-humoured and hearty, that one absolutely *enjoys* the "Incidents."

In February, 1835, "by a bright starlight, after a short ramble among the Ionian islands," Mr. Stephens sailed from Zante, "in a beautiful cutter, of about forty tons, for Padrass," at the mouth of the gulf of Corinth. A storm compelled the navigators to run into the harbour of Missolonghi, and here Mr. Stephens first touched "the soil of fallen, but immortal Greece." Though Byron died at Missolonghi, it appeared to our traveller "a cheerless place," and reminded him "of Communipaw in bad weather." It had, he says, "no connexion with the ancient glory of Greece, no name or place on her historic page;" and, far worse still, "no hotel where he could get a breakfast." But the brother of Marco Bozzaris lived here; and with him lived the widow and children of that daring guerilla chief, who fell in the Greek revolutionary war. So, with that free and easy manner which seems to come so natural from American travellers, the traveller and his companions introduced themselves to the brother, widow, and daughters of Bozzaris, and Mr. Stephens gratified them by promising to send them a copy of the American poet, Mr. Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," a promise which he fulfilled. From Missolonghi, the travellers took horse to Lepanto, attempting, by the way, to ascend Parnassus, but were deterred by the fear of banditti. "Every schoolboy," says Mr. Stephens, "knows how hard it is to write poetry, but few know the physical difficulties of climbing the mountain itself." From the harbour of Lepanto they sailed across the gulf of Corinth to Padrass, which stands at its mouth; and from thence on horseback they went to Corinth, so famous in classical and New Testament history, but now in decay and ruins. Onwards they went to Athens, and drawing near it, "they passed the ruined monastery of Daphne, in a beautifully picturesque situation, and in a few minutes saw the rich plain of Attica; our muleteers and Demetrius, with a burst of enthusiasm, *perhaps because the journey was ended*, clapped their hands, and cried out, 'Atinæ! Atinæ!'"

Of Athens, so absolutely *crammed* with matter for consideration and reflection, Mr. Stephens speaks at some length, but we can only give his summary view:—

"The sentimental traveller must already mourn that Athens has been selected as the capital of Greece. Already have speculators, and the whole tribe of 'improvers' invaded the glorious city; and while I was lingering on the steps of the Parthenon, a German, who was quietly smoking among the ruins, a sort of superintendant, whom I had met before, came up, and offering me a segar, and leaning against one of the lofty columns of the temple, opened upon me with his 'plans of city improvements,' with new streets, and projected railroads, and the rise of lots. At first I almost thought it personal, and that he was making a fling at me in allusion to one of the greatest hobbies of my native city: but I soon found that he was as deeply bitten as if he had been in Chicago or Dunkirk; and the way in which he talked of moneyed facilities, the wants of the community, and a great French bank then contemplated at the Piræus, would have been no discredit to one of my friends at home. The removal of the court has created a new era in Athens: but in my mind it is deeply to be regretted that it has been snatched from the ruin to which it was tending. Even I, deeply imbued with the utilitarian spirit of my country, and myself a quondam speculator in 'up-torn lots,' would fain save Athens from the ruthless hand of renovation—from the building mania of modern speculators. I would have her to go on till there was not a habitation among her ruins; till she stood, like Pompeii, alone in the wilderness, a sacred desert, where the traveller might sit down and meditate alone and undisturbed among the relics of the past. But already Athens has become a heterogeneous anomaly; the Greeks in their wild costume are jostled in the streets by Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Dutchmen, Spaniards, and Bavarians, Russians, Danes, and sometimes Americans. European shops invite purchasers by the side of Eastern bazaars, coffee-houses, and billiard-rooms, and French and German restaurants are opened all over the city. Sir Pulteney Malcolm has erected a house to hire near the site of Plato's Academy. Lady Franklin has bought land near the foot of Mount Hymettus for a country-seat. Several English gentlemen have done the same. Mr. Richmond, an American clergyman, has purchased a farm in the neighbourhood; and, in a few years, if the 'march of improvement' continues, the Temple of Theseus will be enclosed in the garden of the palace of king Otho; the Temple of the Winds will be concealed by a German opera-house, and the Lantern of Demosthenes by a row of 'three story houses.'" . . . . "The first thing we did in Athens was to visit the American Missionary School. Among the extraordinary changes of an ever-changing world, it is not the least that the young America is at this moment paying back the debt which the world owes to the mother of science, and the citizen of a country which the wisest of the Greeks never dreamed of, is teaching the descendants of Plato and Aristotle the elements of their own tongue."

After rambling over the Grecian peninsula, visiting Argos, Marathon, and the marble quarries of Pentelicus, the storehouse of the immortal sculptors of Athens, he touched, on his way to Smyrna, at "Scio's rocky isle," once the most beautiful island in the Archipelago, now a mass of ruins, and the scene of one of the most fearful and bloodiest of the scenes of the Greek revolution, the massacre of the inhabitants by the Turks. Indeed, Mr. Stephens' rambles in Greece are painful to read, because one is perpetually reminded of that horrible struggle, the Greek revolution, and has convincing proofs of how long it takes to erase the traces of civil war. In the very outset of his journey he gives us an example of the *evil* which travelling may leave on the mind, for it requires a somewhat disciplined intellect to travel, in order to extract the *good* of it. He saw a pyramid of skulls at Missolonghi; and he adds—"In my after wanderings, I learned to look more carelessly upon these things; and, perhaps, noticing everywhere the light estimation put upon human life in the East, *learned to think more lightly of it myself.*"

Unable to get up the gulf of Smyrna, from contrary winds, he landed, and engaged a Tartar, who promised to "take me through in fourteen hours; and at seven o'clock he was in his saddle, charged with a dozen letters from captains, supercargoes, and passengers, whom he left behind waiting for a change of wind. He had some adventures on his way; but having arrived at "the queen of the cities of Anatolia, extolled by the ancients as Smyrna the lovely, the crown of Ionia, the pride of Asia," he was soon "in the full enjoyment of a Turkish bath;" and bursts out with, "Oh, these Turks are luxurious dogs. Chibouks, coffee, hot-baths, and as many wives as they please! What a catalogue of human enjoyments!"

We shall flit over Smyrna, and over his excursion to Ephesus; merely remarking, that in the former city he saw "one of the amiable customs of our own city in full force here, namely, that of the young gentlemen, with light sticks in their hands, gathering around the door of the fashionable church, to stare at the ladies as they came out." He was "pleased to find such a mark of civilisation in a land of barbarians."

All unsentimental as Mr. Stephens professes himself to be, his sense of the classical was dreadfully outraged by the mode of his conveyance from Smyrna to Constantinople: he actually "sneaked" on board—the steam-boat! Nay, more, he tells us that the destruction of the janissaries was owing, not to the Sultan, but to *Steam Navigation.* "Do not laugh," says he, "but listen." And so he tells us all about the prodigious changes which steam and European fashions are effecting on the character of the Turks.

But the steam-boat is going by "at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, over a piece of the most classic ground consecrated in history, mythology, or poetry, and in less time than the swift-footed Achilles could have travelled it." But as he passes the plain of Troy he gets wild:—"Hold!" he cries, "stop the engine! If there be a piece of ground on earth in which the historical, and the poetical, and the fabulous, are so beautifully blended that we would not separate them even to discover the truth, it is before us now." But still the steam-boat goes on, running up that narrow arm of the sea which separates Europe and Asia; and after being dazzled, as all travellers are dazzled, by the splendid aspect of Constantinople from the water, he lands in a city in which there is to be seen "a lazy, lounging, and filthy population; beggars basking in the sun, and dogs licking their sores; streets never cleaned but by the winds and rains; immense burying-grounds all over the city; graves gaping ready to throw out their half-buried dead, the whole approaching to one vast charnel-house;—these dispel all illusions and remove all doubts, and we are ready to ask ourselves if it be possible that in such a place health can ever dwell. We wonder that it should ever, for the briefest moment, be free from that dreadful scourge which comes with every summer's sun, and strews its streets with dead." Nevertheless he adds, "There is a good chance for an enterprising Connecticut man to set up a hotel in Constantinople."

Having seen everything worth seeing in Constantinople, visited the Mosque of St. Sophia, rode on the waters of the Golden Horn, and visited the slave market, where his attendant strongly urged him to buy a Circassian beauty exposed for sale (the slave trade had a stronghold in men's selfish interests and passions), he thought of going to Egypt; but the plague was raging too violently there. A Russian steamer was advertised for Odessa; so he went on board. It was a clumsy thing: "The tub of a steam-boat dashed up the Bosphorus at the rate of three miles an hour; while the classic waters, indignant at having such a bellowing, blowing, blustering monster upon their surface, seemed to laugh at her unwieldy and ineffectual efforts. Slowly we mounted the beautiful strait, lined on the European side almost with one continued range of houses, exhibiting in every beautiful nook a palace of the Sultan, and at Terapeia and Buyukdere the palaces of the foreign ambassadors; passed the Giant's Mountain, and in about an hour before dark were entering a new sea, the dark and stormy Euxine."

But to Mr. Stephens the Black Sea did not turn out the "dark and stormy Euxine." "History and poetry," he says, "have invested this sea with extraordinary and ideal terrors; but my experience, both of the Mediterranean and Black Sea, was unfortunate for realising historical and poetical accounts. I have known the beautiful Mediterranean a sea of storm and sunshine, in which the storm greatly predominated. I found the stormy Euxine calm as an untroubled lake; in fact," he adds, with American sauciness (for Lakes Superior, Huron, and Ontario, make them despise our driblets of waters), "the Black Sea is in reality nothing more than a lake, not so large as many of our own." Not meeting with a storm on the Black Sea, he tries to pick a quarrel with the memory of Fulton. "We boast of thee," he thus apostrophises the departed man—"I have myself been proud of thee as an American; but as I sat at evening on the stern of the steamer, and listened to the clatter of the engine, and watched the sparks rushing out of the high pipes, and remembered that this was on the dark and inhospitable Euxine, I wished that thy life had begun after mine had ended! I trust I did his memory no wrong; but if I had borne him malice, I could not have wished him worse than to have all his dreams of the past disturbed by the clatter of one of his own engines."

Having crossed the western extremity of the Black Sea, from Constantinople on its southern, to Odessa on its northern shores, he found himself stopped on his entrance into the Russian empire, by the plague of quarantine—the fear of one plague producing another. Quarantine flags were flying about the harbour of Odessa; "the yellow indicating those undergoing purification, and the red the fatal presence of the plague." Mr. Stephens was prepared for a trial of his patience. "At Constantinople I had heard wretched accounts of the rude treatment of lazaretto subjects, and the rough barbarous manners of the Russians to travellers; and we had a foretaste of the light in which we were to be regarded, in the conduct of the health officer who came alongside. He offered to take charge of any letters for the town, purify them that night, and deliver them in the morning; and, according to his directions, we laid them down on the deck, where he took them up with a pair of long iron tongs, and putting them into an iron box, shut it up, and rode off."

On landing, "the first operation was to examine our passports, take down our names, and make a memorandum of the purposes for which we severally entered the dominions of the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias. We were all called up, one after the other, captain, cook, and cabin-boy, cabin and deck passengers; and never, perhaps, did steam-boat put forth a more motley assemblage than we presented. We were Jews, Turks, and Christians; Russians, Poles, and Germans; English, French, and Italians; Austrians, Greeks, and Illyrians; Moldavians, Wallachians, Bulgarians, and Sclavonians; Armenians, Georgians, and Africans; and one American. I had before remarked their happy facility in acquiring languages; and I saw a striking instance in the officer who conducted the examination, and who addressed every man in his own language, with as much facility as though it had been his native tongue."

The disagreeable ordeal of the quarantine was made as endurable as possible, by the civility of the functionaries. The lazaretto "is situated on high ground, within an enclosure of some fifteen or twenty acres, overlooking the Black Sea, laid out in lawn and gravel-walks, and ornamented with rows of acacia-trees. Fronting the sea was a long range of buildings, divided into separate apartments, each with a little court-yard in front, containing two or three acacias. The director, a fine, military-looking man, with a decoration on his lapel, met us, on horseback, within the enclosure; and with great suavity of manner said, "that he could not bid us welcome to a prison, but that we should have the privilege of walking at will over the grounds, and visiting each other, subject only to the attendance of a guardiano; and that all that could contribute to our comfort should be done for us."

When he was once let loose upon Odessa, he got into very good company, and was very hospitably treated. He met with one remarkable character,—General Sontag, a native of Philadelphia, who had served as sailing-master in the American navy, had entered the Russian service, and was at this time inspector of the port of Odessa,—a post which placed him next in rank to the governor of the Crimea, Count Woronzo, one of the richest seigneurs in Russia. General Sontag's heart still warmed to his native land. Mr. Stephens spent a day with him at his country place, some distance from Odessa; the general showed the traveller his library which he called "America," fitted up with American books, such as those of Cooper, Irving, &c.; and his daughter played on the piano, "Hail, Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle." "The day," says Mr. Stephens, "wore away too soon."

Odessa, which is situated in a small bay between the mouths of the Dnieper and the Dniester, is quite a recent city, consisting, only forty years ago, of a few fishermen s huts, on the shores of the Black Sea. It now abounds with merchants' hotels, has an opera-house, and "beauty and fashion" parade its "boulevards," laid out "by the precipitous shore of the sea."

A journey of nearly two thousand miles now lay before Mr. Stephens. He was about to start from Odessa to Moscow and St. Petersburgh, from the shores of the Black Sea to those of the Baltic, moving from south to north, through the heart of the Russian empire; "through a country more than half barbarous, and entirely destitute of all accommodation for travellers." He and a companion bought a carriage, and hired a swaggering Frenchman as a servant and guide, who, as it afterwards turned out, scarcely knew as much Russian as to order changes of horse and money, provision and bed. The setting out was inauspicious. Mr.

Stephens and his companion, an Englishman, had a quarrel "upon a point unnecessary here to mention," which went so high, that Mr. Stephens offered to break up the arrangement between them; which the other not unreasonably refused to do, seeing the travellers had conjointly bought a carriage, hired a servant, and had got their passports made out together. "But," says Mr. Stephens, "men cannot be driving their elbows into each other's ribs, comparing money accounts, and consulting upon the hundred little things that present themselves on such a journey, without getting upon, at least, sociable terms; and before night of the first day the feelings of my companion and myself had undergone a decided change."

Away they went, over the vast southern plain of Russia: but Monsieur Henri, who had been hired by the day, was in no hurry to get over the ground. They suspected him to be encouraging the post-masters not to be very prompt in furnishing horses. The post-masters are mostly all Jews; and though there is a certain posting charge fixed by law, travellers, unarmed with official terrors, or long-sounding titles, are apt to be considered as mere common rascals, and treated as if they were spunges. On the evening of the first day, the travellers arrived at the little town of Vosnezeuski, a Cossack town on the river Bog. They wanted to go on, but could not get horses, unless at an enhanced rate; altercation ensued, but the post-master laughed at threats; to punish Henri for his supposed connivance, he was ordered to the box of the carriage, to spend the night, and the travellers resolved to sleep inside: "but, to tell the truth, we felt rather cheap as we woke during the night, and thought of the Jew sleeping away in utter contempt of us, and our only satisfaction was in hearing an occasional groan from Henri." The impudent Jew, in the morning, asked a few roubles as a douceur. Good English would have been thrown away upon him, so Mr. Stephens resented it by drawing up the window of the carriage, and scowling at him through the glass.

They now crossed the great southern steppes of Russia, passing droves of cattle, and trains of waggons, fifty or sixty together, transporting merchandise toward Moscow, or grain toward the Black Sea. They met no travellers, except a seigneur, who, with his family, was returning from Moscow to his estate in the country. His equipage consisted of four carriages, with six or eight horses to each; the baggage containing beds, and cooking utensils—an equipment in caravan style, somewhat the same as for a journey in the desert, the traveller carrying with him provision and everything necessary for his comfort, as not expecting to procure anything on the road, nor to sleep under a roof during the whole journey. He stops when he pleases, and his servants prepare his meals, sometimes in the open air, but generally at the post-house. "We had," says Mr. Stephens, "constant difficulties with Henri and the post-masters; but, except when detained an hour or two by these petty tyrants, we rolled on all night, and in the morning again woke upon the same boundless plain."

On the fourth day after leaving Odessa, the travellers entered Chioff, (Kiev,) the ancient capital of Russia. It is on the banks of the Dnieper, and stands at a great height on the crest of an amphitheatre of hills, which rise abruptly in the middle of an immense plain. "For many centuries it has been regarded as the Jerusalem of the north, the sacred and holy city of the Russians; and long before reaching it, its numerous convents and churches, crowning the summit, and hanging on the sides of the hill, with their quadrupled domes, and spires, and chains, and crosses, gilded with ducat gold, and glittering in the sun, gave the whole city the appearance of golden splendour. The churches and monasteries have one large dome in the centre, with a spire, surmounted by a cross, and several smaller domes around it, also with spires and crosses, connected by pendent chains, and gilded so purely that they never tarnish."

At Chioff (properly Kiev) they heard of a diligence for Moscow, and went to the office of the proprietor about it. He said that the attempt to run a diligence was discouraging; that he had advertised two weeks, and had not booked a single passenger; but if he could get two, he was determined to try the experiment. The travellers sold their carriage, and got rid of Henri. Their stay in Chioff was rendered pleasant by meeting with a Russian officer, who spoke good English, and was well acquainted with American literature. With him they visited the catacombs of the Petcherskoi monastery, which contains the unburied bodies of the Russian saints. "And year after year, thousands and tens of thousands come from the wilds of Siberia, and the confines of Tartary, to kneel at their feet and pray." On their way to Moscow, the traveller passed great numbers of pilgrims, upwards of fifty thousand having that year visited the catacombs, coming from every part of the immense empire of Russia. "I have seen," says Mr. Stephens, "the gathering of pilgrims at Jerusalem, and the whole body moving together, from the gates of the city, to bathe in the Jordan; and I have seen the great caravan of forty thousand true believers, tracking their desolate way through the deserts of Arabia to the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca: but I remember, as if they were before me now, the groups of Russian pilgrims strewed along the road, and sleeping under the pale moonlight, the bare earth their bed, the heavens their only covering."

They started from Chioff in the diligence, happy in the thought of being delivered from the annoyances of post-masters. "With great pomp and circumstance, we drove through the principal streets, to advise the Knickerbockers of Chioff, of the actual departure of the long-talked-of diligence; the conducteur sounding his trumpet, and the people stopping in the streets, and running to the doors, to see the extraordinary spectacle."

They were seven days on their way from Chioff to Moscow, the diligence everywhere creating a "sensation," but picking up no passengers; though one "spirited individual" said, that if it would wait three days, he would go on with it! We must skip, at present, over our traveller's adventures in Moscow, Petersburgh, and Warsaw, as we shall have occasion to return to this quarter of the world. The present "Incidents of Travel" close with a visit to the salt-mines of Wielitska, about twelve miles from Cracow. The next set of "Incidents" were, as we have already stated, published previous to the preceding, though following them in point of time. In December, 1835 (he does not give the particular date), "after a passage of five days from Malta, I was perched up in the rigging of an English schooner, glass in hand, and earnestly looking for the land of Egypt. The captain had never been there before, but we had been running several hours along the low coast of Barbary, and the chart and compass told us we could not be far from the fallen city of Alexander. Night came on, however, without our seeing it. The ancient Pharos, the lantern of Ptolemy, the eighth wonder of the world, no longer throws its light far over the bosom of the sea to guide the weary mariner. Morning came, and we found ourselves directly opposite the city, the shipping in the outward harbour, and the fleet of the Pacha riding at anchor under the walls of the Seraglio, carrying me back in imagination to the days of the Macedonian conqueror, of Cleopatra, and the Ptolemies."

"The present city of Alexandria, even after the dreadful ravages made by the plague last year, is still supposed to contain more than 50,000 inhabitants, and is decidedly growing. It stands outside the Delta in the Libyan Desert, and, as Volney remarks, 'It is only by the canal which conducts the waters of the Nile into the reservoirs in the time of inundation, that Alexandria can be considered as connected with Egypt.' Founded by the great Alexander, to secure his conquests in the East, being the only safe harbour along the coast of Syria or Africa, and possessing peculiar commercial advantages, it soon grew into a giant city: fifteen miles in circumference, containing a population of 300,000 citizens, and as many slaves; one magnificent street, 2000 feet broad, ran the whole length of the city, from the Gate of the Sea to the Canopic Gate, commanding a view, at each end, of the shipping, either in the Mediterranean or in the Mareotic Lake, and another of equal length intersected it at right angles; a spacious circus without the Canopic Gate, for chariot-races, and on the east a splendid gymnasium, more than six hundred feet in length, with theatres, baths, and all that could make it a desirable residence for a luxurious

people. When it fell into the hands of the Saracens, according to the report of the Saracen general to the Calif Omar, 'it was impossible to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauties;' and it is said to 'have contained four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four hundred theatres or public edifices, twelve thousand shops, and forty thousand tributary Jews.' From that time, like everything else which falls in the hands of the Mussulman, it has been going to ruin, and the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope gave the death-blow to its commercial greatness. At present it stands a phenomenon in the history of a Turkish dominion. It appears once more to be raising its head from the dust. It remains to be seen whether this rise is the legitimate and permanent effect of a wise and politic government, combined with natural advantages, or whether the Pacha is not forcing it to an unnatural elevation, at the expense, if not upon the ruins, of the rest of Egypt. It is almost presumptuous, on the threshold of my entrance into Egypt, to speculate upon the future condition of this interesting country; but it is clear that the Pacha is determined to build up the city of Alexandria if he can: his fleet is here, his army, his arsenal, and his forts are here; and he has forced and centred here a commerce that was before divided between several places. Rosetta has lost more than two-thirds of its population. Damietta has become a mere nothing, and even Cairo the Grand has become tributary to what is called the regenerated city."

From Alexandria he went to Cairo, where he had the usual traveller's interview with Mohammed Ali, the Pacha of Egypt. He then sailed up the Nile, as far as the Lower Cataracts. This has become so common a route, that Mr. Stephens considers the excursion to be a ridiculously cheap one, an amusement attended with no degree of danger. A boat manned with ten men may be procured for thirty or forty dollars a-month, provisions are cheap, and, says our traveller, addressing his countrymen, "You sail under your own country's banner; and when you walk along the river, if the Arabs look particularly black and scowling, you proudly feel that there is safety in its folds." On his return to Cairo, he planned a more daring "excursion." He wished to visit Mount Sinai, and then to proceed to Palestine, but, by taking the usual route, he would have been subjected to a quarantine of fourteen days on account of the plague in Egypt. He therefore resolved to strike through the heart of the Desert, lying between Mount Sinai and the frontier of Palestine; in fact, to attempt a feat which had not been accomplished by any European traveller, to cross or pass through the land of Idumea, the Edom of the Scriptures, and the subject of remarkable prophecies. He was strongly advised not to attempt it, on account of the danger; the only person who encouraged him was the American consul, and but for him the idea would have been abandoned.

It happened that the Sheik of Akaba, the chief of a bold and powerful tribe of Bedouins, was then at Cairo, for the purpose of escorting and protecting the annual caravan of pilgrims from that city to Mecca. An arrangement was made with the Sheik, by which he promised to conduct Mr. Stephens from Akaba to Hebron, through the land of Edom, diverging to visit the celebrated city of Petra. It was settled, that after Mr. Stephens had visited Mount Sinai he should go to Akaba, where the escort of the Arab chief would meet and conduct him; and the latter gave the traveller his signet, which he told him would be respected by all Arabs on the route from Cairo to Mount Sinai.

The arrangements for the journey as far as Mount Sinai had been made for Mr. Stephens by the American consul. A Bedouin was procured as guide who had been with M. Laborde to Petra, and whose faith, as well as capacity, could be depended upon. The caravan consisted of eight camels and dromedaries, with three young Arabs as drivers. The tent was the common tent of the Egyptian soldiers, bought at the government factory, being very light, easily carried and pitched. The bedding was a mattress and coverlet: provision, bread, biscuit, rice, macaroni, tea, coffee, dried apricots, oranges, a roasted leg of mutton, and two large skins containing the filtered water of the Nile. Thus equipped, the party struck immediately into the desert lying between Cairo and Suez, reaching the latter place, with but little incident, after a journey of four days. At Suez our traveller, wearied with his experiment of the dromedary, made an attempt to hire a boat, with a view of proceeding down the Red Sea to Tor, supposed to be the Elino, or place of palm-trees, mentioned in the Exodus of the Israelites, and only two days' journey from Mount Sinai. The boats, however, were all taken by pilgrims, and none could be procured, at least for so long a voyage. He accordingly sent off his camels round the head of the gulf, and crossing himself by water, met them on the Petrean side of the sea. Resuming his journey to the southward, he passed safely through a barren and mountainous region, bare of verdure, and destitute of water, in about seven days, to Mount Sinai. From thence he went to Akaba, where he met the Sheik, as by agreement. A horse of the best breed of Arabia was provided, and, although suffering from ill health, he proceeded manfully through the desert to Petra and Mount Hor. The difficulties of the route proved to be chiefly those arising from the rapacity of his friend, the Sheik of Akaba, who threw a thousand impediments in his way with the purpose of magnifying the importance of the service rendered, and obtaining, in consequence, the larger allowance of *bucksheesh*.

"One," says Mr. Stephens, "might expect to find these children of nature, the Arabs, free from the reproach of civilised life—the love of gold. But, fellow-citizens and fellow-worshippers of Mammon! hold up your heads, the reproach must not be confined to you. I never saw anything like the expression of face with which a Bedouin looks upon silver and gold. When he asks for *bucksheesh*, and receives the glittering metal, his eyes sparkle with wild delight, his fingers clutch it with eager rapacity, and he skulks away like the miser to count it over alone, and hide it from all other eyes." Speaking of the Arabs generally, he says, "One by one I had seen the many illusions of my waking dreams fade away, the gorgeous pictures of oriental scenes melt into nothing: but I had still clung to the primitive simplicity and purity of the children of the desert, their temperance and abstinence, their contented poverty and contempt for luxuries, as approaching the true nobility of man's nature, and sustaining the poetry of the 'land of the East.' But my last dream was broken; and I never saw among the wanderers of the desert any traits of character, or any habits of life, which did not make me prize and value more the privileges of civilisation. I had been more than a month alone with the Bedouins, and to say nothing of their manners—excluding women from all companionship, dipping their fingers up to the knuckles in the same dish, eating sheep's insides, and sleeping under tents crawling with vermin engendered by their filthy habits—their temperance and frugality are from necessity not from choice; for in their nature they are gluttonous, and will eat at any time till they are gorged of whatever they can get, and then lie down and sleep like brutes."

The account given by Mr. Stephens of the excavated city of Petra is similar to the descriptions given by Laborde, and the few other travellers who have visited it. The reader is, doubtless, familiar with the general appearance and character of this far-famed city. Leaving Petra he started for Hebron, from whence he took the ordinary route of travellers in the Holy Land; went to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, visiting the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and proceeding by Capernaum and Nazareth to Mount Carmel, from thence to Tyre and Sidon, from whence he sailed for Alexandria.

CHANGE SHOULD BREED CHANGE.

NEW doth the sun appear,
The mountain snows decay;
Crown'd with frail flowers forth comes the infant year:
My soul, time posts away,
And thou yet in that frost,
Which flower and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay;
For shame! thy powers awake,
Look to that heaven which never night makes black,
And there, at that immortal sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flowers, which fear not rage of days.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

OBSERVATIONS ON PLAGUE AND QUARANTINE.

Dr. Bowring has published a tract, entitled "Observations on the Oriental Plague, and on Quarantines." These observations were addressed to the medical section at the last meeting of the British Association. One of the objects of Dr. Bowring, in writing and publishing, is to draw attention to the subject, in the hope of inducing the British government to take some steps, such as the appointment of a special commission, for the purpose of investigating the real character of the plague, whether it be contagious or not, and whether, therefore, quarantine is of use in preventing the propagation of this formidable disease.

The common use of the word contagion, is to express the idea of communication; a contagious disease is a communicating disease, one which may be conveyed from one person to another. In a strict sense, contagion is considered as a poison which enters the blood; and which, when it passes from a diseased to a healthy person, raises in the healthy person the same disease. The word contagion, in its primitive signification, means propagation of disease by actual contact—that is, a diseased and a healthy person must in some way touch each other, or breathe in each other's faces, the one to inhale or imbibe the poison from the other, in order to communicate disease. It is still, to a large extent, considered in this light; though, as the reader knows, there are diseases which are considered to be communicated through the air, independently of actual contact. Smallpox, for instance, is contagious (so it is considered) in both ways—both by actual contact, and from its poison being suspended in the air.

Medical men are divided into two parties on the subject of contagion. There are not a few, and many of them of high character, who believe and teach that contagious diseases may be prevented from spreading, by erecting a fence round the healthy, or round the diseased; and in this they agree with what may be regarded as the common sense and the common practice of mankind. They, therefore, think that quarantine, properly conducted, may prevent the *importation* of a pestilence from a country where that pestilence may be raging. There are others again, who consider that contagious diseases are *not* propagated by the contact of diseased and healthy persons and substances, and that, therefore, quarantine is of no use in a medical point of view, and productive of much inconvenience and evil to commerce. Dr. Bowring has taken this side with reference to that terrible scourge, the plague. He does not consider the plague to be contagious; that is, he does not consider that it is propagated by diseased and healthy persons coming in contact; and that it is not prevented from spreading by the practice of quarantine, or by shutting up diseased persons, and preventing them from having any communication with the healthy. This is an opinion which is supported by many striking and startling facts; and, if it were true, would be a great relief to commerce. In the present state of commercial intercourse in the world, it is hardly possible to enforce the practice of quarantine so effectually as to cut off all communication. What a satisfaction, then, it would be, to *establish* it as a fact, that the plague is *not* communicated by contact, but invariably arises from other causes!

Dr. Laidlaw, an eminent English physician, who has devoted seven years to the study of the plague in Alexandria, and whose case-book is said to record a higher average of cures than has yet been known in this disease, says, "If the plague is propagable by contagion (and this I by no means deny in toto), yet it has been greatly exaggerated, and that, so far from its following as a general rule, that persons exposed to the contact of the infected are always, or generally attacked, *it ought rather to be considered as the exception.*"

Dr. Bowring has seen "thousands and tens of thousands of cases, in which the most intimate intercourse with persons, ill or dead of the plague, the dwelling in their houses, the wearing their garments, the sleeping in their beds, were not followed by disease in any shape."

These facts are worthy of being followed up by a very searching investigation, in order to see if they lead to the general truth, that the plague is *not* communicable by contact. Dr. Laidlaw says, "I have no hesitation whatever in expressing my decided conviction that, unless the state of the atmosphere is favourable to the spread of the plague, as is undoubtedly the case during the epidemic, there is no danger whatever from the causes of contagion, that they are purely accidental, and that it is impossible to produce by them the spread of the disorder. I have never seen a case occurring sporadically where any person about the patient, or in contact with him, was attacked; and I cannot find any one that has *seen* one, although it is talked of among the Levantines as a common occurrence."

Gibbon, in his animated way, has described the origin and nature of the plague. "Ethiopia and Egypt," he says, "have been stigmatised in every age as the original source and seminary of the plague. In a damp, hot, stagnating air, this African fever is generated from the putrefaction of animal substances, and especially from the swarms of locusts, not less destructive to mankind in their death than in their lives. The fatal disease which depopulated the earth in the time of Justinian and his successors, first appeared in the neighbourhood of Pelusium, between the Serbonian bog and the eastern channel of the Nile. From thence, tracing as it were a double path, it spread to the east, over Syria, Persia, and the Indies, and penetrated to the west, along the coast of Africa, and over the continent of Europe. In the spring of the second year, Constantinople, during three or four months, was visited by the pestilence; and Procopius, who observed its progress and symptoms with the eyes of a physician, has emulated the skill and diligence of Thucydides in the description of the plague of Athens. The infection was sometimes announced by the visions of a distempered fancy, and the victim despaired as soon as he heard the menace and felt the stroke of an invisible spectre. But the greater number, in their beds, in the streets, in their usual occupations, were surprised by a slight fever, so slight indeed that neither the pulse nor the colour of the patient gave any signs of the approach of danger. The same, the next, or the succeeding day, it was declared by the swelling of the glands, particularly those of the groin, of the arm-pits, and under the ear; and when these tumours were opened, they were found to contain a COAL or black substance of the size of a LENTIL. If they came to a just swelling and suppuration, the patient was saved by this kind and natural discharge of the morbid humour; but if they continued hard and dry a mortification quickly ensued, and the fifth day was generally the term of his life." Gibbon adds that it is not wholly inadmissible to believe that *one hundred millions* fell victims to this contagion in the Roman empire.

But we may go much higher in history for notices of the operation of the plague, than this fatal period in the sixth century. It was, perhaps, the plague by which the first-born of Egypt fell; and probably it also, which, in the reign of David, swept his kingdom for three days, when "there fell of Israel seventy thousand men." In Homer we read—

> "Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
> And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
> The King of men his reverend Priest defied,
> And for the King's offence the people died."

Then, after invoking Apollo,—

> "God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
> Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy—"

We are told—

> "———————— the favouring power attends
> And from Olympus' lofty top descends;
> Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound,
> Fierce as he moved his silver shafts resound;
> Breathing revenge a sudden night he spread,
> And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.
> The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
> And hissing fly the feather'd fates below;
> On mules and dogs the infection first began,
> And last the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
> For nine long nights through all the dusky air,
> The pyres thick flaming shot a dismal glare;
> But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
> Inspired by Juno, Thetis' godlike son
> Convened to council all the Grecian train,
> For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain."

We can trace the course of the dreadful plague, which, between the years 1346 and 1352, pervaded the whole of Europe. It is supposed to have begun in China, and was carried by the caravans, which every year crossed Tartary, to the north of the Caspian Sea, and even to Azof. Hence it proceeded gradually westward to Constantinople and Egypt; from Constantinople it extended to Greece, Italy, France, and Africa, and embraced the islands of Britain and Ireland; it then proceeded to Germany, Hungary, Poland, Denmark, Russia, and the other northern

kingdoms. It thus arose in the east, and gradually extended itself to the remotest west. This has been the belief in all periods of the history of the west—the east has always been pointed to as the creating birth-place of pestilence. And this leads us at once to the originating causes of plague—the putrefaction of animal and vegetable substances under a hot sun—in other words, the want of proper drainage and cleanliness in countries where drainage and cleanliness are all-important matters.

In London, previously to the Great Fire, we had the plague for half a century—from 1603 to 1665, with the exception of three years, in which its operation appears quiescent. In many of the intervening years the mortality was very considerable; in 1604 it amounted to 900 persons, in 1605 to 400, in 1606 to 2000, and as many in the two following years. And up to 1640 and 1648 the yearly average exceeded 1000; and lastly, during the season of the great attack, 68,000 were computed to have perished, of which number 46,000 were carried off in the months of August and September.

Thus it appears that London, like the countries of the East, must have had some circumstance within itself capable of inducing the plague, like ancient Rome with its undrained marshes—this is to be found by reference to the state of London in the time of Charles II. Its streets were mostly unpaved, filth in every corner, the drainage little thought of, and the houses built of wood generally, and overhanging the ground-floor windows. Now, if human life depends on the atmosphere, and the longevity of man upon its purity, who can wonder that the London of that and earlier times should have been so subject to the ravages of the plague? Disease must naturally have been very prevalent, and life but of little value, where the atmosphere was so much polluted. Where cleanliness exists, and the air above can have free access, and there is a thorough draught through our streets and habitations; where that food is eaten which is found to produce the most healthful and uniform action of the system, and that is avoided which leads to its excitement, particularly spirituous drinks, we need not apprehend much danger. These great truths have been disseminated in Egypt with good results; and could the Turks but be thoroughly aroused from their apathy, and the whole of the East aid in the effort, the pest of ancient and of modern times, the disease which swept whole hecatombs from the living, and caused the depopulation of whole districts and countries, will be known but as a matter of history.

The debateable question, as to whether, when the plague is generated, it is communicable by actual contact, must be left to further research and experiment. Gibbon, repeating the current opinion of his own, and even of our day, says, "Contagion is the inseparable symptom of the plague; which, by mutual respiration, is transfused from the infected person to the lungs and stomachs of those who approach them." He adds, "Those salutary precautions to which Europe is indebted for her safety were unknown to the government of Justinian. No restraints were imposed on the free and frequent intercourse of the Roman provinces: from Persia to France the nations were mingled and infected by wars and emigrations; and the pestilential odour which lurks for years in a bale of cotton, was imported, by the abuse of trade, into the most distant regions." But the question will probably be keenly contested for some time, as to whether quarantine has really proved "a salutary regulation," and this might be helped by some judicious, intelligent, medical man investigating the history of the plague since quarantine was introduced.

Quarantine is a regulation by which the communication with vessels from ports infected with the plague, or other infectious disease, is interdicted for a definite period. The word comes from the Italian *quaranta*, forty, it being supposed that, if no symptoms of disease be discovered within that period, there can be no further reason for continuing the restriction. In several of the foreign ports establishments have been formed, denominated lazarettos, in which the quarantine is performed instead of on board ship, as in the other instance by which quarantine is enforced. Of these establishments, those at Leghorn, Genoa, Marseilles, Odessa, &c. are the most complete.

The Venetians were the first who endeavoured to guard against the introduction of infectious diseases from abroad by means of quarantine. This was about the year 1484. Since that time, the system has been gradually adopted. One point for consideration is—Has quarantine ever had a fair trial? If it has had, and has proved ineffectual, let it be discarded (if we can induce other governments to discard it), for assuredly it is a great nuisance—a serious obstruction to commerce.

THE ONE-HANDED FLUTE-PLAYER OF ARQUES IN NORMANDY.

I WOUND my way up the eminence on which the old towers totter to decay, and passing under the broken archway which received the triumphant Henry after his victory, and then tracing the rugged path which marks the grand approach, I got on the summit of the mound which forms the basement of the vast expanse of building. The immense extent of these gives a fine feeling of human grandeur and mortal littleness; and the course of reflection is hurried on as the eye wanders over the scenery around. This may be described in one sentence, as the resting-place on which a guilty mind might prepare for its flight to virtue.

While I stood musing "in the open air, where the scent comes and goes like the warbling of music"—and neither wished nor wanted other melody, the soft sounds of a flute came faintly towards me, breathing a tone of such peculiar and melting expression, as I thought I had never before heard. Having for some time listened in great delight, a sudden pause ensued;—the strain changed from sad to gay, not abruptly, but ushered by a running cadence that gently lifted the soul from its languor, and thrilled through every fibre of feeling. It recalled to me at the instant the fables of Pan, and every other rustic serenader, and I thought of the passage in Smith's "Nympholet," where Amarynthus, in his enthusiasm, fancies he hears the pipe of the sylvan deity.

I descended the hill towards the village at a pace lively and free as the measure of the music which impelled me. When I reached the level ground, and came into the straggling street, the warbling ceased. It seemed as though enchantment had lured me to its favourite haunt. The gothic church, on my right, assorted well with the architecture of the houses around. On every hand a portico, a frieze, ornaments carved in stone, coats of arms, and fret-work, stamped the place with an air of antiquity and nobleness, while groups of tall trees formed a decoration of verdant yet solemn beauty.

A few peasant women were sitting at the doors of their respective habitations, as misplaced, I thought, as beggars in the porch of a palace; while half-a-dozen children gambolled on the grass-plot in the middle of the open place. I sought in vain among these objects to discover the musician; and, not willing to disturb my pleased sensations by common-place questionings, I wandered about, looking, in a sort of semi-romantic mood, at every antiquated casement. Fronting the church, and almost close to its western side, an arched entrance caught my particular attention, from its old yet perfect workmanship, and I stopped to examine it, throwing occasional glances through the trellis-work in the middle of the gate, which gave a view of a court-yard and house within. Part of the space in front was arranged in squares of garden, and a venerable old man was watering some flowers: a nice young woman stood beside him, with a child in her arms; two others were playing near him: and close at hand was a man, about thirty years of age, who seemed to contemplate the group with a complacent smile. His figure was in part concealed from me, but he observed me, and immediately left the others, and walked down the gravel path to accost me. I read his intention in his looks, and stood still.

As he advanced from his concealed position, I saw that his left leg was a wooden one—his right was the perfect model of Apollonic grace. His left arm was wanting. He was bare-headed, and his curled brown hair showed a forehead that Spurzheim would have almost worshipped. His features were all of manly beauty. His mustachios, military jacket, and light pantaloons with red edging, told that he had not been "curtailed of man's fair proportions" by any vulgar accident of life; and the cross of honour suspended to his button-hole, finished the brief abstract of his history.

A short interlocution, consisting of apology on my part and invitation on his, ended in my accompanying him towards the house; and as I shifted from his left to his right side to offer one of my arms to his *only* one, I saw a smile on the countenance of his pretty wife, and another on that of his old father; and my good footing with the family was secured. We entered the hall, a large bleak ante-room, with three or four old portraits mouldering on the walls, joined to each other by a cobweb tapestry, and unaccompanied by any other ornament. We then passed to the right into a spacious chamber, which was once, no doubt, the gorgeously decorated withdrawing-room of some proudly-titled occupier. The nobility of its present tenant is of a different kind, and its furniture confined to two or three tables, twice as many chairs, a corner cupboard, and a secrétaire. A Spanish guitar was suspended to a hook over the gothic mantel-piece; a fiddle lay on the table; and fixed to the edge of the other was a sort of wooden vice, into

which was screwed a flute of concert size, with three finger holes and eleven brass keys, but of a construction sufficient to puzzle Monzani.

It is useless to make a mystery of what the reader has already divined: my one-legged, one-armed host was the owner of this complicated machine, and the performer on it, whose wonderful tone and execution had caused me so much pleasure. But what will be said when I tell the astonished and perhaps incredulous public, that "his good right hand" was the sole and simple one that bored and polished the wood, turned the keys and the ivory which formed the joints, and accomplished the entire arrangement of this instrument!

Being but an indifferent musician and worse mechanic, I shall not attempt to describe the peculiarities of the music, or the arrangement of the flute, as the maker and performer ran over, with his four miraculous fingers, some of the most difficult solos in Vernes and Berlinger's compositions, which lay on the table before him.

This extraordinary man is a half-pay colonel in the French service, though a German by birth. His limbs received their summary amputation by two quick-sent cannon balls at the battle of Deerden (I believe): since he was disabled he has lived in his present retirement, "passing rich on thirty pounds a year," and happy for him that nature endowed him with a tasteful and mechanical mind,—rare combinations!—while art furnished him with knowledge of music, without which his mind would have been a burden.

Without regard to his flute-playing, he actually brought tears into my eyes by his touching manner.

It needs not to be told he was an enthusiast in music, and when he believed himself thus deprived of the last enjoyment of his life he was almost distracted. In the feverish sleep snatched at intervals from suffering, he used constantly to dream that he was listening to delicious concerts, in which he was, as he was wont, a principal performer. Strains of more than earthly music seemed sometimes floating round him, and his own flute was ever the leading instrument.

Frequently, at moments of greatest delight, some of the inexplicable machinery of dreams went wrong. One of the sylphs, the lovely imaginings of Baxter's fanciful theory, had snapped the chord that strung his visioned joys. He awoke in ecstasy, the tones vibrated, too, for a while upon his brain; but, recalled to sensation by a union of bodily pain and mental anguish, his inefficient stump gave the lie direct to all his dreams of paradise, and the gallant and mutilated soldier wept like an infant for whole hours.

He might make a fortune, I think, if he would visit England, and appear as a public performer; but his pride forbids this, and he remains at Arques to show to any visitor unusual proofs of talent, ingenuity, and philosophy!—*New Monthly Mag.* 1822.

THE POET'S PEN.

(FROM THE GREEK OF MENECRATES.)

I WAS a useless reed: no cluster hung
My brow with purple grapes; no blossom flung
The coronet of crimson on my stem;
No apple blushed upon me, nor (the gem
Of flowers) the violet strewed the yellow heath
Around my feet; nor jessamine's sweet wreath
Robed me in silver: day and night I pined
On the lone moor, and shiver'd in the wind.
At length a poet found me. From my side
He smooth'd the pale and wither'd leaves, and dyed
My lips in *Helicon*. From that high hour,
I SPOKE! my words were flame and living power!
All the wide wonders of the earth were mine;
Far as the surges roll, or sunbeams shine;
Deep as earth's bosom hides the emerald;
High as the hills with thunder-clouds are pall'd;
And there was sweetness round me, that the dew
Had never wet so sweet on violets blue.
To me the mighty sceptre was a wand;
The roar of nations pealed at my command.
To me the dungeon, sword, and scourge were vain,
I smote the smiter, and I broke the chain;
Or, tow'ring o'er them all, without a plume
I pierced the purple air, the tempest's gloom,
Till blazed th' Olympian glories on my eye,
Stars, temples, thrones, and gods—infinity. PUNCH.

FALSE IDEAS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

THE other day (this little anecdote is "no fiction") two men were passing through St. Paul's Churchyard, discoursing about a friend or acquaintance. "Oh," said one, "he has travelled nearly all over the world; he has been in Spain, and in Portugal, ay, and in Barbary too!" "Indeed!" "Yes, that he has; now, we think this building," pointing to St. Paul's, "very wonderful, and so it is—but, bless your heart, it's nothing to what he's seen." "Indeed!" "No, not it—why, it is a mere nutmeg to what he's seen in Barbary and them places!"

Are minds such as these—mere mechanical minds as they seem to be—worth trying to reach, and would they repay the labour of endeavouring to force them open? Who that himself enjoys the pleasures of knowledge would be so ungenerous as to doubt it? But how? "Oh," says the poet, "take them down to Blackfriars Bridge; show them the mighty building towering over surrounding brick and mortar—

"Rising o'er smoke, like wreaths from altar sent,
God's glorious temple meets the awe-struck gaze,
And o'er the boundless city free conveys
Feelings sublime of power pre-eminent."

Ask them if they feel it now, and explain to them the dimensions of the building. They would, doubtless, admit that it *was* a wonderful big building, but then they might retort—"How do we know but that in Barbary there is something far more wonderful?"

Try them another way. If they cannot rise up to us, we should go down to them. Tell them all about Barbary in a plain simple style—take them, as it were, in leading-strings, and after a time some of them, at least, will be able to walk alone.

AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENT.

From "The National Advocate" (New York newspaper) of Nov. 7th, 1825.

THERE is something in a good *Windsor Chair* which has a most delicious effect on the mind and the imagination, as well as on the legs and the ribs. When a man has been harassed with business for the space of six long hours, how renovating it is to come home, throw yourself in a *Windsor Chair*, and tell your wife to fill a glass of Racy's Ale! Your tired haunches recline with the most pleasing sensations on the bottom, and your aching ribs find a restorative in the perpendicularity of the back. In the joy of your heart, you say, Heaven bless the chair inventor, and may the chair maker *Montayne* prosper for ever.

Again, suppose you invite a small party to your house, and see the pretty wives of your friends dropping one by one into your room. A dozen *Fancy Chairs*, or a dozen and a half of *imitation Rose Wood ditto*, bought at No. 13, Bowery, will set off your room to every advantage, and make your visitors smirk and smile like so many *Hebes*. "Oh! they are pretty," one will say. "Oh! what delicious Rose Wood Chairs!" another will utter. "Pray, Mr. Timothy," asks a third, "where in the whole city did you buy those beautiful *Windsor Chairs?*" "And this *Fancy Settee?*" asks a fourth. "Heaven shower its blessings down upon you, my dears," then you must reply, "Of whom else but of Montayne's, No. 13, Bowery."

'Tis sweet to sit on *Windsor Chair*,
Beside the modest blushing fair,
Or in her eyes pure feeling see,
While lolling on the *Rose Settee*.

But again, there are many worthy men and women who contract a friendship for *old chairs*. To such persons who admit this honourable emotion into their breasts, it must be a source of great satisfaction to know where such good *old friends* can be *repaired, painted*, or *copal varnished anew*. A good man could not see an old chair cast aside because it has lost a leg, or perhaps got defaced from long use. He would certainly apply to those men of art (of whom Montayne is one) who put *new legs* into *old friends* with dispatch and punctuality, and who make the *withered settee* come forth from their shops as beautiful as a bride of fifty issues from the parson's on her wedding day.

All those persons, therefore, who may want any *Windsor imitation Rosewood Chairs* and *Fancy Settees, Copal Varnish* of all kinds, or *old chairs* repaired and painted, will please call on

A. D. MONTAYNE,
No. 13, Bowery.

WARNING TO DRUNKARDS.

Take especial care that thou delight not in wine, for there was not any man that came to honour or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men; hated in thy servants, in thyself, and companions; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice. A drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesses a man, the more he will delight in it; and the older he groweth, the more he will be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits, and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree; or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut. Take heed, therefore, that such a careless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly infection thy old age; for then shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such a one was their father.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

RECANTATIONS.

Recantations usually prove the force of authority rather than the change of opinion. When a Dr. Pocklington was condemned to make a recantation, he hit the etymology of the word, while he caught at the spirit—he began thus. "If *canto* be to sing, *recanto* is to sing again." So that he re-chanted his offending opinions, by repeating them in his *recantation.—D'Israeli.*

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

I should like much to know, since Greek and Romans, French and Italians, have all agreed in representing wisdom under the form of a woman, why a learned woman is always to be made a subject for mirth and ridicule? Is it only in marble that we can endure to see a female endowed with knowledge?—*Kotzebue's Life.*

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

The learned and excellent Archbishop Leighton, whilst a minister of the Church of Scotland, was once publicly reprimanded in a synod for not "preaching to the times." "Who," he asked, "does preach to the times?" It was answered that all the brethren did it. "Then," he answered, "if all of you preach to the times, you may surely allow one poor brother to preach Jesus Christ and eternity."

RULES OF HEALTH.

The celebrated physician, Boerhaave, declared some time before his death, that he had in his library, a book which contained the most important secrets of medicine. When his library was examined, there was a book magnificently bound; it consisted of blank paper, with the exception of these words written on the first leaf—"Keep your head cool, your feet warm, and your bowels open, and you may laugh at physicians."

JUDGMENT OF BOOKS.

I have no other rule by which to judge of what I read, than that of consulting the disposition in which I rise up from my book; nor can I well conceive what sort of merit any piece has to boast, the reading of which leaves no benevolent impression behind it, nor stimulates the reader to anything that is virtuous or good.—*Rousseau.*

ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

If he wish his volumes to support their character through the revolutions of time and of opinion, a respect to decency, and a reverence for religion, must be the characteristic of his writings; he need not be afraid that his fame will be the less because he has gained it without artifice or violence, or that his works will be neglected because they do not produce excuses for folly, or arguments for wickedness. If his pages be tinctured with irreligion and obscenity, the beauties they contain will be discovered in vain; they may indeed rise for the moment by the patronage of the profligate and licentious, but it will be discovered that every moment brings them nearer to the gulf which has swallowed up the prose of Voltaire, and the poetry of Rochester.—*The Saunterer.*

ARCHBISHOP SHELDON.

Bishop Sheldon seems to have been as insensible to the decorum belonging to religion, as he was to good feeling and humanity. Of this Pepys has recorded a remarkable instance, in a piece of buffoonery and profaneness acted at Lambeth Palace, when he was dining there:—"1669, May 14. At noon to dinner with Mr. Wren to Lambeth with the Archbishop of Canterbury; the first time I was ever there, and I have longed for it Where a noble house, and well furnished with noble pictures and furniture, and noble attendance in good order, and a great deal of company, though an ordinary day; and exceeding great cheer, no where better, or so much, that ever I think I saw for an ordinary table; and the bishop mighty kind to me particularly, desiring my company another time when less company was there. Most of the company gone, and I going, I heard by a gentleman of a sermon that was to be there; and so I staid to hear it, thinking it serious, till by and by this gentleman told me it was a mockery of one Count Bolton, a very gentleman-like man, that behind a chair did pray and preach like a Presbyter-Scot, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice; and the text about the hanging up of their harps upon the willows: and a serious good sermon too, exclaiming against bishops, and crying up my good Lord Eglinton, till it made us all burst; but I did wonder to have the bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind, but I perceive it was shown him as a rarity. And he took care to have the room door shut: but there was about twenty gentlemen there and myself, infinitely pleased with the novelty."—*Pepys's Memoirs.*

ENGLISH FIRMNESS.

Defoe gives a fine illustration of the sturdy nature of the English character, in an anecdote of Archbishop Cranmer. "If a king of England," says he, "should, though for any real offence, send his orders to a subject, though of the meanest sort, to be gone, and quit the country, he would not stir a foot; and 'tis forty to one but he would have manners little enough to tell him so in plain English. If the message was to a man of quality, his reply would be more courteous, but equally firm. We have a very handsome instance of this in Archbishop Cranmer in the days of King Henry VIII., when, for some speech made in the House of Lords, his Majesty commanded him out of the House, which he very modestly and humbly, yet boldly refused to do, claiming his privilege of peerage and liberty of speech by right of the constitution; which the king afterwards allowed to be just, when his anger was over."

DESCRIPTION OF JERUSALEM.

The following beautifully descriptive and graphic delineation of Jerusalem is from M. Poujoulat's Egypt and Palestine:—"Jerusalem offers no illusions; it is fair to behold, neither from far nor near; take away a few monuments and a few towers, and the prospect before you is the dullest that can be imagined. It is a vast heap of stone houses, each of whose terraced roofs is surmounted with a small dome: the dark grey colour of these monotonous groups—their mournful character—the rock and desert soil surrounding these walls, which seem only to enclose tombs—the solitary sky above your head, whose wide expanse no bird traverses—combine to form a spectacle uniting in itself all that melancholy can produce of the most sad, all that solitude can produce of the most desolate. If we enter into Jerusalem, what gloom! Narrow and dark streets: huge bazaars, in which you see a sprinkling of Jewish, Greek, and Armenian merchants; miserable shops for the sale of tobacco, kept by Mussulmans; dilapidated inns, where the Arabian stranger reposes beside his steed; whole districts deserted, houses in ruins, the ground covered with weeds, filth and rubbish; ivy twining round disjointed fragments, and stunted palm-trees growing up through crevices. On traversing the city, you see the white or red cloak of the Mussulman, the dark vest of the Rayah, or the veils of the women, who move with the hurried steps of fugitives. Such is the interior of Jerusalem. There is no joy, no movement, no noise, you would take it for a vast prison, where the days are as silent as the nights; or rather an immense monastery, whose inhabitants are constantly engaged in prayer."

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is one of the fairest productions of the human soil, the cordial of life, the lenitive of our sorrows, and the multiplier of our joys; the source equally of animation and of repose. He who is destitute of this blessing, amidst the greatest crowd and pressure of society, is doomed to solitude; and however surrounded with flatterers and admirers, however armed with power, and rich in the endowments of fortune and of nature, has no resting-place. The most elevated station in life affords no exemption from those agitations which can only be laid to rest on the bosom of a friend.—*Robert Hall.*

BON-MOTS OF QUIN.

Though I have little to say yet it is worth while to write, only to tell you of two *bon-mots* of Quin to that turn-coat hypocrite infidel, Bishop Warburton. That saucy priest was haranguing at Bath in behalf of prerogative; Quin said, "Pray, my Lord, spare me; you are not acquainted with my principles; I am a republican, and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles the First might be justified." "Ay!" said Warburton, "by what law? Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them." The bishop would have got off upon judgments, and bade the player remember that all the regicides came to violent ends—a lie, but no matter. "I would not advise your lordship," said Quin, "to make use of that inference, for, if I am not mistaken, *that was the case of the twelve Apostles.*" There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply, but I think the former equal to anything I ever heard. It is the sum of the whole controversy couched in eight monosyllables, and comprehends at once the King's guilt and the justice of punishing it. The more one examines it the finer it proves. One can say nothing after it, so good night.—*Private Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.*

REFORM.

Instead of considering that the nation ought to be treated as a body afflicted with some new and extraordinary distemper, and therefore requiring an uncommon remedy, and that in proportion as its mechanism is better known, the operations performed upon it ought to be altered—such is the force of prejudice, that men continue obstinately to endeavour the cure of their present disorders, by means of which the inefficacy is demonstrated by their inability to prevent the evils or to stop their progress. An injudicious reverence for antiquity, a false notion of causes occasioned by the distance of time, a want of diligent reflection on the past and of clear views of the future, about which our self-love hinders us from coming to any agreement, all contribute to perpetuate the wrong measures of ancient times. It is a maxim with some that laws and customs are not to be changed, a maxim to which I zealously adhere, except when the advantage, and, what is much stronger, the necessity, of the public, requires an alteration.—*Sully.*

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THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

WHEN Moses came down from his awful and sublime interview with God, on "the mount that burned with fire," bearing in his hands the "two tables of the testimony," he saw—can we marvel that the sight first chilled and then fired his blood?—he saw the besotted people, whom he had led in triumph from Egypt, dancing round the image of Apis, the Egyptian bull. Moved with a human, yet a holy indignation, he cast from him the tables "which were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables," and "brake them beneath the mount." The rest of the terrible scene the reader of his Bible knows.

Shortly afterwards, the LORD was speaking to Moses "face to face, as a man speaketh to his friend." This great, this truly great man, knew that he was living in the earlier part of the world's history—that mightier developments of God's wondrous workings were reserved for future ages—that a time was coming when man would not be such a poor besotted fool, as to worship the work of his own hands—and he longed to look down through the vista of the years of futurity, and have a glimpse of the glory that was to follow. So, taking advantage, as it were, of that familiarity with which he was treated by the God of the spirits of all flesh, he breathed out his passionate desire, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory!" And God forgave the forwardness of his servant, because of the spirit that was in his prayer. "Thou canst not see my face," said the BEING who dwelleth in glory unutterable; "for there shall no man see me and live." But in tender compassion HE would reveal a little of that futurity which was to unfold His glory—He would place him in a clift of the rock, and make all His goodness to pass before him. "And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord." Doubtless, in that moment, light was poured into the understanding of Moses; and his heart and mind felt in its grandeur that proclamation, when the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." What was the effect of this revelation upon the mind of Moses? He "made *haste*"—for the feeling of profound reverence is like an electric flash, darting in a moment through the very soul of man—and he "bowed his head toward the earth, and worshipped." Nay, more—as if all that was natural and human in his heart had received a shock, and was suddenly overflowing, his thoughts flew towards his poor, ignorant, calf-worshipping, and perverse brethren and countrymen, and thus does he wrestle for them—"If now I have found grace in thy sight, O Lord, let my Lord, I pray thee, go among us; for it is a stiff-necked people; and pardon our iniquity and our sin, and take us for thine inheritance."

Dull and unapt must his mind be that has never felt a desire to penetrate the mystery of this existence—that has never felt his heart yearning with the prayer of Moses—"Show me, I beseech thee, thy glory!" But it is the enlightened Christian alone that enjoys the privilege accorded to the Hebrew lawgiver. Knowledge places him in "a clift of the rock;" he cannot see God's face, follow out in regular succession all His future designs; but the Lord descends to him even in the cloud, and passing by before his unsealed vision, proclaims His ineffable name. And the effect upon his mind is, or ought to be, just what it was upon the mind of Moses. First, he "makes haste" to bow his head and worship; acknowledging a present Deity in all that transpires upon the earth. Then his heart turns towards his poor, ignorant, depraved, foolish, and obstinate brethren; and he fervently prays that God would "pardon their iniquity and their sin, and take them for His inheritance." He does not wrap himself up in supercilious contempt for those who, not able to ascend the mount with him, and survey the goodly land that stretches on every side, are consuming the present brief moment in dancing round some "golden calf" which their own hands have made. Neither does he sit down in philosophic indifference, and, as it were, leave God to work out His own designs in His own time. The hope that the world will yet one day be a better world than it is now, moves him with generous effort for the world as it now is; and so he enters narrow alleys, and dirty lanes, and dingy hovels, and tries to pour through the crevices of ignorance a portion of the light which illuminates and cheers his own soul. The story we are about to tell is a narration of how a poor youth, in passing through the mist and darkness that surrounded him, felt his soul longing to see the "glory of God;" and how there came a friendly hand that lifted him up, and placed him in "a clift of the rock;" and then the day dawned, the shadows flew away, and, having bowed his head, and worshipped, he "went on his way rejoicing."

In one of those cities which are as the eyes of Britain, there lived a poor, ignorant, yet not altogether unhappy family, bearing the name of Jones. The city wherein they dwelt is a great city, and its merchants rank as honourable ones in the earth—their ships are to be found on every sea. Products of all climes are brought to that city, to be worked up into rare and curious fabrics, or to be consumed for bodily satisfaction and heart's-ease. Our poor family were not so poor but that they could afford to use a little tea and sugar, though from whence these came they knew not, unless it was from some place far abroad, where the blacks live. Intellect had begun its march, in those days of which we now speak: but it had marched past the house of the Joneses. You might have made them stare, had you asked, whether the laying down of the handsome pavement on which they daily trod, or the building of the Egyptian pyramids, were the greater performance? And grievously would they have been puzzled with the question, whether, when they opened their shutters of a morning, it was the darkness that went out, or the light that came in. Yet they were human beings; had hearts swelling with all human emotions: maintained communion with the "region of invisibles," and were destined to live for ever.

The father and mother of this family were as different in their temperaments and dispositions, as day is from the night. Yet, being married, they lived and agreed wondrous well. For though they had never studied the ethics of marriage, nor the philosophy of living, nor analysed the why and the wherefore of the reason of their agreement, by a sort of instinct, they seemed to understand, that opposite tempers might be made to coalesce instead of coming into collision; and they saw as plainly as if it had been laid down to them by a diagram, that the action of two opposing forces might drive the ball of existence, not in the direction of the one or the other, but as it were, in a medium between the two. As for the father, had you seen him, and conversed with him, you might have pronounced him a grim, austere, sour, crabbed man, very ignorant, and very obstinate; and so he was. Ill health made him grim and austere—poverty and toil, ignorant and obstinate. The mother was a lively, merry creature—light, but not volatile,—cheerful, but hardly gay. The whole family, and

[Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

it was a large one, lived in the darkness and shadow of all the light of this land. O ye friends of education! walk into the lanes and narrow streets of great cities. There lies ignorance fermenting in the shade, producing food for gaols, and criminal courts, and New South Wales. One is almost apt to imagine that in a single city, proof may be found that God hath *not* made of one blood all nations of men that dwell on the face of the earth; for those spacious streets seem as the screen and fence put up between two races of intelligent creatures.

But in the family of the Joneses there was light. They lived in a narrow street, surrounded by dirt, and misery, and drunkenness, and brawls; but the candle of the Lord shone in their tabernacle. Jones the father, was an ignorant, a very ignorant man—

> "*His* soul proud science never taught to stray
> Far as the solar walk, or milky way."

But in the words of a more natural, though not so brilliant, a poet as Pope, he knew, though he knew but little more, "his Bible true." Grim, and crabbed, and austere, he was—that was his misfortune, the misfortune of his position; for ill health and poverty had driven happiness inwards, and almost turned it into an acrid poison. But the BIBLE neutralised the effect of the poison; it taught him to be honest, upright: and, in his reverential love for it, he became scrupulously scrupulous, and acquired a stiff and unbending rigidity respecting words and actions. With all his ignorance and all his faults, he was a good man. Had you but seen him at family worship!

> "Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
> The saint, the father, and the husband, prays;
> Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
> That thus they all shall meet in future days.
> There ever bask in uncreated rays,
> No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
> Together hymning their Creator's praise
> In such society yet still more dear;
> While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

He prayed, but his words were few, feeble, and rude; for often on his knees had he to struggle with an asthmatic cough. Nevertheless, he prayed, and that with the heart, fervently; and, reader, you may firmly believe, that his prayer took its way to HIM who sitteth on the circle of the universe.

One of the children of this family was called Peter Jones; an odd-looking little urchin in his youth. His mother loved him, for she thought him the wisest of her family; and with those aspirations which even the poorest and most wretched feel, she indulged the hope that Peter might one day be something of a great man, and raise the family of the Joneses from their lowly condition. And yet, had a stranger passed, and seen the squab little fellow sitting, with his feet in the kennel and damming up the puddle, he might have paused twice before he answered the question, whether Peter was likely one day to be a great man? A closer inspection of his dirty face would have led to the conclusion that it expressed much intelligence. His mother was no physiognomist, and had never heard of phrenology: but she was amused by the questions of her little philosopher, such as Who Mr. Government was? If the king owned the sea? and How many men made an army? Often, in summer days, would he go to a little speck of green that grew behind the houses which constituted *his* world; and there, lying on his back, would he muse on immensity. And what thoughts, O member of a Mechanics' Institute! think you, passed through the mind of this untutored child? He would mark the fleecy clouds as they floated high above him; and, when he went home, predict a severe winter, from the huge masses of snow that he saw rolling onwards to the great storehouse of the land of frost.

But the time came, and that too early, when Peter should go out to earn a portion of the family's sustenance. He had never been at a school; but his father had taught him to read the Bible; and he was familiar with many of the Old Testament stories. A year or two soon passed over; his diligence raised his earnings, and they became of importance to the family: and though surrounded with temptations of all sorts, with artless ingenuousness he brought all his money home, and felt a delightful pleasure as he poured it into his mother's lap.

A young companion teased him to go with him to the theatre. The proposal was startling; but having learned at the fireside somewhat of love and obedience, he carried the question home for consideration. The father was alarmed—solemnly warned his son against compliance, and painted the theatre in dismal and black colours, as a place hateful and vile, a cage of wickedness and unclean birds. Herein he erred grievously, and many such errors does well-intentioned ignorance make. Peter refused to go, and replied to his companion's solicitations, with some of his father's description. But the young tempter was not to be so put off; he denounced the description, and gave another of a far different hue; and a struggle began in Peter's mind. He longed to go *for once;* he feared to disobey: but one day the father admitted that he had *once* been at the theatre himself when he was a young man, and the disclosure made a tremendous inroad on Peter's resolution. If *he* had been *once*, and was, notwithstanding, a good man, why might not Peter go *once*, and sustain no damage? He struggled, but every struggle made him weaker. The temptation came back again and again; and every time it came, it seemed to have redoubled force. At last a whisper was conveyed into the mind of Peter—Go! but conceal it. How? A LIE! Tell a lie, Peter; cover up your footsteps—you are ignorant of the theory that the fable of the Trojan horse is the type and parable of the first lie in the soul of man. He told the lie—but the lie required another to back it, and, if necessary, a third. He had to account for his absence, he had to conceal the expenditure of what appeared to him a large sum of money—a shilling! The double lie was prepared for use; and, joining his companion at the appointed hour, Peter Jones, his heart throbbing, tried to hide himself amongst the crowd, grouped at the entrance of the shilling-gallery of the theatre.

The doors were opened: Peter and his companion struggled out of the choked-up entrance, rushed up the stair, stumbled over benches, and, in an agony of joy, found themselves in possession of a front seat in the gallery. As his heart began to abate in violence of throbbing, the haze of joy that obscured his sight began to clear away, and he was able to look around. That curtain! it concealed from Peter a more mysterious Paradise than ever it hid from Charles Lamb; and he looked as if he would pierce it through. The pit and boxes were slowly filling, and that amused him; but just as the theatre was about full, there seemed to come a kind of lull—a pause in the bustle; and Peter, having made his eyes familiar with all sides of the house, and having minutely scrutinized the figures on the curtain, began to feel uneasy. He fancied that there was somebody in the theatre that knew him—there was some one, surely, that had his eye upon him. Poor soul! there was not one in all that crowded assembly that knew he was in existence. Again he fancied that there was a voice calling him by name; he listened, and he imagined that he distinctly heard the words, "Peter Jones! Peter Jones!" Could it be his father? that was impossible. Ah! he had told a lie to both father and mother. The tears started into Peter's eyes as he thought of that lie, and he heartily wished himself out of the theatre again. But he had not the courage to move, and it would have been difficult to get out, if he had attempted it. Again he thought of the lie;—but stop, did not his father tell him a lie too? Did he not describe the theatre to be a very different place from what it is? Is this beautiful and enchanting place anything like that place of wickedness which his father said it was? And he had been in the theatre, and knew perfectly well what kind of a place it was. So Peter laid his lie against his father's lie, and felt his conscience becoming easier. And the bell rang, and the music struck up, and Peter's heart leaped. His blood began to bound from top to toe, his very fingers felt a strange, exhilarating, curious kind of sensation. Once more the bell rang, and, oh, marvellous, the curtain drew up, the play

began. It was Richard the Third; and it was followed by a farce which made him laugh till he cried. Slowly and reluctantly did Peter drag himself away when all was over. For a week afterwards he was in a dream. Earth became a stage, the sky was a curtain; he heard nothing, he saw nothing, but the interior of a theatre. Thunders of applause were ever ringing in his ears—at his meals, or in the streets, he was ever ready to start into attitude, or to mouth the broken fragments of a speech. During a brief period he lived in "glory and in joy;" he had a little world of his own, into which he could retreat, and with which a stranger could not interfere.

A change now came over the spirit of Peter Jones. He had a *secret* to hide from his family, and a secret is often the essence of an evil. He was no longer open-hearted and cheerful at the little fireside—artless boyhood was passing into a kind of dogged youth. He went back to the theatre again and again, and again and again he had to renew a lie; and when the lie became hollow, and his father began to hint that he saw through it, he grew sullen, and refused to tell where he had been at all. Then his mother took his part, to shield him from his father's anger; and often, after toiling all day, would she sit up till her son came home: for her quick ear could hear his footstep on the pavement, and she would run stealthily to let him in, without awakening her husband. Peter Jones saw this, and the pent-in sob of his mother, as she would whisperingly press him to tell *her* where he had been, had sometimes well-nigh wrung his secret from him. His sister, too, a sensible, prudent girl, often talked to him about the change that had passed over him, and he would turn away from her and cry. For he was attached to his sister; there was much affection in the family; and in all their ignorance and darkness, they had light enough to love one another by.

Many a shilling that would have been welcome at home did Peter Jones devote to the upper gallery of the theatre. The concealment of his passion for theatricals seemed to increase its intensity; he would sit during the performances in a delirium of joy: but when he rose to depart, a chill seemed to freeze his soul, and often, on returning home, and retiring to bed, he breathed out a pettish, passionate prayer, that God would take back his life as he slept, and not permit him to rise in the morning. In the morning he would revert to the performances of the previous evening; his work was a mere mechanical operation of the hands, for the *being* had escaped from all sensation of misery, and was rioting in the region of imagination. He often wished that he was an actor; and then he would fold his arms, and walk across the stage, or advance to the "foot-lights," and bow lowly, as the hurricane of applause blew around him. At other times he would change his fancy, and wish he were a minister; and so he would mount the pulpit, and give out the text, and pour out his sermon, while an absorbed and delighted audience hung upon his lips. Again, he was an officer, and on horseback he gave out his orders, drew his sword, and rushed on with his men to the charge. But this fancy did not please him so well as the others; and it was only when he had acted or preached his imagination into fatigue, that he mounted the military hobby-horse.

His ailing father sickened, and visibly grew on to die. All the father's asperity and austerity melted away, and the spirit of love, meeting with no neutralizing influences, rose to the surface, and acted on all the dying man's words and actions. He called Peter to him, and spake as he had never spoken before. He conjured him, by the fear and the dread of Almighty God, that he would drop his mysterious habits, which he doubted not were habits of wickedness, and to walk in the path of duty when he was dead and gone. The poor man died; and his neighbours seemed to regard him as one of the unknown and forgotten units, as one, who, if he had been crushed out of existence, would scarcely have left dust or ashes enough to indicate where a fire of life had once burned. He was, indeed, an atom—but it was an atom of a manifold and mysterious being. He died unknown and unnoticed on earth, but not in heaven. For each man is a moral world moving in space, having a centre to which all that pertains to him gravitates, and an atmosphere of thought and feeling in which he is enveloped. And each has his own orbit wherein to move; and all intelligent creatures move round the great Centre and Source of intelligence, running their appointed circuits, and fulfilling a certain reason and law of creation. Therefore, though this poor man died, and nobody saw it, the recording angel took note of the event. Poor as he was, he left in some beating hearts an immortal memory; and at the great audit, God will think of him, and recollect that there lived *a* man.

Now, Peter Jones often delighted to stand in the church-yard, and watch the whole process of committing "dust to dust." Yet when his father died, it touched him as if this had been the first death in the universe of God. He looked upon the stiff and haggard features, and asked himself, What *is* Death? It was an awful mystery; and as he tried to penetrate it, a great horror and darkness fell upon him. Then once more he turned to the worn and wasted face; and he thought he saw the word "IMMORTALITY" written there. And he opened his Bible and read, and as he read, the tears gushed down his cheeks—"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more DEATH, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

The situation of the family would have been at this time most desperate but for one of those ministers of mercy, who, thanks be to God and the Bible, walk this earth, and are not afraid to enter the huts where poor men lie. Such a one found out the Joneses, in his visits of mercy in a dreary and repulsive district. He cheered the dying man; out of a not overloaded purse he aided the widow and the fatherless; and, glancing beyond the insignificant aspect and awkward appearance of Peter, he thought he saw something in him worthy of notice. He got him a situation where he could earn more money for the family; and Peter became grave and serious, and applied himself to the duties of his situation with all the thoughtfulness and anxiety of a man.

Amongst the last words which Peter heard his father utter was, "Seek the Lord while he may be found." Now a strange kind of literal interpretation of these words found its way into Peter's mind. He began to wonder *where* God was to be found: he thought that he could not perceive Him in any object of nature. It was of no use to tell him that God was everywhere present—that conveyed nothing to his mind. He never doubted that God existed; but he wanted something to rest upon, as evidence of His existence. He looked upwards, and saw not God, but the sky; he looked on the earth, and saw streets, and houses, and men moving to and fro, and green fields, and the bloom and beauty of flowers; but he saw not God. In the language of Job, his heart said, "Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." The more he revolved it, the more he felt himself getting farther from the object of his wishes. Often would he look up, and implore God to reveal himself to him; often did he read the passage which we have quoted at the commencement of this paper; and "Oh," he cried, "could *I* but be placed in a clift of the rock, and hear God proclaiming His own great name!" Then he thought that it was because he was such a poor insignificant creature, that God disdained to take notice of him; and under this withering thought his spirits sank—the mind preyed on the body, and he fell into ill health.

His friend and patron saw that something was wrong; and his kind and affectionate manner drew out from Peter what had hitherto been hidden in the youth's heart. Then, lending him a little popular treatise on astronomy, he desired him carefully to read it; and when he had done so, to come back to him, and he would show him the glory of God.

Peter read the book—nay, he devoured it. His mind was at first staggered—his intellect seemed to recoil from the first

shock of those amazing facts. But he returned to it; and as he read, "there fell from his eyes as it had been scales." The world was round, and floated round the sun; the stars were suns, and worlds floated round them; and perhaps the whole universe moved round the throne of God! Peter could not prove an iota of any of these statements; the word "mathematics" was Greek to him. Yet he *felt* the truth of the great facts of astronomy; and having felt them, their grandeur and sublimity entered and enlarged his soul. He went out one night while he was reading; and the heavens sparkled with stars. As he gazed, he seemed to himself to be looking out of the little closet of his own existence into eternity of space, and eternity of time; and as he mused, the fire burned; then spake he with his tongue—"Lo, these are parts of His ways; but how little a portion is heard of Him! The thunder of His power who can comprehend!"

"AND HE BEHELD THE GOD OF ISRAEL; UNDER HIS FEET WAS, AS IT WERE, THE PAVED WORK OF A SAPPHIRE STONE, AND AS THE BODY OF HEAVEN IN HIS CLEARNESS."

HAMILTON OF BOTHWELLHAUGH.

THE murder of Darnley, and the criminal marriage of Mary of Scotland with Bothwell, led to that combination of Scottish nobles, by which she was imprisoned in Lochleven Castle. One of her devoted partisans was Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, one of the great family confederacy, or clan of the Hamiltons, who then formed an important body under the headship of the ancestor of the present Duke of Hamilton and Chatelherault. Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was a rude, fierce, and daring soldier, partaking of much of the savage temper and manners of the time. During the imprisonment of Queen Mary in Lochleven Castle, he retired to his house of Woodhouselee, on the southern side of the Pentland Hills, not far from Roslin Castle. Here he spent the brief period of inactivity with a wife whom he had recently married, and whose gentle and engaging manners and disposition softened the roughness of his nature.

A son and heir was born to Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh; and on the very night of this joyous and important event to him, a messenger on horseback eagerly inquired for the happy father. "What is the matter?" demanded Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. "Great news, great news!" exclaimed the messenger, "Mary has escaped from Lochleven Castle, and is now at Hamilton with her friends." No further persuasion was needed to urge Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. He went up, kissed his young wife and new-born son, and, agitated by joy and regret, he armed himself and rode off to join the forces of Queen Mary.

James Stuart, the Earl of Moray, natural brother of Queen Mary, had been appointed regent of Scotland during the minority of the infant King James. He was an able, active man; and whatever were his faults, while he held the supreme authority, Scotland, then in a most unsettled, turbulent, and barbarous condition, was kept in order, and a security of life and property, which had not been previously enjoyed, was felt over the kingdom. On Mary's escape from Lochleven, the Regent was at Glasgow; and promptly taking his measures, there was fought the battle of Langside, so called from a place of that name about three miles from Glasgow. The Regent was victorious; Mary fled to England, and put herself in the power of Elizabeth, and was thenceforward a prisoner to the end of her unhappy life—a life that might have ended differently, had she been half as good a woman as she was a beautiful queen.

Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was amongst the prisoners taken at Langside; and though, at the battle, the Regent exerted himself with a clemency unusual to victors, in a time of civil war in a semi-barbarous country, he nevertheless determined to make an example of some of his opponents. Amongst the prisoners condemned to be executed was Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. As he ascended the scaffold, at the Cross of Edinburgh, his demeanour showed no shrinking, no fear, no concern for himself—his step was firm, and his countenance stern but apparently calm. But a tempest was in his soul. His thoughts were with his wife, and his infant child, whom he had seen but for a moment; and though he was ready to yield up his own life, if he had been solitary in this world, he was now ready almost to exchange every enjoyment that man can conceive, for a few brief years of existence with her and that infant that had taught him something of the real use and value of life.

Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh made ready for death—but just at the moment when the execution was about to take place, a cry was heard, and a messenger was seen pressing forward through the crowd. A pardon! a pardon! the Regent had pardoned the guilty—Hamilton and his companions were set free, their punishment of death being commuted to forfeiture of lands and goods.

Hamilton felt the blood rushing through his body as he set foot, a free man, on the ground. His wife! his child! He should yet clasp wife and child to his bosom, even though Woodhouselee was no longer to be his own. Soon he was out of Edinburgh, and pressing towards the Pentland Hills. When he got sight of Woodhouselee, he saw smoke issuing from its chimneys, and his heart leaped for joy that all was yet well. It was winter, and the snow lay on the ground—but to him the scene was as if the summer's sun was shining over it. A sudden cry from the edge of a wood startled him—it was the voice of one of his faithful servants. The poor man thought it was the ghost of his master; but on being assured, by the voice and manner of Hamilton, that it was he himself, his fear seemed to be changed into horror. "My puir leddy, my puir leddy!" were the first words he could utter. Hamilton, impatient, and unable to extract anything more from him, wheeled round, and ran towards the house, but he was stopped by the man calling out, "Maister, maister, stop! dinna gang up to the house—she's no there! she's no there!" The facts were soon told. The Regent, yielding to the importunities of his adherents, had granted Woodhouselee to Sir James Bellenden, and he, eager to secure his prey, had arrived on the previous night, with a body of armed retainers, to take possession. The ruthless Sir James turned out the wife of Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, with her infant, on a severely inclement night; growling out, with a kind of savage laugh, that when the wolf was killed the she-wolf and her cub need not look for gentle dealing.

Hamilton was conducted into the wood by the servant, and there he found the senseless bodies of his wife and child stretched on the snow. She had wandered up and down during the night; the infant had perished in her arms, but the mother was still alive. Hamilton raised her, endeavoured to rouse her from her stupor—she opened her eyes, and looked upon her husband in a wild and vacant manner—reason had been unbalanced during the agony of that dreadful night! She was carried to a place of shelter, and shortly afterwards died.

Revenge and hatred concentrated themselves into a bloody-minded resolution in the soul of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. He would not stop to inquire what share the Regent might have had in the conduct of Sir James Bellenden. The Regent's disposition led him to a love of justice, and a detestation of oppression: but Hamilton thought nothing of that; it was enough that Moray had granted his lands to a ruffian. Sir James Bellenden he considered but as an agent—a mere subordinate agent—of the Regent's oppression. He vowed, therefore, a horrible vow—he doomed the Regent to death with his own hand. For this purpose he watched his steps—he followed him from place to place. Having learned that Moray was about to pass through the little town of Linlithgow, on his way to Edinburgh, Hamilton made arrangements for carrying his deadly purpose into effect. There was a house in its principal and only street, which belonged to his uncle, the archbishop of St. Andrew's. Of this he obtained possession; and having provided himself with a war-horse of great strength and fleetness, which he placed ready saddled behind the house, he strongly barricaded the front door, and waited the approach of the Regent with a calm impatience.

The cavalcade of the Regent entered the street of Linlithgow, accompanied by a crowd of people. Mounted on horseback, he advanced slowly, returning the salutations which he received from the windows. Some stoppage took place in the procession; and suddenly a flash, accompanied by smoke, was seen to proceed from a window, and the Regent was seen to fall over his horse. It was the fatal effect of a shot fired by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh.

The noise was so great, that very few had heard the report of the shot, though most saw the flash and smoke. Some of the Regent's attendants assisted him—the wound was mortal, and he died during the ensuing night. Others of the attendants turned, and tried to batter in the door of the house from whence the shot had proceeded. Meantime, Hamilton, having first taken a glance from the window to see what effect he had produced, retreated to the rear of the house, mounted his fleet war-horse, and was flying across the fields,

His flight was discovered, and several well-mounted men galloped off in pursuit. For a time he left them far behind; but gradually they gained upon him, and his horse began to show symptoms of distress. Closer and closer they approached, and the sound of their voices, and the clatter of their horses' hoofs, rung upon his ear. Nearer still they came—their prey was within their grasp. Hamilton, finding his horse no longer able to keep in advance, directed its head towards a deep, boggy, and impassable piece of ground, through which a sluggish stream flowed. As he approached its edge he pulled out his dagger, and suddenly plunged it into the animal's neck. It leaped clear across the bog, and dropped down dead. Now he was safe—the worn-out horses of his pursuers could not leap the bog, nor was it possible to attempt it on foot. Hamilton contrived to conceal himself; and some time afterwards he escaped from Scotland to France.

The Earl of Moray was killed by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, on the 22d of January, 1570. Amongst the bulk of the Scottish people, he was long remembered as "the good Regent," partly as a result of his attachment to the Reformed faith, and partly from the good order which he maintained during his vigorous administration.

Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was in Paris in 1572, during the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew. His reputation as the murderer of Moray made it to be supposed that he would be a fit person to whom to propose the murder of old Admiral Coligny, the head of the Huguenots. But Hamilton indignantly spurned the proposal. "Coligny," he said, "was no enemy of his; and he was not a professional assassin." The reader may recollect that Coligny was wounded by a French assassin, about thirty hours before the general massacre commenced.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

Coleridge has remarked, that an intense study of the Bible will preserve any writer from being vulgar in point of style. This is profoundly true. Let any man, who has had the unspeakable advantage of being familiar with the Bible in his youth, and who still preserves something of early ingenuousness, look back to the influence which that familiarity has exercised over his mind. He may perceive its influence in the bent of his character; he may trace it breaking out in words and actions, modifying them, qualifying them, elevating them; and that in spite of surrounding and counteracting circumstances. If he is a writer, it will infuse into his style a kind of latent heat—a moral tone—an uprising purity of sentiment, of thought, of feeling, which, unless he has become deplorably deadened by worldly circumstances, or still more deplorably polluted by the prevalence of a worldly sensuality, will infallibly quicken his pen, and give a vitality to his productions. The very outward form and garb of his writings will be of a bold and manly cast—he will be "preserved from being vulgar in point of style." This is owing to that inward purity which resides in the Bible, and that outward characteristic of old English—rough, manly, clear old English—into which our standard translation has been made, and which has become so identified with the Bible itself, that it would appear almost a profanation to alter it.

Let us, for a moment, separate the Bible from its inseparable character of a revelation, and look upon it as a book—a great book—and our translation of it as a classic of the English language. What has it done for us? Merely as a standard work in our literature, it has done infinitely more for us than Chaucer, or Milton, or Shakspeare, or all the great names in our literature combined. We are far from presuming to undervalue what our immortal authors have written. The life-giving power of genius was bestowed upon them by the blessed God for great and noble objects; how they employed their power is another question. But, unquestionably, they were not gifted by accident with "the vision and the faculty divine," and then thrown upon the world to employ their faculty as they listed. No! they were given to mould the English language, and to work upon the English character; and yet all they have done in this way shrinks into little, when compared with the Bible. The Book of Job is a most marvellous "Paradise Lost," as well as a "Paradise Regained;" and it is probably the oldest book in the world. The Book of Psalms, or the prophecies of Isaiah, might kindle a poetic feeling in the dullest mind. The Book of Proverbs is the choicest, pithiest, most comprehensive "Lacon," that was ever written. Who has not yearned with Joseph over his brethren, and been taught by that delightful story the lesson of brotherly love, and forgiveness of injuries? Who has not felt the mild grandeur of Christ's Sermon on the Mount? or been moved, even unto tears, over those divine discourses that immediately preceded his death? The inspiration of sublimity, the touching tenderness of pathos, example speaking by right and wrong, the nobility of goodness, the baseness and the meanness of vice—all that stirs the soul of man, or fills his intellect, may be found in rich profusion in the Bible.

There was no translation of the entire Bible in Saxon times, though portions of the Scriptures in Saxon versions still exist in manuscript. Bede and other monks employed themselves in translating the Gospels, the Psalms, &c.; there is a manuscript in the British Museum, which contains the Psalms in Latin, with an interlinear Saxon version. This work was continued for centuries; and it is thought that by the thirteenth century a complete copy of the Bible might have been made, from copies of portions of it translated by different persons. Two individuals are said to have thus, during the reign of Edward III., put the entire Bible together, from copies of portions which they found translated; and it appears doubtful whether Wickliffe undertook the laborious task of translating the entire Bible himself, or made up his version by collecting and collating copies of these translated portions.

From Wickliffe's time began the great struggle between authority, resisting the introduction of the Bible into English, and the awakening intellect of the people demanding it. Authority triumphed for a time; and though printing was introduced about the year 1474, no English Bible or Testament was printed till 1526, and then at a foreign press. This was by Tyndal, who, before the last mentioned year, had completed an English version of the New Testament. His editions were bought up and burned in England; but this poor folly only supplied him with means to go on with printing other editions, with such corrections and improvements as were suggested to him. No perfect copy of Tyndal's New Testament is known, and the imperfect copies which exist are treasured as choice book curiosities.

Tyndal was personally acquainted with Luther, and Coverdale was a friend of Tyndal's. With Coverdale commences the history of the authorised complete English Bible. The recent celebration of the third centenary of the publication of Coverdale's Bible (on October 4, 1835), doubtless, makes his name familiar to all our readers. This Bible, finished in 1535, is supposed to have been printed at Zurich. It was dedicated to King Henry VIII. Cromwell ordered a copy of it to be placed in the choir of every parish church in England. It was translated out of Latin and Dutch, and is printed in a black letter in double columns, with woodcuts by Hans Sebald Beham. This first Protestant translation of the whole Bible is considered to be the joint production of Coverdale and Tyndal, and it is said that only two perfect copies exist: one in the British Museum, and the other in the library of Lord Jersey. It has a woodcut title, and is dedicated to Henry VIII. It is divided into five "bokes," which have separate titles formed of the woodcuts, which decorate the book. These, with the engraved initial letters, are executed with taste. This Bible has also the Apocrypha. It has parallel passages, and the contents prefixed to each chapter. At the end of the Testament is the following solitary erratum:—"A faute escaped in pryntynge the New Testament. Upon the fourth leafe, the first syde in the sixt chapter of S. Mathew, 'Seke ye first the kyngdome of heaven, *read*, 'Seke ye first the kyngdome of God,' &c." The following is an extract from the preface:—

MYLES COVERDALE'S PROLOGUE UNTO THE CHRISTEN READER.

"Consydorynge how excellent knowlege and lernynge an interpreter of Scripture ought to have in the tongues, and ponderyng also myn owne insufficiency therin, and how weake I am to performe yᵉ office of a translatoure, I was the more lothe to medle with this worke. Notwithstondynge whan I consydered how greate pytie it was that we shulde wante it so longe, and called to my remembraunce yᵉ aduersite of them whych were not onely of rype knowlege, but wolde also with all theyr hertes haue perfourmed yᵗ they beganne, yf they had not had impediment: considerynge (I say) that by reason of theyr aduersyte it could not so soone haue bene broughte to an ende, as oure most prosperous nacyon wolde fayne haue had it: these and other reasonable causes consydered, I was the more bolde to take it in hande. And to helpe me herin I haue had sondrye translacyons not onely in latyn, but also of the Douche interpreters; whom (because of theyr synguler gyftes and speciall diligence in the Bible) I haue ben the more glad to folowe for the most parte accordynge as I was requyred. But to saye the trueth before God, it was nether my

laboure nor desyre to haue this worke put in my hande; neuertheles it greued me yt other nacyōs shulde be more plenteously prouyded for with ye Scripture in theyr mother tongue then we: therfore whan I was instantly requyred though I coulde not do so well as I wolde I thought it yet my dewtye to do my best, and that with a good wyll."

Matthews' Bible, 1537, printed at Hamburg, or Paris, varies little from Coverdale's. The name Matthews was assumed. The editor was John Rogers, who was the first person burned for heresy in the reign of Queen Mary. It is in larger and bolder type than Coverdale's; contains a calendar, an almanack for eighteen years; at the bottom of which it says "¶ The year hath xii monethes, lii weekes and one daye, and it hath in all three hundred and lxv days and vi hours." It has a variety of prefatory matter, viz. "An Exhortation to the Study of the Scriptures;" the contents, dedication to Henry VIII., address to the reader, and a table of the principal matters in the Bible, alphabetically. The following is an extract from the commencement of Matthews' Preface:—

"As the bees dylygently do gather together swete flowers to make by naturall craft the swete honny: so haue I done the pryncypall sentences conteyned in the Byble. The whych are ordened after maner of a table for the consolacyon of those whych are not yet exercysed and instructed in the Holy Scripture. In the which are many harde places, as well of the Olde as of the Newe Testament, expounded, gathered together, concorded and compared one wyth another; to thintent that the prudent reader, (by the sprete of God) maye beare alwaye pure and cleare understandynge," &c. &c.

The Great Bible, or Cranmer's, was the first edition printed by express authority, and publicly set up in churches, 1539. It was printed under the direction of Coverdale, and patronage of Archbishop Cranmer, who wrote the preface. It contains some improvements of Matthews' translation. There were 2500 copies printed; and Dr. Combe notices as a remarkable fact, that two copies of this Bible are rarely found alike. The engraved title-pages are said to have been designed by Hans Holbein. It has cuts. The following is the commencement of Cranmer's preface:—

"For two sondrye sortes of people, it seemeth moche necessary yt somethynge be sayde in the entrye of thys booke, by the waye of preface of prologe, wherby herafter it maye be both ye better accepted of them which hitherto coulde not well beare it; and also the better vsed of them, which hertofore have mysused it. For truely, some there are that be too slowe, and nede the spurre, some other seme to quycke, and nede more of the brydell. Some loose theyr game by shorte shotynge, some by ouer shotynge," &c. &c.

Taverner's Bible is a small plain folio, without woodcuts, first printed in the same year, 1539. The *text* is not materially altered, *being formed* on Matthews' Bible. There were eleven editions of the Bible in Edward VI.'s reign, but they were all of the former Bibles.

The Geneva Bible, 1560, was undertaken by the English refugees at the time of the Reformation. The translators were, Bishop Coverdale, Anthony Gilley, William Whittingham, Thomas Sampson, and Thomas Cole; to whom some add John Knox, John Bodleigh, and John Pullein. This version was for many years the most popular in England, and was the favourite Bible of the English puritans, and Scotch presbyterians. It went through about fifty editions in thirty years. This is what is called the Breeches Bible, from the rendering of Gen. vii. 3. The Geneva Testament, printed in 1557, was the first which was divided into verses. The edition of 1578, in the British Museum, is a pretty book, and exhibits great variety of type. The preface, arguments, &c., are in a very neat roman, in which italic is also used. Being in black letter, the distinction of the italic in modern editions, is in this marked by roman character. It has a beautifully engraved title border, contains maps of the Holy Land, &c.; a variety of tables, printed in red and black, which, with the general execution of the work, and variety of material, would do credit to printers of more modern times. In this edition there are two versions of the Psalms; the Geneva in roman, and Cranmer's in black, opposite. It also contains the Book of Common Prayer.

Parker's, or the Bishops' Bible, edited by Archbishop Parker, and printed in 1568. It contains three copper-plate portraits, of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Leicester, and Secretary Cecil. At the commencement of the Epistle to the Hebrews is a woodcut, representing "Leda and the Swan," hence it is sometimes called the "*Leda* Bible." There is in this edition a double translation of the Psalms; one from what is called the Great Bible, the other an entirely new one.

King James's Bible. The present translation was begun under the patronage of James I. Fifty-four learned persons (47 of whom undertook the task) were selected. They were divided into six classes, to each of which a certain portion was allotted. Each of the class was to produce a translation of the *whole* allotted to the class, which were revised at a general meeting of the class; and then went through the other classes to obtain the sanction of the whole; two of the classes sat at Westminster, two at Oxford, and two at Cambridge. They were employed for three years (1607 to 1610). It was first printed in 1611. It is a handsome book with a well-executed copper-plate title, and contains many tables and maps. The genealogy of our Saviour, consisting of 34 pages, is a wonderful piece of workmanship. The Bible is printed in black letter, but with the arguments &c. in roman, and has marginal references.

The following are specimens of the style and orthography of six of the translations of which we have been speaking:—

1535.

1. Coverdale's.

But who geveth credence unto oure preachynge: Or to whō is the arme of the LORDE knowne? He shall growe before the LORDE like as a braūch, and as a rote in a drie grounde. He shal haue nether bewty ner fauoure.

The Lord is my shepherde, I can want nothynge. He fedeth me in a grene pasture, ād ledeth me to a fresh water.

1539.

2. Cranmer's (*the Great Bible*).

But who hath geuen credēce vnto the thynge we haue hearde? Or to whom is the arme of the Lorde known? For he dyd growe before the Lord lyke as a braunche, and as a rote in a drye groūde, he hath nether bewtye nor fauoure.

The Lord is my shepehearde, therefore cā I lack nothing. He shall fede me in a greene pasture, and leade me forthe besyde the waters of cōfort.

1539.

3. Taverner's.

But who geueth credence vnto oure preachynge? or to whome is the arme of the Lorde knowen? He shall growe before the Lord like as a braunch, and as a rote in a drye ground. He shall haue neyther bewtie nor fauoure.

The Lord is my shepehearde, I can want nothynge. He fedeth me in a greene pasture, and leadeth me to a fresh water.

1560.

4. Geneva Version.

Who wil beleeue our report? and to whome is the arme of the Lord reueiled? but he shall growe vp before him as a branche, and as a rote out of a drye grounde: he hath neither form nor beautie.

The Lord *is* my shepehearde, I shall not want. He maketh me to rest in greene pasture, *and* leadeth me by the still waters.

1568.

5. The Bishops' (*Parker's*).

But who hath geuen credence vnto our preaching? to whom is the arme of the Lorde knowen? For he dyd growe before the Lord like as a braunche, and as a roote in a drye grounde, he hath neither beautie nor fauour.

God is my shepheard, therefore I can lacke nothynge. He will cause me to repose my selfe in pasture full of grasse, and he wyll leade me vnto calme waters

1611.

6. King James's.

Who hath beleeued our report? and to whom is the arme of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comelinesse.

The Lord *is* my shepheard, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie downe in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

Scotch Bible. 19th March, 1542. An act was passed by the Regent Arran, making it lawful to read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, notwithstanding the protest of the Bishop of Glasgow, the Chancellor of Scotland; and through Sir Ralph Sadler,

the English ambassador, some Bibles were imported from England. Yet more than thirty years elapsed before any Bible was printed in Scotland, but in 1568 a "Psalm Buik," in the end whereof was found "ane lewd song, called, 'Welcome Fortunes,'" was printed, which gave great offence to the General Assembly, who ordered the printer to call them in. In 1576 appeared an edition of the Geneva translation, with a dedication to King James, in the Scotch language. In 1579, a Bible for the use of Scotland, by the Commissioners of the Kirk, was printed. And in 1610, Hart's Bible appeared, which contains numerous engravings throughout of scriptural countries, events, and things. The Scotch Bibles are more ambitious of sculptures than could have been expected in that country in such an age. The first edition of 1576 is handsomely printed in a sharp roman letter, printed in folio, by Thomas Bassandine.

The Douay Bible is the Catholic version, and was first printed —the New Testament at Rheims, in 1582, and the Old at Douay, in 1609-10.

The Welsh Bible was first printed in 1568, with a Latin dedication to Queen Elizabeth. The version of 1620, now in use, says Anthony à Wood, is one of the best translations extant, and much better than the English. In 1630, an edition in 8vo was printed at the expense of several citizens of London; and another in 1654, of which 5000 copies were printed. Again, in 1677, 8000 more. Various other editions in folio, 4to. and 8vo. from 1690—1779. In 1799, 10,000 copies were printed. In later years the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and the British and Foreign Bible Society, have circulated various editions.

Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," has an article, "The Pearl Bibles, and six thousand Errata," in which he has given some notable specimens of the blunders which were perpetrated in the printing of Bibles in earlier times. The great demand which existed for Bibles prompted unscrupulous persons to supply the demand without much regard to carefulness or accuracy. "The learned Usher," Mr. D'Israeli tells us, "one day hastening to preach at Paul's Cross, entered the shop of one of the stationers, as booksellers were then called, and inquiring for a Bible of the London edition, when he came to look for his text, to his astonishment and his horror, he discovered that the verse was omitted in the Bible! This gave the first occasion of complaint to the king, of the insufferable negligence and incapacity of the London press; and, says the MS. writer of this anecdote, first bred that great contest which followed, between the University of Cambridge and the London Stationers, about the right of printing Bibles."

Even during the reign of Charles I. and at the period of the Commonwealth, the manufacture of spurious Bibles was carried on to an alarming extent. English Bibles were fabricated in Holland for cheapness, without any regard to accuracy. Twelve thousand of these (12mo) Bibles, with notes, were seized by the king's printers as contrary to the statute. The London and Cambridge printers undersold each other, till the price of folio Bibles, which were ten shillings in quires, was reduced to five, considerably under cost price. A large impression of these Dutch-English Bibles were burnt, by order of the Assembly of Divines, for certain errors. The Pearl 24mo Bible, which was printed by Field in 1653, contains some scandalous blunders; for instance, Romans vi. 13. "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of *righteousness* unto sin"—for *unrighteousness*. 1 Cor. vi. 9, "Know ye not that the unrighteous *shall inherit* the kingdom of God?"—for *shall not inherit*.

We shall take up the subject of Bibles in a larger sense on a subsequent occasion; and conclude this article by informing the curious reader, that there is a MS. Bible, in the King's Library, in 2 vols. 4to. It was written for George the Third, by Alexander Weir, student of divinity, and is an extraordinary specimen of penmanship, beautifully small; has every dot and mark of the standard 4to edition; the marginal references, chapter heads, and every identical thing, even the italic words are distinguished. The book is beautifully neat and clean, and in capital preservation. The patience and labour thrown away on this production might have been worthy of high praise in monkish times; to do such a thing now is at best but an elaborate folly.

LOYALTY.

In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances which have a tendency to excite them, will seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favourable than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent suzerain against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin. From these feelings engendered by the feudal relation, has sprung up the peculiar sentiment of personal reverence and attachment towards a sovereign, which we denominate *loyalty*, alike distinguishable from the stupid devotion of Eastern slaves, and from the abstract respect with which free citizens regard their chief magistrate. Men who had been used to swear fealty, to profess subjection, to follow, at home and in the field, a feudal superior and his family, easily transferred the same allegiance to the monarch. It was a very powerful feeling which could make the bravest man put up with slights and ill treatment at the hands of his sovereign, or call forth all the energies of disinterested exertion, for one whom he never saw, and in whose character there was nothing to esteem. In ages when the rights of the community were unfelt, this sentiment was one great preservative of society; and though collateral, or even subservient to more enlarged principles, it is still indispensable to the tranquillity and permanence of every monarchy. In a moral view, loyalty has scarcely perhaps less tendency to refine and elevate the heart than patriotism itself, and holds a middle place in the scale of human motives, as they ascend from the grosser inducements of self-interest, to the furtherance of general happiness, and conformity to the purposes of infinite wisdom.—*Hallam's Middle Ages.*

TO THE WINDS.

Ye viewless minstrels of the sky!
I marvel not in times gone by
That ye were deified!
For even in this latter day,
To me oft has your power or play
Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power! when by your might
You heave the wild waves, crested white,
Like mountains in your wrath;
Ploughing between them valleys deep,
Which to the seaman, roused from sleep,
Yawn like Death's opening path.

Graceful you play!—when round the tower,
Where beauty culls Spring's loveliest flower,
To wreathe her dark locks there—
Your gentlest whispers, lightly breathed
The leaves between, flit round that wreath,
And stir her silken hair.

Still thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth:
Ye came we know not whence!
Ye go!—can mortal trace your flight?
All imperceptible to sight,
Though audible to sense.

The sun—his rise and set we know;
The sea—we mark its ebb and flow;
The moon—her wax and wane;
The stars—man knows their courses well,
The comet's vagrant path can tell,
But *you* his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things!
Who mock all our imaginings
Like spirits in a dream,
What epithet can words supply
Unto the bard, who takes such high
Unmanageable theme?

But one. To me, when fancy stirs
My thoughts, ye seem *Heaven's Messengers*,
Who leave no path untrod;
And when, as now, at midnight hour,
I hear your voice in all its power,
It seems the *Voice of God*.

Bernard Barton.

MUSICAL EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

ENGLAND has long been stigmatised as a non-musical nation, and, to a great extent, the stigma is deserved. Whether it is that a predilection for the useful and the solid has hitherto left no room for the cultivation and full enjoyment of the "softer arts" among the masses, emphatically denominated the people; or that they have been occupied for the last century with steam-engines, spinning-jennies, and rail-roads, to the exclusion of the relaxing, and what some may consider the enervating, influences of sweet sounds, we leave for speculating philosophers to decide. Certain it is, that in this country the science of music shrouds itself up in an aristocratic exclusiveness, and is confined to the concert-room, the theatre, or to the singing-club. Places of worship are scarcely to be added to the list; for the rude state in which too generally parochial psalmody still remains, can hardly be classed as music.

But it is only in the *cultivation* of music among the many, that the accusation of our being "deaf to the voice of the charmer" has full force; in their *love* for music Englishmen need not yield to the most musical communities. To all national or local rejoicings, bands are considered indispensable; street-players are encouraged to an extent that has made them so plentiful, that they are actually swelling into no inconsiderable integer of the British population; and few social meetings are thought tolerable without "a song." Among private families those who practise music with success, become at once celebrated among their particular friends; and it will always be found, that the "musical family" is always looked up to and sought after more than its neighbours. The credit of having a good voice frequently introduces persons into societies and connexions, from which, without that qualification, they would have been excluded; and so highly is an individual, thus gifted, prized for his powers of song, that should you inquire into his character, you are not immediately told that he is a well-conducted person, has a good temper, is an affectionate son, a kind brother, &c.; but you are eagerly informed that "he has *such* a charming voice!"

In truth, to say that Englishmen in particular have but little taste for music, would be attributing to them a degree of insensibility that does not belong to the character of savages. The most barbarous men have a love for, and take a delight in, sounds, which, though not sufficiently refined to please a European, are quite equal to their desires and taste. Nature herself is filled with music, which it requires not art to awaken; and, as all external objects are adapted to the organs of man, it would indeed be strange if the appeals of inanimate nature to the ear were made in vain. "The empire of music," eloquently remarks the present Gresham professor of music, "may with truth be said to be universal, and the pleasure which it is capable of diffusing seems to have overspread all created existence. If the song of the lark is its jocund and instinctive welcome to the new-born day, we are also taught that *the highest created intelligences circle their Maker's throne with songs of praise, and every intermediate link of that golden chain which descends from heaven to earth vibrates at its touch.* Music is the language of nature *, and is, for that reason, a beautiful, an expressive, a varied language. It echoes in the forests and the groves, it whispers in the breeze, it murmurs in the brook, it rushes in the torrent, and roars in the tempest. Its presence is everywhere—on earth, in sea—in the world that is, and in that which is to come. There is music in every accent of joy; there is music in every response of gratitude; there is music in the plaint of sorrow; and there is music in the voice of pity. We meet and own the power of this language in every walk of life,

> In every burst of sympathy,
> In every voice of love.

Suppose the world destitute of all these sweet and melting accents, these solemn and majestic voices, this daily appeal to the heart and the imagination; suppose this enchanting and endless variety all withdrawn, even for a short and single day, and in its stead dull monotony, and death-like silence. Ah, how would the most insensible heart and obtusest ear long and pray for its return, and own the beneficence of that power *which had made all nature vocal!*"*

But if music has been created in the external world for the delight of man, he is gifted with it in a much higher degree within himself. The pleasure he can, if he chooses, derive from keeping his ears open to, his heart susceptible of, the "tuneful voice" of nature, is to be immeasurably increased by employing the powers for its production, with which he is gifted above the rest of nature, animate or inanimate.

The most beautiful of all natural instruments for the production of sound is that which the Almighty has bestowed, in greater or less perfection, upon all mankind, namely, the human voice. Yet, the usual answer to the question, "Why do you not sing?" is, "I have no voice;" which the very means employed to make the reply disprove. It is a fact, which cannot be too impressively inculcated, that *every person with perfect organs has it in his power to give utterance to musical sounds.* It is a great and too general error to suppose, that unless an individual be gifted with a *superior* voice that he cannot sing at all. No one can tell how well he can sing till he tries. It is undeniable, that whoever can speak *can* sing, with greater or less success. The many tones of voice used to express different emotions, and even different sentences in ordinary conversation, are just as nicely discriminated as the various inflections of tone in a melody, though the range or compass of sound is not, during the former, so extensive.

Besides the objection of a bad or imperfect voice, persons with the organ of hearing in the best and most healthy condition for the ordinary purposes of life, frequently despair of enjoying music, because they may be so insensible to it that they can with difficulty distinguish one melody from another. But the functions of the ear are as readily to be improved as those of the voice. The constant habit of hearing good music will render the hearing so sensitive to ill-assorted sounds, as to receive the most painful sensations from the latter. Teachers of music constantly find, that beginners will endure and perpetrate the most heinous sins against harmony without the smallest consciousness or inconvenience; yet the same pupils, when they attain some proficiency, will not only readily detect any falsities of sound that they may hear, but will instinctively avoid them while performing themselves. It may also be generally remarked, that as families, in which music is much cultivated, increase, the young folks will, from constantly hearing it, acquire so complete a taste for the art, that they will not be long in feeling a desire to learn it. Thus it would be with adults. Were music so generally cultivated in the nation as to force it constantly upon them, we should seldom hear of persons having "no voice," or "no ear for music."

The difficulty of learning to *read* music is, we are inclined to think, very much overrated. There was a time when the bulk of the community looked upon plain reading and writing as if a knowledge of them demanded superior natural gifts to acquire; but now,

* "For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds shrouded in cheareful shade
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;
The angelical, soft, trembling voices made
To th' instruments, divine respondence meet:
The silver-sounding instruments did meet;
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall with difference discreet
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered all!"

The Faery Queene—Canto xii. Stanzas 70, 71.

Here too is music! Does not the beautiful play of words in the last four lines attune the most exquisite melody?

* "*Three inaugural lectures, delivered in the theatre of the City of London School,*" by Edward Taylor, Gresham Professor of Music. First lecture, pp. 13—15

happily, everybody is master of them. It may be set down as a general rule, that every English man and woman reads and writes: the exceptions—or those persons who can do neither—being looked upon with that kind of pity which unfortunates excite, who have some mental deficiency or bodily infirmity. We contend that the excuse for any person, who can read or write, that they have not sufficient natural capacity to study music with success, is quite inadmissible. It is evident that, with very few exceptions, they have capacity and feeling sufficient to enjoy its performance. Many expedients are resorted to by the labouring classes for agreeably spending their leisure time—for what is called "enjoying themselves." There are clubs for drinking beer and smoking tobacco, and debating societies for various purposes, with other contrivances for wasting money, and that which is far more valuable—time. But even smoking and drinking do not supply all the required enjoyment, which is seldom thought complete without "a song;" and any person who has learnt one by rote, and can give it utterance with a tolerable power of lungs, is sure of a hearty welcome. What an accession of happiness would there be if, instead of these, other clubs were formed, leaving out the beer and tobacco but retaining the song! Clubs, which may be removed from the alehouse to the happy fire-side, and held for the purpose of learning and studying music?

Although it is unquestionably a great defect in our system of education, that vocal music is not regularly taught in schools, yet the difficulties of acquiring it are not so great as to render it out of the reach of grown-up persons. The ease with which students may attain sufficient knowledge of music to produce harmony, by singing together in parts, is much greater than is generally thought. The gamut is easily learnt. That conquered, a little daily practice in singing the scales, slowly at first and gradually quicker, would, in a short time, prove to the student that his belief of his having little or "no voice" is groundless. Then comes the difficulty, thought to be so great, of producing harmony by singing in parts; this, too, a little application will master. When the scales have been well learned, let the singer exercise his voice in *distances*, thus:—begin, for instance, with the note C, which he must take from some instrument (a pitch-pipe is the most simple one); then rise to its third E, from E to the fifth of C, which is G, and then to the octave C again. Let him then get a friend to join him, and sing one of the above notes while he sounds another. Thus will the ear become accustomed to harmony, and prevent each singer from taking up the other's note. By degrees another voice might join, and then a fourth, till at last the person who once thought it was quite out of his power to sing at all, will find himself assisting in the production of the most delightful vocal combinations. The mere songs he has been in the habit of hearing performed at the public house will have become distasteful to him; he will, perhaps, discover that they have been sung with false taste, and wretchedly out of tune; his ear will hardly be satisfied with mere melody, if even it be well executed, but he will desire it to be accompanied and filled up with harmonies.

One principal advantage possessed by the system of education followed on the Continent over that pursued in England, is the making singing one branch of elementary knowledge. In Italy, and all over Germany, vocal music forms part of daily instruction, both in public and private schools.

"While loitering through the street of St. Goar," says Mrs. Trollope, in her 'Belgium and Western Germany,' "we were surprised at hearing our own beautiful national hymn pealing from a large building near it; for my part I could not resist the temptation to enter the open door, and discover who the parties were who showed so excellent a taste in choosing an air, let the words to which they applied it be what they might. This building, I found, was used as a school-house, and on each side the door had a large room, one for girls the other for boys. It was the male part of this youthful population whose shrill voices were pouring forth the notes so familiar to our ears; they sang the air in parts, and with wonderful correctness."

It is with pleasure, however, we observe the increasing desire for acquiring vocal instruction that is generally manifesting itself throughout Great Britain. In most of the manufacturing towns societies have been established for promoting it. At Glasgow, in particular, great progress has already been made. In London the "Sacred Harmonic Society" has succeeded beyond expectation; and although most of its members are respectable artisans, or persons engaged in trade, yet they have managed to find time and talent enough to execute the most elaborate oratorios, in a style which eminent musicians have pronounced to be decidedly *superior* to similar displays of the professional singers of London.

The old controversy has been recently agitated,—to what extent are oratorios fit and proper for serious-minded persons to engage in, or to patronise by their presence? The question appears to us to be wholly a relative one, each case to be judged of by the particular circumstances connected with it. In recommending, for instance, young men to join in such exhibitions, as a suitable relaxation after a day of toil, we are not supposing that they will do such violence to the *soul* of music, as to trifle and dawdle over the subject, till they have vulgarised both sound and sense. Let them enter into it in a right and earnest spirit; and if they do so, the performance will not differ, in principle, from that necessary practice of psalm or hymn singing which is essential, when a congregation wishes to perform *all* portions of divine service "decently and in order."

If the moral and national happiness of the people would be improved by the general cultivation of music, how much more would their spiritual welfare be enhanced? Singing, though a minor duty, is as much a part of the Christian religion as worship—we are enjoined to praise as well as pray. Though the object of psalmody is chiefly to glorify the Creator, it should also produce such an effect upon the mind as to fit it for impressions to be received from religious instruction, and to frame it for prayer; but the manner in which parochial psalmody is at present executed, certainly cannot effect these objects.

It is the custom in some parish churches, but more frequently in episcopal chapels, for the minister to print, for the use of his congregation, a selection of sacred lyrics. But it would materially forward the object we are advocating, if, besides the mere poetry of psalms and hymns, the music were published with the words in books for altos, trebles, tenors, and basses, and distributed amongst the congregation according to their voices. Even were such a plan adopted in the present general ignorance of music, it would not fail of having a good effect, for there are few respectable congregations among whom some knowledge of the science does not exist, and these would find the learning the harmonies to psalm tunes—the subject or trebles of which are already familiar to every church-goer—an easy task; the melody being, as usual, supported by the charity children.

Would not such an improved system of psalmody draw many persons to the house of God, on whom entreaties and example have been expended in vain? Has the reader never passed a church or a chapel, when he was in a listless, a desponding, or perhaps an irritated and evil mood, and felt the powerful influence of a multitude of concording voices? Let the following anecdote of the effect of church music upon savages (from Southey's "History of Brazil") answer the question:

"Nolrega (a Jesuit) had a school where he instructed the native children, the orphans from Portugal, and the *mestizos*, or mixed breed. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, were taught them; they were trained to assist at mass, and to *sing* the church service, and frequently led in procession through the town. This had a great effect, for the natives were passionately fond of music, so passionately, that Nolrega began to hope the fable of Orpheus was a type of his mission, and that by songs he was to convert the pagans of Brazil. The Jesuit usually took with him four or five of

these little choristers on his preaching expeditions; when they approached an inhabited place, one carried a crucifix before them and they began singing the Litany. The savages, like snakes, were won by the voice of the charmer; they received him joyfully, and when he departed, with the same ceremony the children followed the music. He set the catechism, creed, and ordinary prayers, to *sol fa; and the pleasure of learning to sing was such a temptation* that the little Tupis sometimes ran away from their parents to put themselves under the care of the Jesuit."

We have a word or two to say also on the subject of instrumental music. Although it is obvious that the human voice is not only the best, but the *cheapest* and most ready of all instruments, yet there are others which are not above the reach of the poorest artisan. An alarming and melancholy report has lately gained currency, that in some manufacturing districts in the North of England, workmen are laying by a certain sum out of their hard weekly earnings for the purpose of buying—what? coals for the winter—bread for their families—clothes for their children? no; but *rifles!* For what purpose, one may well tremble to ask. Now if these deluded men are so well off as to be able to afford even sixpence a week each, for a purpose that can never turn to any other account than destruction; if they are able, after providing themselves and their families with the necessaries of life, to spare ever so small a sum, let us ask them whether the amount so accrued would not be much better employed in providing them with a humanizing, cheering, and even profitable source of amusement. These "*targeteers*" will perhaps smile at our suggestion, but we do most earnestly appeal to their reason and their hearts, when we advise them to leave off purchasing instruments of the vilest discord, and recommend them to lay in a stock of fiddles, &c. With the latter they will acquire also a lasting stock of happiness, content, and prosperity. Instead of forming themselves into societies for shooting at targets, let them meet to learn and practise overtures, symphonies, quartettes, &c. We are certainly not such enthusiasts as to imagine that poverty, destitution, and vice, are to be charmed away by all the string or wind instruments in Britain. We are just as anxious as any of our readers can be, to see remedial measures—effectual remedial measures—adopted to relieve the misery of a large portion of our population, and to see them advance in a just estimate of their rights and duties as men, and as citizens. But all of this matter that is pertinent to our present subject is simply this:—if workmen can spare money to purchase *rifles*, for which, in our social state, they cannot possibly have a fitting use, surely they can spare as much for what may be made available in tranquillising their spirits, soothing their sorrows, and, by aiding in the humanizing of the mind, render it a generous recipient of that knowledge which is power.

We are quite sure that if, in large manufactories, *masters* were to encourage music among their people, they would find the interests of both much improved. The man who comes to his work after a drunken debauch can hardly do it equal justice with another who has been employing his time *more like*, in a manner more worthy of, a human being. At least one great firm is not insensible to such advantages.

"The Messrs. William, George, and Joseph Strutt, of Derby, men of great wealth and acquirements, employ nearly the whole of the population of Belper and the neighbourhood, where their works, as cotton-spinners and manufacturers, are situated, a country not long since wild and barbarous, now highly cultivated by the intelligence they diffuse around them. To give a higher taste to the work-people at Belper, Mr. John Strutt has formed a musical society, by selecting forty persons or more from his mills and workshops, making a band of instrumental performers and a choir of singers. These persons are regularly trained by masters, and taught to play and sing in the best manner. Whatever time is consumed in their studies is reckoned into their working hours. On the night of the general muster you may see five or six of the forge-men in their leather aprons, blasting their terrific notes upon opheicleides and trombones. Soon after the commencement of the music-school, it was found that the proficients were liable to be enticed away and to commence as teachers of music. To remedy this, the members of the orchestra are bound to remain at his works for seven years. Mr. Strutt has ingeniously contrived an orchestra, with desks and boxes containing the instruments, to fold and pack up, so that with the addition of a pair of wheels, the whole forms a carriage, &c.; and with an omnibus for the performers, he occasionally moves the *corps de musique* to Derby, or the surrounding villages, where their services are required for charitable occasions. The liberality with which this musical establishment is supported is as extraordinary as its novelty. As an incentive to excellence, when he visits town, he occasionally takes half-a-dozen of his cleverest people with him, who are treated to the opera and the concerts to hear the finest performers of the age *."

If the general study of music had no better effect than diverting the "greatest number" from less innocent employments, it would for no stronger reason be productive of much good; but, besides that, it humanises and soothes the mind, softens the manners, refines the taste, and raises the character. As an amusement, it promotes mirth "that after no repenting draws;" it is a most delightful ingredient in social enjoyment, and is a never-failing help to good fellowship, order, and civilisation.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EATING.

WHAT a glorious book has yet to be written on the "Philosophy of Eating!" It will contain moral and natural philosophy, history, biography, statistics, political economy, anecdote, notices of monsters, of men whose brains lay in their stomachs, and of others whose stomachs might be found in their brains! The writer will, of course, begin with the beginning of the world, and the creation of man. Defining man as "a cooking animal," he has the whole history of the race before him. He will inquire very minutely as to whether animal food was in use before the Deluge, linking this with an examination of the human teeth, and their carnivorous and herbivorous indications. Then he goes on to the Egyptians, and their exclusive system of eating, the feast which Joseph gave to his brethren, and the reason why there was a peculiar honour in sending his brother Benjamin five times more food than the rest. After which, he takes up the Mosaic polity—of clean and unclean creatures, and finds out, if he can, how much of those distinctions and prohibitions were based on a special regard to the bodily health of the Israelites, and how much was intended to have a social effect, in preserving them from contact and association with their idolatrous neighbours. For as eating is the bond of friendship and of faith, so a separation in the matter of clean and unclean food has a most marvellous prohibitory power over the social tendencies. From thence, our author has to pass to the large field of the influence of diet on national character; he must find out how much of the "Roast beef of Old England" has its origin in the fact of animal food being the cheapest of all food in Anglo-Saxon times; what has been and is likely to be, the moral and physical effects of the transition from salt meat and thin ale, to tea and sugar; what the potato has done, and what is the influence on population from the quantity and quality of food; the cooking arts, and dining hours of all nations; tell us about the famous Apicius that invented the Apician cakes, and his less famous namesake, who invented the pickling of oysters; tell us about that extraordinary notability, a Scotch Apicius, John Hay, Earl of Carlisle, who made a great fortune and spent it by and in the art of tickling the palates of his guests—not forgetting Napoleon's celebrated dinner-giving great chancellor, Cambacères, nor any famous patron of cooks and cooking; while the book is to be found wound up with a profound disquisition on dyspepsia and gout; gelatinous, fibrous, and farinaceous food, and a tabular statement of how many meals delicate men may take in a day.

If the "philosophy of eating" has yet to be written, the prac-

* "Music and Friends," by William Gardener, pp. 311—13.

tice of eating has yet to be much improved. Not that cookery is to be made a more tempting and provocative art than it is; not that we are to eat and drink any more than we do: but that the *science* of eating in all its branches has yet to receive far more attention from us, and to be extended and elevated. We were not merely made to eat, but to enjoy what we eat—to receive, what the lower animals cannot receive, moral satisfaction and social improvement from the very act of eating. This is defeated, when we attach too much importance to the dinner itself, or set too much value on mere dinner accomplishments, or, at some public entertainment, or on board, say, of a steam-boat, "take care of ourselves," without caring much for our neighbours. A truly social dinner is one where the whole party feel for all, and sympathise with all. While there should be that gracefulness of manner which gives a zest to every thing, no one who eats peas or fish with his knife should be made to feel as if he had committed a crime against morals. While all should be able to handle dinner apparatus with ease and propriety, no man who, from want of facility or mechanical dexterity, is unable to carve a goose without mangling it, should be made to feel as if he were a goose himself. A true gentleman never implies, by a single attitude, that he has been used to any other company better than that in which he is in at the time, unless something should occur requiring him to do so, in defence of his own feelings or character.

It is, however, something more than an offence against etiquette, when all the rules of etiquette are observed in setting and arranging a dinner, and all the rules of social propriety are violated by those who eat it. A man may have a coarse and vulgar nature, who yet exhibits the most scrupulous and graceful propriety of manners and language at dinner: but there is far less likelihood of a man having a mind capable of polish, who is brutish and gross in his conduct. It is not the soup or the fish coming first that makes a dinner "polite."

These remarks are made by way of introducing an American sketch, somewhat humorous, though rather broad and coarse. The likeness is avouched to be good, though it evidently runs into caricature. It is from the 'Knickerbocker,' a New York magazine.

A HOTEL DINNER.

FROM NOTES IN PENCIL, ON THE BACK OF A BILL OF FARE.

How startling is the sound of the dinner-gong! The tympanum suddenly recoils beneath the swell of the brazen instrument, and echoes the alarum to its fellow member of the lower house, of which Appetite is the speaker. In a large hotel the effect is magical. What a rush from all quarters of the house to the dining-room! Chambers, offices, and closets, are hastily deserted by their occupants, that the elements of an unspeakable hurly-burly may mingle at the *table-d'hôte*. Loungers in the street catch the sound with wonderful acuteness, and hasten homeward to the hotel. The boarder under the barber's hands frets at the practitioner's slowness, gets cut while uttering a violent oath, starts up, looking daggers, and wiping the soap hastily from his half-shaved chin, seizes his hat, and rushes to the place of feed.

In one dense crowd, they pour in at the door; pushing and squeezing, jostling and swearing, as if life itself depended upon the celerity of their entrance. Dignity is nothing, decency is nothing. A choice seat at the table is everything.

The twenty or thirty individuals who are already seated at the head of the board, and in the immediate vicinity of the choicest eatables, are "old heads;" they have "cut their eye teeth;" they are "up to snuff;" or, to cut the classics, and descend to homely English, they know how to dine in an American hotel; an accomplishment by no means to be lightly regarded. Every day, about half an hour before the dinner hour, they station themselves near the door of the dining-room, and, with a patience worthy of Job, await its opening. Barely does John the waiter have time to sound the gong, the notes of which I have said are so magical, before they dart by him, and the last vibration of the brazen monitor finds the men of brass seated at the table. Some unsophisticated persons may think this a contemptible subserviency to the appetite; if so, they do the worthies much injustice. Their motives are of a high order; an honour to themselves, and a great light to the world. Example is everything. Punctuality is a jewel. WASHINGTON said so, and he was a man of veracity. The hour to dine, as specified in the rules and regulations, posted up in the "office," was three. Not one minute before or after three, but three precisely. Some inconsiderate man may think that a minute or two out of the way could make no material difference. Don't trust such a one with the conveyance of your wife and five small children to a steam-boat pier! Ten chances to one he misses the boat. "Time is money," and two minutes lost daily is seven hundred and forty minutes per annum. At this rate, supposing a man to live seventy years—a fair computation when we consider the caoutchouc case of Joyce Heth—thirty-five days eleven hours and four-sixtieths, are wasted in lifetime, by being two minutes behindhand at dinner! Shades of Washington, Franklin, and Dr. Alcott!—what a dissipation of money! It was of this that the men at the door ruminated. They wished, like Washington, to set a good example, in being punctual. If, in virtuously striving to excel in such a cause, they tread on each other's corns, and tumble over each other's heels, making themselves appear excessively ridiculous, it is our business not to laugh at, but to condole with them, as martyrs who suffer for our sake. Many a gouty toe has been ground into torture, in its owner's generous emulation to be first and most punctual at the dinner-table. What disinterested martyrdom!

The crowd have squeezed themselves into the room. Such a scrambling and jostling for seats! Spare the crockery. The din—from din comes dinner—redoubles. Such an outcry! Babel is music to it. "Waiter!" "Waiter!" "John!" "Waiter!" "Thomas!" "Thomas!" "Waiter!" "John!" "Thomas!" "Soup!" "Soup!" "Soup!"—were iterated in all octaves, from contralto to soprano. I was a "looker-on in Vienna," when the scenes which follow occurred, and "I speak the things which I do know."

"Give us a stout, hearty plate of soup, William!" said a short crimson-faced man, with an abdominal periphery like a semi-globe. As he gave this order for a second plate of soup, he shoved into the waiter's hand, open to receive the plate of a gentleman who had as yet secured nothing, his own dish, and bade him make haste. Ignorant of "dinner etiquette," as Fanny Kemble styles it, a dozen of those around us had at once commenced on the solids; which of course made the rest work like beavers to finish their soup; and some of those at the end of the table, who having but just received the initial liquid, were still sipping after their luckier friends at the favoured end of the table had concluded, were admonished of the necessity of making haste, by the removal of their plates by the impatient waiters. Waiters are systematic. People should be more simultaneous in eating soup. A polite man swallows his, scalding hot, that he may keep pace with his more fortunate neighbour.

"Here! here! you rascal, bring my soup!" bawled out a man with a thin vinegar aspect. His plate had suffered abduction. The waiter feigned not to hear. The wrinkles on the pungent face visibly sharpened. That look would have soured an entire dairy. In a voice thin and sharp as his features, he exclaimed, "Here! here! you unmannerly Irish scape-goat! (Ah! you hear at last, do you?) bring back my soup instantly!"

"It's ag'in' the rules, Sir-r; I can't do it, Sir-r! But here's a beautiful arrangement!" replied the Irishman, passing a bill of fare.

"I want my soup, you Irish blackguard!"

"Can't do it, Sir-r; the rules must be observed. Can't give you any more soup, Sir-r; the *mates* is on, Sir-r; them must be ate nixt; them's the rule, Sir-r;" and the waiter ran to answer a call farther up the table.

The discontented man swore as terribly as if he had formed one of the celebrated army in Flanders. "Pretty hotel this! Excellent regulations! Polite servants! *Must* eat meat, must I? I'll see 'em hanged first. Here you Chowder-head, bring back my ———"

"Green peas, gen'lemen—green peas," squeaked a bean-pole waiter, with a nose like a sausage, and little twinkling eyes. A dozen hands grabbed convulsively at the dish. Green peas were a great rarity; a fact sufficiently evinced by the complacent air of the servant, as he announced them. A dish of gravy and a bottle of catsup were upset in the scuffle, much to the annoyance of the sour man, in whose lap a greater part of the first sought a dépôt. "You have got your soup, I find, sir!" said a wag opposite, at which everybody laughed; and one individual at an untimely

moment when his mouth was full of Scotch ale, whereby a great gurgling and spluttering ensued, ending by a general spit upon the 'fixins' of all who were near him; a most impartial division, for all received a portion. As soon as he could make himself heard above the discord, the person to whom the wag's remark had been addressed answered, with much asperity, "That's *Irish* wit, I s'pose; I hate Irish!"

"Peas, waiter!" "Waiter, peas!" "Peas! peas! peas!" exclaimed a hundred voices in a breath. Reasonable souls! they looked to be all helped at once!

"Pass those peas?" said a score of impatient voices to the gentleman with the crimson face, who in the scuffle had succeeded in securing the dish to himself.

"Ha, ha!" he spluttered, complacently, with his mouth half full of salmon, "I haven't eat any of these 'ere for a long while!"

"They *look* very fine!" said the next but one adjoining, in a manner that implied a strong desire to ascertain whether they did not *taste* respectably.

"Very, *very!*" replied the fat man, as he scooped nine-tenths of all there were in the dish on to his own plate. Sundry eyes glanced pitch-forks at him. They were evidently astonished. They should not have been. The gentleman came from a western pork-growing district. He fatted his own swine. "I'm special fond of peas!" said he, half in enthusiasm at his own appetite, and half as a sort of an apology.

"Split me if I didn't think *so*," exclaimed the wag.

"Well, it's nothing strange!" snapped out Vinegar, taking the part of the obese, and chuckling at the discomfiture of the others.

"*Some* people *will eat* until, being unable to help themselves, we shall be compelled to lift them out of their seat!" exclaimed one of the disappointed, giving the fat man a look that was not to be misconstrued.

I looked about me for some peas, but saw none. As I was scrutinizing, my eyes encountered the rueful and bewildered face of a modest young man, with an empty plate. In all probability he had never dined before in a hotel; at least the diffident manner with which he received the inattention paid to his modest requests, seemed to say as much. A constant fear, too, lest he should not behave quite like the rest, (!!) appeared to haunt him; and the longer he was neglected, the more he appeared embarrassed. Poor fellow! he had not yet received a mouthful to eat. What a bore is modesty! Brass is, emphatically, an accomplishment. The young man looked very ridiculous for the lack of it; and I pitied him.

"Waiter!" said I, winking peculiarly to an Adonis with squint eyes, and a mouth like a cod-fish. He sprang to my side. The wink had touched his feelings. I knew it would. A waiter's heart is open to a wink, when words are useless.

"Get me some peas and fresh salmon, on a clean plate."

The fellow's eyes concentrated into the deepest squint, as he looked inquiringly, first into my face, and then at the space between my thumb and forefinger. Apparently not seeing there what he had expected, his sprightly, helpful manner died away very suddenly, and his answer, as he stared mechanically up the table, was unqualifiedly brief.

"Guess there arn't any here—don't see any."

I pointed to my thumb and fore-finger. A quarter-dollar filled the space so lately vacant.

"Do you see any now?"

The mouth opened wide and assumed an amiable grin, and the eyes an extra squint, and for half a minute glanced scrutinizingly around the table.

"I think I does," said he. His sight was completely restored.

"I thought you would," said I, dropping the coin into his horny palm. What wonders 'the root of all evil' can accomplish! It makes the best vegetable pills in the world, and may be used with equally astonishing success in all climates.

The disinterested servant brought me the peas and salmon with great alacrity, and looked as if he would like to have the silver dose repeated, but I had no further use for him, and stared coldly upon his enthusiasm. He was a philosopher, and a deeply-read student of human nature. He understood that cold look as readily as he had done the wink, and, to adopt a western phrase, quickly "obsquatulated." Helping myself to a portion of the viands which I had been so fortunate as to obtain, I passed the remainder to my modest neighbour. He appeared very grateful, but was too much embarrassed to thank me. Having helped himself to salmon, he was proceeding (leisurely, lest he should seem indecorous) to take some peas, when the dish was unceremoniously seized, and carried to the obese, who had bribed the waiter with a shilling to execute the manœuvre. Whereupon my modest friend looked very blank, and Vinegar took occasion to dilate sarcastically upon the expense of feeding pigs in the west; in which the fat man, unsophisticated, and seeing no allusion, coincided with fervour. He had swine to sell, and crying up the expense of fattening them would tend to increase their value in the market. And here ensued a confab between the wag and the obese, in which the latter was made the unwitting butt of a thousand and one small shafts, touching his professional and personal affinities.

"Clear the tables!" sang out the authoritative voice of one decked in a short white apron, who brandished in a masterly manner a huge carving-knife and fork. This was no less a personage than the head waiter or "butler," as he directed his fellow-servants to call him. He knew the responsibility of his situation, and filled it with great dignity. His own talents had raised him, step by step, from the comparatively low office of a knife-scourer and cook's errand boy, to the high stand which, knife in hand, he now occupied. His history is an excellent illustration of the old maxim, that "talent, like water, will find its level." I could dwell upon the hopes and aspirations of the lowly knife-scourer—his surcharged bosom overflowing in the lonely watches of the night, as he plied his rag and "rotten-stone;" his longings for the berth of porter; the attainment of his wish; his enthusiasm upon his first debut with Day and Martin; his still craving ambition; in short, his whole rise and progress and final attainment to that pinnacle of usefulness, the situation of head waiter.

My modest neighbour, supposing that the last-named order was intended as an insinuation that the guests had eaten enough, arose and walked off. Upon reaching the door, and turning round, he seemed to perceive his mistake, and that the order was but for a clearance of the meats, to make room for the pastry; but, ashamed to expose his ignorance of "etiquette," by returning to the table, he left the room, hoping, I doubt not, from the bottom of his soul, that those he had left behind him would ascribe his withdrawal to surfeit rather than ignorance. He probably adjourned to a neighbouring eating-house, to appease his tantalized appetite.

"What pudding is this, waiter?" said a gentleman opposite.

"It's a *pud*-ding, Sir-r," was the satisfactory reply.

"We know it's a pudding, but what *kind* of a pudding is it? Find out *what* pudding it is."

"That's aisily done," said he, as with the utmost *sang-froid* he perforated the crust of the doubtful dish with his dirty thumb. "Sure, gentlemen, it's a rice!"

"You ignorant ape! don't you know better than that? You ought to be lynched!"

"He would if he was in our parts," said the fat gentleman, swallowing a glass of Champagne, which he had taken, uninvited, from my bottle.

"Look here, Cabbage-head!" said Vinegar, twigging the offender's ear; "bring me my soup!"

I left the table. It was my last hotel dinner.

AMELIORATION OF THE CRIMINAL LAW.

ONE practical result of our reading should be, that it has a tendency to make us call to those who sit upon their watch-towers, "Watchmen, what of the night?" and to make us glad, if they have seen, in the events of the past, or in the promise of the future, anything to enable them to return the cheerful cry: "The morning cometh!" We believe that the morning cometh: and it will be the most pleasant of our duties to record, from time to time, the circumstances on which that impression is founded.

On the present occasion, when desirous of finding evidence, in the circumstances of the year gone by, that a day-spring from on high was visiting our minds and hearts, scarcely any one thing more forcibly struck our attention than the fact that the year 1838 had the fine distinction of being, in the metropolis, *an unbloody year*. It is true that blood has flowed from the accidents of life and the carelessness of men; it is true that more than one man has laid his impious hand upon the sacred life of his brother; it is even true that there are parts of England where the hand of Justice has exacted the life of the guilty:—All this is true; and to these things we do not refer. We confine our remarks to the districts which collectively form this immense metropolis: and we call attention to the fact,

that the tribunals of LONDON have not been, in the past year, stained with blood. Fifty years ago—nay twenty—nay ten—if a man had been told that some future year might come, in which London—abounding in iniquity, and full of all the incentives and opportunities of sin—should not witness a capital punishment, that man would have wondered how the prophet had managed to escape from Bethlem or St. Luke's.—But this great thing has happened in our days, and shall we not be glad? Yea, we are glad, we do rejoice, that we have lived to see this grand and beautiful indication, that at last the human *heart* is getting civilised.

We must take care not to be misunderstood. The circumstance that, in the past year, the metropolis of England had not been degraded by even one of those horrid exhibitions which harden the wicked, and make good men hang their heads, would itself have been of small importance. It might have resulted from some happy combination of fortuitous circumstances: but there is something more in it, and something better, than this. It is a marked result of anterior causes—of causes which must continue to operate in producing effects still more remarkable than these. Perhaps most of our readers will imagine they have found these causes in the mitigation of the criminal code—once the severest and most stained with blood of any upon earth. But it is not so. A little reflection will show that the mitigation was itself but a slow and reluctant concession to the resistless operation of an anterior cause—the advancing civilisation of the human heart: which, we fully believe has, of late years, been far more than commensurate with our very great progress in more outward civilisation.

While the law sought to drown crime in rivers of blood, learned and wise men sat down at their desks to tell us why these things were so, and why it was needful they should be so, and how it was impossible that they should be otherwise: good and mild men saw in these things the perfection of wisdom! Thus Paley, after adverting to the milder principles of other criminal codes, proceeds:—"The law of England is constructed upon a different and better policy. By the number of statutes enacting capital offences, it sweeps into the net every crime which, under any possible circumstance, may merit the punishment of death; but when the execution of the sentence comes to be deliberated upon, a small proportion of each class are singled out—the general character, or the peculiar aggravations of whose crimes render them fit examples of public justice. By this expedient, few actually suffer death, while the dread and danger of it hang over the crimes of many. The tenderness of the law cannot be taken advantage of. The life of the subject is spared, as far as the necessity of restraint and intimidation permit; yet no one will adventure upon the commission of any enormous crime, from a knowledge that the laws have not provided for its punishment. The wisdom and humanity of this design furnish a just excuse for the multiplicity of capital offences, which the laws of England are accused of enacting beyond those of other countries. The charge of cruelty is answered by observing, that these laws were never meant to be carried into indiscriminate execution; that the legislature, when it establishes its last and highest sanctions, trusts to the benignity of the crown to relax their severity, as often as circumstances appear to palliate the offence, or even as often as those circumstances of aggravation are wanting which rendered the rigorous interposition necessary. Upon this plan, it is enough to vindicate the lenity of the laws, that *some* instances are to be found in each class of capital crimes which require the restraint of capital punishment, and that this restraint could not be applied without subjecting the whole class to the same condemnation." All this was sound doctrine fifty years ago; yet there are, we apprehend, few who read it now without perceiving in it much that is atrocious, much that is futile, and much that is repugnant to moral principle. In fact, the reader in our day is shocked with that, with which, fifty years since, most judgments were satisfied; and we claim this differing perception as a collateral evidence that the heart has become more civilised.

It would be easy to answer this passage which we have extracted from Paley. But it needs no answer now. One of his strong points, indeed, he proceeds, unconsciously, to answer himself. For, whereas, in the above passage, he alleges that there was *no intention* that these severe laws should be executed, he subsequently states, that the *certainty* of punishment was necessary to the prevention of crime. That a milder penalty, more certainly enforced, is likely to be more operative, than one too severe to be always inflicted, is precisely the contrary doctrine to that which Paley states: but this is the modern and true doctrine; and from it some happy results have already been obtained.

Paley, it will be observed, alleges that the number of capital punishments actually inflicted were but "few." Few! How many? Ten? Twenty?—We should think *these* large numbers now. But the words "few" and "many" had, in Paley's time, and a good while after, a very different meaning. And since Paley lays so much stress on the prerogative of mercy, vested in the crown, it may be well to state that George III. *was* in the habit of paying very minute attention to the Recorder's reports; but as his policy varied at different parts of his reign, so did the numbers of executions. Sometimes it went on at the rate of from 150 to 200 a-year, and sometimes from twelve to twenty. It will be seen from the subjoined note*, that the average number of executions yearly, in London alone, during the fifty years ending 1820, fell little short of thirty: but an average of nearly double this amount might be obtained in a shorter period; thus, the number of metropolitan executions in the ten years, 1780—1789, was not less than 534, being a yearly average for these years of 53$\frac{4}{10}$. In one of these years the number was as high as 97, and in another not below 92. Indeed we have seen, in the records of so recent a year as 1820, notices of the executions of no less than *fourteen* persons at the Old Bailey within *one week*, not one of which was for any crime which would *now* be capitally punished. Of these six were executed on one day (Nov. 6th), and eight on one other day (Nov. 11.) Contrast this with the fact that in the year of grace 1838, there has not been one capital execution at the Old Bailey; that the office of the hangman has become a sinecure, and almost ceased to be an office; that all the functionaries of death are losing the practice which experience gives; and that the *gibbet* has nearly ceased to be the sign and by-word of our civilisation. Verily the morning breaketh; and it is not the least of our joys to know that the children of the coming day will have tribunals unstained with blood, and that *they* will not allow even the law to play these horridly fantastic tricks before high heaven, which made their fathers of yester-night close their eyes in disgust, or grind their teeth with anguish.

The change which has taken place in the doctrine and practice of our criminal law, is certainly very rapid. But it is to be remembered that such changes belong to government, and governments seldom think of any change in an established practice, until public opinion assumes a loud voice. To such men as Basil Montague, Romilly, and Mackintosh, is due the praise of having, in this respect, taught public opinion to speak, and to speak in a voice that *would* be heard. And it was heard. We are careful to explain this, that public opinion may not be thought to have always given its sanction to the enormities of the law; but that, as in other matters, it was a step in advance of its practical condition. This remark the chronicler of 1820 appends to the notice of the executions (fourteen in one week) which he records:—"These successive executions created through the metropolis the most lively sentiments of horror. The cruelty of our sanguinary laws begins now to be universally felt, an amelioration of their spirit and practice being due to the improved intelligence of the age. The feeling excited was the more pungent, because no circumstance of peculiar atrocity had distinguished the conduct of the criminals. Transportation to Botany Bay would have been the appropriate and satisfactory punishment."

In fact, it was found in the very same year, by a Select Commitee of the House of Commons, that while executions had increased to an extent which was most appalling, the gradual civilisation of the English heart had been indicated by a remarkable decrease of murderous crimes. Its report informs us that "If the increase of the population during a prosperous period of one hundred and thirty years, be taken into the account, and if we bear in mind that, within that time a considerable city has grown up on the southern bank of the Thames, we shall be disposed to consider it no exaggeration to assume, that in the home district (not one the most favourably situated in this respect) murder has abated in the remarkable proportion of three, if not four, to one."

* Number of Convicts sentenced to death, and the number executed, in the years 1812—1817:

Years . .	1812.	1813.	1814.	1815.	1816.	1817.
Sentenced,	532	713	558	553	890	1302
Executed,	82	120	70	57	95	115

The numbers executed in the three following years were 97 in 1818, 108 in 1819, 107 in 1820, being 951 in nine years. Of the 649 in the seven last of these years, 167 were executed in the metropolis; namely, 21 in 1814, 11 in 1815, 20 in 1816, 16 in 1817, 21 in 1818, 23 in 1819, 46 in 1820. The total number of persons executed in London during the fifty years ending with 1820, was 1371, giving a yearly average of between 27 and 28.

The detailed accounts which this (Sir James Mackintosh's) Committee supply, particularly indicate the gradual progress of the abatement.

If things were so, how came it to pass that in these, still recent days, the law continued to pour out the sacred life of man like water spilt upon the ground? The answer is found in the number and character of the secondary offences which the law of England swept into its most deadly net. The breadth of that net is indicated by the description of the felonies which were then held to be capital, but to which the Committee recommended that the punishment of death should be no longer attached. The public mind is already so far advanced as to be astonished that the punishment of death ever was attached to such offences; and perhaps our present language has not words to express the indignation and grief with which a coming generation shall read such a passage as this, (extracted from the Report in question) in the book of some unborn collector of the curiosities of criminal jurisprudence.

"The statutes creating capital offences, which the Committee have considered, are reducible to two classes; the first relate to acts either *so nearly indifferent as to require no penalty*, or, if injurious, not of such a magnitude as that they may not safely be left punishable *as misdemeanours* at common law. Of these the Committee propose the repeal; they are as follows.

"1 and 2 Phil. and Mary, c. 4., Egyptians [gipsies] remaining within the kingdom one month.—18 Charles II., c. 3. Notorious thieves in Cumberland and Northumberland.—9 Geo. I., c. 22. Being armed and disguised in any forest, park, &c.—9 Geo. I. c. 22. Being armed in any warren.—9 Geo. I. c. 22. Being armed in any high road, open heath, common, or down.—9 Geo. I. c. 22. Unlawfully hunting, killing, or stealing deer.—9 Geo. I. c. 22. Robbing warrens, &c.—9 Geo. I. c. 22. Stealing or taking any fish out of any river, pond, &c.—9 Geo. I. c. 22. Hunting in his Majesty's forests or chases.—9 Geo. I. c. 22. Breaking down the head or mound of a fish-pond.—9 Geo. I. c. 28. Being disguised within the Mint.—12 Geo. II. c. 29. Injuring of Westminster-bridge, and other bridges by other Acts.

"The second class consists of those offences, which, though in the opinion of the Committee never fit to be punished with death, are yet so malignant and dangerous as to require the highest punishments, except death, which are known in our laws. These the Committee would make punishable, either by transportation, or imprisonment with hard labour, allowing considerable scope to the discretion of the judges respecting the term for which either punishment is to endure.

"31 Eliz. c. 9. Taking away any maid, widow, or wife, &c.—21 Jas. I. c. 26. Acknowledging, or procuring any fine, recovery, &c.—4 Geo. I., c. 2, s. 4. Helping to the recovery of stolen goods.—9 Geo. I., c. 22. Maliciously killing or wounding cattle.—9 Geo. I., c. 22. Cutting down or destroying trees growing, &c.—5 Geo. II., c. 30. Bankrupts not surrendering, &c.—5 Geo. II., c. 30. Bankrupts concealing or embezzling their goods.—6 Geo. II., c. 37. Cutting down the bank of any river.—8 Geo. II., c. 20. Destroying any lock, fence, sluice, &c.—26 Geo. II., c. 23. Making a false entry in a marriage-register, &c., five felonies.—27 Geo. II., c. 15. Sending threatening letters.—27 Geo. II., c. 19. Destroying bank, &c. Bedford level.—3 Geo. III., c. 16. Personating out-pensioners of Greenwich Hospital.—22 Geo. III., c. 40. Maliciously cutting serges.—24 Geo. III., c. 47. Harbouring offenders against that (revenue) act, when returned from transportation."

Of the three other capital felonies—of privately stealing in a shop, to the amount of five shillings—of privately stealing in a dwelling-house, to the amount of forty shillings—and of privately stealing from a vessel in a navigable river, to the amount of forty shillings—the House of Commons had already declared its opinion by passing bills for reducing the punishment from death to transportation or imprisonment; and these bills the committee proposed to revive.

The committee of this year thought their recommendations very bold; and the House of Commons thought them too bold; for the Bill brought in by Sir James Mackintosh, embodying the above recommendations of the Committee, though allowed to be read three times, was rejected on the motion "That this bill do now pass," by a majority of 120 to 114. Yet this measure, which the Legislature deemed so bold and dangerous, did but propose to cut off the outer fringes of Paley's "net," and still left it with a breadth more ample than public opinion could much longer tolerate. Forgery, house-breaking, robbery, sacrilege, letter-stealing, sheep-stealing, horse-stealing, and other offences, were still liable to the punishment of death. But all these blood-exacting laws have within these few years been virtually (and nearly all of them legally) repealed by the force of public opinion. The law scarcely now dares to sacrifice life except for life, blood except for blood.

This humane, blood-loathing tendency of public opinion, is one among many indications of the advancing civilisation of the public heart; which, by virtue of this civilisation, begins to love peace, to hate war and its rumours, to abhor murder, and dislikes to see even guilty blood poured out for unbloody crime. For these things we are very glad. We thank God for the past, and take courage for the future.

We have merely broken gound on this most interesting subject, and shall return to it again and again.

CHARACTERISTICS OF MEASLES.

About this season of the year, maternal care ought to be directed towards an expected attack of measles amongst those children who have not already had that disease. We therefore call the attention of the young and inexperienced mother to a few observations respecting this disorder, and to the usual symptoms which mark its first and subsequent stages. It is one of those maladies incident to the human frame, which, generally speaking, only attacks once during life, and is usually understood to be contagious; that is, capable of being communicated from the individual labouring under its influence to another who has never had it, by means of their approaching each other, going into a house where it either prevails or has recently prevailed, or by the clothes worn by the infected individual being brought near the unprotected person. The period between the contagion being imbibed into the system, and the appearance of the fever which always attends measles, is difficult to determine, but it may be stated to be from eight to fourteen days. And there is reason to believe, that it becomes infectious before the eruption shows itself: for, otherwise, it would be difficult to account for the many instances in which children have taken the disease, without ever having been immediately exposed to the contagion where it is known to exist. But the susceptibility of receiving the infection varies with different individuals. About eighteen months since, in a family consisting of four children, the following case occurred. The eldest had measles very severely; the others slept in the same room throughout the progress of the disorder; no precaution was taken to prevent their having it, and yet to this period they have all escaped.

Before proceeding to trace the symptoms and progress of this disease, we would wish forcibly to engrave on the minds of parents, that it is of a decidedly inflammatory nature, affecting the skin, the lining membrane of the bowels, and also the same membrane of the tubes or passages which convey the air to the lungs; therefore, great care should be observed to keep the patient in an equal and agreeable temperature, and to avoid that too frequent occurrence, the practice of giving strong and irritating doses of purgative medicine.

Individuals may be subject to an attack of measles at all periods of life, but infancy and age are more exempt than childhood and adolescence. It generally prevails in the beginning of spring, and dies away towards the end of summer, so that it is seldom known during the autumn; but frequent cases present themselves in the winter months. Towards the latter end of November it reappears in an isolated form, infecting probably a few children; as the spring advances its virulence increases, and occasionally it becomes an epidemic, attacking almost all who have not had the complaint.

The symptoms which usually indicate measles are, listlessness, irritability, restlessness, a loathing of food, to which soon succeed sneezing, coughing, running at the nose, eyes heavy and watery, and unable to bear a strong light; the child rubs its eyes and nose, and experiences a general itching. If closely observed, it will exhibit frequent chills, and a contraction of the features. The skin is hot and dry, with a quick-beating pulse. These symptoms continue for three or four days, and may induce the parent to suppose that the child has taken cold; but it becomes gradually less inclined to exertion, is very unwilling to leave its bed, and in every respect appears to get worse. About the fourth day the rash makes its appearance on the forehead, face, and chin, in the form of small, red, and elevated spots, and these spots may continue, in cold weather, for two or three days, without further eruption, as we have witnessed lately in several cases, but generally speaking, the spots soon coalesce, or run together, forming patches of an irregular figure, but of a distinct red colour, occasionally

vivid though frequently dull and slightly elevated, the intervening portion of the skin retains its natural appearance at this period. There is frequent hoarseness, with dryness and soreness of the throat. On the fifth day the rash has extended to the body, and is very vivid on the face, the eyelids swelled, and often so much so that the child cannot separate them, and is consequently for a time deprived of sight: the face appears enlarged, and the fever continues unabated. On the sixth and seventh days the legs and arms are covered whilst it is declining on the body, and by the tenth day the eruption has partially or totally disappeared, leaving the skin rough and scaly, and the patient usually with a cough and much debility. But the disease frequently runs a more violent course, and at certain periods has too often blighted the hopes of many a fond parent.

Such are the ordinary symptoms and progress of measles; but it is not our intention to follow it through all its varieties. We would however wish, before concluding, to impress on the minds of the inexperienced mother the necessity of carefully noticing this disease through all its stages, and more particularly at the decline of the eruption, when inflammation of the brain, lungs, or bowels, may very suddenly take place, and render the most prompt and active treatment necessary for the preservation of life. In some cases it will happen that the rash, which is vivid and freely out, suddenly disappears, which change is generally caused by violent and dangerous inflammatory action of some important internal part, and it too often happens, when the eruption thus suddenly disappears, that nurses and others who assume a knowledge to which they have no just pretensions, will recommend and give stimulating drinks, such as gin and water, hot wine, or other spirituous compounds. But we earnestly caution mothers against yielding to such advice, and on no account to give stimulants without the consent of the medical attendant, as the smallest quantity given may cause irreparable injury, whilst the withholding the same, until proper professional advice is procured, can never endanger life. We will now close this subject with a few important observations.

Avoid keeping the child in a hot room, with a load of bedclothes, and the curtains closely drawn, to prevent, if possible, a breath of air. This external heat always tends to increase the fever, and frequently occasions wandering and delirium. As we before said, let the patient be kept in a comfortable and equable temperature, avoiding the extremes of heat or cold.

The room should, however, be darkened, on account of the inflammation and tenderness of the eyes, which usually attend the complaint, light causing uneasiness and pain.

The diet should be of the blandest kind, such as arrow-root, sago, &c., and the drink barley, rice, or toast-water. During the period of convalescence, every precaution should be taken to avoid exposure either to a cold or a damp atmosphere; the diet should continue for a time to be light and of easy digestion, and the bowels regularly attended to. Were these precautions ordinarily used, parents would frequently be saved great anxiety and trouble, and instead of having an ailing, weak, and debilitated child, or children, requiring the utmost maternal care to save it or them from an early grave, they would be cheered and blessed with a healthy offspring.

PLAN OF STUDYING A LANGUAGE.

In my French and Latin translations I adopted an excellent method, which from my own success I would recommend to the imitation of students. I chose some classic writer, such as Cicero, and Vertôt, the most approved for purity and elegance of style. I translated, for instance, an epistle of Cicero into French, and after throwing it aside till the words and phrases were obliterated from my memory, I re-translated my French into such Latin as I could find, and then compared each sentence of my imperfect version, with the ease, the grace, the propriety of the Roman orator. A similar experiment was made on several pages of "The Revolutions of Vertôt." I turned them into Latin, re-turned them, after a sufficient interval, into my own French, and again scrutinised the resemblance or dissimilitude of the copy and the original. By degrees I was less ashamed, by degrees I was more satisfied with myself; and I persevered in the practice of these double translations, which filled several books, till I had acquired the knowledge of both idioms, and the command at least of a correct style. This useful exercise of writing, was accompanied and succeeded by the more pleasing occupation of reading the best authors. The perusal of the Roman classics was at once my exercise and reward.—*Gibbon's Misc. Works.*

LORD THURLOW.

At times Lord Thurlow was superlatively great. It was the good fortune of the Reminiscent to hear his celebrated reply to the Duke of Grafton, during the inquiry into Lord Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital. His Grace's action and delivery, when he addressed the House, were singularly dignified and graceful, but his matter was not equal to his manner. He reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission into the peerage. Particular circumstances caused Lord Thurlow's reply to make a deep impression on the Reminiscent. His Lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil but visible impatience; under these circumstances he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. He rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from whence the Chancellor generally addressed the House; then fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he grasps the thunder—"I am amazed," he said in a loud tone of voice, "at the attack which the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my lord " considerably raising his voice, "I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, *as to being the accident of an accident**? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do. But, my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament—as Speaker of this right honourable House—as Keeper of the Great Seal—as guardian of his Majesty's conscience—as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me, as a *man*—I am at this moment as respectable, I beg leave to add, I am at this time as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon."—*Butler's Reminiscences.*

THE TRIAL BY JURY.

The trial by jury diffuses the most valuable information amongst every rank of citizens. It is a school of which every jury that is impanelled is a separate class, where the dictates of the laws, and the consequences of disobedience to them, are practically taught. The frequent exercise of these important functions, moreover, gives a sense of dignity and self-respect, not only becoming to the character of a free citizen, but which adds to his private happiness. Neither party spirit nor intrigue, nor power, can deprive him of his share in the administration of justice, though they can humble the pride of every other office, and vacate every other place. Every time he is called to act in this capacity, he must feel that though perhaps placed in the humblest station, he is yet the guardian of the life, the liberty, the reputation, of his fellow citizens against injustice and oppression: and that while his plain understanding has been found the best refuge for innocence, his incorruptible integrity is pronounced a sure pledge that guilt will not escape. A state whose most obscure citizens are thus individually elevated to perform these functions, who are alternately the defenders of the injured, the dread of the guilty, the vigilant guardians of the constitution, without whose consent no punishment can be inflicted, no disgrace incurred; who can by their voice arrest the blow of oppression, and direct the hand of justice where to strike—such a state can never sink into slavery, or easily submit to oppression. Corrupt rulers may pervert the constitution, ambitious demagogues may violate its precepts, foreign influence may control its operations, but while the people enjoy the trial by jury, *taken by lot from among themselves, they cannot cease to be free.* The information it spreads, the sense of dignity it inspires, the courage it creates, will always give them an energy of resistance that can grapple with encroachment, and a renovating spirit that will make arbitrary power despair. *The enemies of freedom know this;* they know how admirable a vehicle it is to convey the contagion of those liberal principles which attack the vitals of their power; and they guard against its introduction with more care than they would take to avoid a pestilential disease.—*Report made to the General Assembly of Louisiana on the Plan of a Penal Code, by Edward Livingston.*

* The Duke of Grafton was the grandson of Charles the Second by one of his mistresses.

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN SKELETONS.

Several Roman skeletons have recently been discovered on the line of the Great Western Railway, in a high portion of ground contiguous to the Berkshire Downs, in reference to which the *Medical Gazette* contains the following interesting observations:—"The bone is still hard and compact, and has undergone but little alteration of structure. Some of the animal matter has disappeared, and its place been supplied by the carbonate of lime from the nidus in which it reposed, and effervesces strongly when acted upon by the mineral acids. The surface had a reticulated appearance owing to the partial denudation of the external surface by ossiphagous insects. The bones of the head and face are of dimensions exceedingly contracted, at least in comparison with those of a well-formed adult of the present day. The ossa nasi of the skulls possess most extraordinary incurvations, which must have had the effect of subjecting the wearers, though Romans, to particularly "pug" noses, and we are all aware of the characters assigned by popular consent to nasal organs of this peculiar conformation. The great departure from the regular structure, however, remains to be noticed. The existing teeth of the upper jaw (the only ones, unfortunately, preserved) are eleven in number; five of the molares were lost during life, as the sockets or alveolar processes are consolidated by ossification. The crowns of the incisors stand prominently from the jaw, and are evidently not worn to any extent by attrition; but instead of presenting the usual wedge-shaped appearance (having the posterior and anterior surface meeting at a sharp angle), they are of an irregular solid oval form, strongly coated with enamel, and in every respect like the natural molares. The fangs are single, and of the usual long pyramidal form at their insertion in front of the maxillæ. The bicuspides have lost their identity, and partake of the same peculiarity; so that, in fact, the whole now presents the unusual appearance along the entire line of a set of sturdy and uniform molares. I look upon this as a purely accidental conformation, not presuming that the inhabitants of the Eternal City so far departed from the universal system as to wear their molar teeth in the most conspicuous part of their maxillæ."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

At the battle of Seneff, fought between the French and the Dutch, towards the end of the summer, 1674, the Prince of Orange (afterwards William the Third, of England), commanding the Dutch, was once engaged among a body of French, thinking they were his own men, and bid them charge. They told him they had no more powder. He perceiving they were none of his men, with great presence of mind got out of their hands, and brought up a body of his own army to charge them, who quickly routed them.—*Burnet's Own Times.*

THORWALDSEN.

That "great events from trivial causes spring," was exemplified in the early history of this distinguished sculptor. His native country, which has recently welcomed his return as a kind of national triumph, witnessed his departure a lone and unfriended stranger to visit and mature his genius in contemplation of the immortal monuments of art which adorn the Eternal City. There, however, he languished in obscurity, and in a moment of despondency he determined to distrust his future fortunes, and return to his household gods. Nay, he had actually made preparations for his departure, when fortunately for him some of his performances attracted the attention of Mr. Thomas Hope, the celebrated author of "Anastasius." He sought out the obscure artist, employed him to complete some of his unfinished works on his own account, and by his commissions, and still more by his kind and consoling advice, rescued the sinking hopes of the artist, and induced him to abandon his design. Mr. Hope was shortly afterwards joined by his brother, Mr. Henry Philip Hope, now of Arklow House, Connaught-place, himself a munificent patron of the arts, and the countenance and encouragement of these two brothers, then in the flower of their youth, rich, elegant, and caressed and known in the first circles of Rome, diffused a knowledge of Thorwaldsen's merit, and his extraordinary powers developing themselves, he soon attained the summit of his profession. But he never forgot those whose timely interference rescued him from obscurity, and has, we believe, always gratefully acknowledged his obligations for the assistance rendered him in his hour of adversity by our generous countrymen.—*Newspaper.*

EXERCISE.

Walking is the best possible exercise. Habituate yourself to walk very far. We value ourselves on having subdued the horse to our use; but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by it. No one thing has occasioned so much degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day as an enfeebled white does on his horse, and he will tire the best horse. A little walk of half an hour in the morning, when you first rise, is advisable, it shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy.—*Jefferson.*

CHRISTIANITY.

The late eminent judge Sir Allan Park, once said at a public meeting in the city—"We live in the midst of blessings, till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilisation, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share of all is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilisation?—Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object round us which does not wear its mark, not a being or a thing which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian hope is on it, not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity, not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy and healthful parts to the Gospel."

MEANING OF THE WORD DEODAND.

The word deodand signifies a thing given to God Almighty. Our law upon this subject is extremely barbarous as well as impious. The deodand was of Catholic origin, and the priests made, or pretended to make, the offer to God, for the repose of the person killed. If a person falls from any part of a cart not in motion, the whole of it, as well as every thing in it and about it, is forfeited to the Deity. No deodands are given for accidents happening at sea; not that the law does not suppose God to have been present at the death, or not to be entitled to the perquisites, but because the jurisdiction of the Court of Queen's Bench does not extend by the common law to the high seas. All animals or things occasioning the death of man are, by the laws of England, deodands, or perquisites of God. Jurymen, in fixing the value of the forfeit, invariably perjure themselves. An intelligent correspondent from a manufacturing town writes to us, that in the last fifty years be has seen given to God as deodands, seven waggons, two waggon-wheels, nineteen carts, one wheel-barrow, eleven stage-coaches, three private carriages, forty horses, one sword, one mule—and two jackasses—all gifts to God by the law of England! When will the people get rid of the remnants of the superstitions of their ignorant ancestors?—*London Paper.*

BENEFICENCE.

A tender-hearted and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is, even for its own sake, incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is, of all tempers of mind, the most amiable; and though it seldom receives much honour, deserves the highest.—*Fielding.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SUN.

The newly-invented light of M. Gaudin, on which experiments were recently made at Paris, is an improved modification of the well-known invention of Lieut Drummond. While Drummond pours a stream of oxygen gas, through spirits of wine, upon unslaked lime, Gaudin makes use of a more etherial kind of oxygen, which he conducts through burning essence of turpentine. The Drummond light is fifteen hundred times stronger than that of burning gas; the Gaudin light is, we are assured by the inventor, as strong as that of the sun, or thirty thousand times stronger than gas, and, of course, ten times more so than the Drummond. The method by which M. Gaudin proposes to turn the new invention to use is singularly striking. He proposes to erect in the island of the Pont Neuf, in the middle of the Seine and centre of Paris, a lighthouse, five hundred feet high, in which is to be placed a light from a hundred thousand to a million gas-pipes strong, the power to be varied as the nights are light or dark. Paris will thus enjoy a sort of perpetual day, and as soon as the sun of the heavens has set, the sun of the Pont Neuf will rise.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA.

The native population is very thinly spread over the regions I have explored, amounting to nearly a seventh part of Australia. I cannot estimate the number at more than 6,000; but on the contrary, I believe it to be considerably less. They may increase rapidly, if wild cattle become numerous; and, as an instance, I may refer to the number and good appearance of the Cudjallagong tribe, near Macquarrie range, where they occasionally fall in with a herd of wild cattle. The kangaroo disappears from cattle runs, and is also killed by stockmen merely for the sake of the skin; but no mercy is shown to the natives who may help themselves to a bullock or a sheep. Such a state of things must infallibly lead to the extirpation of the aboriginal natives, as in Van Dieman's Land, unless timely measures are taken for their civilisation and protection. I have heard some affecting allusions made by natives to the white man's killing the kangaroo. At present, almost every stockman has several strong kangaroo dogs; and it would only be an act of justice towards the aborigines, to prohibit white men by law from killing these creatures, which are as essential to the natives as cattle to the Europeans.—*Major Mitchell's Expeditions.*

PASSAGE OF THE RAPIDS OF ST. MARY'S.

The canoe being ready, I went to the upper end of the portage, and we launched into the river. It was a small fishing-canoe, about ten feet long, quite new and light, and elegant and buoyant as a bird on the waters. I reclined on a mat at the bottom, Indian fashion (there are no seats in a genuine Indian canoe); in a minute we were within the verge of the rapids, and down we went with a whirl and a splash! the white surge leaping around me—over me. The Indian, with astonishing dexterity, kept the head of the canoe to the breakers, and somehow or other we danced through them. I could see as I looked over the edge of the canoe that the passage between the rocks was sometimes not more than two feet in width, and we had to turn angles—a touch of which would have sent us to destruction; all this I could see through the transparent eddying waters: but, I can truly say, I had not even a momentary sensation of fear—but rather of giddy, breathless, delicious excitement. I could even admire the beautiful attitude of a fisher, past whom we swept as we came to the bottom. The whole affair, from the moment I entered the canoe till I reached the landing place, occupied seven minutes, and the distance is about three quarters of a mile.—*Wm. Jamieson.*

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HOME EDUCATION.*

THE most busy and internally occupied citizen must have occasionally observed the swallow trying to tempt its young to take wing, and quit the nest: and the most careless reader must have remarked that even amongst the rudest tribes—those of Australia, for instance—the youth are trained in those manual exercises which are considered essential to the hunter or the warrior. The lower animals and the savage tribes thus act practically on the principle, that education is the preparation of youth for the business of after life; and, in so doing, they show the vast difference between themselves and civilized man. For knowing nothing but the present existence, and nothing of how to improve it, they teach that which they have been taught, and hand down from parent to offspring unaltered and immemorial usages. The lower animals are perfect, each after its kind; the swallow taught its young to fly in the days of Adam precisely as it will teach them in the last age of the world. Savage tribes also have no idea of improvement; it must come to them from without; and, until it comes, that which the father practised is all that it is considered essential for the children to learn.

But civilized man has a far more glorious prerogative. His whole natural life should be one of acquisition and improvement—he is intended to be a school-boy from the cradle to the grave. The education of youth in civilized communities should be but a preparation for a preparation—an education for an education. We should be trained not merely for the generation in which we live, but for the generations that shall follow—educated not merely for our existence as mortal men, but for our existence as immortal intelligent creatures. And when this principle shall thoroughly expand our narrower systems and practices of teaching, a power, not differing in kind, but differing in degree, from that by which we have hitherto advanced, will carry us forward as on a moral rail-road;—comprehensive education is the lever for lifting the character and condition of man.

How objectionable then is such a phrase as a *finished* education! Finished, in what manner, and for what? Are we taught to read, and write, and cipher, and to exercise a handicraft, just as the savage has been taught to make a canoe, and set a snare, and throw a spear? Has a certain amount of facts and words been crammed into our minds, to be used in after life as inclination or ability may prompt, or circumstances may require? Have our minds been set into certain shapes or moulds—our ideas *stereotyped*, as the printers would say, so that, though fresh impressions may be taken from them, they cannot be detached without violence or force? Can we twirl a globe, and tell off glibly the longitude and latitude of Petersburgh, or Canton, or Washington? Do we know by heart the years of the birth and death of Alexander the Great, or Mary, Queen of Scots, or Alfred, or Justinian, or Charles the Twelfth? Can we describe the construction of the steam-engine, or point out the difference between an acid and an alkali? Have we picked the bones of Greek and Latin? Alas! our education may be both *finished* and *perfect*—finished in the sense of completion, and perfect as to what is considered its extent—and yet we may remain practically ignorant and uneducated, as far as the great uses and objects of education are concerned.

This idea of a finished or completed education, is one of the greatest obstructions of our social advancement. It is a portion of the fence which hems in the mind of the savage, and shuts him out from improvement. It leads to a certain amount of information being considered as the entire of education, and to its being hastily squeezed into the mind; whereas genuine education has but little sympathy with mere *quantity* of knowledge. It causes a large portion of that furious struggle and perpetual collision which is ever going on in the world of opinion: for,—borne on the tide of new discovery, alteration, and improvement,—fixed system comes in contact with fixed system, and the jar and shatter of the conflict prevent us from listening to the simple accents of truth. Instead of converting the mind of youth into a spacious picture-gallery, lighted from above, with ample space for acquisition while the fabric endures, it turns it into a warehouse, where knowledge is classed, and ticketed, and shelved, but where nothing is received that is out of the line. On such a subject it is pleasing to have the opinion of such a mind as the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm." In his recent work, "HOME EDUCATION," he says: "A teacher of philosophical temper, who is aware, not merely of his own party bias, (with which he is careful not to infect his pupil,) but of the general fact that the mind, as it advances, becomes unconsciously subject to certain fallacious modes of reasoning, will not disdain, while assuming to guide the minds committed to his care, to watch and wait for their uncontrolled workings, when the requisite materials of thought are placed before them. . . . . The pellucid ingenuousness of young persons, who (unless miserably infected by sectarian sentiments) have no predilections, should be attentively listened to, and delicately treated. A mind may be injured beyond remedy, which is roughly dealt with, or acrimoniously rebuked, in any instance of its not immediately falling in with a teacher's opinions. To the young mind, the broad fields of thought are, as yet, all unfenced; nor has it learned to notice enclosures, or to respect rights of way, or manorial prerogatives—earth is as open as air and sky. . . . . . . If there be room to hope that mankind will, in a coming age, reach a more advanced position on the road of genuine wisdom than has yet been attained, so desirable an event is likely to be favoured by a greater care, on the part of teachers, in managing the first spontaneous expansion of the reasoning faculty. Too often the worst prejudices are authoritatively forced upon the young, which the feeble-minded retain through life as shackles, but which the strong resentfully throw off, to the peril of all faith and practice."

A remedy prompt and general for such an evil we cannot expect. But it may be modified considerably: and to Home Education we must look as the source of the modifying influences. Home Education, indeed, conducted on the principles laid down in this book, requires a rare combination of moral and intellectual endowments, and physical circumstances. The parents who undertake such a task must themselves have received the benefit

* HOME EDUCATION. By the Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm." London: Jackson and Walford. 1838.

[Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.]

of a sound moral and intellectual training; they must be thoughtful, considerate, and intelligent; have their own infirmities of temper and conduct under control; be able to govern their families in the spirit of love, and enjoy life so easily as to make education one of its practical businesses. It supposes, if possible, a country-house, or at least one removed from the bustle of a city, and where the youths can be under a superintendence which never interferes with their sports, nor stints them in the free expression of a joyous or even a boisterous hilarity. It supposes that, amid all the freedom and apparent laxity of a home, there is an unseen parental firmness, ever turning all things to the grand purpose of forming, enlarging, and elevating the minds under its care. How seldom do all these conditions combine in one household—how happy and blessed is the household where they do!

But a consideration of "Home Education" will not be without its use, even if we should find that it is adapted only for a minority of families, and that in only a minority of that minority can it be carried out to its legitimate extent. "I ought to premise," says our able author, "that the phrase, Home Education, is not, in my view, to be strictly confined to the training of the children of a single family, under the paternal roof; but may embrace any instances in which the number assembled for instruction is not greater than may well consist with the enjoyments, the intimacy, the usages, and the harmony, that ought to attach to a family. Understanding the term in this extended sense, I entertain the hope that, while professing to write for parents, I may render some aid to teachers also, having the charge of a limited number; for it is only reasonable to suppose that, as well the general principles of intellectual culture, as the specific methods of instruction which are applicable to the eight or ten children of a family, may be brought to bear, with perhaps a little modification, upon the twelve, or fifteen, or even twenty, who may be gathered from several families."

He carefully guards us from supposing, that he means to exalt Home over School Education, as a means of general instruction. In the opening of his book, he says—"I am not about to compare public and private education, as if intending to disparage the one, that the other, which is my chosen subject, may appear to the greater advantage. No question can reasonably be entertained as to the great benefits that attach to school discipline, whether effected on a larger or a smaller scale; nor is it to be supposed, whatever may be said of female education, that that of boys could, in the majority of instances, be well conducted beneath the paternal roof."

It is, however, of vast importance to our future welfare, as a nation, that there should be even a small minority of minds amongst our population, trained up in the broad and liberal manner laid down in this book. To thoughtful-minded parents we must therefore look—and hence the great importance, the great value, of Home Education. "The school-bred man is of one sort—the home-bred man is of another; and the community has need of both: nor could any measures be much more to be deprecated, nor any tyranny of fashion more to be resisted, than such as should render a public education, from first to last, compulsory and universal. It is found, in fact, that a quiet, firm individuality, a self-originating steadiness of purpose, a thoughtful intensity of sentiment, and a passive power, such as stems the tide of fashion and frivolous opinion, belong, as their ordinary characteristics, to home-bred men; and especially to such of this class as are mainly self-taught. Now we affirm, that whatever may sometimes be the rigidness or the uncompliant sternness of persons of this stamp, yet that a serious, and perhaps a fatal damage would be sustained by the community, if it were entirely deprived of the moral and political element which they bring into the mass. As the moral machinery must come to a stand if all possessed so fixed an individuality, as to think and act without regard to the general bent of opinion; so would it acquire too much momentum, if none were distinguished by habits of feeling springing altogether from within. In this view, a systematic Home Education fairly claims no trivial importance, as a means of sending forth, among the school-bred majority, those with whose habits of mind there is mingled a firm and modest sentiment of self-respect—not cynical, but yet unconquerable, resting, as it will, upon the steady basis of personal wisdom and virtue. It is men of this stamp who will be the true conservators of their country's freedom."

Having thus set forth the advantages of Home Education, and provided us with, in his own words, an "Ideal Home," where it can be carried on to its fullest extent, our author then expounds his system, of which the following is the keystone:—"The doctrine so much talked of, of late, and so eagerly followed by many, is that of development; and the question put on all sides is, 'What are the readiest and the surest means of expanding the faculties at an early age?' But the very contrary doctrine is the one professed and explained throughout this work: for I am bold to avow my adherence to the principle of repression and reserve, in the culture of the mind; and it is this principle which I would fain convince the reader may be put in practice consistently with the conveyance of really more information, or of information more comprehensive and substantial, than is usually communicated at school."

The first step in this system of education is to allow free scope for the natural felicity of childhood. "Particular instances of ill health, ill treatment, or ill temper excepted, children are as happy as the day is long, although grimed and grovelling about the gutters and lanes of London or Manchester; much more certainly are they happy, tattered, dirty, and ruddy, at the door of a hut on a common or road-side; they are happy, more than might be believed, in the cellar or the garret of the artisan, or in a jail, or even in a poor-house." This happiness we are not to spoil by our interference—all we have to do is to let it expand of its own accord, and to remove whatever might obstruct its development. "The happiness of children is not a thing to be procured and prepared for them, like their daily food; but a something which they already possess, and with which we need not concern ourselves, any further than to see they are not despoiled of it. This simple principle, if understood, trusted to, and constantly brought to bear upon the arrangements of a family, would at once relieve the minds of parents from an infinitude of superfluous cares."

The influence of a "gaily happy childhood" upon the future moral and intellectual character, is strongly insisted upon by our author. On this subject volumes have been, and volumes may be, written—for we are yet far from appreciating rightly the power which the remembrances of childhood, carried into manhood, exert upon the body, feelings, and mind. Wordsworth has condensed a volume into a few well-known but immortal lines:—

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.'

We are all acquainted with that amusing instance of the sub-

division of labour—the manufacture of *dolls' eyes*. "On my first journey to London," said Mr. Ostler, a Birmingham manufacturer, when before a committee of the House of Commons, "a respectable-looking man in the City asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes; and I was foolish enough to feel half offended. I thought it derogatory to my new dignity, as a manufacturer, to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a very large room, and we had just space to walk between stacks, from the floor to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said, 'These are only the legs and arms; the trunks are below.' But I saw enough to convince me that he wanted a great many eyes; and as the article appeared quite in my own line of business, I said I would take an order by way of experiment; and he showed me several specimens. I copied the order. He ordered various quantities, and of various sizes and qualities. On returning to the Tavistock Hotel, I found that the order amounted to upwards of five hundred pounds."

This little story may be made to serve a far higher purpose, than merely to stand as an illustration in political and social economy. Why do children delight in toys? What is the source of that extraordinary demand, by which infants and children give the means of employment and wealth to men and women? Is it simply because the little girl *is* a little girl, that she finds such delight in dressing, nursing, and putting her doll to sleep? And is it simply because the boy *is* a boy, that he girds on his mimic sash and sword, blows his trumpet, and beats his drum? The question is answered by the author of "Home Education." "Too little attention has," he says, "been given to the broad fact, that a child's mental existence is constituted almost entirely of the workings of the conceptive faculty. The human mind, in its first period, may be said to be all IDEALITY: for it is exclusively so during the half of its time, or more, which is passed in sleep; chiefly so whenever no vivid impressions are made upon the senses; and so, to a great extent, while left to find its own sparkling felicity among its toys and gimcracks. . . . . . If we go on to the time when the notion of property has just got a lodgment in the mind, we may meet with a pertinent instance of the vivacity of the conceptive power, when the little stickler for its rights finds its own horse or doll in its brother's or sister's hand, and then, running to find brother's or sister's horse or doll, eagerly discusses the question of *meum* and *tuum*; and, notwithstanding the close resemblance of the two subjects of debate, fixes its grasp upon the real and genuine *meum*. That is to say, this same lisping assertor of its rights has in its brain a picture of its plaything so exact and particular, that it serves at any time as a *tally*, by means of which it may recover the archetype. Yet this same mental miniature of the hobby, or the rose-lipped darling, does not merely come back, when recalled by the presence of the original, but it floats before the internal eye, called for, and uncalled, waking and sleeping: of which further fact, with all its endless consequences, we have evidence enough; as, for instance, when to the little girl, lost in reverie, we suddenly put the question,—'What are you thinking about?' 'About dolly.' 'About dolly?—which dolly?' 'Oh, my best dolly, that moves her eyes!' Sometimes, indeed, dolly's own dear name is heard muttered in sleep; when, as we need not doubt, the fair image is vividly present to the fancy. Nor is this all; for while the doating little mama has her 'own dolly' on her lap, or is dressing and undressing it, or is taking it abroad, or preparing its breakfast, and despatching it to school, the conceptive faculty is working in another and a copious manner, and so as to involve all sorts of consequences to the future character. Dolly is the heroine of a drama, vividly acted in the soul's little theatre. Hence, that is to say, from the richness and vivacity of the conceptive faculty comes all, or nearly all, the never-failing delight of which toys are the occasion."

We shall follow out this subject in subsequent articles; meantime we recommend "HOME EDUCATION" to all thoughtful and intelligent parents and teachers.

THE VOW.

A NORTHERN TALE.

IN the ancient heathen times of the Saxons, there happened once a great war with the Danes. Adalbero, Duke of Saxony, who had counselled it, now, in the hour of earnest conflict, stood at the head of his people. There flew the arrows and the javelins; there glanced many valiant blades on both sides; and there shone many bright gold shields through the dark fight. But the Saxons, at every attack, were repulsed, and were already so far driven back, that only the storming of a steep height could deliver the army and the country, disperse the enemy, and change a ruinous and destructive flight into a decisive victory. Adalbero conducted the attack. But in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron; in vain he shouted through the field, the sacred words, "Freedom and Fatherland!" in vain streamed his own warm blood, and the blood of the foe, over his resplendent armour. The ponderous mass gave way; and the enemy, secure on the height, rejoiced in their decided victory. Again rushed Adalbero on with a few gallant warriors; again the faint-hearted fell behind; and again the enemy rejoiced.

"It is yet time," said Adalbero; and again he shouted, "Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to the gods, to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth one bright funeral-pile, in honour of our victory and of our deliverance."

Again was the attack renewed, but again the Saxons fled, and the enemy sent forth shouts of joy.

Then cried Adalbero aloud before the whole army, "If we return victorious from the charge, ye gods, I devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!" Shuddering, the warriors hastened after him,—but fortune was still against him; the boldest fell—the bravest fled. Then Adalbero, in deep affliction, rallied the scattered band; and all that remained of the great and noble collected round him, and spoke thus:—"Thou art our ruin! for thou hast counselled this war." Adalbero replied, "My castle and myself I have devoted to the gods for victory, and what can I more?"

The sad multitude called only the more to him, "Thou art our ruin! for thou hast counselled this war."

Then Adalbero tore open his bosom and implored the mighty god of thunder to pierce it with a thunderbolt, or to give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from heaven; and the squadron stood timid, and followed not the call. In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said, "There remains only that which is most dear to me—wife and child I offer thee, thou God of Armies, for victory. My beautiful blooming wife,—my only heart-loved child,—they belong to thee, Great Ruler in Asgard: with my own hand will I sacrifice them to thee; but I implore thee, give me the victory!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when, fearful thunderings rolled over the field of battle, and clouds gathered around the combatants; and the Saxons, with fearful cries, shouted as with one voice, "The gods are with us!" With invincible courage, forward rushed the host;—the height was carried by storm, and Adalbero, with sudden shudder, saw the enemy flying through the field.

The conqueror returned home in triumph; and, in all parts of delivered Saxony, came wives and children forth, and with outstretched arms, greeted their husbands and fathers. But Adalbero knew what awaited him; and every smile of an affectionate wife, and every shout of a blooming child, pierced, as with a

poisoned dart, his anguished heart. At last they came before his magnificent castle. He was not able to look up, as the beautiful Simelde met him at the gate, with her daughter in her hand; while the little one always leapt and cried, "Father, father! beloved father!"

Adalbero looked round on his people, in order to strengthen himself; even there he met quivering eyelids and bitter tears; for among his warriors, many had heard his horrible vow. He dismissed them to their families, feeling what happy men he, the most unhappy, was sending to their homes; then rode into the castle, and sending the domestics away, under various pretexts, sprang from his horse, closed the gates with thundering sound, secured them carefully, and pressed his beloved wife and child to his heart, shedding over them a torrent of tears.

"What is the matter, husband?" said the astonished Simelde.

"Why do you weep, father?" stammered the little one.

"We will first prepare an offering to the gods," replied Adalbero; "and then I shall relate everything to you. Come to me soon, to the hearth."

"I will kindle the flame, and fetch, in the meantime, the implements for sacrifice;" said the sweet Simelde; and the little one cried out, clapping her hands, "I also will help; I also will be there!" and skipped away with her mother.

These words, "I also will help; I also will be there," the hero repeated, as, dissolved in grief, he stood by the flaming pile, with his drawn sword in his trembling hand. He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent child, and the graceful obedient wife, who brought the bowl and pitcher, perfuming-pan and taper, used in sacrifices.

Then it passed through his mind, that his vow could not be valid; for such sorrow could not find a place in the heart of man. But the answer was given, in dreadful peals of thunder down from heaven.

"I know," said he, sighing heavily, "your thunder has assisted us, and now your thunder calls on your devoted believer for the performance of his vow."

Simelde began to tremble as the frightful truth burst upon her; and, with soft tears, she said, "Ah, hast thou made a vow? Ah! husband, I see no victim!—shall human blood!—"

Adalbero covered his eyes with both his hands, and sobbed so terribly that it echoed through the hall, and the little one terrified shrunk together.

Simelde knew well of such vows, in ancient times. She looked entreating to her lord, and said, "Remove the child!"

"Both, both!—I must!" then murmured Adalbero; and Simelde, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one, "Quick, child! and bind this handkerchief on thine eyes; thy father has brought a present for thee, and will now give it thee."

"My father looks not as if he would give me a present," sighed the child.

"Thou shalt see; thou shalt see presently," said Simelde hurriedly; and as she placed the bandage over the eyes of the child, she could restrain no longer her tears, but they fell so softly, that the little one knew it not.

The affectionate mother now tore the drapery from her snow-white bosom, and kneeling before the sacrificer, beckoned that she might be the first victim.

"Quick quick, only quick," whispered she softly to the lingerer; "else will the poor child be so terrified!"

Adalbero raised the dreadful steel—then roared the thunder, and flashed the lightning through the building. Speechless sank the three to the earth.

As the evening breeze rushed through the broken windows, the little one raised her head, from whence the bandage had fallen, and said, "Mother, what present has my father brought to me?"

The sweet voice awakened both parents. All lived, and nothing was destroyed but Adalbero's sword, which was melted by the avenging flash of Heaven.

"The gods have spoken!" cried the pardoned father; and, with a gush of unutterable love, the three delivered ones wept in each other's arms.

Far distant, over the southern mountains, roared the tempest, where many years afterwards Saint Boniface converted unbelievers to the true faith

From the German of Frederick de la Motte Fouqué.

PARKER'S MISSIONARY TRAVELS IN THE "FAR WEST."

THE "Far West" is a somewhat indefinite term, applied to that vast extent of territory which extends from the western boundaries of the United States to the Rocky Mountains; and even beyond them, to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. The "Oregon Territory" is its proper and definite appellation; at least, of what is known as the North-West Territory. That large portion of it which lies west of the Mississippi, to the foot of the mountain range, and which is drained by the Missouri and its numerous tributaries, is an extensive level or rolling meadow-country, to which the French word "prairie" (meadow) has been applied; its prairies presenting a rich undulating extent of surface, with but few prominent landmarks, to catch the eye of the traveller. The country on the other side of the mountains, towards the Pacific, has a different aspect. "Towering mountains, and wide-extended prairies; rich valleys, and barren plains; and large rivers with their rapids, cataracts, and falls, present a great diversity of prospect."

The "Far West" is becoming the repository of the last and lingering remains of the aborigines of central North America—the last standing-ground of the red Indian, the shaggy bison, and the grisly bear. The government of the United States are sending or driving the various Indian tribes on their southern and western frontiers into the "Far West," on the principle avowed in President Van Buren's recently published message to Congress—"that a mixed occupancy of the same territory, by the white and red man, is incompatible with the safety or happiness of either, is a position, in respect to which there has long since ceased to be room for a difference of opinion. Reason and experience have alike demonstrated its impracticability." The same document, which must have recently come under the eye of all our readers, contains a detail of the transactions between the American government and the Indian tribes. "I can speak," says the President, "from direct knowledge; and I feel no difficulty in affirming that the interest of the Indians in the extensive territory embraced by them, is to be paid for at its fair value, and that no more favourable terms have been granted to the United States than would have been reasonably expected in a negotiation with civilised men, fully capable of appreciating and protecting their own rights. For the Indian title to 116,349,897 acres, acquired since the 4th of March, 1829, the United States have paid 72,510,656 dollars, in permanent annuities, lands, reservations for Indians, expenses for removal and subsistence, merchandise, mechanical and agricultural establishments, and implements. When the heavy expenses incurred by the United States, and the circumstance that so large a portion of the entire territory will be for ever unsaleable, are considered, and this price is compared with that for which the United States sell their own lands, no one can doubt that justice has been done to the Indians in these purchases also."

Besides defending the American government from the charges of cruelty and oppression, which had been brought against it, the President speaks in the following pleasing, though rather general terms, respecting the emigrants:—

"The condition of the tribes which occupy the country set apart for them in the west is highly prosperous, and encourages the hope of their early civilisation. They have, for the most part, abandoned the hunter state, and turned their attention to agricultural pursuits. All those who have been established for any length of time in that fertile region, maintain themselves by their own industry. There are among them traders of no inconsiderable capital, and planters exporting cotton to some extent; but the greater number are small agriculturists, living in comfort upon the produce of their farms. The recent emigrants, although they have in some instances removed reluctantly, have readily acquiesced in their unavoidable destiny. They have found at once a recompense for past sufferings, and an incentive to industrious habits. in the abundance and comforts around them. There is reason to believe that all these tribes are friendly in their feelings towards the United States; and it is to be hoped that the acquisition of individual wealth, the pursuits of agriculture, and habits of industry, will gradually subdue their warlike propensities, and incline them to maintain peace among themselves. To effect this desirable object, the attention of Congress is solicited to the measures recommended by the Secretary of War for the future government and protection, as well from each other as from the hostility of the warlike tribes around them, and the intrusions of the whites. The policy of the

government has given them a permanent home, and guaranteed to them its peaceful and undisturbed possession. It only remains to give them a government, and laws which will encourage industry, and secure to them the rewards of their exertions. The importance of some form of government cannot be too much insisted upon. The earliest effects will be to diminish the causes and occasions for hostilities among the tribes, to inspire an interest in the observance of laws to which they will have themselves assented, and to multiply the securities of property, and the motives of self-improvement. Intimately connected with this subject is the establishment of the military defences recommended by the Secretary of War, which have been already referred to. Without them the government will be powerless to redeem its pledges of protection to the emigrating Indians against the numerous warlike tribes that surround them, and to provide for the safety of the frontier settlers of the bordering states."

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, being desirous of obtaining accurate information respecting the moral and physical characteristics of the "Far West," despatched an exploring party, the principals being the Rev. Samuel Parker, and Dr. Whitman, to examine and report from personal inspection. This was undertaken in the years 1835-37, and Mr. Parker has now published the results of his tour, in a volume which appeared in 1838.

Mr. Parker is evidently a very honest and a very religious man. So sternly attached is he to the truth, that he would tear in pieces the finest description of Washington Irving, if he thought it was not rigidly exact. Indeed, though he is not a controversialist, he hits Irving's "Tour on the Prairies" very hard; and Ross Cox does not escape without a passing blow. "The license," he says, speaking of his own work, "given to poets and writers of *romance*, cannot be tolerated here; and no flights of a lively imagination, or graphic powers in relating passing occurrences, can atone for impressions which are not in accordance with truth." We shall, therefore, take Mr. Parker exactly as we find him; and in giving our readers the accompanying abstract of his journey, beg them to recollect, that they are following the track of one who seems to us, from an inspection of his book, to be a scrupulous, intelligent, and candid writer, though his intelligence is somewhat narrowed by peculiar views, and even his exactness tinged by a generous sympathy with the Indians.

Mr. Parker's principal instructions were to collect all the information in his power relative to the climate and productions of the country; but especially in respect of the numbers, manners, and customs of the Native Indians, with the view of ascertaining how far and to what extent missionary enterprise might be diffused amongst them. He was absent upwards of two years, having journeyed 28,000 miles in his tour from the State of New York to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and visiting the Sandwich Islands on his homeward voyage. Wherever he went he found good opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the ground he passed over, in which he was much assisted by the kindness of the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company and the American Fur Company; and discovered ample room for the labours of the Christian missionary. In the course of the work he observes:—"It seems apparent to any observing Christian, that the present is the favourable time for the introduction of the gospel and civilisation among the natives of this wide interior. Soon the cupidity and avarice of men will make the same aggressions here as on the east, and the deadly influence of frontier vices will interpose a barrier to the religion which they now are so anxious to embrace and practise. Every circumstance combines to point out the time when this work should begin, and not the least is that which has enlisted these Indians in favour of white men, and made them feel their condition, in all respects, for this world as well as the coming one, is better than their own."

On the 14th of March, 1835, Mr. Parker proceeded from Ithaca, New York, by Geneva and Buffalo, to Erie, Pennsylvania. Next, to Pittsburgh, the Birmingham of America, situated at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, 960 miles above the mouth of the Ohio, where he arrived on the 25th. Then to Cincinnati, 455 miles, by the steamer, gently down the Ohio, calling at Wheling, a considerable manufacturing town. Marietta, 76 miles below Wheling, a little above the confluence of the Muskingum, is one of the earliest-settled towns in the state. On the 27th, he stopped at Maysville, Kentucky, and on the following day arrived at Cincinnati. This is a large city for a new country, its settlement being so late as 1789. Commerce and manufactures are carried on to a large extent, and religion and morals are well sustained by the character of its institutions.

The route was now for St. Louis, by water 690 miles from Cincinnati; on the 30th, Mr. Parker passed Louisville, a flourishing city near the falls of the Ohio; it being high water, they were passed over without accident. Leaving the romantic and beautiful scenery of that noble river, they entered the Mississippi, where the two streams spread out in the form of a narrow sea, and flow on in united grandeur. On the 4th of April, he arrived at St. Louis, a stirring place of business on the west side of the Mississippi, 200 miles above the mouth of the Ohio, and 20 below the mouth of the Missouri, in lat. 38° 36′ N. and long. 89° 36′ W. It is the central western depot of the American Fur Company. Adventurers of almost every description of character and nation come here, such as trappers, hunters, miners, and emigrants, as to a starting-point, to go into the still far west, many of whom seek a miserable fortune in the Rocky Mountains. It has 15,000 inhabitants, and its locality for trade is one of the finest in the valley of the Mississippi. The author was here joined by Dr. Whitman, who was appointed to be his associate.

The American Fur Company have about 300 persons employed about the Rocky Mountains, and annually at this time despatch a caravan of sixty persons to convey their necessary articles of food, clothing, &c.; and in return bring back the produce of the year. The travellers made arrangements to proceed with the caravan, which starts from Liberty, one of the most western towns in the United States, whither they went by steam up the Missouri, by slow stages by St. Charles, Jefferson, Boonsville, Franklin, Lexington, &c. At Liberty commences the long journey for the west—where horses and men are mustered. Here much may be learned of the Rocky Mountains; and from several intelligent friends, the travellers had very encouraging accounts of the likely success of missions among the various tribes of Indians scattered over the widely-extended country of the "far west."

On the 15th of May, they commenced their journey for Council Bluffs, directing their course N.W., and, for the last time for a long period to come, lodged in the house of a civilised family. On the morrow they entered upon the Indian country, and encamped on a prairie beyond the limits of civilisation, amidst anxieties and sensations peculiarly exciting.

The caravan proceeded slowly, and having crossed the east or Little Platte, the Nodaway, and Neshnabotana rivers, journeying over some rich country, and meeting some of Ioway, Sioux, and Fox tribes, passed down from the high rolling prairie through the widely extended valley of the Missouri, towards Council Bluffs, amidst scenery at once beautiful and interesting. The extraordinary mounds which are to be seen here, which some have called the work of unknown generations of men, are scattered in every variety of form and magnitude—some conical, some elliptical, some square, and some parallelograms. If they were isolated, who would not say they are artificial? But there are ten thousand such. The mind seeks in vain for some clue to assist it in unravelling the mystery.

They continued at Council Bluffs three weeks. At the agency-house of the company, they met several missionaries of the Pawnees belonging to the American Board, and three of the Baptist mission sent to labour among the Otoes. While waiting the movement of the caravan, they made short excursions over the surrounding country, gleaning intelligence as they went. The Papillon unites with the Missouri from the east, and the Platte six miles above from the west, flowing through a rich alluvial plain opening to the south and south-west, as far as the eye can reach, where may be seen hundreds of horses, mules, and herds of cattle. The north is covered with woods. Few places can present a prospect more interesting, and when a civilised population shall add the fruits of their industry, but few places can be more desirable. In respect to efforts for the religious instruction of the Indians, the author is convinced that the first impression the missionary makes upon them is most important. If from any motives, or from any cause, instruction is delayed and their expectations are disappointed, they relapse into their native apathy, from which it is difficult to arouse them. The Indians of this part of the Sioux country, are the Omahas upon the Missouri, about 2000; the Yanktons, about 2000, on the Vermilion river, where it unites with the Missouri from the north; the Ponca Indians on the south side, 800; then there are the Santas Yanktonas, Tetons Ogallalahs, Siones, and the Hankpapes. The aggregate numbers of these tribes may be 40 to 60,000. The Mandans are a more stationary tribe than the others, and hold out good opportunities for missionary exertion.

Journeying west, the Black Hills is the next principal stopping-

place. They encountered a severe storm, and crossed the Papillon river with difficulty; reaching the Elkhorn, and after travelling ten miles up its banks, encamped for the night. On the following day they met two American traders with a small caravan returning to the States, when mutual exchanges of friendship passed between them. They had now the land of the Otoes on the east, and the Pawnees' on the west, a most luxuriant and inviting country; the latitude high enough to be healthy, and holding out every inducement to cultivation. Grass grows of many species, and numerous and beautiful flowering plants, especially the rose, which is found of almost every hue. Shall solitude reign there till the end of time? or at some future period shall the din of business be heard, and the sound of the church-going bell? It is plain that the Indians, under their present circumstances, will never multiply and fill this land. To effect this, they must be brought under the influence of civilisation and Christianity.

They proceeded over the rolling prairie to the Loups fork of the Platte, passed the village of the Tapage and Republican Pawnee Indians. Big Ax, the chief, received them with great kindness, and as they were starting on their summer hunt in the same track, the tribe accompanied the caravan for some days. The travellers having as yet no interpreter, were unable to avail themselves of many opportunities of ascertaining correctly the ideas of these Indians on religious subjects. Their provision, which had hitherto been but bacon and boiled corn, being now reduced to corn only, the appearance of buffalo (properly bison) spread cheerfulness among them, and for some time they had an abundant supply of excellent meat. Proceeding up the north fork of the Platte, the change of vegetation, the appearance of different birds, &c., indicate a higher region of country. Rocks begin to appear, yet they are far from the Rocky Mountains. Buffaloes, antelopes, elks, &c. now abound in great numbers. Though Mr. Parker does not describe a buffalo chase with the zest of Washington Irving, he nevertheless has a peril to record. Seeing the men chasing and shooting, he was roused: "I do not," he says, "feel authorised to sport with animal life, but I thought it not improper to try my horse in the chase. He ran very swiftly, was not at all afraid, and would have run into the midst of them, had I not held him in check. He appeared to enjoy the sport. I shot one through the shoulders, which had received a wound, which must have been fatal." Mr. Parker ignorantly incurred some danger: for he dismounted to take aim, and had the wounded beast risen and rushed upon him, he could not have mounted in time to escape.

On the 25th, they fell in with a large party of friendly Ogallalahs, and went with them to their main village, consisting of more than 2000 persons. These villages are not stationary, but move from place to place. They were now going to the Black Hills for the purpose of trading. On Sunday, 26th, they encamped near Larama's fork in the Black Hills, and spent the day in reading and devotion. On this as on former occasions, the author laments his inability to converse with the Indians, especially as their general intelligence and keen observation warranted an opinion that they were desirous of information. The minds of these Indians are above the ordinary stamp, and the forms of their persons are fine; many of them are "nature's grenadiers." The women also are well formed; their voices soft and expressive, and their movements graceful. It was agreeably surprising to see tall young chiefs, well dressed in their mode, leading by the arm their ladies; in decency and politeness they differ from those on the frontiers who have had intercourse with bad white men, and who have had access to whiskey. On the 30th, they met in council with the chiefs, when the object of the tour was laid before them. They expressed much satisfaction with the proposal, and said they would do all they could to make missionaries comfortable. There can be no doubt that the community of the Sioux would be a profitable field for labourers. Arrived at the Fort of the Black Hills.

Aug. 1.—The next point is across the Rocky Mountains, where the general rendezvous is held. The waggons were now abandoned, and their stores packed upon mules. The geology of those regions now becomes more interesting;—herbage is scanty, and the mineral kingdom discloses many of its varieties—granite, anthracite coal, iron ore, semi-transparent green serpentine, fine yellow sandstone, are to be found, besides the appearance of volcanic eruption. The strong and ferocious grisly bear, the terror of travellers, and a match for the most powerful buffalo, is here an inhabitant. Passing over to the Sweet Water, a branch of the Platte, on the 6th, they encamp near Rock Independence, the beginning of that stupendous chain of mountains which divides North America. A valley not many years discovered, of from five to twenty miles wide, and eighty miles long, renders the journey through these mountains comparatively easy. Cold winds from the snow-topped hills denote the change of the atmosphere. The mountains are indeed *rocky mountains.* They are rocks heaped upon rocks, with no vegetation excepting a few cedars growing out of the crevices near their base. Their tops are covered with perpetual snow, the highest being 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. Here the author observes, from the levelness of this valley, that there would be no difficulty of constructing a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; and probably the time may not be far distant when trips will be made across the continent, as they have been made to the Niagara falls!

Emerging from the mountains, having passed Big Sandy river, they came to Green river, a branch of the Colorado, in lat. 42°, where the caravan held their rendezvous. The Fur Company men in and about the mountains here deposit their furs, and take fresh supplies for the coming year. Parties from four different nations of Indians were at this time assembled there for the purpose of traffic. While at this place, Dr. Whitman performed several surgical operations, such as extracting iron arrows, which excited much amazement among the Indians. They had an interesting interview with several of the chiefs relative to the object of their appointment. The Nez Percé and Flathead Indians present a promising field for missionary labour. This they fixed on as a missionary station; and that another year might not elapse, Dr. Whitman determined to return with the caravan to carry this purpose into effect. Meanwhile, Mr. Parker procured a voyageur who understood a little of English, and the Indian chiefs selected one of their principal young men to convoy him to Fort Walla-Walla on the Columbia river.

Aug. 22.—The two travellers parted; one to return to the States, and the other to pursue his route, which was now by the Trois Tetons, three very high mountains separated from the main chain; thence to Salmon river. The scenery is wild, and in many places sublime. Mountains of rock almost perpendicular shoot forth their heads. Great diversity of strata occurs: grey wacke, magnesian limestone, and brown gypsum, prevail; under the bed of the latter is a sulphur spring, sending up about thirty gallons per minute. Norway pine, balsam fir, double spruce, and common poplar, abound; and flax grows here spontaneously, and is perennial, of which the Indians make their nets. The fatigues of travelling were made light by the exceeding kindness of the Indians, who more than anticipated the travellers' wishes. On the 25th, they encamped at a place called Jackson's Large Hole, and recruited for some days. This place is well watered by a branch of the Snake river and Lewis's river, which last is the outlet of Jackson's lake. Springs of uncommon clearness issue from the surrounding mountains. The vale is well supplied with grass, and the horses and mules were compensated for past deprivations. The mountains are covered with wood, while the distance presents the appearance of an immensely large bank of snow, or luminous clouds skirting the horizon. The solitude of these hills and dales will one day be lost in the lowing of herds and bleating of flocks, and the incense of prayer and praise ascend from many altars. On the 31st, passed a volcanic chasm of several miles extent, found lava, volcanic glass, and vitrified stones. Receding from the mountains, the climate becomes warmer, and the way is now through great diversity of soil. Cross Henry's fork. In Coté's defile, they met a band of Nez Percés, and were saluted most kindly by their head chief. At a meeting of the chiefs, and as many as one of the lodges would contain, the object of the mission was explained, which gave them all great joy. On Sunday the 6th, a good interpreter having arrived from Fort Hall, public worship was observed, and between 400 and 500 assembled in an orderly manner, and behaved with great circumspection.

Oct. 3.—No rain had fallen since the 18th July. The water on this side the Rocky Mountains is excellent, and no country can possess a climate more conducive to health. On the Walla-Walla river there is yellow pine cotton wood and willows, and various kinds of shrubbery. Prairie hens and avosets, robins, and other small birds, are plentiful, and crows are everywhere to be seen, and are remarkably tame. Oct. 14, brought them to the Fort of Walla-Walla, and to the enjoyment of civilised society. This settlement is on the south side of the Columbia river, in lat. 46° 2′, long. 119° 30′. The establishment have necessaries, and many have the conveniences of life. They have cows, hogs, fowls, &c; and grow corn, potatoes, and garden vegetables. Salmon and other fish are abundant. They keep dry goods and

hardware for barter with the Indians. The journey hither took six months and twenty-three days.

Oct. 8.—The next destination was to Fort Vancouver, 200 miles down the Columbia, and having settled with and discharged the interpreter and Indians, bargained with three of the Walla-Walla tribe to proceed with a canoe. The passage down this river is exceedingly interesting, exhibiting great variety of country, through volcanic mountains, basaltic rocks, fertile valleys, woods, hills and level plains. In this river, which is in some places three miles wide, are several islands capable of bearing good crops. Along its banks the Cayuse, Chenooks, Nez Percés, and other tribes, live in harmony, without feuds or jealousies; which speaks much in favour of their kind and peaceable dispositions, affording another proof of what might be effected by missionary enterprise. Passing Bront Island, Pillar Rock, and the Falls, the tide and the appearance of water-fowl proclaim the approach to the Pacific Ocean. At the lower part of the La Dalles, they found a captain from Boston, with a small company of men, going up the river to Fort Hall. He was an intelligent sociable man, and had the charge of the business of a company formed in Boston, for salmon fishing on the Columbia, and for trade and trapping in the region of the mountains. Some extraordinary phenomena occur in this river. Thousands of trees may be seen standing in their natural position in the river in places where the water is above twenty feet deep, and rising to high or freshet water-mark, which is fifteen feet above the low water. The water being clear, their spreading roots are to be seen in the same condition as when standing in their natural forest, and so numerous are they in many places as to be an obstruction to the canoes. Must not this subsidence have been of recent date? The upheaving of the La Dalles or volcanic rocks, and the many basaltic and other formations on this river, are also subjects of sublime contemplation. Here literally it may be said, the valleys are being exalted, the mountains laid low, and waters spring up in the desert. Seven months and two days had now expired, the fifty-six last days with Indians only. No absolute deprivation of food had been suffered, yet the arrival at Fort Vancouver, and the hospitable attentions of the chief superintendant of that station of the Fur Company, were hailed with grateful consideration. Fort Vancouver is on the north side of the Columbia, on a prairie surrounded with dense woods, interspersed with fertile plains. It is in N. lat. 45° 37′, long. 122° 50′ West from Greenwich; 100 miles from the Pacific Ocean. About 100 white men form the establishment.

Oct. 17th.—Anxious to visit the Pacific, and return to Vancouver before the rainy season should set in, and having the opportunity of the Boston brig, after one night's rest, Mr. Parker left for St George (Astoria) ninety miles below, and near the confluence of the Columbia with the Pacific. Coffin rock, Deer island, Watapoo island, the mouth of Conalitz river, and Gray's bay, are objects of attraction. Soon the Pacific Ocean opened to the view. "This boundary of the far west," says Mr. Parker, "was to me an object of great interest; and when I looked upon the dark rolling waves, and reflected upon the vast expanse of five thousand miles, without an intervening island until you arrive at the Japan coast, a stretch of thought was required like contemplating infinity, which can measure only by succession its exhaustion and sublimity. Like the vanishing lines of prospect, so is contemplation lost in this extent of ocean."

On this mountainous and iron-bound coast are some tracts of good land; but the country is for the most part covered with the most heavy and dense forest of any part of America. After spending some days at Fort George, which is but a small establishment, where a little business is done with the few remaining Indians, and the winter approaching, the invitation to spend that season at Vancouver was accepted by Mr. Parker, and the return thither was accomplished by the 30th of October.

Here Mr. Parker had the opportunity of observing the character and condition of the Indians, from distant and different parts of the country; and of forming an opinion which course was best to pursue. The settlement christianized, the concomitant expansive benevolence exerted and diffused, then this place would be a centre from which divine light would shine out and illumine this region of darkness. In the society of gentlemen, enlightened, polished, and sociable, the missionary is furnished with every convenience that he desires. This establishment was commenced in 1824. In 1835 they had 450 neat cattle, 100 horses, 200 sheep, 40 goats, and 300 hogs. In the same year they raised 500 bushels of wheat, 1300 bushels of potatoes, 1000 of barley, 1000 of oats, 2000 of peas, and a great variety of garden vegetables. Fruit, such as a[illegible] plenty. Figs, oran[illegible] grow, with about th[illegible] they have a flour and [illegible] joiners, and carpenters, [illegible] which Indians are received[illegible]

It is estimated that there a[illegible] in the great west, engaged in t[illegible] from correct data, it appears recr[illegible] are annually required; yet hundreds [illegible] selves to hardships, famine, dangers, and [illegible]

Dec. 25.—The holidays are not forgotten [illegible] regions. From Christmas till the New-year al[illegible] pended, and a general time of indulgence and festivity [illegible].

In the far regions beyond the mountains, besides the [illegible]lo, the elk, and the antelope, the big-horn sheep, the white, gris[illegible] brown and black bear; are to be found also, the racoon, otter, badger, fox, weasel, wolves, wolverins, hares, hedgehogs, squirrels, &c. It is hardly necessary to say that the beaver, so noted for its valuable fur, for its activity and perseverance, its social habits, its sagacity and skill in constructing its village, and preparing its neat and comfortable dwelling, is an inhabitant of this country. In the Columbia are to be found salmon, sturgeon, anchovy, rock-cod, and trout. On the coast the hart, seal, and the sea-otter, are numerous.

The Indians of the plain live in the upper country, from the falls of the Columbia to the Rocky Mountains, the principal tribes of which are, the Nez Percés, Cayuses, Walla-Wallas, Bonax, Shoshones, Spokeins, Flatheads, Cœur de Lions, Ponderas, Cootanies, Kettlefalls, Okanagans, and Carriers. The men are tall, and both sexes are well formed; their hair and eyes are black, their cheek-bones high, their hands, feet, and ancles are small, and their movements are easy and graceful. Their dress is a shirt, worn over long close leggings, with mocassins for their feet, over which they wear a buffalo robe. They are fond of ornaments, and paint their faces with vermilion, &c. Their horses, which are their greatest wealth, they likewise decorate with gaudy trappings. Some chiefs own several hundred, and the poorest have one for each member of their family at least. For subsistence they of necessity depend on hunting and fishing, and gathering roots and berries. Their cookery is simple, and most of their food is roasted.

The habits of the Indians are said to be indolent. As a general remark, it may be true; yet there is little to confirm it among the Indians of the plain. In general characteristics there is no difference between them and other nations. As a part of the human family they have the same natural propensities, and the same social affections. They are cheerful, and often gay, sociable, kind, and affectionate; and anxious to receive instruction in whatever may conduce to their happiness here or hereafter. Their manufactures are few and simple, not extending much beyond dressing skins for clothing, making bows and arrows, and some few articles of furniture. Their cooking utensils are mostly obtained from traders. Their canoes and fishing-nets are constructed with great labour and patience. In religion, they believe in one Great Spirit, in the immortality of the soul, and in future rewards and punishments; their definite ideas of a religious nature, however, are extremely limited.

The Indians west of the great chain of mountains are averse to war, and only act on the defensive, when attacked by the Blackfeet tribe; whose country is along the east border of the Rocky Mountains, who rove about in war parties in quest of plunder.

The Indians are not without their vices. Gambling is the most prominent, and is a ruling passion. It is much practised in horse and foot races. They have some games of chance, played with sticks or bones. Drunkenness is no vice of these Indians. The expense of transporting ardent spirit happily keeps back its introduction.

Their moral disposition is very commendable. They are kind to strangers, and remarkably so to each other, and are of happy tempers. They manifest an uncommon desire to be instructed, that they may obey and fulfil all moral obligations. They are scrupulously honest in all their dealings, and lying is scarcely known. Having no education, they are ignorant of all the sciences; but in hunting, war, and in their domestic concerns, they manifest observation, skill, and intellect. Their arithmetic is entirely mental. They count with different words up to ten, then by tens to one hundred, and so on to a thousand by hundreds. They reckon their years by snows, their months by

...e fond of singing, and

place. They encountered a severe stor-are those between the shores river with difficulty; reaching the Columbia river, and from Paget's ten miles up its banks, encamp-he principal nations are the Cheing day they met two Ameri-llapooahs, and the Umbaquâs, who returning to the States, w-ibes. Each nation has its principal passed between them. T- below the middle stature, not so well east, and the Pawnees' the upper country, and their women are country; the latitu-ave less sensibility, physical and moral, and are every inducem-those on the frontier of the States, and from the and numero- By their intercourse with those who furnish them wh- is -eans of intoxication, and who have introduced kindred till the-ey have become indolent and filthy in their habits. They busi-ot dress so well nor with as good taste as those of the upper pl-ountry. Their religious belief does not materially differ. Among their vices they carry gambling to perfection. After they have lost everything they possess, they stake themselves: first a hand, then the other, an arm, and in the same manner, piece by piece, the whole body, and at last the head; and if they lose this, they go into perpetual slavery. It is only in the lower country of the Oregon territory, and along the coast, that slavery exists. Smoking is a universal indulgence amongst them. Although less anxious than the upper, the lower Indians yet express a readiness to receive instruction. Their wealth is estimated by the number of their wives, slaves, and canoes. Their manufactures are nearly the same as those of the upper Indians, with the addition of hats and baskets, of uncommonly good workmanship, made of grass equal to the Leghorn.

The government of the Indian nations is in the hands of chiefs, whose office is hereditary, or obtained by special merit. Their only power is influence, and this is in proportion to their benevolence, wisdom, and courage.

March 1.—There are now indications of spring. The mildness of the climate, and the soft temperature of the season west of the mountains, render it one of the most delightful portions of the American continent. The farming establishment of Fort Vancouver has commenced the cultivation of their spring crops; the gardener is preparing his ground for the seeds. The robin and the blackbird resume their cheerful warblings in the fields and groves. During the winter the thermometer has not fallen below 22 degrees of Fahrenheit, and to this point only for three days. At this date it stood at sunrise 37 degrees; noon 46; and at sunset 44.

In the course of the winter Mr. Parker's time was devoted to the moral and religious improvement of the inhabitants at the Fort, and of the Indians in the vicinity, and in collecting information relative to the object of his tour.

April 14.—The season being now favourable, he prepared for his return. Having exchanged farewells with his friends, for whose liberal and generous conduct towards him he records his grateful acknowledgments, he took his passage in the canoe of an Indian chief, and arrived at Walla-Walla, after a severe struggle against the winds and the currents of the river, but without accident. He stopped here a fortnight, improving the opportunity among the Indians, visiting the perpendicular walls, 300 feet high, through which the Columbia descends, and such other of the singular formations with which this country abounds as the time would admit.

On the 9th of May he recommenced his journey, and pursued the same course as he came last autumn. Having been several months where the Indians of the lower country came daily under his observation, the contrast between them and the natives of the upper country is very noticeable. The former are more servile and abject, both in their manners and spirit; while the latter are truly dignified and respectable in their manners and general appearance, far less enslaved to their appetites, or to those vices whose inevitable tendency is to degrade. They know enough to set some estimate upon character, and have much of the proud independence of freemen; and are desirous of possessing a consequence in the estimation of other people, and for this reason, no doubt, wish to be taught, and they receive any instruction for their benefit with remarkable docility.

Mr. Parker visited Colvile, the highest post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia, about 700 miles from the Pacific. He also had an excursion in the steamboat Beaver, from Vancouver down the Columbia. The novelty of a steam-boat on the Columbia awakened a train of prospective reflections upon the probable changes which would take place in these remote regions in a very few years.

The Columbia is the only river of magnitude in the Oregon territory, and is navigable for ships only 130 miles to the cascades; and it is the only one which affords a harbour for large ships on the coast from California to the 49th degree of North latitude. For bateaux and light craft the Columbia and its branches are navigable a thousand miles.

Mr. Parker having explored the most important parts of the territory, and gained all the information within his reach; having ascertained the practicability of penetrating with safety any, and every, portion of the vast interior, and the disposition of the natives in regard to his mission among them, he bethought him of the most expeditious mode of returning. He availed himself of the offer of a passage in one of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships, to proceed to Oahu in the Sandwich Islands, hoping that a speedy opportunity would present to return to the United States. This voyage, of 2500 miles, was performed in 16 days. He was detained in the Sandwich Islands from July to December, when engaging a passage for New London, he set sail, made land on the 17th of May, and on the 23rd reached his home at Ithaca, New York.

Mr. Parker is a determined and persevering friend of the Indians of this extensive territory, and while he strongly deprecates the parcelling out of their country by the British and American governments, he earnestly recommends them to the enlightened philanthropy of their more civilised fellow-men. The future condition of this noble race—whether or not the Indians are to pass away before the increasing power and numbers of white men—is a question which now attracts attention, and invites investigation.

WALPOLE'S REASONS FOR LIKING LONDON.

We are all familiar with the fact of Johnson's extreme partiality for London, and London life. But he was far from being singular in this. The state of internal communication rendered access to the country difficult, and the want of rapid and varied intercourse rendered it extremely dull; so much so that, to a person used to the comforts concentrated in the capital, the country was but another word for something dismal and horrid. This the following extract from Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann testifies; and it also shows that the "west end" of London was just beginning to spread out, and instead of an almost endless accumulation of streets and squares, houses were only scattered here and there:

"Think what London would be, if the chief houses were in it, as in the cities in other countries, and not dispersed like great rarity—plums in a vast pudding of country. Well! it is a tolerable place as it is! Were I a physician, I would prescribe nothing but recipe CCCLXV—drachm. Londin. Would you know why I like London so much? Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills, as they are prepared in the country. Besides, there is no being alone but in a metropolis. The worst place in the world to find solitude is the country: questions grow there, and that unpleasant Christian commodity neighbours. Oh! they are all good Samaritans, and do so pour balms and nostrums upon one, if one has but the toothache, or a journey to take, that they break one's head. A journey to take—ay! they talk over the miles to you, and tell you you will be late in. My Lord Lovel says, John always goes two hours in the dark in the morning to avoid being one hour in the dark in the evening! I was pressed to set out to-day before seven: I did before nine: and here I am arrived at a quarter past five for the rest of the night! I am more convinced every day that there is not only no knowledge of the world out of a great city, but no decency, no practical society—I had almost said, not a virtue.—I will only instance in modesty, which all *old Englishmen* are persuaded cannot exist within the atmosphere of Middlesex."

DEFINITION OF A COOK.

In the *English Huswife* the qualifications of a cook are thus described:—

"First, she must be cleanly both in body and garments; she must have a quick eye, a curious nose, a perfect taste, and ready ear; she must not be butter-fingered, sweet-toothed, nor faint-hearted; for the first will let every thing fall, the second will consume what it should increase, and the last will lose time with too much niceness."

MRS. TIGHE.

This amiable and highly gifted lady was not known to the world during her lifetime, but her poetic character was established by the posthumous publication of her beautiful poem of "Psyche;"—a poem which displays the exquisite delicacy of thought, purity of spirit and grace of expression, so essentially those of a woman,—a noble-minded and a loving woman. The nature of the subject chosen by Mrs. Tighe may to some appear questionable; to such she has herself, in a preface to a private impression circulated among her friends before her death, given an admirable exposition of her ideas.

"In making choice," she says, "of the beautiful ancient allegory of 'Love and the Soul,' I had some fears lest my subject might be condemned by the frown of severe moralists; however, I hope that if such have the condescension to read through a poem, which they may perhaps think too long, they will yet do me the justice to allow, that I have only pictured innocent love, such love as the purest bosom might confess. 'Les jeunes femmes, qui ne veulent point paraître coquettes, ne doivent jamais parler de l'amour comme d'une chose où elles puissent avoir part,'* says La Rochefoucault; but I believe it is only the false refinement of the most profligate court which could give birth to such a sentiment, and that love will always be found to have had the strongest influence where the morals have been the purest."

The melancholy hours of a long protracted illness were soothed by the composition of the poem, in which the trials of faithful love are portrayed in an allegory, founded on the old fable of Cupid and Psyche, as told by Apuleius. A strictly critical eye will discover some want of skill in the adaptation, and taste may be offended by the sudden change from classic to gothic imagery; but such is the charm of the fine nature which breathes a pure life throughout the poem, that these faults, and occasional weakness of expression, arising chiefly from the difficulty of fully mastering Spenserian verse, are forgotten; and in contemplation of the loveliness of Psyche, we see no imperfection in the verse which celebrates her toils:

"For she was timid as the wintry flower,
That, whiter than the snow it blooms among,
Droops its fair head submissive to the power
Of every angry blast that sweeps along,
Sparing the lovely trembler, while the strong
Majestic tenants of the leafless wood
It levels low."

Allegorical writing has not found much favour in recent times, and there is reason for the discouragement it has met with. It is difficult, and to judge from the examples hitherto presented to us by the very best writers, almost impossible, fully to embody the author's conceptions when this style is adopted. Inconsistencies, nay even absurdities, will force themselves in, and mar the harmony of the fable; and when the great master on whose model Mrs. Tighe moulded her tale,—when Spenser himself has so often failed, it is not surprising that his follower has sometimes stumbled. But "with all its faults," Psyche is so exquisite an illustration of the purest and most enchanting feeling which it is permitted to man to experience,—a feeling too often debased,—too often despised,—too often doubted and misunderstood; a feeling whose very existence many "of the earth, earthy," affect to deny; but whose influence, when rightly felt, gives us a glimpse of heaven,—a glimmering view through the half open gates of paradise,—that we would fain recall this exquisite poem from the oblivion into which we fear it has fallen, and would recommend it to every woman, as affording through a charming, a delightful medium, the moral lessons best calculated to ensure her happiness in that state in which alone her nature can be perfected,—in a happy marriage.

* "No young woman, who does not wish to be accounted a coquette, should ever speak of love as what she can possibly be interested in."

"Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can melt
At the soft thrilling voice, whose power you prove
You know what charm unutterably felt
Attends the unexpected voice of Love:
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels
When Love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen seals."

The poem opens with a description of Psyche in her solitary wanderings:

"Much wearied with her long and dreary way,
And now with toil and sorrow well-nigh spent,
Of sad regret and wasting grief the prey,
Fair Psyche through untrodden forests went,
To lone shades uttering oft a vain lament;
And oft in hopeless silence sighing deep,
As she her fatal error did repent,
While dear remembrance bade her ever weep,
And her pale cheek in ceaseless showers of sorrow steep.

'Mid the thick covert of that woodland shade,
A flowery bank there lay undressed by art,
But of the mossy turf spontaneous made;
Here the young branches shot their arms athwart,
And wove the bower so thick in every part,
That the fierce beams of Phœbus glancing strong
Could never through the leaves their fury dart;
But the sweet creeping shrubs that round it throng,
Their loving fragrance mix and trail their flowers along.

And close beside a little fountain played,
Which through the trembling leaves all joyous shone,
And with the cheerful birds sweet music made,
Kissing the surface of each polished stone
As it flowed past: sure as her favourite throne
Tranquillity might well esteem the bower,
The fresh and cool retreat have called her own,
A pleasant shelter in the sultry hour,
A refuge from the blast and angry tempest's power.

Wooed by the soothing silence of the scene,
Here Psyche stood."——

Leaving the weary Psyche to repose on the bank, the poet relates her story up to the time at which she is introduced to us, adhering pretty closely to the fable of Apuleius. We are told how the surpassing beauty of the royal virgin raised the jealousy of the Queen of Love, who found her fanes deserted, and the homage due to her transferred to Psyche. She calls her son, and bids him to revenge her:

"Deep let her drink of that dark bitter spring,
Which flows so near thy bright and crystal tide,
Deep let her heart thy sharpest arrow sting,
Its tempered barb, in that black poison dyed."

Cupid obeys, and bearing the waters of Sorrow, he flies to the couch where Psyche lay sleeping:

"A placid smile plays o'er each roseate lip,
Sweet severed lips! while thus your pearls disclose,
That slumbering thus unconscious she may sip
The cruel presage of her future woes!
Lightly as fall the dews upon the rose,
Upon the coral gates of that sweet cell
The fatal drops he pours; nor yet he knows,
Nor, though a god, can he presaging tell
How he himself shall mourn the ills of that sad spell!

Nor yet content, he from his quiver drew,
Sharpened with skill divine, a shining dart:
No need had he for bow, since thus too true
His hand might wound her all exposed heart;
Yet her fair side he touched with gentlest art,
And half relenting on her beauties gazed;
Just then awaking with a sudden start,
Her opening eye in humid lustre blazed,
Unseen he still remained, enchanted and amazed.

The dart which in his hand now trembling stood,
As o'er the couch he bent with ravished eye,
Drew with its daring point celestial blood
From his smooth neck's unblemished ivory:
Heedless of this, but with a pitying sigh
The evil done, now anxious to repair,
He shed in haste the balmy drops of joy
O'er all the silky ringlets of her hair;
Then stretched his plumes divine, and breathed celestial air."

Psyche, who has been troubled with "a dream of mingled terror and delight," reveals her cares to her mother; the oracle is consulted, and it is decreed that "on nuptial couch, in nuptial vest arrayed," Psyche should be placed upon the summit of a rock, from whence she should be borne by "a winged monster of no earthly race." The oracle is obeyed, but no monster appears, and the Zephyrs waft Psyche to the Island of Pleasure:

"When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound;
'Psyche, approach! dismiss thy timid fears,
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
For thee the palace rose at his command,
For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
Prompt every wish to serve, a fond obedient band.'"

Thus the day passes over the wondering Psyche's head; all her wants ministered to by unseen hands. At eve "a downy couch arose," and the "hymeneal strain" is sung by heavenly voices:

"The expiring lamps emit a feeble ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie;
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy,
But softly rustling sounds proclaim some Being nigh."

He speaks, she recognises the voice of the beloved:

"'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer! deep imprest
Upon my heart those sounds I well recall,'
The blushing maid exclaimed; and on his breast
A tear of trembling ecstacy let fall.
But, ere the breezes of the morning call
Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall,—
Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
While Sleep his downy wings had o'er her eye-lids spread."

But "inevitable fate pursues her to the bowers of happiness," and discontent takes possession of her soul; she is troubled by the concealment of her lover, and she longs once more to behold her mother's face. Forcing, at length, from Love an unwilling consent, the Zephyrs bear her back to her father's hall. Her envious sisters plot her ruin, and persuading her that her lover is a foul magician, forced to conceal his frightful form in darkness, place a dagger and a magic ring in her yet uncertain hands, and urge her to unveil the mystery, and strike the monster dead. She complies, and returning to her isle on the gentle wings of the soft-breathing Zephyrs, proceeds to execute her fatal purpose.

At night she conceals a lamp, and when

"Allowed to settle on celestial eyes,
Soft Sleep exulting now exerts his sway,"

Psyche arises, and brings forth the light:

"Ah! well I ween that if with pencil true,
That splendid vision could be well expressed,
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,
When Love's all potent charms divinely stood confessed."

* * * * * * *

"Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost,
Long Psyche stood with fixed adoring eye;
Her limbs immoveable, her senses tost
Between amazement, fear, and ecstacy,
She hangs enamoured o'er the deity.
Till from her trembling hand extinguished falls
The fatal lamp—He starts—and suddenly
Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,
While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er the affrighted walls."

Cupid can no longer shield her from the vengeance of Venus, and she is condemned to wander exiled from him, till she has reached the bowers of perfect happiness, and reared there an altar to the offended goddess, and on the altar placed an urn "filled from immortal Beauty's sacred spring." In the midst of her toilsome wanderings, the poem opens. Cupid, disguised as a knight, his celestial features concealed by his helmet, now comes to her assistance; and under his guardianship she escapes the snares successively spread for her by the passions and follies which beset mankind. At length, all dangers being triumphantly overcome by the aid of Love and his attendant Constancy, she reaches the bowers of Happiness, and gains the urn of Beauty.

"Scarce on the altar had she placed the urn,
When lo! in whispers to the ravished ear
Speaks the soft voice of Love! "Turn Psyche, turn!
And see at last, released from every fear,
Thy spouse, thy faithful knight, thy lover here!
From his celestial brow the helmet fell,
In joy's full glow, unveiled his charms appear,
Beaming delight and love unspeakable,
While in one rapturous glance their mingling souls they tell.

"Two tapers thus, with pure converging rays,
In momentary flash their beams unite,
Shedding but one inseparable blaze
Of blended radiance and effulgence bright,
Self lost in mutual intermingling light;
Thus in her lover's circling arms embraced,
The fainting Psyche's soul by sudden flight,
With his its subtlest essence interlaced!
Oh! bliss too vast for thought! by words how poorly traced!"

Such is the plan of this elegant poem, and the extracts we have made will enable the reader to form some idea of the grace and tenderness of its execution. The volume contains several minor poems, all bearing traces of the delicate taste which dictated "Pysche." We would willingly quote several of these, but must rest content with one, which is all our limits will enable us to insert. A melancholy interest is attached to it;—it was the last work of the author.

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON, WHICH FLOWERED AT WOODSTOCK, DEC. 1809.

"Odours of Spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature;
And, 'mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure:
Methinks with purpose soft ye come
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

"Alas! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore;
These eyes that weep and watch in pain
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last!
Beloved friends, adieu!
The bitterness of death were past,
Could I resign but you.

"But oh! in every mortal pang
That rends my soul from life,
That soul which seems on you to hang
Through each convulsive strife
Even now, with agonising grasp
Of terror and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp
Clings close and closer yet.

"Yet why, immortal, vital spark!
Thus mortally opprest?
Look up, my soul, through prospects dark,
And bid thy terrors rest;
Forget, forego thy earthly part,
Thine heavenly being trust:—
Ah, vain attempt! my coward heart
Still shuddering clings to dust.

"Oh ye! who soothe the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer:—
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear;

"Whose kindness (though far, far removed)
My grateful thoughts perceive,
Pride of my life, esteemed, beloved,
My last sad claim receive!
Oh! do not quite your friend forget,
Forget alone her faults;
And speak of her with fond regret,
Who asks your lingering thoughts."

It is to be regretted, that so little is known of the private history of Mrs. Tighe. Surely the life of such a woman, whose virtues and talents alike adorned her, would supply many traits of interest, and many lessons of profit. Our information is too scanty. We have no means of knowing more concerning her than that she was the wife of an Irish gentleman of ancient family, Henry Tighe, Esq., of Woodstock, in the county of Kilkenny. The composition of poetry served to console the tedious hours of distressing and painful illness, which lasted for six years, and was borne with patience and submission. She died at Woodstock on the 24th of March, 1810, in the 37th year of her age. "Her fears of death were perfectly removed before she quitted this scene of trial and suffering; and her spirit departed to a better state of existence, confiding with heavenly joy in the acceptance and love of her Redeemer."

LUTHER'S TABLE TALK.

Luther's "Table Talk" was published about twenty years after his death, by an editor, who stated that he had been often with Luther during the two last years of his life; and having taken notes of much which he had heard the great reformer utter, and being aided by the notes of another person, he had made up this collection of his sayings. A large portion of the work is of very apocryphal character. It was translated into English by a Captain Henry Bell, who tells a long and strange story respecting his procuring a copy of the book, and his translation of it. Two members of the Assembly of Divines, to whom, in 1646, it had been referred, by the House of Commons, to make a report on the translation, stated that they had found in it "many excellent and divine things," but also "withal many impertinent things—some things which will require a grain or two of salt, and some things which will require a marginal note or preface." On this, the House of Commons, whose sanction and authority had been asked for the publication, refused, and it was published as a private speculation in 1652.

"No man," said Luther, "can calculate the great charges God is at only in maintaining the birds and such creatures, which in a manner are nothing, or of little worth. I am persuaded," said he, "that it costeth God more yearly to maintain the sparrows alone, than the whole year's revenue of the French king! What then shall we say of the rest of his creatures?"—*Luther's Table Talk*, p. 158.

This is a specimen of the absurdity which is often attempted to be passed off as wisdom, under the stamp of a great name. To reason after this fashion is to measure God by ourselves, and thus to lower our conceptions of the might and majesty of his character. All our ideas of the Deity must be relative, and drawn from what we see and know; but how sublime and simple is the Psalmist's image, "Thou *openest* thine hand, they are *filled* with good!" There is no idea of exertion involved—nothing about *costing* God any thing.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN WILKES.

One of the most amusing things in that amusing and unique work "Boswell's Johnson," is the account given by the vivacious Scotchman, of how he contrived to get up an interview and acquaintance between Dr. Johnson and John Wilkes. "My desire," says Boswell, "of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description, had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson, and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each: for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person."

The manner in which Boswell contrived the meeting was as follows:—"My worthy booksellers and friends," says he, "Messrs. Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen, on Wednesday May 15 [1776]. 'Pray,' said I, 'let us have Dr. Johnson.' 'What! with Mr. Wilkes? not for the world!' said Mr. Edward Dilly. 'Come,' said I, 'if you let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well.' 'Nay,' said Mr. Dilly, 'if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here.'

"Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, *and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point.* I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, 'Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?' he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered—'Dine with Jack Wilkes, sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch!' I, therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: 'Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honour to dine with him on Wednesday next, along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland.' Johnson. 'Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly, and will wait upon him.' Boswell. 'Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you?' Johnson. 'What do you mean, sir? what do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?' Boswell. 'I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him.' Johnson. 'Well, sir, and what then? what care *I* for his patriotic friends? Poh!' Boswell. 'I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there.' Johnson. 'And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to me, sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely, to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally.' Boswell. 'Pray forgive me, sir; I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes for me!' [The sly dog.] *Thus I secured him*, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed."

Boswell, to his mortification, and the apparent failure of his artifice, found Johnson, on the day appointed, busily employed in "buffeting his books," covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad. "'How is this, sir?' said I. 'Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?' Johnson. 'Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's—it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams.'" Boswell had some difficulty in overruling this arrangement; and at last had the satisfaction of hearing Johnson roar out to his black servant, "Frank, a clean shirt!" "When I had him fairly seated in a hackney-coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna Green."

Boswell watched Johnson in Dilly's drawing-room. "I kept myself snug and silent, and observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, 'Who is that gentleman, sir?'—'Mr. Arthur Lee.' Johnson. 'Too, too, too,' (under his breath), which was one of his habitual murmurings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot*, but an *American*. 'And who is the gentleman in lace?'—'Mr. Wilkes, sir.' This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to

restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat, and read."

Dinner was announced; and Wilkes contrived to seat himself beside Johnson. "No man ate more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. 'Pray, give me leave, sir—it is better here—a little of the brown—some fat, sir—a little of the stuffing—some gravy—let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest.' 'Sir, sir, I am obliged to you, sir,' cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of surly virtue, but in a short while of complacency."

For the rest of the table talk we must refer to the 'Life;' it is enough that Wilkes completely triumphed, and sent the 'Rambler' home full of good-nature; and bustling Boswell had the satisfaction of hearing Burke pronounce his scheme a "successful negotiation," and that "there was nothing equal to it in the whole history of the *corps diplomatique*." Some time afterwards, Johnson thus spoke of Wilkes:—"Did we not hear so much said of Jack Wilkes, we should think more highly of his conversation. Jack has a great variety of talk, Jack is a scholar, and Jack has the manners of a gentleman. But after hearing his name sounded from pole to pole as the phœnix of convivial felicity, we are disappointed in his company. He has always been at *me*. But I would do Jack a kindness, rather than not. The contest is now over."

John Wilkes was the son of an eminent distiller in St. John-street, Clerkenwell, London, where he was born Oct. 28, 1727. His father's house was noted for hospitality, and was the resort of many eminent characters in the commercial and political world. Early intercourse with such society gave to Wilkes the literary turn of mind by which he was so soon distinguished. He had the rudiments of his education at Hertford, was afterwards placed under a tutor in Buckinghamshire, by whom he was attended to the university of Leyden, where he became soon known for his ability. When he returned in 1750, he married Miss Mead, a rich heiress of Buckinghamshire.

Wilkes's first appearance in public was on the occasion of the general election in 1754, when he offered himself for Berwick, but was unsuccessful. He took his seat for Aylesbury in 1757, and was again returned in 1761.

John Stuart, the third earl of Bute, had the charge, or virtual direction, of the education of George the Third; and when his pupil ascended the throne in 1760, he maintained his influence over his mind. The secret influence of the favourite was the cause of the retirement of Pitt—the "great Earl of Chatham,"—from office, and shortly afterwards, of breaking up the existing cabinet. Lord Bute was made first lord of the treasury, or prime minister, in 1762, an office which he did not hold above ten months. The period, however, was one of extraordinary political excitement. Lord Bute was one of the most unpopular ministers that ever held office. He professed the doctrine that ministers were not really the executive government, but literally only the official servants or instruments of the king; and by thus endeavouring to govern in the name of the king alone, he arrayed against himself and his feeble cabinet a powerful opposition amongst the great families in the country, as well as the nation at large.

There was a paper called the 'Briton,' in the interest of ministers; and Wilkes projected an opposition to it, which he called the 'North Briton,' a weekly periodical, which lasted from June 5, 1762, to Nov. 12, 1763. Churchill, the poet, "spendthrift alike of money and of wit," was employed by Wilkes to contribute to the pages of the 'North Briton;' and the character of the periodical was like that of its two principal writers, bold, careless, witty, clever, and profligate.

It was No. 45 of the 'North Briton' which was the cause of Wilkes being brought so prominently before the public, and becoming for a time one of the most popular political characters this country has produced. The particular cause of offence was a cutting comment on a speech made by the king to parliament; it would pass unnoticed in the present day, but at that time the publication of debates in parliament had not yet been tacitly sanctioned, and the pungent violence of Wilkes so exasperated ministers, that they proceeded against him in a summary way. In doing so, they were the cause of raising and settling an important constitutional question.

A "general warrant" (one in which the names of the parties to be arrested are not specified) was issued for the apprehension of Wilkes, with a verbal order to enter his house, break open his repositories, seize and carry away his papers, and arrest his person. On the occasion of his apprehension, he saved his partner Churchill, very adroitly. Whilst the officers were in the room, Churchill entering, Mr. Wilkes accosted him, "Good morrow, Mr. Thompson, how does Mrs. Thompson do to-day;—does she dine in the country?" Churchill thanked him, said, "she waited for him;" and directly taking leave, went home, secured all his papers, and retired into the country.

Wilkes loudly protested against the illegality of general warrants, and stoutly resisted the authority of the messengers; and it was not till threatened with force that he went before Lords Halifax and Egremont, the secretaries of state, who committed him to the Tower, where for three days his friends were denied access to him. He appeared in the Court of Common Pleas by *habeas corpus*, where the judges unanimously pronounced the warrant illegal, and he was discharged. He was triumphantly cheered, and in the evening his victory was celebrated by bonfires, illuminations, &c. The printers who had been taken up under the general warrant, brought actions against the messengers that arrested them, and recovered heavy damages.

On Mr. Wilkes's return home from the Court of Common Pleas, he sent the following letter to the secretaries of state.

"*Great George Street, May 6, 1763.*

"My Lords,

"On my return home here from Westminster Hall, where I have been discharged from my commitment to the Tower, under your lordships' warrant, I find that my house has been robbed, and am informed that the *stolen goods* are in the possession of one or both your lordships. I therefore insist that you do forthwith return them to, your humble servant,

"John Wilkes.

"To the Earls Egremont and Halifax."

And the next morning actually went in person to the house of Sir John Fielding in Bow-street, and demanded a warrant to search their houses. In the course of the day he received an answer to his letter.

"*Great George Street, May 7, 1763.*

"Sir,

"In answer to your letter of yesterday, in which you take upon you to make use of the indecent and scurrilous expressions of your having found your house had been robbed, and that the stolen goods are in our possession; we acquaint you that your papers were seized in consequence of the heavy charge brought against you for being the author of an infamous and seditious libel. We are at a loss to guess what you mean by *stolen goods;* but such of your papers as do not lead to a proof of your guilt shall be restored to you; such as are necessary for that purpose, it was our duty to deliver over to those, whose office it is to collect the evidence, and manage the prosecution against you.

"We are your humble servants,

"Egremont—Dunk Halifax."

To this Wilkes returned a very animated reply, concluding, "I fear neither your prosecution, nor your persecution; and I will assert the security of my own house, the liberty of my person, and every right of the people,—not so much for my own sake, as for the sake of my English fellow-subjects."

When parliament met, the Chancellor of the Exchequer produced the papers against Wilkes and laid them on the table, and the forms having been gone through, Wilkes spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Speaker,—I think it my duty to lay before the House a few facts which have occurred since our last meeting; because, in my humble opinion, the rights of all the Commons of England and the privileges of Parliament have, in my opinion, been highly violated. I shall at present content myself with barely stating the fact, and leave the mode of proceeding to the wisdom of the House. On the 30th of April, in the morning, I was made a prisoner in my own house by some of the king's messengers. I demanded by what authority they had found their way into my room, and was shown a warrant in which no person was named in particular, but generally the authors, printers, and publishers of a seditious and treasonable paper entitled the North Briton, No. 45. The messengers insisted on my going before Lord Halifax, which I absolutely refused, because the warrant was, I thought, illegal, and did not respect me. I applied by my friends to the Court of Common Pleas for a *habeas corpus*, which was granted; but at

the proper office, which was not then open, it could not immediately issue. I was afterwards carried by violence before the Earls of Egremont and Halifax, whom I informed of the orders given by the Court of Common Pleas for the *habeas corpus;* and I enlarged upon this subject to Mr. Webb, the solicitor to the Treasury. I was, however, hurried away to the Tower by another warrant, which declared me the author and publisher of a most infamous and seditious libel, entitled the North Briton, No. 45. The word *treasonable* was dropped, yet I was detained a close prisoner, and no person was suffered to come near me for almost three days, although my counsel and several of my friends demanded admittance in order to concert the means of recovering my liberty. My house was plundered, my bureaux broken open, by order of two of your members, Mr. Wood and Mr. Webb, and all my papers carried away. After six days' imprisonment, I was discharged by the unanimous judgment of the Court of Common Pleas, that the privileges of this House extended to my case. Notwithstanding this solemn decision of one of the king's superior courts of justice, a few days after, I was served with a subpœna upon an information exhibited against me in the King's Bench. I lost no time in consulting the best books, as well as the greatest living authorities, and from the truest judgment I could form, I thought that the serving me with a subpœna was another violation of the privileges of parliament, which I will neither desert nor betray, and therefore, I have not yet entered an appearance. I now stand in the judgment of the House, submitting with the utmost deference the whole case to their justice and wisdom: and beg leave to add, that if, after this important business has in its full extent been maturely weighed, you shall be of opinion, that I am entitled to privilege, I shall then be not only ready, but eagerly desirous to waive that privilege, and to put myself upon a jury of my countrymen."

In the debate, Mr. Martin, the secretary to the treasury, complained that the author of the North Briton had stabbed *him* in the dark. The same evening, Wilkes in a most insulting note thus concludes, "To cut off every pretence of ignorance as to the author, I whisper in *your* ear, that every passage in the North Briton, in which *you* have been named, or even alluded to, was written by your humble servant." This produced an immediate challenge; they met in Hyde Park, when Mr. Wilkes was severely wounded, and with an excess of honour gave Mr. Martin back his letter, that nothing might appear against him in case of his death.

The North Briton involved Wilkes in several personal quarrels, and among others he had a hostile meeting with Lord Talbot, which terminated without damage. When fit to be removed after his duel with Mr. Martin, he proceeded to Paris, and exiled himself nearly four years. In the mean time a message was sent to Parliament to proceed against him, and after a violent debate he was expelled, and No. 45 of the North Briton was ordered to be burned, which being attempted in front of the Royal Exchange, it was rescued by the mob with the scorching of a corner only. The Attorney-general also proceeded against him in the King's Bench for reprinting No. 45 of the North Briton. He was convicted and fined on two verdicts in the sum of 1000*l*., and to suffer two years' imprisonment. Not appearing, he was outlawed. Part of his time abroad he employed in travelling in Italy. He returned to London in 1768, and in defiance of the tipstaffs, he offered himself to represent the city, but failed in the election. However, he immediately proceeded to Brentford, and was chosen member for Middlesex. The crowd assembled, was greater than ever was known, and it was remarked that no freeholder was intoxicated, and no violence of any sort committed; Brentford was illuminated, and the people on their return obliged London and Westminster to illuminate also. Some rioting occurred in consequence, but nothing serious happened. He shortly after surrendered to the King's Bench to suffer the sentence imposed on him; and in his confinement there seemed almost a contention amongst the public, who most should serve and celebrate him. Devices and emblems of all descriptions ornamented the trinkets conveyed to his prison. Every wall bore his name, and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, in marble, he stood upon the chimney-pieces of half the houses of the metropolis, and he swung upon the sign-post of every village of every road in the environs of London. Gifts were daily heaped upon him, and it is said that 20,000*l*. were raised in a comparatively short time, to pay his debts and his fine, part of the money coming from various places in England, America, and the West Indies. He had an important triumph in having a verdict with 1,000*l*. damages against Lord Halifax, for false imprisonment and seizure of his papers in respect of the general warrants; and a like verdict with 1,000*l*. damages against Mr. Wood, secretary to the treasury. One important result of the struggle was, that general warrants were declared to be illegal by resolutions of both houses of Parliament.

Wilkes had the good luck, so to speak, of becoming the representative of several important questions. Following that of general warrants, came another, in which the people took an intense interest. When the new Parliament met, a crowd assembled round the King's Bench prison (there being a general impression that Wilkes would be allowed to take his seat), to conduct him in triumph to the House of Commons. The Riot Act was read, the people refused to disperse, the military were called out, one man was killed on the spot, and several wounded, some of them mortally. Coroners' inquests returned verdicts of wilful murder against the military, and several of the soldiers were tried; the government thanked the justices of Surrey, and granted free pardons to those who had been convicted; and Wilkes published an indignant commentary on the conduct of the government, in which he called the affair a "horrid massacre." For this publication, and for his previous conduct, the House of Commons once more declared him incapacitated from sitting in Parliament. He was triumphantly re-elected, and his election was declared null and void; a third time he was re-elected, and though his opponent, Colonel Luttrell, had only 296 votes, while Wilkes had 1143, the House sustained the election of the former.

This was, in fact, a struggle between the people and the House of Commons—a struggle which greatly helped to evolve that spirit of bold political discussion, generated by the extraordinary party strife and aspect of affairs at the time. The ferment caused by the repeated elections and rejections of Wilkes agitated the kingdom; and made him appear a martyr to the violated rights of the British people.

During his imprisonment, Wilkes caused himself to be proposed as a candidate to fill a vacancy in the office of alderman in the city of London. As there had already been great fermentation on his account, and much more apprehended, a deputation undertook to remonstrate with Wilkes on the danger to the public peace which would result from his offering himself as a candidate on the present occasion, and expressed a hope that he would at least wait till a more suitable opportunity presented itself. But they mistook their man; this was with him an additional motive for persevering in his first intentions. After much useless conversation, one of the deputies at length exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Wilkes, if you are thus determined, we must take the sense of the ward." "With all my heart," cried Wilkes, "and I will take the nonsense, and beat you ten to one!" He was of course elected.

Shortly after he regained his liberty, he was involved, in his capacity of alderman, in a new contest. The officers of the House of Commons were ordered to take certain printers into custody, for publishing the debates; and three of them being apprehended, were brought before the Lord Mayor Crosby, and Aldermen Wilkes and Oliver, who not only released the printers, but bound them over to prosecute the messengers for assault and wrongous imprisonment. Crosby and Oliver were sent to the Tower; and the clerk of the city was ordered, at the table of the House of Commons, to tear out the leaves of the register on which the judgment of the magistrates was recorded. But Wilkes refused to obey the summons of the house, unless he were permitted to take his seat as member for Middlesex. The whole affair created tremendous excitement. The matter was allowed to drop; and from that time the debates have been regularly published.

In 1771, Wilkes was chosen sheriff; and it was he who first opened the galleries of the Old Bailey to the public. The city in 1772 presented him with a rich silver cup, embossed with the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Being again returned for Middlesex, he was allowed to take his seat without opposition. For a number of years he made an annual unsuccessful motion to have the record of his expulsion expunged from the journal of the House of Commons.

Wilkes gradually became in politics, as he expressed it himself, "an exhausted volcano." He rose to the highest civic honours, having been Lord Mayor in 1775, and elected Chamberlain in 1779. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society; and was at one time Colonel of the Buckinghamshire Militia. He received the thanks of the Privy Council for his activity during the riots of 1780. He died in his 71st year.*

MR. WALTER HAMOND'S "PARADOX."

In the account of Madagascar, in No. II. mention is made of Mr. Walter Hamond's "Paradox, proving that the inhabitants of Madagascar are the happiest people in the world." The great object of Mr. Hamond is to induce the people of England, by a tempting report of the riches, fertility, and fine climate of Madagascar, to colonise it; and so he goes in this roundabout way to accomplish his purpose. Praising the *nakedness* of the natives, he thus mourns over the evil propensity which leads people to wear clothes:—

"As for ourselves, we are compelled (so miserable and poore we are) to be beholden to the unreasonable creatures for our raiment, robbing one of his skin, another of his wooll, another of his hair,—nay not so much as the poor worme doth escape us, whose very excrements we take to cover us withall, while they, in the mean time, are nothing beholden unto us. Was nature a mother to them, and a stepdame to us? No; but as a kind and loving mother, she hath sufficiently provided for us. It is our own luxurious effeminacy that hath stripped us of our natural simplicity, and clothed us with the ragges of dissimulation. Let us consider the natural beauties of all the plants, fruits, and flowers: they have no artificial covering, yet they so far exceed man in beauty and magnificence (the lily in particular, truth itself hath spoken it) that Solomon in all his royalty was not arrayed like one of these."

So far, Master Hamond; and just observe how he misapplies Scripture to clinch his nonsense! For "Truth itself," as he justly phrases it, did not bid us observe the "lilies of the field," for the purpose of inducing us not to care for raiment at all; but his words were addressed to those to whom was committed the great work of first propagating Christianity, in order to inspire them with that spirit of divine faith, which would lift them above anxious care about the necessities of life; and, doubtless, in a modified sense, they are applicable to Christians in all time. If Master Hamond had gone a little farther in his quotation, he would have confuted himself,—"Wherefore, if God so *clothe* the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith?"

Hamond was a surgeon, and therefore must have been, so far, an educated man; how could he utter nonsense which goes to the root of all trade and commerce—of nearly all that binds civilised society, or gives *life* to existence? Recollect, that nonsense was uttered two centuries ago—in 1640,—and 1839 is a somewhat different period. But let us try him again. Here he quotes the old stuff about Diogenes. The natives of Madagascar, he says, "have not so many superfluous things as we have, and therein they are happy. When Diogenes came by chance into a fair, and saw so many toys and baubles to be sold, he brake out into these words: 'O how happy am I that have no want of any of these things!' And upon a time, to show how despicable unnecessary things are, he threw away his dish, because he saw another lap water out of the hollow of his hand."

Diogenes was a conceited fool, that thought himself a wise man: yet there was a dash of the rogue in him, too. He went about Athens, "dressed in a coarse double robe, which served him as a cloak by day and a coverlet by night; and he carried a wallet to receive alms of food. His abode was a cask in the temple of Cybele. In the summer he rolled himself in the burning sand, and in the winter clung to the images in the street covered with snow, in order that he might accustom himself to endure all varieties of weather." But a far profounder philosopher than Diogenes told him that he saw his pride through his rags. Let us, however, return to Madagascar and Master Hamond. He has rather a shrewd hit here. Of the natives he says,

"We think them fools because they give us an ox for a few *red* beads. But suppose that they should see us give the price of twenty oxen for one white stone of the same bignesse, would not they laugh at our extreme folly? yet, when it is bought, they will not give you a calabash of milk for it."

We may dismiss Master Hamond, and his "Paradox," with one extract more. The "golden age" of which he here speaks, has been, in all time, a "Paradise of fools." The true golden age has yet to come.

"The golden age so much celebrated by ancient writers, was not so called from the estimation or predomination that gold had in the hearts of men, for in that sense, as one said wittily,—

> 'This may be truly call'd the age of gold:
> For it both honour, love, and friends, are sold;'

but from the contempt thereof. Then love and concord flourished; then rapine, theft, extortion, and oppression, were not known; which happy age these people at this present enjoy. But when men began to dig into the bowels of the earth, to make descents as it were down into hell to fetch this glittering oare from the habitations of divells and terrestrial goblins, with it came up contention, deceit, lying, swearing, theft, murder, and all the seven capital sins; as pride, covetousnesse, wrath, gluttony, and the rest; so that we must needs confess that it had been happy for us if gold had never been known."

BANISHMENT OF THE FAIRIES.

"There never was a merry world since the fairies left dancing, and the parson left conjuring. The opinion of the latter kept thieves in awe, and did as much good in a country as a justice of peace."—*Selden—Table Talk.*

This holds true of a country in a *transition* state, when superstition, which kept the people in awe, is breaking up, and a diffusion of knowledge has not come to supply its place.

Chaucer complains that even in his time the fairies had lost their ground:—

> "In old time of the king Arthur,
> Of which that Britons speken great honour
> All was this land fulfilled of faerie;
> The elf queen, with her joly company,
> Danced full oft in many a grene mead,
> This was the old opinion, as I rede—
> I speake of many hundred years ago,
> But now can no man see no elves mo.
> For now the great charity and prayers
> Of limitours [begging friars] and other holy freres,
> That searchen every land and every stream,
> As thick as motes in the sunne-beam,
> Blessing halls, chambers, kitchens, and boures,
> Cities and burghes, castles high and towers,
> Thropes and barnes, sheep-pens and dairies,
> *This maketh that there ben no fairies.*
> For there as wont to walken was an elf,
> There walketh now the limitour himself."

The limitour derived his name from being *limited* to beg within a certain district.

Sir Walter Scott, who quotes the above in his "Demonology," also quotes a ballad written by Dr. Corbet, who was bishop of Oxford and Norwich in the beginning of the 17th century. "A proper new ballad, entitled the Fairies' Farewell, to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meadow Brow by the learned; by the unlearned to the tune of Fortune:

> "Farewell, rewards and fairies,
> Good housewives now may say,
> For now foul sluts in dairies
> Do fare as well as they;
> And though they sweep their hearths no less
> Than maids were wont to do,
> Yet who of late for cleanliness
> Finds sixpence in her shoe?
>
> "Lament, lament, old abbeys,
> The fairies' lost command:
> They did but change priests' babies,
> But some have changed your land.
> * * * *
>
> "By which we note the fairies
> Were of the old profession,
> Their songs were Ave Maries,
> Their dances were procession.
> But now, alas! they all are dead,
> Or gone beyond the seas;
> Or farther for religion fled,
> Or else they take their ease."

"We almost," says Sir Walter Scott, "envy the credulity of those who, in the gentle moon-light of a summer night in England, amid the tangled glades of a deep forest, or the turfy swell of her romantic commons, could fancy they saw the fairies tracing their sportive ring. But it is in vain to regret illusions which, however engaging, yield their place before the increase of knowledge, like shadows at the advance of morn. These superstitions have already served their best and most useful purpose, having been embalmed in the poetry of Milton and Shakspeare, as well as writers only inferior to these great names."

HISTORY OF TRANSPORTATION.

The following sketch of the "Origin and History of Transportation," is taken from a recent Parliamentary Report made by a Committee appointed to inquire into the system of Transportation, and its efficacy as a punishment:—

"The punishment of transportation is founded on that of exile, both of which are unknown to common law. Exile, according to the best authorities, was introduced, as a punishment, by the Legislature in the 39th year of Elizabeth; and the first time that transportation was mentioned was in an act of 18 Charles I. c. 3, which empowered the judges to exile for life the moss-troopers of Cumberland and Northumberland, to any of his Majesty's possessions in America. The punishment, authorised by this act, is somewhat different from the one now termed transportation, inasmuch as the latter consists not only of exile to a particular place, but of compulsory labour there. It appears, however, to have been the practice at an early period to subject transported offenders to penal labour, and to employ them as slaves on the estates of the planters; and the 4 Geo. I. c. 11, gave to the person who contracted to transport them, to his heirs, successors, and assigns, a property and interest in the service of such offenders, for the period of their sentences. The great want of servants in the colonies was one of the reasons assigned for this mode of punishment, and offenders were put up to auction, and sold by the persons who undertook to transport them, as bondsmen for the period of their sentences. Notwithstanding, however, the dearth of labourers, many of the colonies, especially Barbadoes, Maryland, and New York, testified their disinclination to have their wants supplied by such means; and the opinion of Franklin, as to the letting loose upon the New World the outcasts of the Old, is too well known for your committee to repeat it. With the war of independence transportation to America ceased. Instead of taking that opportunity for framing a good system of secondary punishments, instead of putting in force the provisions of the 19 Geo. III. c. 74, by which parliament intended to establish in this country the penitentiary system of punishment, the government of the day unfortunately determined to adhere to transportation. It was not, however, deemed expedient to offer to the colonies, that remained loyal in America, the insult of making them any longer a place of punishment for offenders. It was determined, therefore, to plant a new colony for this sole purpose; and an act was passed in the 24th year of George the Third, which empowered his Majesty in council to appoint what place, beyond the seas, either within or without his Majesty's dominions, offenders shall be transported; and by two orders in council, dated 6th December, 1786, the eastern coast of Australia, and the adjacent islands, were fixed upon. In the month of May, 1787, the first band of convicts departed, which, in the succeeding year, founded the colony of New South Wales.

"To plant a colony, and to form a new society, has ever been an arduous task. In addition to the natural difficulties arising from ignorance of the nature of the soil and of the climate of a new country, the first settlers have generally had to contend with innumerable obstacles, which only undaunted patience, firmness of mind, and constancy of purpose, could overcome. But whatever the amount of difficulties attendant on the foundation of colonies, those difficulties were greatly augmented, in New South Wales, by the character of the first settlers. The offenders who were transported in the past century to America, were sent to communities, the bulk of whose population were men of thrift and probity; the children of improvidence were dropt in by driblets amongst the mass of a population already formed, and were absorbed and assimilated as they were dropped in. They were scattered and separated from each other; some acquired habits of honest industry, and all, if not reformed by their punishment, were not certain to be demoralised by it. In New South Wales, on the contrary, the community was composed of the very dregs of society; of men proved by experience to be unfit to be at large in any society, and who were sent from the British gaols, and turned loose to mix with one another in the desert, together with a few task-masters, who were to set them to work in the open wilderness; and with the military, who were to keep them from revolt. The consequences of this strange assemblage were vice, immorality, frightful disease, hunger, dreadful mortality, among the settlers; the convicts were decimated by pestilence on the voyage, and again decimated by famine on their arrival; and the most hideous cruelty was practised towards the unfortunate natives. Such is the early history of New South Wales.

"The present condition of a transported felon is mainly determined by the 5th Geo. IV. c. 84, the Transportation Act, which authorises her Majesty in council "to appoint any place or places beyond the seas, either within or without her Majesty's dominions," to which offenders so sentenced shall be conveyed; the order for their removal must be given by one of the principal Secretaries of State. The places so appointed are, the two Australian colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land; the small volcanic island, called Norfolk Island, situated about 1000 miles from the eastern shores of Australia, and Bermuda. Seventy-five thousand two hundred convicts have been transported to New South Wales since its settlement in 1787: on the average of the last five years 3544 offenders have been annually sent there; and the whole convict population of the colony, in 1836, amounted to 23,254 men and 2577 women; in all, 27,831. Twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine convicts have been sent to Van Dieman's Land since the year 1817; the number annually transported there on the average of the last five years is 2078; and the convict population in 1835 was 14,914 men, and 2054 women; in all, 16,968. At Norfolk Island the number of convicts, most of whom had been re-transported for offences committed in New South Wales, was, in 1837, above 1200; and at Bermuda, the number of convicts does not exceed 900.

"The 5 Geo. IV. c. 84, likewise gives to the governor of a penal colony a property in the services of a transported offender for the period of his sentence, and authorises the governor to assign over such offender to any other person. The only other imperial statutes with regard to transportation which ought to be mentioned are, the 30 Geo. III. c. 47, which enables her Majesty to authorise the governor of a penal colony to remit, absolutely or conditionally, a part or the whole of the sentences of convicts; the 9 Geo. IV. c. 83, which empowers the governor to grant a temporary or partial remission of sentence; and the 2 & 3 Will. IV. c. 62, which limits the power of the governor in this respect. No reference need be made to other statutes, which merely determine for what crimes transportation is the punishment. In New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land convicts are subjected to a variety of colonial laws, framed by the local legislatures, established under the New South Wales Act, 9 Geo. IV. c. 83."

CHARM FOR CRAMP.

SUPERSTITION.—Coleridge gives us an amusing instance of how long superstion will hold its ground, even after the *spirit* has clean gone out of it. The following *charm for cramp* was doubtless often repeated in perfect faith, though now it sounds to us very ludicrous and profane-like:—

"When I was a little boy at the Blue-coat School, there was a charm for one's foot when asleep; and I believe it had been in the school since its foundation in the time of Edward the Sixth. The march of intellect has probably now exploded it. It ran thus,—

'Foot, foot, foot, is fast asleep,
Thumb, thumb, thumb, in spittle we steep:
Crosses three we make to ease us,
Two for the thieves and one for Christ Jesus.'

And the same charm served for a cramp in the leg, with the following substitution:—

'The devil is tying a knot in my leg,
Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it I beg:
Crosses three,' &c.

And really, upon getting out of bed, where the cramp most frequently occurred, pressing the sole of the foot on the cold floor; and then repeating this charm with the acts configurative thereupon prescribed, I can safely affirm that I do not remember an instance in which the cramp did not go away in a few seconds.

"I should not wonder if it were equally good for a stitch in the side, but I cannot say I ever tried it for that."

A REASON WITH A SLIT IN IT.

A WOMAN of decent appearance came one day into a stationer's shop and desired to purchase a pen, for which she paid a penny. On receiving it she returned it, with the observation that it was good for nothing. Another was given her, but she gave this also back again, with the same remark. On being asked what fault she had to find with them—"Why how," she returned, "could they possibly be good for anything when both had a slit at the end?"

STATISTICS OF LONDON.—POPULATION.

In the reign of Henry II. London contained 40,000 inhabitants. In that of William III. the number was 674,000; George III., 676,000; ditto, 1801, 1,097,000; ditto, 1811, 1,304,000; George IV., 1821, 1,574,000; William IV., 1831, 1,860,000. Of this population, there were within the bills of mortality, in 1821, 660,578 men, and 768,007 women, being 38 women to 33 men. Of this number, according to the census, 8,855 families were agriculturists, 199,902 mechanics, and 116,834 of other professions. Allowing four persons to each family, there were 800,000 persons of the industrious class, and 464,000 without any particular useful profession. In 1836, amongst this great population, there were 60 bankers, 1,680 stock-brokers, 300 physicians, 580 chemists, 1,180 surgeons, 131 notaries, 1,150 lawyers, 1,560 merchants, 3,480 commercial agents, 2,100 bakers, 1,800 butchers, 200 brewers, 4,300 public-house keepers, 3,900 tailors, 2,800 shoemakers, 390 hatters, 200 curriers, 520 architects, builders, &c. But the number of persons attached to each of these professions is about ten times that of the masters. There are 16,502 shoemakers, without including the apprentices; 14,552 tailors; 19,625 carpenters and joiners; in all 450 different sorts of businesses. In 1836 there were 207 hotels, 447 taverns, 557 coffee-houses, 5,975 public-houses and beer-shops, 8,649 gin palaces, and 15,839 various shops. From 1744 to 1800, during the period of 56 years, the deaths in London exceeded the number of births by 267,000, being on an average annually a loss of 4,800 persons. Whilst from 1801 to 1830, during a space of 30 years, the births exceeded the deaths by 102,975, or on an average 3,600 per annum.—*The Mirror.*

SPELLING.

The Woods of Lancashire are a distinguished family for character, wealth, and talent; the eldest son, John Wood, has been returned member of parliament for Preston several times, and proved himself a steady supporter of civil and religious liberty. A laughable circumstance once took place upon a trial in Lancashire, where the head of the family, Mr. Wood, sen., was examined as a witness. Upon giving his name, Ottiwell Wood, the judge, addressing the reverend person, said, "Pray, Mr. Wood, how do you spell your name?" The old gentleman replied—

"O double T
I double U
E double L
double U
double O D."

Upon which the astonished lawgiver laid down his pen, saying it was the most extraordinary name he had ever met with in his life, and, after two or three attempts, declared he was unable to record it.—*Gardiner.*

TURKISH CEMETERIES.

There is nothing more striking perhaps about a Turkish town or village, than the extent of burying-grounds attached to them, and the great disproportion in number which the mansions of the dead bear to those of the living. Not that it is difficult to account for this peculiarity in a country where the practice is never to disturb a grave, but to assign to each pilgrim his own resting-place; so that we can see the tombs of many departed generations, while one only of the living requires lodgings at a time, and the same tenements may serve for many successive tenants. But the multitude of these memorials of the dead seen collected together, and outnumbering so ominously the signs of life and population, cannot fail to impress the beholder very forcibly with thoughts of the myriads who have passed away—who have gone the road we must all follow; in short, of the exceeding frailty of human existence, and that "in the midst of life we are in death." At this place (Eskew) the burying-grounds exhibited a singular spectacle, disposed as they were upon the brow of certain rising grounds above the village; for as every grave was marked with a slender upright white stone, on the top of which a turban is sometimes rudely indicated, or some verses from the Koran are inscribed, they looked in the beams of the rising sun just like the remains of some young plantation that had been suddenly blasted, and the withered rain-bleached stumps of which alone remained.—*Fraser's Winter Journey.*

DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF VEGETABLES UPON DIFFERENT ANIMALS.

The Botanical Professor, in a lecture delivered at King's College, said that "Horses will not touch cruciferous plants, but will feed on reed grasses, amidst abundance of which goats have been known to starve; and these latter again will eat and grow fat on the water hemlock, which is a rank poison to other cattle. In like manner, pigs will feed on henbane, while they are destroyed by common pepper; and the horse, which avoids the bland turnip, will grow fat on rhubarb."—*Farmer's Magazine.*

THE TRUE USES OF KNOWLEDGE.

I make not my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves; I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavours there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends.—*Sir T. Browne.*

RECREATIONS.

Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business. We may trespass in them, if using such as are forbidden by the lawyer as against statutes; physician as against health; divine as against conscience.—*Fuller's Holy and Profane States.*

EXPENSE OF A SEVENTY-FOUR GUN SHIP.

1. A regular 74 gun ship takes 3,000 oaks to build her. These trees would require one hundred acres of land for their growth, and would be nearly a hundred years in coming to maturity. Three thousand oaks would timber a thousand cottages, for as many industrious families, and this would be a rational purpose for employing oak timber.—2. The yearly expense of a 74-gun ship in commission is about eight times as much as the salary of the president of the United States; yet our president, with his enlightened views of our foreign policy, is a far better security for the preservation of peace, than any battle-ship we can send to sea.—*American Paper.*—3. How many thousand ships has England sent to foreign countries to spread devastation and death? The money expended in building, equipping, and supporting *one of these*, would be sufficient, with the Divine blessing, to convey Christianity, with its civilising effects, to hundreds of thousands of people.—*Williams's Missionary Enterprises.*

GILT BUTTONS.

Looking at the brilliant appearance of a gilt button, the substance of the gold which covers it is by no means obvious to us; but when it is proved that five grains of gold, worth 15d., will gild 144 buttons an inch in diameter, the amazing ductility of the metal no longer surprises us, and we can easily credit that its thickness does not exceed more than the 214,000th part of an inch in the coarser branches of this manufacture.—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

SAYINGS FROM THE TALMUD.

When Æsop in answer to the question put to him by Chilo, "What God was doing?" said "that he was depressing the proud and exalting the humble," the reply was considered as most admirable. But the same sentiments are to be found in the Medrash; though expressed, as usual with the Jewish writers, in the form of a story, it runs thus:—"A matron once asked Rabbi José, 'In how many days did God create the world?' 'In six days,' replied the Rabbi, as it is written, 'In six days God made the heavens and the earth.' 'But,' continued she, 'what is he doing now?' 'Oh!' replied the Rabbi, 'he makes ladders on which he causes the poor to ascend, and the rich to descend,' or, in other words, he exalts the lowly, and depresses the haughty.'" There were discovered on the fragments of an ancient tombstone, Greek words to the following purpose:—"I was not, and I became; I am not, but shall be." The same thought is expressed in the following reply of Rabbi Gabiha to a sceptic. A freethinker once said to Rabbi Gabiha, "Ye fools who believe in a resurrection, see ye not that the living die? how then can you believe that the dead shall live?" "Silly man!" replied Gabiha, "thou believest in a creation—well then, if what never before existed, exists; why may not that which once existed, exist again?"—*Goodhugh's Lectures on Biblical Literature.*

GOODNESS.

It is some hope of goodness not to grow worse; it is a part of badness not to grow better. I will take heed of quenching the spark, and strive to kindle a fire. If I have the goodness I should, it is not too much; why should I make it less? If I keep the goodness I have 'tis not enough: why do I not make it more? He ne'er was so good as he should be, that doth not strive to be better than he is: he never will be better than he is, that doth not fear to be worse than he was.—*Warwick's Spare Minutes.*

NEGOTIATION BEFORE A WAR.

Two nations, or most likely two governments, have a dispute; they reason the point backwards and forwards; they cannot determine it; perhaps they do not wish to determine; so, like two carmen in the street they fight it out; first, however, dressing themselves up to look fine, and pluming themselves on their absurdity. Just as if two carmen were to go and put on their Sunday clothes, and stick a feather in their hats besides, in order to be as dignified and fantastic as possible. They then "go at it," and cover themselves with mud! blood! and glory! Can anything be more ridiculous? Yet, apart from the habit of thinking otherwise, and being drummed into the notion by the very toys of infancy, the similitude is not one atom too ludicrous; no, nor a thousandth part enough so.—*Leigh Hunt.*

VANITY A FOE TO AGREEMENT.

For Pope's exquisite good sense, take the following, which is a masterpiece:—"Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but mere vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily what pitch it amounts to." Thousands of houses would be happy to-morrow, if this passage were written in letters of gold over the mantel-piece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

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WORDSWORTH AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

DURING the greater portion of the eighteenth century, the spring of English poetry yielded but a scanty supply. A respectably filled list might be produced, of names, all of which were more or less celebrated. But some of the best poets of that period wrote very little; and there were others who, if they put forth their claims in the present day, would either be assigned a low place on the roll, or be excluded altogether; such as Dyer with his "Fleece," to whom, notwithstanding, Wordsworth has inscribed a complimentary sonnet; and Grainger, with his "Sugar Cane." From the days of Pope and his minor contemporaries, to those of Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns, the most conspicuous names are, Thomson, a genuine bard; tasteful and fastidious Gray; elegant Shenstone; fiery Collins;

> "Ill-fated Savage, at whose birth was given
> No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heaven;"

coarse, clever Churchill; Chatterton, "the sleepless soul that perished in his pride;" Mark Akenside, the author of the "Pleasures of Imagination;" Young, of the "Night Thoughts;" with poet-critics, and collectors, one or two of whom displayed true feeling and taste; Bishop Percy, and Warton, to whom we may add Dr. Johnson. Hannah More and Mrs. Barbauld belong, like Crabbe, to the past century and the present.

The French revolution seemed like the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep. High over the flood floated the ark of imagination; and when the waters abated, a host came forth, who, like the sons of Noah, parcelled out the earth amongst them. Wordsworth chose for his domain the HUMAN HEART; Southey went hither and thither, now in Spain, now in South America, or in the Arabian Desert, or deep in "Domdaniel caverns;" Coleridge, with his "Ancient Mariner," soared into a new region; Rogers and Byron selected classic ground; Scott, attended by the "Ettrick Shepherd," made his native hills, and lakes, and border land, to ring with the echo of the bugle blast, and the clash of arms; Campbell fled across the Atlantic, and by the banks of the Susquehanna painted "the stoic of the woods, a man without a tear;" and Moore hovered over

> "That delightful province of the sun,
> The first of Persian lands he shines upon,"

which he has lit up with the glories of "Lalla Rookh." Then came a troop of children and disciples worthy of their sires and masters. Deep-sounding and mysterious Shelley; graceful, though feeble Keats; James Montgomery, who, whether he leads us to the "World before the Flood," to the "Pelican Island," to the tropics, or to Greenland, has displayed no mean genius in a wonderful age; his brother and fellow minister, Bernard Barton; Wilson, and Bowles, and Milman, and Croly; Pringle, who roused the lion in his lair, and shouted "Afar in the Desert;" Hood, whose laughter has made us forget that he can move to tears; Leigh Hunt, who, if he had lived in another age, might have been hailed as a star of more than ordinary magnitude; with Tennant, who sang of "Anster Fair and Bonnie Maggy Lauder;" Bloomfield and Kirke White, Cunningham and Kennedy, Atherstone and Pollok, and Robert Montgomery—with others, who shrink from arrogating the name of poet, though they have produced poetry that need not hide its head. Of the lady poets, Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Hemans may be taken as the representatives.

But now Byron is dead, and Scott is dead, and Coleridge is dead; grey hairs, like a crown of glory, encircle the head of the old man of the mountains; Southey has made his literary will, and is acting as his own executor—the sons of Anak are departing from the earth, and soon there will be scarcely one left of the remnant of the giants. We are fallen on evil times! cry the palled critics —"the star of the engineer must be on the decline, before that of the poet can culminate again." Doleful indeed it would be if the literary world remained as it once was, when critics and readers moved together like a united phalanx, and when the casual readers were regarded as a mixed multitude that followed the camp, of whom little heed was taken. Now, inclosing the old literary world, there is an outer circle increasing daily in depth and breadth, a vast accession to the ranks of readers, to whom Wordsworth, and Scott, and Southey, and Coleridge, and all the host of them, are almost as new as when their productions first appeared. In fact, the master-minds of English literature, from Chaucer and Shakspeare, down to Scott and Wordsworth, are "renewing their youth;" and living again in the hearts of the British people, and wherever the English tongue is spoken. We can therefore afford to rest awhile, even though no great man should speedily appear among us—for we have ample store of immortal thought, wherewithal to feed and fill the public mind for a generation yet to come.

If we use the word "popularity" in an extended sense, not as implying merely great sale of productions and great praise of critics, but as signifying one whose character and genius have provoked great discussion, and whose name has been much in the public mouth, then Wordsworth has been as popular as any of his most celebrated contemporaries. It was all but a moral and physical impossibility that he should have made as much *noise* as Byron or Scott. He was in advance of his time; and that time was a period of tremendous conflict. When the thunder of the cannon deciding the fate of nations was almost heard in our island, could we be expected to pay attention to—or at least to understand—a man who lay down in the grass and listened to the "wandering voice" of the cuckoo, who sympathised with the ecstatic delight of an idiot boy, or drew a profound thought from the braying of an ass? Campbell struck the true chord, when he summoned "the spirits of our fathers" from the deep, and "far flashed the red artillery;" Scott touched a responsive strain when he sang of Marmion and the fatal fight of Flodden; Byron found an audience when he poured out his burning thoughts, for his heart was a volcano, and the sound of it was like the echo of a battle-field. And in like manner, other poets of the day, who appealed to whatever most strongly occupied or agitated classes of men, were honoured and applauded in proportion to their success in touching the prevalent feeling. But Wordsworth speaks to the inner man; he is the great QUIETIST of poetry: he rouses no turbulent or unholy emotions; he does not make the feelings of his hearers oscillate between vice and madness; under his touch the meanest weed that grows becomes a portion of the

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universe; he is the high-priest of HOME, blessing alike our basket and our store. He tells us himself,

> "The moving accident is not my trade,
> To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
> 'Tis my delight alone in summer shade
> To pipe a simple song to *thinking* hearts."

Yet he, too, can write an inspiring strain; some of his sonnets are amongst the noblest things in the language; and when he tells a legend of war and of the olden time, he converts it into a strain of purest chivalry—moving, like his own "White Doe of Rylstone," most gracefully amongst the ruins of the past.

Wordsworth, we have said, has been as popular as any of his contemporaries. He was in advance of his time, and could not but expect to be misunderstood, and, being misunderstood, to be misrepresented. Yet the power of his genius has kept him ever before the public, in spite of misunderstandings and misrepresentations. The many, indeed, stood back, and asked what the man was muttering; and some, who said they understood his language, expounded it to the multitude, and pronounced it gibberish. But there were a few who knew that Wordsworth's meaning lay in the *echo* of his words; and even in that time of noise and strife they waited in silence till they heard it. That number is increasing; and if it be a fact that a considerable bulk of readers are now enjoying Wordsworth's poetry, it is a sure proof of our social progress. It shows that the poetry of the bugle and the drum does not occupy our attention to the exclusion of the music of nature; that our social and household affections are becoming more quick and powerful; and that more largely than ever we sympathise with the common joys, and wants, and woes of humanity. We do not doubt but that this is, to a considerable extent, the case; and Wordsworth's fame may, therefore, be likened to the evening star, rising with an ethereal lustre as his day of human life is descending into the darkness of the grave.

Wordsworth, though avowedly looking forward to a better time, and professedly content to be a present martyr, has yet shown himself a poet and a man, by the manner in which he has *felt* the ridicule heaped upon him. Thus, on the publication of Peter Bell—a story presenting, as other portions of Wordsworth's poetry does, many points for stupid ridicule, but which is full of a homely, eloquent wisdom—there followed a shout of derision; and, in imitation of Milton, he writes a sonnet, "on the detraction which followed a certain poem," in which—though far indeed from displaying anything of the mingled spite, hatred, and wrath of Byron,—he yet shows how he was touched. "Some," he says,

> "Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a harpy brood,
> On bard and hero clamorously fell.
> Heed not, wild rover once through heath and glen,
> Who mad'st at length the better life thy choice,
> Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of men
> To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
> Lift up that grey-haired forehead, and rejoice
> In the just tribute of thy poet's pen!"

An instance of his yielding to the power of ridicule may be given. He heard an incident respecting a blind boy, who, on the banks of Loch Leven, had ventured out on the water in a very frail boat, and was brought back by a pursuing crew of fishermen, after much anxiety on the part of his mother and neighbours. This he turns into a tale—"The Blind Highland Boy." The "Edinburgh Review" screeched with laughter at the mention of the boat,—

> "A HOUSEHOLD TUB, like one of those
> Which women use to wash their clothes!"

"This," the Review exclaimed, "it will be admitted, is carrying the matter as far as it will go; nor is there anything—down to the wiping of shoes, or the evisceration of chickens,—which may not be introduced into poetry, if this is tolerated." The story was afterwards retouched and altered; a "turtle-shell" was substituted for the "Household Tub;" a roundabout explanation is given of how the large shell came to the neighbourhood; the blind boy is represented to have heard a story we can scarcely suppose him to have heard; this story "flashed upon his mind," he steals the shell from the house of a neighbour, and sets sail in it. Thus a very simple and interesting "tale of a tub" was turned into a mere conceit.

Measuring the poets of our time by that trying test, the depth and the duration of their influence over the minds and hearts of men, Wordsworth stands out the greatest of them all. Others have written more immediately for the present; and in the present have some of them found an exceeding great reward. He has written for the future; and in the future must his treasure lie. For poetry is the shadow of man, and moves with him as he moves. The roving barbarian and the venturesome "sea-king," were fired by a tale of slaughter and of blood; the bard threw the sunshine of his genius over murder, rapine, and suffering, and cruelty and vulgarity became radiant as with glory. Half-civilised nations delight in seeing the past held up to them through the haze of imagination; and those who are still further advanced, whose blood flows sluggishly in the tame routine of city life, and under the orderly rules of civilisation, like to have their quiescence stirred by tumultuous emotions. But a still farther advance is made, when we come to such poetry as that of Wordsworth—poetry which sanctifies the commonest actions of the commonest life—which gives us a vivid interest in our own humanity—makes the hum of the bee, the prattle of a child, laughter and tears, even the very stupidities of ignorance, full of a holy and divine wisdom—linking the visible and invisible worlds, and revealing to man glimpses of his marvellous destiny. All poetry does this in a degree; the noblest poets have set this, more or less, before them, as the great aim of their high calling. But Wordsworth has set himself to it as the exclusive business of his life, and pursued his object with a lofty spirit and an untiring faith; and whatever difference there may be respecting his diction, or his style, or his invention, (mere verbal criticism!) none who have read what he has written will doubt that he has built for himself an enduring monument in the noblest faculties and feelings of the HUMAN HEART.

Wordsworth has scarcely anything of what is called dramatic power. He cannot construct an intricate plot, nor make his characters breathe and think aloud in our presence, through all the mazes of love, joy, hope, jealousy, hatred, wrath, and despair. He has but little versatility; his human beings have no great variety, and we can frequently trace the same individual called upon to perform service in different parts. Though an exquisite painter, his lights and shadows are oftentimes too delicate for the great body of readers. At his command, the heath does not bristle up armed men, as if it had been sown with dragons' teeth. He can lift a banner, and stir "the towers of St. Cuthbert" with the shout of a warlike multitude: yet his voice is not for war, but peace:—

> "Armour rusting in his halls
> On the blood of Clifford calls:
> 'Quell the Scot!' exclaims the lance;
> 'Bear me to the heart of France!'
> Is the longing of the shield:
> Tell thy name, thou trembling field!
> Field of death, where'er thou be,
> Groan thou with our victory!
> Happy day and mighty hour,
> When our Shepherd, in his power,

Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the Flock of War!

Alas! the fervent Harper did not know
That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,
Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more:
And ages after he was laid in earth,
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

Where, then, lies the power of Wordsworth? He, like other poets, communes with heaven, but he does not call upon the sons of God to come down, and behold the daughters of men, that they are fair. All nature is to him a living thing, and the elements have tongues; but he does not people "the heaven around, the earth below," with

"thick shapes of human death
All horrible, and wrought by human hands."

Rather does he come "to the mountain of God, even to Horeb;" to him the bush burns with fire, yet is it not consumed; a voice is ever ringing in his ears: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground."

The tender simplicity, and the charming grace, which characterise Wordsworth's mind, are exhibited chiefly in his minor poems. But the large poem of the "Excursion" is his standard production, in the preface to which he thus tells what has been the great object of his poetic life, and in which, though far from accomplishing his lofty purposes, he has succeeded more than any other:—

"On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life
Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight,
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.—
To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come,
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
Or from the soul—an impulse to herself,
I would give utterance in numerous verse.
Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love and Hope,
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that intelligence which governs all—
I sing—'fit audience let me find, though few!

The "Excursion" was published as a portion of a larger poem planned by Wordsworth, called the "Recluse." The "Excursion" contains only four *acting* characters, three of them the counterparts of each other: its great deficiency of dramatic interest will probably ever prevent the poem from being generally read *continuously*. One of the characters is the author himself, who meets by appointment a grey-haired Wanderer; one who in his youth had been a pedler, travelling over hill and dale, and by the sale of his merchandise had acquired a sufficiency in his old age, to enable him to wander for his pleasure as he had done for his profit. The Wanderer is the opposite of "Peter Bell." That notable rover had wandered over the country with a sluggish heart, and stupid head.

"Nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.
In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.'

But the Wanderer had ranged the earth with an observant eye; he was a self-taught philosopher; one of

"the poets that are sown
By Nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse."

In him was the "child father of the man:" for in his youth he had been a herd on Scottish hills, where he received the impressions that shaped his future life:—

"on the tops
Of the high mountains he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He look'd—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!"

The author meets this worthy man in a grove which was tenanted by a deserted and ruined cottage—

"four naked walls
That stared upon each other!"

Out of the ruins of this cottage is constructed a most exquisite and affecting story. It had been inhabited by a happy couple. The husband, a quiet, humble man, who divided his time between his loom, and his little garden; the wife, whom the poet calls Margaret,

"was a woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love,
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts."

The "famine seasons" of forty years ago struck down the comforts of the family, and the weaver was "smitten with perilous fever." When he recovered, he found himself so far back in the world as apparently not to be able to be the man he once was. Life became a purposeless thing—

"One while he would speak lightly of his babes,
And with a cruel tongue: at other times
He tossed them with a false, unnatural joy:
And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks
Of the poor innocent children."

The man deserts his family, and goes off as a soldier. The affliction crushed, but did not extinguish, Margaret. Year after year, the Wanderer passed, and marked the gradual change creeping over the person and cottage of the poor woman—the picture of slow wasting decay, and of the workings of a consuming grief, is painfully true to nature. At first, her house merely showed "a sleepy hand of negligence"—

> "Her infant babe
> Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,
> And sighed among its playthings."

This child died; another boy was sent out to a farmer; but Margaret, left alone, clung to her decaying habitation:—

> "She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds
> Have parted hence;"

and after some weary years were spent, she died—"last human tenant of these ruined walls." Poor Margaret! one weeps over her, as if she had been a dear and familiar friend.

The Wanderer and the author now start off on a visit to the Solitary, a strange man. He had been a military chaplain; had married an affectionate woman, "not sparingly endowed with worldly wealth;" had lived happy with her in retirement for some years; when suddenly death entered his household, and carried off his two children and their mother. From the apathy of grief he was roused by a great event:—

> "To the wide world's astonishment, appeared
> The glorious opening, the unlook'd-for dawn,
> That promised everlasting joy to France!"

He became an enthusiast in the cause of civil and religious liberty:—

> "That righteous cause of freedom did, we know,
> Combine, for one hostility, as friends,
> Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves;
> Was served by rival advocates that came
> From regions opposite as heaven and hell.
> One courage seemed to animate them all:
> And, from the dazzling conquests daily gained
> By their united efforts, there arose
> A proud and most presumptuous confidence
> In the transcendent wisdom of the age,
> And its discernment."

The Solitary, disappointed in his great expectations, was upset by the recoil; he lost the balance of his moral character; became a bad man and a sneering sceptic. After various wanderings, he fixed his home amongst the hills, and lived in a misanthropic seclusion.

The visit to the Solitary introduces some noble descriptions of mountain scenery, interposed throughout the long debate between the Wanderer's warm-hearted faith and the cold scepticism of the Solitary—a scepticism engrafted on a nature originally kind and genial. The Wanderer has great hope in the progress of Man:

> "I have seen
> A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
> Of inland ground, applying to his ear
> The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
> To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
> Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
> Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
> Were heard—sonorous cadences! whereby
> To his belief, the Monitor expressed
> Mysterious union with its native sea.
> *Even such a shell the Universe itself*
> *Is to the ear of faith*; and there are times,
> I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
> Authentic tidings of invisible things;
> Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
> And central peace, subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation."

The three companions descend from the mountains; and they gain the company of a mountain Pastor, who takes up the argument against the Solitary on new ground. Standing in "the churchyard among the mountains," the history of a secluded and rural population is read; and out of such scanty materials, a variety of sketches are given, exhibiting "the universal forms of human nature."

> "I love to hear that eloquent old man
> Pour forth his meditations, and descant
> On human life, from infancy to age.
> How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues
> His mind gives back the various hues of things,
> Caught in their fairest, happiest attitude!
> While he is speaking, I have power to see
> Even as he sees; but when his voice hath ceased,
> Then, with a sigh, I sometimes feel, as now,
> That combinations so serene and bright,
> Like those reflected in yon quiet pool,
> Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
> To great and small disturbances exposed."

The "Excursion" is concluded by a visit to the Parsonage, and an evening visit to the lake; with disquisitions on the past state and future prospects of England, and an eloquent appeal to the State on behalf of the education of the people.

THE DAGUEROTYPE.

The triumphs of chemistry are continually disclosing new wonders in the structure of the vast universe, and as each fresh step is made in the path of knowledge—as another fact is obtained—we behold the works of the Creator with increasing admiration. As the veil is lifted higher from the system of nature, we regard with greater reverence the Infinite Wisdom which planned that wonderful fabric.

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to a discovery recently made by M. Daguerre, the well-known artist of the Diorama. His attention has naturally been much directed to the nature and effects of light, and the course of his experiments has revealed to him an agent by which the reflections of a camera obscura may be fixed; by means of which Nature becomes her own delineator. The operation is extremely simple: the reflection is thrown on a sheet of copper, properly prepared, and in a few minutes, from eight to ten, according to the intensity of the light, a perfect representation of the objects reflected is obtained. The appearance somewhat resembles a drawing in bistre or sepia, but when it is examined with a magnifying-glass, the observer is astonished at beholding every minute fold in the garments of the figures displayed with the utmost accuracy; the stones in the street may be counted; the moisture left on the pavement by the rain, the signs on the shops, can be distinguished.

This astonishing invention is, however, attended with some inconveniences; the colours are not uniformly affected; green tints are not fixed with the same rapidity as red, and the consequence is, that when these tints occur together, it is impossible to procure a perfect representation; the parts of the picture will not possess an equal intensity of light and shade, and the design will consequently be deficient in the harmony of nature. Another imperfection is the difficulty of representing objects in motion; as, for instance, trees agitated by the wind. A number of impressions of moving objects will be begun, but none can be completed in the time sufficient to fix stationary ones. In one of the views taken by the Daguerotype, representing part of the Boulevards, a coach on the stand was included, but one of the horses happening to move during the operation, the animal appears without his head. M. Daguerre has succeeded in obtaining an image of the moon, but it appears with a train of light somewhat similar to

the tail of a comet; this is attributed to the motion of that body during the period necessary to complete the figure. The more intense the light, the greater the rapidity of the operation; and an image obtained by the comparatively feeble light of the moon requires a much longer period to perfect it than one effected by the light of day.

On the 7th ult., M. Arago made a verbal report on this discovery to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, to the published accounts of which we are indebted for our information on this very interesting subject. It appears that the attempt to fix the representations of the camera is not new. Sir Humphrey Davy, and other scientific men, made, some years ago, many experiments with this object in view; they even operated with some success on *nitrate of silver*, which was found to be the substance most sensibly affected by light, but they could not succeed in permanently fixing the impression. M. Daguerre acknowledges that the first idea of his process was given to him fifteen years ago by M. Nieps, of Chalons-sur-Saône, but in so imperfect a state, that it has cost him long and persevering labour to bring it to its present comparative perfection.

All the uses to which the Daguerotype may be applied, in the furtherance of art and science, can scarcely yet be ascertained, but several are already obvious. Many interesting experiments on the nature and properties of light have already been made, and some unexpected results obtained. Its use to the traveller who desires to procure faithful pictures of the works of art or nature is evident; and it will prove especially serviceable to him in the countries of the tropics, where it is to be expected that one or two minutes will suffice to produce the result, for which eight or ten minutes are required at Paris.

To the artist it will prove the most useful auxiliary in the study of chiaro oscuro. The beautiful manner in which the surface of different objects is distinguished, will probably lead to great improvements in art. The representations of the same statue in marble and plaster of Paris are recognised instantly, although the light and shade on each are precisely the same.

The objects represented by the solar microscope are indelibly fixed by this instrument, affording the student of natural history an opportunity of examining at his leisure, objects hitherto beheld but for a few minutes at a time. Every day some fresh advantage gained by this astonishing invention, will be made manifest: it is yet in its infancy, but we shall watch its progress, and at some future day we hope to lay before our readers further details of the results produced by its agency.

TRANSLATION OF AN EXTEMPORE ARAB SONG.

Oh, she was beauty's self, and shone in matchless symmetry. When shall I hear news of her? how support her absence and her loss? My hopes are but as the fantastic dreams of night: yet with this hopelessness my love does but increase, even as a star shines the brightest in the blackest night. Oh! Mabrookah! thy head sinks too with sorrow at losing him whose thoughts are still of thee—but as the desert bird drops and smooths its wing, but to display the richness of its plumage, so will thy silent grief but cause thee to appear with increased charms! Vain and cruel delusion! At the moment of the possession of earthly happiness to doom us to melancholy despair, was as if the traveller should draw to the brink of the well, and then see the wished-for draught snatched from his thirsty lips.

What she looks upon becomes graceful, enchanted by her loveliness. Oh! she is beauty's self—my polar star of life.—*Appendix to Denham and Clapperton's Travels.*

BALTHAZAR COZZA.

The condition of Europe in the latter part of the 14th century was lamentable, and the nations resounded from end to end with wars and rumours of wars. The countries were harassed by bands of "free companions," men of war from their youth upwards, who, when not in the service of any sovereign, did not hold themselves disgraced by warring upon their own account; by whom the pillage of a town was held an honourable achievement, and who acknowledged no lord but their own chief, no law but their sword. Such was the celebrated Geoffry Tête-Noire in France; such, save that he carried on his depredations by sea, instead of on shore, was the hero of our tale.

Born of a noble, but impoverished family, Balthazar Cozza early sought to restore its fortunes by maritime adventure. His talents seemed particularly fitted for command; and but a short time from his first setting his foot on board a galley, Balthazar was acknowledged as a leader. He was daring and successful, and was feared; he grew rich, and he was respected.

Such was the man who was chosen by the Anjevine party to proceed on an embassy to Louis of Anjou, king of Sicily, to beseech him to hasten to the rescue of his kingdom. Balthazar lost no time in preparing his galleys, adorning them with every ornament, and supplying them with every luxury fitted to support and grace the dignity of his office. His mainsail was of purple, and embroidered with the arms of Naples, beneath which was placed the scutcheon of the Cozzas. A few days saw his two gallant vessels proudly approach the shores of Provence, giving notice from afar of their coming, by the glitter of their purple sails, the fluttering of their gala banners, and the dash of their hundred oars, falling in regular cadence with the chant of the mariners. His mission was successful. Louis, without loss of time, made ready an armament to carry succour to his partisans.

This voyage was an epoch in the life of Cozza. He had hitherto lived almost without an aim. He had warred and taken spoil; he had enjoyed riches, the fruit of his labours; but where was this erratic life to lead? Was there no nobler ambition than the thirst for gold? He now became familiar with the courts of kings, he saw the splendour of the Sovereign Pontiff, and his breast was filled with the thirst of power. To will and to do had hitherto been the same with the adventurous corsair, and the ambitious man cast his eyes around him to discover by what path he might best achieve his object. To subdue an island of the seas, and reign a monarch there, might be an easy task, but such a state could not sustain itself against more powerful neighbours, and to any other throne his way was barred; royal blood alone might aspire to any regal throne in Europe. But there was another throne more powerful than that of the kings of earth, to which the road was open. Why should he not aspire to the Papal Chair? The times were favourable for the attempt; the Church was rent by schism, and already two Popes divided the patrimony of St. Peter; and if two, why should there not be three? ay, a third, who might give laws to his opponents? Clement, who had been raised up to oppose the violence of Urban, was now but thirty-six years of age. He owed his elevation to his talents; why should Cozza fear success?

Before Louis of Anjou quitted Provence, Clement VII. bestowed his benediction on the galley which was to transport the king of Sicily to Naples, and Balthazar assisted at the ceremony. How profound was the reverence of king, court, and people! how low they bowed beneath the outstretched finger of the pontiff, as he blessed them! how all were humbled before his eye! Balthazar from that moment was resolved; and from that moment all his energies were directed to the attainment of that triple crown, which he was determined should be his.

And yet he knew there was one tender and devoted heart which would be broken by this resolve; a heart to which all ambitious thoughts were strangers; which knew but one delight—to love; one glory—to be loved. Can Balthazar break that tie which now

had lasted almost a whole year? His resolution was irrevocable, and he would not have hesitated to sacrifice a mere woman, even had she been his wedded wife. But no divorce was necessary to restore his liberty; Clotilda was not his wife, she was but his mistress—his slave.

During one of his cruises in the Grecian Archipelago, he disembarked at Cerigo under pretext of commerce, and whilst there, he beheld a young girl, fair and beautiful as the goddess whose votaries, in ancient days, erected her fane in that voluptuous isle. He was young, handsome, and violent; he gained her love, and bore Clotilda far away from a tender mother, and a betrothed bridegroom.

The poor Greek arrived at Naples, where she outshone, in her native grace and elegant attire, both the first among the Neapolitan ladies, and those Spanish dames who had come from Sicily, whither they had followed the House of Arragon. Clotilda became celebrated; there was no woman who did not envy her; none who believed that she herself was so deeply beloved. She had sacrificed all to the valiant pirate—all!—her mother, and her country; she had forgotten all in the indulgence of one overpowering delight, the love of Balthazar.

Could Cozza quit her? he who had, before her eyes, stabbed the friend of his boyhood, on the bare suspicion that he ventured to love her? He could. He went straight to Clotilda, without suffering the least trace of the emotions which had agitated him, but over which he had triumphed, to appear in his countenance. He would not debase himself by dissembling.

"Clotilda," said he, "I come to request a great sacrifice."

"A sacrifice, Balthazar! Am I not altogether yours? Have you not a right to command me? Must I renounce this splendid life, which is but ill fitted for the poor daughter of the gardener of Cerigo? Do you need the numberless jewels which your love, more inventive than woman's fancy, has bestowed on me? Take these necklaces of zechins and bezants with which you have encircled my throat; these bracelets whose value equals the revenue of a province, and whose sparkling brilliants would be worthy ornaments even in the crown of Clement."

"The crown of Clement! Do you know, Clotilda, what word you have spoken?"

"A very simple word. If I knew, Balthazar, anything more sacred or more beautiful than that crown, I would have named it, to show you at what rate I prize the presents you have heaped upon me."

"You are right, Clotilda; that crown, that triple crown, is splendid."

"Doubtless, Balthazar; but what connexion can there be between it and the sacrifice you expect from your slave?"

"Clotilda, we must part."

"We must part!" cried Clotilda, rising with precipitation and seizing the hand of Balthazar Cozza, who with a troubled countenance could scarcely look upon his slave. "We must part! Oh never! You cannot wish it. You have some journey to perform, and you will leave me at Naples; then you will return to me?"

"A journey! Yes. I go to Bologna, but I shall not return."

"Is it indeed so? You leave me for ever, Balthazar, for ever? The example of kings has corrupted you. You should not imitate the conduct of men whom you despise. Ladislas repudiated Constance of Clermont to make room for another; and you, the servant of Louis of Anjou, drive me away, to avoid owning me as your wife. Alas! you should rather imitate the king of Sicily and Naples in his tenderness for Yoland of Arragon, than the ungrateful and perfidious Ladislas."

"No more of this useless passion, and unnecessary reproach. We must separate; I have said it, and you well know no power can move me. Speak no more of the example of Ladislas. There is no resemblance between the cases; Constance was his wife,—you are not mine, Clotilda."

"Barbarian, why did you not kill me when you forced me from my mother at Cerigo?"

"Listen, Clotilda; I shall soon be twenty-five years old, and I am but an adventurer. This life without splendour, grandeur, or excitement, wearies me, and makes me miserable. Riches, and even thy love, no longer suffice for me. I need power and a great part in the world. The schism which prevails in the west offers me an opportunity of achieving my desire. I aspire to the throne of St. Peter; that throne is still far above me, and I am not yet upon its lowest step; but when once I have placed my foot there, I shall mount rapidly. To any one of those vain and debauched women whom we see around us, I might say, 'To-morrow I enter into the church, and you shall be my mistress,' and all would answer, 'Be you priest, doctor, bishop, cardinal, or Pope, I will be your mistress.' But you, Clotilda, I know well; I love you very truly; I honour too much your greatness of soul, the nobility and chastity of your heart, to hold such language. Your lot is to lament and to quit me. Take one of my ships, load it with every thing of value belonging to you, and return to Cerigo. You are free!"

Clotilda had fallen back upon her couch of cushions; she wept no more; she kept silence for a moment, and then, in a tone of voice in which sweetness was blended with and yet overcame pride, she replied:

"You are the lord, and I your slave submit; I will obey you. I deserve this cruel punishment from Heaven for the weakness with which I have loved you, when I ought rather to have killed myself than to have fled with you. No, I shall not curse you, but I shall weep for you, for you will be even more miserable than I; I shall pray to God for you, and however unlikely it may seem that a prelate, a prince of the church, or a pontiff, should stand in need of the aid of a poor woman, yet I shall be always with you when my assistance is wanting. I shall accept the gifts with which your tenderness has loaded me, but I shall not carry them to Cerigo,—for I can never return to that island, where shame would overwhelm me as I stepped upon the shore. As for you, take care lest your foot slip upon the dangerous steps which lead to the thrones of the popes of Rome and Avignon."

Clotilda threw herself upon her knees before Balthazar, and carried his hand to her lips and then to her forehead, in token of respect; then rising, she saluted him coldly:

"Adieu," she said; "you will not see me again, until misfortune comes upon you."

Balthazar hesitated, and made one step towards her to take her hand, which she drew back with dignity. His resolution, shaken for a moment, was restored, and he departed.

II. Cardinal.

Two days after Balthazar had taken leave of Clotilda, he mounted on horseback in the court of his *palazzo*, and departed for Bologna, attended by an old domestic.

Before he left the house where he had passed so many happy hours, whilst yet the fever of ambition was but a vague desire, the future prince of the church longed for one last look upon the woman whose reproaches, when he sacrificed her to his selfish feelings, had been so gentle. He drew near the balcony, where Clotilda had been accustomed to appear whenever he went forth on a hunting party, or to the court ceremonies which had often taken place during the last month, since Louis II. of Sicily had taken possession of the throne. He forced his horse to caracole, and bade his servant sound the trumpet in token of adieu. All his servants were there, he was encircled by his friends, loud cries were uttered, a thousand good wishes were expressed, but no one appeared in the balcony. The thick curtain of tapestry was not raised. Cozza would have bartered all the warm wishes which were lost in the air around him, for one last look of Clotilda. She, shut up in her oratory, wept and prayed. It was in vain that Balthazar sought her behind the blinds, where love, stronger than reason, might perhaps have led her. He was obliged to depart without seeing her, without bearing her blessing with him.

Clotilda had foretold misfortune, and he could not shake off a certain apprehension when he recalled the words she had spoken

in a sadly prophetic tone, announcing the cruel disgraces in store for him. Was it only deceived love, which had dictated those menaces to the unhappy Greek? or was Clotilda really acquainted with the destiny she predicted to her lover, by one of those mysterious revelations which are sometimes permitted by Heaven?

To escape these thoughts, and these disturbing doubts, Balthazar put his horse to his speed, and in a few minutes had cleared the environs of Naples. He then breathed more at ease, and slackening his pace, he waited until his servant, who was mounted on a mule, came up.

The man who accompanied Balthazar was an old adventurer, whom Cozza had attached to himself from the first day he set foot on board a galley. He was devoted to his master, whom he served with a blind obedience, which permitted no remark which could imply a doubt of his zeal; for once he was discontented, and had already suffered his displeasure to appear so plainly as not to be misunderstood by Cozza. When he came up to his master, who was waiting for him at the top of a hill from whence he could command a view of the beautiful bay of Naples, he exclaimed, "At what a rate you ride, my noble lord! they will say you are running away."

"I shall ride more gently now, Gennaro; but I felt obliged to quit Naples quickly, lest love should have detained me."

"Well, was that so great an evil?"

"Love leads to nothing; the road to Bologna leads to honour, to glory."

"Honour! glory! glory, my lord, at Bologna? I cannot understand it. Has the sea reached Bologna during the thirty years I have been absent?"

"Know that I quit the world for a few short years. I shall then return, a reverend and learned doctor, and I hope——"

"Oh the devil! it is the church which tempts you perhaps you hope to become a cardinal?"

"And why not a cardinal, Gennaro? was not the Candiote Philargus, the poor beggar who was succoured by a friar-minor, afterwards the preceptor to the son of Galeas Visconti? Is he not now a cardinal?"

"Yes; but a corsair——"

"A corsair like myself is as worthy as the soldier whom Gregory has invested with the purple, and whom we have seen appear successively as a canonical doctor, captain, and lastly a professor at Montpellier."

"I have nothing to say against it; but for my own part, I would much rather make the sea tremble beneath my galleys; what do I say! I would rather sail in peace, on board the heaviest-laden merchant-man, than sit in the councils of a pope. You must admit that, in the midst of the diabolical schisms which distract the church, the position of a cardinal is very little to be envied?"

"So much the better; this perpetual inquietude, this war of stratagems and intrigues, this violent agitation, are what make the life of a cardinal so desirable in my eyes."

"Yes, but still many ugly events have occurred. I was at Genoa not many years ago, when Urban VI., the late Pope, returning from Nocera, where he had taken refuge, seized the bishops and cardinals and put them to the torture, and only because they wished to desert a man whose cruelty and violence had caused him to be deposed by the whole college. Five of these red hats were put to death for complaining of such treatment. And on the other hand, is it likely to go well with these popes themselves? the christian kings will desert them, and then—"

"The pope will still remain, is it not so? well, the object is to be that pope—"

"And you would be he, noble lord? It may be so! And why not?" added Gennaro, ironically: "Saint Peter was a sailor too, and if a mere fisherman could become head of the church, why should not a corsair follow his example?"

The conversation, the tone of which began to be displeasing to Balthazar, here ceased, and the same subject was not renewed. After some days' journey, during which Balthazar studiously avoided pronouncing the name of Clotilda, although his thoughts often wandered towards the woman whom he had so cruelly abandoned, our two travellers arrived at Bologna. There Balthazar seriously applied himself to study. He had intelligence, determination, reputation, fortune; the art to seduce and to persuade. Before two years had expired he took the degree of doctor in both civil and canon law, and already he saw himself drawing nearer to the papal throne. As he was setting out for Rome, some of his friends inquired whither he was going. "To the pontificate," was his reply.

This was his constant aim, in which he was determined to succeed. Balthazar was as wily as he was courageous; he presented himself before Boniface IX., also a Neapolitan, and with whose family he was acquainted; this induced him to embrace the party of Boniface rather than that of Clement. He was soon admitted into the intimacy of his sovereign, who in reward of his devotion decorated him with the purple.

In secret and in silence Clotilda had followed the footsteps of Balthazar. She had watched over him at Bologna, and now watched over him at Rome, ever ready to give that aid her forebodings told her would one day be required.

On the day on which Balthazar received his investiture, the crowd which pressed around the gates of his holiness, awaiting the benediction of the new cardinal, opened a passage to a female, clothed in a foreign garb, and covered with a long veil, who knelt devoutly, received the benediction, and as she rose exclaimed—

"Your misfortunes have begun, Balthazar! God protect you."

Two persons only recognised that prophetic voice, which interrupted the pious silence of the bystanders with such ill-omened words. Balthazar calmly repressed the eager zeal of Gennaro, who was hastening to seize the offender; he himself assisted Clotilda to rise, and as he did so whispered,

"My guardian angel is very imprudent; does she not know that there are convents and dungeons in Rome?"

Then in a paternal voice he added:

"Go, my child, I thank you. If God calls us to martyrdom, we will bless his decrees. His will be done."

III. Pope.

The new cardinal, deacon of Saint Eustatia, was sent by Boniface, in quality of a legate, to Bologna. This town had striven to throw off the papal authority, but Cozza, by the energy with which he combated the anti-Roman faction, restored it to obedience; and during the nine years in which he exercised the sovereignty under Boniface, and his successors Innocent VII. and Gregory XII., he maintained order.

The schism still continued in all its violence. Gregory and Benedict XIII., each nominated by their respective parties, both refused to lay down the pontifical power, and to restore union by a joint election by the colleges of cardinals, at Rome and Avignon. The interference of kings was of no avail, and recourse was at last had to a council.

On the 20th June, 1409, the fathers assembled at Pisa, elected Peter of Candia, the same beggar whom Galeas Visconti had made bishop of Milan, and Pope Innocent VII. a cardinal.

Peter of Candia, who assumed the name of Alexander V., did not reign long; his pontificate lasted only ten months and eight days. Balthazar Cozza, who governed Alexander, kept him at Bologna; he never quitted him, dictated all his acts, and in fact exercised all the power of the popedom, which he hoped soon to possess in his own person.

Alexander had hardly closed his eyes before the cardinal of Saint Eustatia began to take his measures. He was desirous of being elected, and perhaps the moment was a favourable one, since all the Roman cardinals were at Bologna, and he was governor of the city in which the conclave was about to be held.

The opposition which he foresaw, was not easily to be overcome. With some electors he employed flattery, with others

persuasion, with others money and promises. But this was not all. There were still many obstinate ones to be subdued, and this he effected by fear. He surrounded the city, and hemmed in the house in which the conclave sat, with troops. Like the true corsair, which he yet was at heart, he would have caused one or two cardinals whose influence was adverse to him to be arrested, if he had not been able to win them over, or conquer them by fear. Probably old Gennaro had received secret instructions on this head, but it was unnecessary to put the expedient in practice. Much time was wasted in fruitless scrutinies. At length Balthazar prevailed upon his wearied colleagues to permit him to nominate the pope, they agreeing to ratify his choice.

"Whom will you name?" demanded one of the cardinals, hostile to the deacon of St. Eustatia.

"You shall see. Bring me the cope of St. Peter."

It was brought. He descended from his seat, opened the sacred mantle, and having kissed it, stepped towards an old man who sat opposite to him as if to offer it to him; then suddenly throwing the robe over his own head, he exclaimed "*Sono Papa*," I am pope!

And none dared to protest against it.

Balthazar took the name of John XXIII. His first care was to provide for his coronation, all the particulars of which have been recorded by Monstrelet. Upon a scaffold which had been erected at an immense expense before the church of St. Peter, at Bologna, John XXIII. was crowned, seated in a throne of gold and velvet.

Balthazar at length possessed the tiara he had so ardently desired! He was at the summit of good fortune; Gennaro saw him smile. He narrowly watched his master, whilst his countenance expressed his doubt of the solidity of the grandeur he beheld. He seemed to say, "Oh, Pope! this is but the bubble on the wave'; a mockery of the church, a singular caprice of Heaven." Cozza, throughout the long ceremony, often cast his eyes around the crowd. He evidently sought some person. Whom? Gennaro could guess. When his rapid and searching glance had assured him that in all that large square, amongst all the noble ladies of Bologna, she whom he sought was not to be found, Balthazar, as if delivered from a painful night-mare, regained his serenity; he could give himself up to the undisturbed enjoyment of his triumph. The signal of departure was soon after given; the pope then mounted a white palfrey, covered with caparisons of purple. After him came the patriarchs, cardinals, prelates, abbots, on horses, whose long white housings swept the ground. The cavalcade began to move, John bestowing continual benedictions, as the sick, the old, and new-born infants, passed before his horse, which was led by the faithful Gennaro, the chief of his Holiness's attendants.

At the turn of a street through which the sacred procession passed, several lunatics were brought to the pontiff, who, extending his hands over them, pronounced a touching prayer to the Virgin. When he turned his looks, which had been raised to heaven during his prayer, again towards the ground, he saw a woman standing at his horse's head, pale, worn with grief, but still beautiful, who, with a terrible calmness, more dreadful than passion, thus addressed him:

"I also, Balthazar, pray for the insane; may God hear me with favour, and save thee! Soon, soon, thou wilt have need of me!"

John XXIII. was deeply agitated, but, skilled in dissimulation, he concealed the shock he felt. He gravely gave her his blessing, and then turning towards the Cardinal de Viviers, he said, "How unhappy it is, that madness should afflict so noble and beautiful a creature!"

Gennaro, overhearing these words, looked round at the pope, who could see the tears standing in the eyes of the old corsair; and shaking his head, he seemed to say, "Your holiness well knows Clotilda is not mad."

John XXIII. pursued his official progress through Bologna.

From this period the predictions of Clotilda began to be accomplished. Rome was threatened by Ladislas. John XXIII. repaired thither in all haste. At first he obtained some advantages, but Ladislas soon got the better of him, and the pope was forced to acknowledge him as king of Naples. Rome soon accepted peace. The deceived pontiff withdrew his troops, but in the night, Ladislas occupied the pontifical city with his own army. The danger was imminent, and the pope was unsuspicious of it! Can he sleep on the brink of a volcano? Gennaro entered his chamber and awakened him. A page had arrived at nightfall, who demanded to speak with the pontiff; the guard had repulsed him; he wrote a letter to Balthazar and transmitted it to Gennaro. Gennaro did not mistake Clotilda in her disguise. She announced that that very night he would be seized, and in all probability put to death. "Fly, Balthazar; thy guardian-angel watches over thee: but fly this instant."

They saddled two horses. Balthazar assumed the costume of a merchant; Gennaro also disguised himself, and they set off on the gallop in the direction of Florence. What a journey! Where are now the illusions of the young Cozza, when he first travelled to Bologna?

Cosmo de Medici received John with distinction; he loved him, and the friendship of Cosmo was sufficient to repel the accusations heaped upon Balthazar. John had recourse to Sigismond, the emperor of Germany; the latter proposed a council, to be holden at Constance: the pope was so imprudent as to accede to this proposition, and to venture into a city where Sigismond commanded. He was well assured of the friendship of the Duke of Austria, having made him general of the pontifical forces, but he was nevertheless at the mercy of Sigismond.

The council met. It is not necessary here to describe the little town of Constance, towards which a crowd of cardinals, and heads of religious orders, who came to reform the church, journeyed with an almost royal magnificence, accompanied by legions of cooks, and their trains of comedians and mistresses. We need only occupy ourselves with Pope John. In 1415, no thought was entertained of dispossessing him; he was still regarded as the true head of the church; since, at the solicitation of the ambassadors of Switzerland, Denmark, and Norway, he made a saint,—he canonized Bridget.

Nevertheless, a secret conspiracy was hatching against John XXIII., in the midst of the feasts, tourneys, and Latin mysteries, which were performed before the fathers of the council. Clotilda had come to Constance; everything was known to her; she warned the pope, who, disguised in the livery of the duke of Austria and accoutred as a postilion, fled from Constance to Schaffhausen. This place was not a more secure asylum; he next took refuge at Lauffembourg, and at last at Fribourg, pursued all the time by the soldiers of the empire.

The duke of Austria was at last obliged to give up Pope John, against whom proceedings had been prosecuted during his absence. Balthazar returned to Constance, and found his sentence pronounced. They declared him guilty of forty crimes, among which figure simony, that ulcer of papacy, as it is eloquently denounced by Genadius of Constantinople in a letter, celebrated even in the present day. They reproached the pope with the scandal of his manners, whilst they, his judges, carried their mistresses along with them on their journeys, in their litters. They finally declared that he had forfeited the papal throne; and he was degraded, like Benedict XIII. and Gregory XII. But Gregory and Benedict were free; John was a prisoner.

John was shut up at Heidelberg, under the guard of the Count Palatine. One man alone desired to share his captivity; it was neither a cardinal, nor a secretary loaded with benefits; it was old Gennaro, who never once reproached him with his fatal ambition.

The council created a new pope, and received the renunciation of Gregory XII. who died soon after at the age of ninety-two years. Benedict XIII. followed this example; and John,—the fierce pirate who had never lowered his flag before an enemy, who had never bowed his head beneath the yoke of a conqueror,—John, humbly ratified the decrees of the council.

How, it will be asked, did Balthazar Cozza pass the four years

in the castle of the palatine? He was forty-seven years old, with an imagination still ardent; he was disenchanted from those wild ideas of ambition, which had been his ruin: did his heart re-open to love; did his thoughts return to Clotilda? No! A philosopher and a christian, he occupied himself in the composition of touching elegies, in Latin verse of great elegance, in which he sang of his eclipsed grandeur. He was resigned, but did not wearily pine for past hours of happiness, which he only regretted as a poet.

He still sighed after liberty, and that liberty the Emperor was willing to accord, for a ransom of thirty thousand crowns. He had been despoiled of everything, and Gennaro had but ten pieces of base Florentine money; but the angel was still present. Clotilda, who had never regarded the fortune Balthazar left her otherwise than as a deposit, paid the ransom; and Cozza left his prison ignorant what hand had broken his chains. He was not informed of it till six months afterwards, when he rejoined his illustrious friend Cosmo de Medici, at Florence.

He there found Martin V. He threw himself at his feet, acknowledged him as sovereign pontiff, and confessed to him all the errors of his ambitious soul. Martin, moved even to tears, raised, embraced him, and created him Deacon of the Sacred College. Balthazar Cozza passed his last years tranquilly in making verses. But the conflict had been great, the shock had been such that he fell sick. But the torments he endured were softened by the cares, the prayers, the touching exhortations, of a nun, who had obtained permission to wait upon the poor Cardinal. This sister, whose black veil completely concealed her figure, and who was called Bridget,—the name of the Saint canonized at Constance,—did not make herself known to the sick man until the eve of his death. Alas! when she removed her veil, Cozza could scarcely recognize in those emaciated features the lovely Greek, who had been the admiration of Naples, and who had watched over him from Bologna to Heidelberg.—The last words of Balthazar were "Angel that thou art, pray for me."

Clotilda closed the eyes of the Cardinal, and not long after Gennaro, who had remained so faithful to the fortunes of Cozza, and who had so deep an admiration for the daughter of Cerigo, assisted at the funeral solemnities of the nun, who died of grief; died—chaste in an age of horrible depravity, died, because Balthazar had left her for a throne which crumbled beneath his feet. She might have become the mistress of a Cardinal or a Prince; she preferred to be the wife of the Corsair Balthazar, and he sacrificed her to his ambition. John XXIII. did not suspect that when he made a saint at Constance, he made a martyr at Florence.

ANCIENT COLONIES.

It was an Italian religious usage, in times of severe pressure from war or pestilence, to make a vow of a sacred spring, (*ver sacrum*,) that is, to consecrate all the creatures born in the next spring. When twenty years had elapsed, the cattle were sacrificed or redeemed; the youth were sent forth. A vow of this kind was made by the Romans in the second year of the second Punic war: but it extended only to their flocks and herds. Such vows, the tradition runs, led to the sending out the Sabine colonies; sacred animals were charged by the gods to whom any of them were dedicated to guide them on their way. One colony was led by a woodpecker, the bird of Mamers, into Picenum, then peopled by Pelasgians or Liburnians; another by an ox into the land of the Opicans: this became the great Samnite people. The Hirpinians were guided by a wolf.

All the Sabellians, but especially the Marsians, practised divination, principally from the flight of birds. The Marsians also boasted of being able to charm serpents, and of having magical cures for their bites; and to this day the jugglers, who are wont to handle those reptiles familiarly, as one of the chief tricks they exhibit to the populace of Rome and Naples, come out of the same country, from the Lago di Celano, in the Abruzzo.—*Niebuhr's History of Rome.*

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY THE GOTHIC PEASANTRY.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Thy course of beneficence done;
As glorious go down to the ocean's warm breast,
As when thy bright race was begun,
For all thou hast done,
Since thy rising, O sun!
May thou and thy Maker be blest.
Thou hast scattered the night from thy broad golden way,
Thou hast given us thy light through a long happy day,
Thou hast roused up the birds, thou hast wakened the flowers,
To chant on thy path, and to perfume the hours.
Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again, beautiful, blessing and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Yet pause but a moment to shed
One warm look of love on the earth's dewy breast,
Ere the starr'd curtain fall round thy bed,
And to promise the time,
Where, awaking sublime,
Thou shalt rush all refresh'd from thy rest.
Warm hopes drop like dews from thy life-giving hand,
Teaching hearts closed in darkness like flowers to expand;
Dreams wake into joys when first touch'd by thy light,
As glow the dim waves of the sea at thy sight.
Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again, beautiful, blessing and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Prolonging the sweet evening hour;
Then robe again soon in the morn's golden vest,
To go forth in thy beauty and power.
Yet pause on thy way,
To the full height of day,
For thy rising and setting are blest.
When thou com'st after darkness to gladden our eyes,
Or departest in glory, in glory to rise,
May hope and may prayer still be woke by thy rays,
And thy going be mark'd with thanksgiving and praise.
Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again, beautiful, blessing and blest.

From "*Attila*," by G. P. R. James.

TRANSMIGRATION OF POETIC IDEAS.

What do you think of this idea, picked out of an old book:—"A worthy poet is the purest essence of a worthy man?" Here it is in poetry.

"Poet and saint! to thee at once is given,
The two most sacred names in earth and heaven."

"The particles of poetry," says Mr. Keightley, "like those of matter, are in eternal circulation, and forming new combinations." Thus, an Eastern poem commences:—

"When the sun from the fish to the ram doth return,
Spring's banner waves high on the breeze of the morn."

And Moore, in his "Lalla Rookh," undoubtedly without any knowledge of the Eastern song, sings,

"And day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
Shines into the mountainous portal that opes
Sublime from that valley of bliss to the world."

Campbell has

"Andes, giant of the western star,
His meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

Gray has—

"Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air."

And Milton—

"Imperial ensign, which full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind."

Coleridge's *Table Talk.*

PROGRESS OF STEAM NAVIGATION IN THE UNITED STATES.*

ENGLAND possesses few rivers of any importance, and the largest of them are navigable but for short distances. Her internal navigable communications were therefore principally confined to canals, and in these the use of steam is attended with great practical inconvenience. In the United States, on the other hand, the inducements to apply steam to navigation are strong and powerful. From the harbour of Newport to the frontier of Florida, the early limit of our national jurisdiction, the coast is faced by islands and peninsulas, within which lie land-locked sounds, bays, and arms of the sea, affording a safe navigation, but one liable to great delay from the very circumstance to which its security is owing. Intersecting the line of coast communication, at the angle where the Hudson discharges itself, is another line of navigation, furnished by the deep channel of that river; a channel which turns or penetrates all the mountain ranges of the Appalachian group, and extends one hundred and sixty miles from the ocean. At no great distance to the north, Lake Champlain opens a communication of similar character, and for nearly an equal distance. At the present moment it is possible to embark on the frontier of Canada, in latitude forty-five degrees, and proceed to Beaufort, North Carolina, a few minutes north of the thirty-fourth degree, without change of vessel, or exposure to the dangers of the ocean.

Magnificent as this communication is, it is far inferior in its extent and value, to that laid open to the use of steam, in the Mississippi, and its numerous tributaries. The valley of this father of waters, from Pittsburgh on the one hand, to the mouth of the Yellowstone on the other, and from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Balize, is intersected in every direction by streams deep and steady in their course, and yet so rapid as to be inaccessible to an ascending trade, by means either of the sail or the oar. Yet this vast region is already partially occupied by a population which, although very much scattered, has carried with it from its earlier seats, a taste for the comforts of civilised life, together with a relish for the luxuries of foreign growth and European manufacture. These could be supplied by no other means yet discovered, besides the steam-boat; and it is in this region that steam navigation, if less perfect than in countries where the practice of the arts is more advanced, has already reached its greatest development. The number of steam-boats which, at the present day, navigate the Mississippi and its branches, nearly equals that of those of all the other parts of the globe united.

The importance of steam navigation to the Atlantic states alone, was sufficient to draw the attention of American engineers, even before civilised settlements had been pushed to the banks of the Ohio, and long antecedent to the acquisition of the mouth of the Mississippi. Rumsey and Fitch were the first to attempt the construction of steam-boats. Both of them applied great ingenuity, and exhibited no little mechanical genius. Both, however, performed their experiments before the steam-engine had been perfected by Watt, and were in consequence compelled to confine their views to the use of an instrument very ill fitted for their object. Fitch, indeed, continued his researches after he learned that Watt had not only given a double action to the piston of the engine, but had contrived the means of rendering its reciprocating motion continuous and rotary. That the former part of Watt's invention would be of value in the plan he had proposed for using the single-acting engine, he had the sagacity to perceive, and a desire to profit by; but of all the important facilities afforded by the production of a rotary motion, he either was incapable of judging, or found it too late to avail himself.

In Great Britain the attempts at navigation by steam immediately followed the completion of Watt's improvements. During this time the attention of intelligent persons in the United States continued to be directed to the object of our consideration. Those who are most worthy of note are Livingston, Stevens of Hoboken, and Roosevelt. All of these gentlemen applied the resources of talent, ingenuity, and fortune, to the enterprise; nor were they content with trusting to their own genius, but sought the aid of the most distinguished engineers, which the rarity of that profession in the United States at that epoch placed within their reach. Among these it is sufficient to name Brunel, who in another field has since earned for himself a reputation second to none. It is enough to name the block-making machinery, and the tunnel beneath the river Thames, to show what powers of mind were brought to the consideration of this question by that distinguished engineer.

At the present day, when we see the steam-engine used in propelling boats, by a method the most obvious and apparently self-evident, we are at a loss to imagine how it happened that so much of time, money, and the most elevated talent, should have for years been expended in vain. The solution, however, is to be found in the confession of Chancellor Livingston himself, who stated, after steam-boats were in successful operation, that neither his mind, nor that of his associates, was prepared to admit, that an object so desirable and so important could possibly be effected by simple means.

Livingston was appointed, on the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency, to the situation of Minister to the Consular Government of France. This appointment put an end to his active agency in the discovery of the means of using steam in navigation. It however was attended with a result even more important than could probably have been attained by his own exertions. Domiciliated in the family of Joel Barlow, then residing at Paris, he met with Fulton. This engineer, since so justly celebrated, was at that moment dancing attendance upon the French *bureaux*, with a plan for destroying the naval supremacy of Great Britain. He had, however, some years before, directed his attention to steam navigation, and corresponded with Earl Stanhope on the subject. On entering into conversation with Fulton, Livingston was instantly struck with the soundness of his views, and forthwith made proposals to him to join in an attempt to construct a boat for the navigation of the Hudson, by steam, in conformity with the conditions of a grant of exclusive privilege, to which Livingston was entitled by an act of the legislature of the state of New York. Fulton immediately suggested, that it would not do to trust to the mere ingenuity or theoretic skill of either of them; but that it was indispensable, that experiments should be carefully made upon all the methods of any promise which had been proposed up to that time, or which had occurred to Livingston or himself.

These experiments were made by Fulton in the summer of 1802, and were, although performed with models of small size, extremely varied in manner, and in the description of the machinery. The result of the whole was, that the method he had himself proposed to Earl Stanhope, namely, that of a wheel with paddles or floats, and similar in form to an undershot mill-wheel, produced the most advantageous effects. This inference of Fulton has, in opposition to many apparently well-founded theoretic opinions, been fully confirmed by all succeeding observation. One single modification of the original wheel has been found to be a valuable improvement. All others have, after sufficient trial, been discarded; and, finally, the researches of Barlow, in which sound science has been united with the most careful observation of facts, have decided, that Fulton had from the very first seized, and that not from accident, but in pursuance of the most sound induction, upon the method which is superior to any that has yet been suggested.

This apparatus for propulsion being thus decided upon, it remained to inquire, how it was to be connected with the engine which was to give it motion. The method which occurred to Fulton was of the simplest and most effectual character. Remove, said he, the fly-wheel of Watt's engine, lengthen the axle of the crank, until it extends beyond the sides of the vessel in which it is placed, and adapt to its extremities two paddle-wheels.

This idea was forthwith acted upon: a vessel, fifty feet in length, was constructed upon the Seine, and furnished with an engine and paddle-wheels. The experiments performed with this vessel were satisfactory, and it was immediately determined that the necessary steps should be taken to construct a steam-boat of large size upon the Hudson.

At that time no workshops existed in the United States whence a proper engine could be obtained; and the state of this art in France was, as it still is, even more backward than in America. It was, therefore, resolved to have recourse to the works of Watt and Bolton, at Soho, near Birmingham. Fulton, therefore, who had enjoyed the intimacy of these distinguished artisans, and was on terms of confidential intercourse with Watt, immediately entered

* Abridged from the "New York Review."

into correspondence with them, and transmitted a sketch of an engine adapted to the object he had in view. He did not, as he states, inform Watt what was his actual design, but contented himself with the general intimation that it was to be applied to a purpose for which a new form was indispensable. This first engine of Fulton had a most powerful influence on the subsequent practice both of America and Europe.

Among the workmen who were sent out from Soho to put up this engine, was one of the name of Bell. He speedily returned to Europe, and was, after some years of fruitless endeavours to obtain funds, the first who constructed a successful steam-boat in Great Britain. The engine of this vessel was an exact copy of that of Fulton, with the exception, that the vertical branch of the two suspended beams was suppressed, and the motion of the crank taken off from the end of the beam opposite to that connected with the piston rod. It is a remarkable fact, which more than any other establishes the value of Fulton's experiment, that this identical form, without change or modification of any real importance, is still to be found in the greater part of the steamers of Great Britain, and was seen but a few days since in three of them in the harbour of New York. It is wholly and essentially different from that used by Stanhope, Miller, or Symington, or from that subsequently adopted by Fulton himself. The inference is direct, that the steam navigation of Great Britain was not improved by gradual steps from the earlier imperfect experiments, but adopted, from the first dawn of its success, the plans of Fulton; while he had in no respect imitated those earlier experimenters, but modified the original engine of Watt to a form consistent with his own views.

The circumstances of the first voyage of Fulton upon the Hudson have often been recited; and the long contests which ensued between him and various competitors, and which embittered the closing scenes of his life, are well known. The preparations he had made for the navigation of the ocean at the time of his decease, are less familiar to the public. He had, after his success in river navigation was assured, turned his attention to that of more stormy waters. As a step to the open sea, Long Island Sound presented itself as well suited for experiment; and acting as the engineer of a company which had purchased the right of navigating so much of that estuary as lies within the limits of the state of New York, he planned a vessel, which was called by his own name. Abandoning the skiff-like shape which his previous vessels had borne, he conformed more nearly to the usual shape of sea-going vessels, and to the established rules of naval architecture. His first vessel had, at the time of the original experiment, a velocity of four miles per hour, and this he increased to five, by slight modifications in the working of the engine. A farther increase to six miles per hour was made in the boats which he placed upon the Hudson. In the vessel intended for the navigation of the Sound, he resolved to attempt a speed of nine miles per hour.

Confirmed in his hopes by the performance of this vessel, he commenced the construction of one, which, under some inducements held out by the Emperor of Russia, he proposed to send to St. Petersburgh. His death intervened before this vessel was finished, and want of funds compelled his associates to alter the destination of the vessel, and thus, instead of visiting Russia, under the name of the "Emperor Alexander," she was placed on Long Island Sound, under the name of the Connecticut.

Fulton, in respect of steam navigation, may be likened to Columbus, for as the latter, misled by the imperfect knowledge of his age, died without knowing that he had discovered a new world, and without the means of anticipating the vast results which were to flow from his brilliant enterprise; so the former, trusting to the scientific theories of his contemporaries, believed that he had reached the utmost limit of his invention, and died without being aware how far space and time were to be vanquished by the followers in his footsteps. Nor were they unlike in other respects; both were treated as visionaries, until the success of their projects was established; and yet, when this was the case, the very simplicity of the principles by which they had been directed, was made use of as an argument to rob them not only of the fame, but of the pecuniary reward, to which they were entitled. To both, an impartial posterity is now awarding the meed of praise, which when living was denied them.

Up to the time that the exclusive grant to Fulton was declared to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, the celerity of the vessels belonging to the privileged company did not exceed eight miles per hour through the water; and the average passages to Albany were eighteen hours. On the Delaware, on the other hand, an active competition was frequently going on, between companies contending for a preference in the conveyance of passengers. In these contests, the son of Stevens of Hoboken, who had been carefully trained as an engineer by his father, was gradually forming himself for the struggle which was about to open on the Hudson. No sooner had the navigation of the latter river been laid open, than numerous companies were formed to avail themselves of the opening. Vessels resembling in their speed and structure those of Fulton, but of inferior cost, lighter, and less expensive to maintain, were placed in opposition to those of the privileged company. An attempt to convey passengers in tow-boats followed, and were it possible, by superiority of comfort and convenience, to counteract the innate desire to be first in a contest of speed, these must have been successful. It was, however, speedily seen, that the great object to be sought was that of making the passage from Albany to New York, between sun-rise and sun-set. The first vessel by which this was attempted, was the Sun. This vessel was furnished with an engine on the principle of Wolf, in which, by means of two cylinders, the properties of the high-pressure and condensing engine were united; the steam acting in the first cylinder by its absolute tension, in the second by its expansive force. The Sun, however, failed in accomplishing the object, and her passages were frequently prolonged into the night.

The practicability of making the passage by daylight was established by Robert L. Stevens, who constructed the New Philadelphia, which was in her turn eclipsed by the Independence and the Victory. The New Philadelphia, however, was so modified as again to possess the superiority. A passage was made in the latter vessel which, even up to the present hour, has not been exceeded. Leaving New York at five o'clock in the evening, we were landed at Catskill, a distance of one hundred and eleven miles, a quarter of an hour before midnight.

We have spoken of the vessel constructed under Fulton's direction, for the navigation of the Sound, and have stated that vessel to have been perfectly safe at sea. We must, however, allow to the English the credit of being the first to navigate the open sea in a regular and constant manner. The first steam-vessel built on the Clyde, by Bell, was of small and imperfect structure, and was superseded in the navigation of that river by several others of a better class in the summer of 1815. It was in consequence resolved by her owners to send her to Liverpool. To this port, therefore, she proceeded by the Frith of Clyde and the Irish Sea. As this passage was made in summer, it was an enterprise of less importance than the conveyance of Stevens's first boat from Sandy Hook to the Capes of the Delaware. We happened to be in Liverpool at the time of the arrival of the Comet; and when we contrasted this pigmy vessel of no more than twenty-five tons burthen, moved by a machine of four-horse power, with those floating palaces, the Car of Neptune, the Paragon, and the Fulton, not to mention the enormous steam battery of the same name which we left behind in the waters of New York, we could hardly refrain from being amused at the importance attached to her arrival by the people of Liverpool, and the enthusiasm by which she was welcomed. This passage having been performed in safety, other vessels were sent from the Clyde to London, and other parts of the British dominions. We who had the good fortune to witness from the shore the first successful experiments of Fulton and Stevens, and to be present at Albany when the Clermont first reached that city, had also the pleasure of witnessing the arrival of the first steam-boat at Paris. The latter enterprise was in some respects remarkable. During the equinox of 1816, we sailed from Southampton in a fine cutter-built packet of forty tons burthen. In spite of the admirable qualities of that description of vessels, the gale in the open Channel was so violent that we were compelled to put back, and anchor for some hours at Cowes. The gale having somewhat abated, the passage was pursued; and on mooring in the basin at Havre, we found ourselves alongside of a steam-boat of the same tonnage with the cutter. On inquiry it was found that this little vessel had left Brighton at the same hour that we sailed from Southampton, had experienced the same gale, and weathered it. But the most remarkable fact of all was, that the cabin-windows were not furnished with dead-lights; and thus the passage of the Channel had been effected, in the utmost violence of the equinoctial gale, by a vessel having a number of openings in her stern, not more than eighteen inches above the surface of the water. The inference was obvious, that had this vessel not been propelled by steam, she must have filled and sunk. From that instant we have never doubted that steam-vessels are intrinsically more safe than those propelled by sails.

It is to the direct patronage of the British government that the

navigation of the open sea, by steam, is principally due. The transport of the mails to and from Ireland, was considered of sufficient importance to induce the post-office to establish a regular line of steam-packets between Dublin and Holyhead. The regularity and safety with which the passages of these vessels were performed, established the fact of the superior safety of steam-vessels in stormy and dangerous seas. This question being decided by the experience of the government steamers, private enterprise was brought into action, and numerous lines of intercourse between the islands of Great Britain and Ireland were established by individual capital. A still more important line of communication was opened by steam-vessels between the ports of Leith and London; and on this the largest vessels which have yet been used were employed.

If the British were the first to demonstrate the superior safety of their steamers in the navigation of the sea, the Americans were the first to perform the passage of the Atlantic by means of this power. At the death of Fulton, he left unfinished a vessel for which and for whose machinery he had furnished the plan. This was intended to be taken to St. Petersburgh, where high privileges were tendered to him and his associates, in case he reached Russia before a certain period. This vessel was, after his death, finished and fitted for sea. The late C. D. Colden had made his arrangements to embark in her as the agent of the association of which he was a member, and was ready to embark, when an unreasonable demand was made for funds by some of the partners, who had a prospective interest in the reward offered by the Emperor Alexander. As the necessary sum could not be raised, the enterprise was abandoned. The experiment which was thus prevented from being made was afterwards taken up by another vessel, the Savannah. This steam-boat could carry no more than seventy-five tons of coal and a small quantity of wood. She was therefore provided not only with an engine, but with masts and sails, and only made use of the engine during her passage to Europe, at times when the wind prevented her from laying her course. This small stock of coal was therefore not exhausted until 24 hours before she entered the Mersey, which she reached in twenty-six days from New York. From Liverpool the Savannah proceeded around Scotland to the Baltic, and up that sea to St. Petersburgh. In returning thence she touched at Arendall, in Norway, whence she took her departure, and, without touching at any intermediate port, reached New York in twenty-five days. This voyage was made in 1818.

During 1819, a vessel rigged as a ship, but furnished also with an engine, was built at New York, for the purpose of plying as a packet from that city to Charleston, Cuba, and New Orleans. So far as mere safety and speed were concerned, this experiment was successful; but after several passages it was found, that a number of passengers sufficient to defray the expenses did not offer themselves, and the scheme was of necessity abandoned. It is a remarkable fact, that when the British steamer Sirius was advertised in the New York Packet, the woodcut which was annexed was a portrait of this vessel.

In the year 1825, a voyage similar in the means by which it was performed to that of the Savannah, but of much longer duration, was made by a British steamer, the Enterprise. This vessel sailed from Deptford August the 2nd, and proceeded to Falmouth, whence she took her departure on the 16th of the same month. She was furnished with two engines, each of the nominal power of sixty horses. She had three masts, and was at first rigged as a lugger, but was altered at sea to a square-sailed vessel.

Within three days after leaving Falmouth, she had reached the latitude of Cape Finisterre. On the 26th of August, Lancerota was made. Thence, instead of running down the trades by the usual course, it was attempted to run across the gulf of Guinea, by the most direct line to the Cape of Good Hope. The attempt, which would have been appropriate had she carried a sufficient quantity of fuel, was unfortunate, in its absence, from the irregularity of the winds which were found to prevail in this region of the ocean. It was, in consequence, only on the 13th of October, that the Enterprise anchored in Table Bay. The subsequent voyage, from the Cape to the mouth of the Ganges, occupied forty-seven days. As the passage of the Savannah, by the alternate use of sails and steam, did not materially differ from the average of the passages of packet ships, so that of the Enterprise was little less than is occupied on the average by the American vessels which trade to Calcutta; it was, however, a month less than is usually taken by British East Indiamen.

It was therefore left to be ascertained, whether passages on the ocean could be made in less time by steam than by packet ships; and the solution of this question depended upon the fact, that they could be made to carry a sufficient quantity of fuel, to be able to make their passages by steam alone.

While this matter was under discussion in Great Britain, two vessels were in preparation in the port of New York, avowedly for the purpose of proceeding direct to Great Britain; and there is no reason to doubt, that at least one of them was capable of accomplishing the undertaking. It has happened, unluckily for the honour of our engineers, that the enterprise has at length been accomplished by English vessels. Two different companies in England have undertaken the construction of steamers of unusual size, and one of them has successfully accomplished the passage from Bristol to New York, where she arrived with a large unexpended stock of fuel, although not loaded originally beyond the depth suited to the most advantageous application of her engines. With this charge of fuel, and a cargo of considerable weight, a large portion of the internal capacity of the vessel was still unoccupied; and one hundred and twenty passengers might have been conveniently accommodated. The Sirius also performed this passage under several important disadvantages. The fuel required to ensure a full supply loaded the vessel to such a depth as to render her far from perfectly secure; while its expenditure made her so light towards the conclusion of the passage, that the wheels scarcely dipped in the water. It was otherwise with the Great Western. When charged with her full supply of coal, she was, as we have seen, not immersed beyond a proper trim, and the coal being stowed in iron tanks, could be replaced by water in proportion as it was consumed; and thus the wheels kept at a proper degree of immersion.

We may now consider that what we have long held as a matter of faith, is at last established by positive experiment, namely, that a passage from a port in England to New York can be certainly performed within a fortnight, and the return voyage in twelve days. It is difficult for us even to guess at the results which will follow from so speedy and definite a mode of communication. There are innumerable persons, whose business might be better performed by their own presence in Europe, and thousands of others, who, for pleasure or curiosity, would cross the Atlantic, but are now deterred, not so much by the average length of the passage, as by its uncertainty. Make it a matter of reasonable probability, that a visit to England will not demand more than a month to be spent in the two passages, and multitudes, whose avocations will not allow them to venture upon an absence of uncertain duration, will flock to take passage in the Atlantic steam-boats. The business of the two countries will be performed to a far less extent by correspondence and agencies. Commercial men will give their affairs a personal inspection; the English banker and manufacturer will visit and confer with their American customers, while the latter will cross the ocean to select and purchase the goods with which our markets are to be supplied. The very introduction of steam-packets will, therefore, create a new class of passengers, for which it will hardly be possible to find accommodation in the steamers. The change which followed the introduction of steam on the navigation of the Hudson, will be but a feeble type of what will occur on the Atlantic. When Fulton first established steam passage vessels between New York and Albany, four or five sloops sufficed to convey all the passengers who presented themselves. In less than two years, two steam-boats, having berths for one hundred and twenty passengers in each, were crowded to overflowing, and before twenty years had elapsed, nine hundred passengers had left New York in a single steam-boat. Indeed, until the shock which was given to the commerce of the country last year [*i. e.* 1837] had checked the locomotive propensities of our people, it seemed as if it were impossible to provide vessels in sufficient numbers to afford comfortable accommodation to the passengers who presented themselves. The increase is far beyond that of the population or business of the city of New York. The same consequences must and will follow the navigation of the Atlantic by steam. And now that a person in either country may calculate, almost to a day, the time of his return from a voyage across the ocean, it cannot be doubted that numbers vastly greater than have ever before traversed the Atlantic will be tempted to visit our country, to gratify curiosity, or employ vacant time. The abundant opportunities which our country affords for the profitable employment of capital, will thus be exposed to those who examine them with their own eyes; and should they be induced to invest their funds, their speculations will be within the reach of a personal superintendence. Of this frequent and increased communication there seems to be little doubt that New York must become the emporium.

DUNTON THE BOOKSELLER.

John Dunton, a man of exceedingly eccentric habits, and in his time a celebrated bookseller and publisher, was the son of the Rev. John Dunton, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Rector of Graffham, in Huntingdonshire, and was born there, May 14, 1659. His father intended him for the church, the more so as he himself was the third John Dunton, in a lineal descent, that had been a minister; but young John was too volatile for the church. At fourteen he had made some progress in Latin, logic, metaphysics, and morality; but the difficulty of Greek overcame all his resolutions; so he was bound apprentice to a bookseller.

When out of his apprenticeship, he became bookseller on his own account. "Printing," he says, "was the uppermost in my thoughts; and hackney authors began to ply me with specimens as earnestly, and with as much passion and concern, as the watermen do passengers with oars and scullers. I had some acquaintance with this generation in my apprenticeship, and had never any warm affection for them; in regard I always thought their great concern lay more in how much a sheet, than in any generous respect they bore to the commonwealth of learning; and, indeed, the learning itself of these gentlemen lies very often in as little room as their honesty; though they all pretend to have studied you six or seven years in the Bodleian Library, to have turned over the Fathers, and to have read and digested the whole compass, both of humane and ecclesiastical history: when, alas! they have never been able to understand a single page of St. Cyprian, and cannot tell you whether the Fathers lived before or after Christ. And as for their honesty, it is very remarkable, they will either persuade you to go upon another man's copy, to steal his thought, or to abridge his book, which should have got him bread for his lifetime. When you have engaged them upon some project or other, they will write you off three or four sheets, perhaps take up three or four pounds upon an urgent occasion, and you shall never hear of them more. The first copy I would venture to print was written by the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, and entitled 'The Sufferings of Christ.' This book fully answered my end; for, e changing it through the whole trade, it furnished my shop with all sorts of books, saleable at that time. There was a copy of verses prefixed to this book, which occasioned a poetical duel between the two academies of Islington and Stepney; Mr. Wesley, then pupil under Mr. Veale, endeavouring to ridicule the poem."

Dunton's second adventure was a book by Mr. Jay, Rector of Chinner, "Daniel in the Den," or the "Lord President's Imprisonment, and Miraculous Deliverance." It was dedicated to Lord Shaftesbury. This piece, being published at a critical time, sold well. "This extraordinary success, in my first attempts," he says, "gave me an ungovernable itch to be always intriguing that way."

When established in trade, he published a volume of "Funeral Sermons," entitled "The House of Weeping," preached by his reverend father, of which he remarked,—"The success was well enough; but my chief design was to perpetuate my father's name, for whose memory I have always entertained a very great and just veneration."

In 1682 he married one of the daughters of Dr. Annesley, who at that time was a celebrated preacher among the Dissenters, and his reputation grew, and his circumstances prospered. Having £500 owing him in New England, he determined to make a trip thither, and arrived at Boston 1686, with a cargo of books, which being of a class adapted to the Puritans, his success was equal to his wishes.

In the autumn he returned to London, and was received by his wife and her father with kindness and respect, expecting nothing but a golden life of it for the future; though all his satisfactions were soon withered, for, being deeply entangled for a sister-in-law, he was not suffered to step over the threshold in ten months. Wearied with this confinement he resolved to visit the Continent, when he went to Amsterdam, (where he staid four months,) Cologne, Mentz, &c., and returning through Rotterdam to London, where he again opened his old shop, the Black Raven, opposite the Poultry Compter, and where he traded for ten years with variety of successes and disappointments. The following will give a notion of the quality of the many books that he published:—"Heads of Agreement, assented to by the United Ministers;" "The Morning Exercises, published by the London Ministers;" "The Works of the Lord Delamere;" "Bishop Barlow's Remains;" "The Life and Death of the Rev. Mr. John Elliott, who first preached the Gospel to the Indians in America;" "The History of the Edict at Nantes." "It was a wonderful pleasure," he says, "to Queen Mary to see this history made English, and was the only book to which she ever granted her royal licence."

Of 600 books which he had printed, he had only to repent, he adds, of seven:—"The Second Spira;" "The Post-boy robbed of his Mail;" "The Voyage round the World;" "The New Quevedo;" "The Pastor's Legacy;" "Heavenly Patience;" "The Hue and Cry after Conscience." These he heartily wishes he had never seen, and advised all who had them to burn them.

"In 1692," he continues, "having been put in possession of a considerable estate upon the decease of my cousin Carter, the master and assistants of the Company of Stationers began to think me sufficient to wear a livery, and honoured me with the clothing! The world now smiled on me: I sailed with wind and tide; and had humble servants enough among booksellers, stationers, printers, and binders; but especially my own relations, on every side, were all upon the very height of love and tenderness, and I was caressed almost out of my five senses."

In regard to his method of proceeding, he says, "I have been sufficiently convinced, that unless a man can either think or perform something out of the old beaten road, he will find nothing but what his forefathers have found before him. A bookseller, if he is a man of any capacity and observation, can tell best what to go upon, and what has the best prospect of success. I remember Mr. Andrews, a learned and ingenious Scotchman of this age, has offered me several translations, and told me they would certainly sell; the substance of the book was so and so, and could not miss. 'He added, I had printed more than any other, and yet none had printed less.' This was sharp enough, I confess; however it is a difficult matter to attack a man in his own science. I have, it is true, been very plentifully loaded with the imputation of *maggots*, &c. And what is the reason? Why, because I have usually started something that was new, whilst others, like footpads, ply only about the high-roads, and either abridge another man's book, or one way or other contrived the very life and soul out of the copy, which perhaps was the only subsistence of the first proprietor."

Dunton's first "*project*" was a periodical, "The Athenian Mercury, resolving weekly all the most nice and curious Questions proposed by the Ingenious." It was published every Tuesday and Saturday, a single leaf at a time, closely printed on both sides, price one penny. It commenced on the 17th of March, 1691, and was regularly printed twice a-week, until the 8th of February, 1696, *forming nineteen* very thin folio volumes, of thirty numbers, or sixty pages each. A supplement to each

volume was published about once in three months. It recommenced on 14th May, 1697, and finished with No. 10 of the 20th volume, June 14, 1697.

This paper became exceedingly popular; the original contributors to it being, besides Dunton, Mr. Sault, Dr. Norris, and the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley*, who formed the "Athenian Society." Of their success, he says, "The Athenian Mercury began to be so well approved, that Mr. Gildon thought it worth his while to write 'A History of the Athenian Society;' to which were prefixed several poems written by the chief wits of the age—(Mr. Motteux, Mr. De Foe, Mr. Richardson, &c.), and in particular, Mr. Tate (now Poet-Laureate) was pleased to honour us with a poem. Mr. Swift†, a country gentleman, sent an Ode to the Athenian Society; which, being an ingenious poem, was prefixed to the fifth supplement of the 'Athenian Mercury.' Many other persons did also rhyme in the praise of our questions. Our Athenian project did not only obtain among the popular, but was also well received by the politer sort of mankind. That great and learned nobleman, the late Marquis of Halifax, constantly perused our Mercuries; and the late Sir William Temple, a man of a clear judgment, and wonderful penetration, was pleased to honour me with frequent letters and questions very curious and uncommon."

The few following short extracts will show the character of the work :—

"*Quest.* How a man shall know himself?—*Ans.* Know your Creator, and this is one of the best ways to know yourself. Almost all knowledge is acquired by comparison. After his image you are made; see, then, if you would know yourself, whether you are degenerated, or really like your great original. Know other men, see their faults and virtues; apply them, and you may thence easily judge of your own. Know your enemies, and if possible what they think and say of you. This is a much surer way than to consult your friends; you will hear much more from the first than the last. These are the best directions we can give.

"*Quest.* How far is a Sabbath-day's journey, which we often find mentioned in the Scriptures?—*Ans.* About seven of the Hebrew furlongs, much the same with the old Roman mile, containing a thousand of the Hebrew greater feet, two thousand of the lesser.

"*Quest.* Whether a Dissenter is a schismatic, notwithstanding his liberty by law?—*Ans.* A Christian becomes not more or less Christian by being a national one; but if a national church agrees in doctrine with the doctrine of Christ, and Dissenters agree in doctrine with the national church, neither of them are schismatics from the doctrine or Church of Christ; and it was the doctrinal part of religion that Christ promised to be withal, so that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. But if a national church makes the terms of her communion political, another church, dependent on her, may dissent from such political terms, if the magistrate gives the liberty, without schism.

"*Quest.* Has gunpowder or printing done the greatest mischief to the world?—*Ans.* Printing has done more service and disservice to the world; not only because printing was prior in acting, but also because its consequences reach beyond the effects of gunpowder. As the cause is nobler than its effects, printing is more prejudicial than gunpowder; since gunpowder would seldom be employed in any great execution, if printing did not first raise such disputes and distractions as are the cause of wars and tumults.

"*Quest.* Whether society or solitude be most preferable, in order to the noblest ends of man?—*Ans.* Some of the best thoughts on both sides may be met with in Mr. Cowley's Essay for Solitude, and Mr. Evelyn's against it. Honest old Aristotle has summed up almost all that can be said, in a few words: 'A solitary life,' says he, 'is either brutal or divine, above or below a man.' Whence his other assertion is clear, that man must be a *poetical*, or, if you will, a *social* animal. We must confess, could we believe a man answered the end of his creation by an ascetic hermitical life, we do not doubt but it would give the highest pleasure he is capable of in the world, by contemplation and meditation. But we are not yet so happy, nor ought we to be so,—that being a cowardly sort of content, which is got by running away from whatever displeases. Should all good men thus take whim of leaving the world, what would become of it?

"*Quest.* What is the meaning of the word nature?—*Ans.* It is the settled course of things, or steady order of causes and effects, never altered without a miracle.

"*Quest.* Is there any cure for stammering, and what is it?—*Ans.* There is; for we have known it cured in several instances. There are more ways than one to do it; the first is, repeating many hard words deliberately several times a-day; and for prevention, never speaking in haste. The other, keeping a pebble, or some such thing in your mouth, and speaking or reading with it there.

"*Quest.* If the moon has no innate light of its own, what is that faint light that may be seen when the moon is in the new, as we call it; for all the rest of the circumference, besides the little enlightened parts, has a weak light?—*Ans.* As that planet is a moon to our earth, so our earth is, as it were, a moon to that planet, and it is the reflection of the sun's light from our earth upon the planet which gives it that weak light.

"*Quest.* What is love?—*Ans.* It is very much like light—a thing that every body knows, and which none can well explain. It is not money, fortune, jointure, raving, stabbing, hanging, romancing, flouncing, swearing, romping, desiring, fighting, dying; though all these things have been, are, and will continue to be, mistaken and miscalled for it. It is a pretty little soft thing, that plays about the heart; and those who have it will know it well enough by this description. It is extremely like a sigh; and could we find a painter that could draw one, you would easily mistake it for the other. It is all over eyes; so far is it from being blind, as some old dotards have described, who certainly were blind themselves. It has a mouth too, and a pretty pair of hands; but yet the hands speak, and you may feel at a distance every word that comes from the mouth gently stealing through your very soul. But we dare not make any further inquiries, lest we should raise a spirit too powerful for all our art to lay again."

Dunton, a dipper into a *thousand* books, formed *ten thousand* projects, six hundred of which he appears to have thought he had completely methodised. As containing notices of persons and things not to be found elsewhere, his voluminous productions have their use; and his accounts are often interesting. His most celebrated work was "The Life and Errors of John Dunton, late citizen of London, written by himself in solitude; with an idea of a new life, wherein is shewn how he would think, speak,

* Wesley, the father of John and Charles Wesley, the founders of Methodism, marrying a daughter of Dr. Annesley, became Dunton's brother-in-law, and was connected with him in several speculations, though they afterwards parted with an irreconcileable hatred: Dunton, however, says "I could be very *maggotty* on the character of this conforming dissenter; but, except he further provokes me, I bid him farewell, till we meet in heaven: and there I hope we will renew our friendship, for I believe Sam Wesley a pious man."

† Afterwards the celebrated Dean.

and act, might he live over his days again: intermixed with the new discoveries the author has made in his travels abroad, and in his private conversation at home. Together with the lives and characters of a thousand persons now living in London, &c. digested into seven stages, with their respective ideas."

> "He that has all his own mistakes confess'd,
> Stands next to him that never has transgress'd,
> And will be censured for a fool by none
> But they who see no errors of their own."
> De Foe's *Satire upon Himself*, p. 6.

This work, containing a narrative of his own history, was written while Dunton was under the necessity of secreting himself from his creditors. It is a very curious performance. It was first published by S. Malthus in 1705; and, with selections from his other works, was reprinted by Mr. Nichols of Parliament-street, in two handsome 8vo volumes, in 1818. In this preface Dunton informs the impartial reader, that the common business of life has given him many opportunities to know something of the fate of *books:* and promises him that before he has perused the whole, he will know something more of *men* as well. It contains notices of statesmen, divines, lawyers, booksellers,—in short, lives and characters of every one he came in contact with in the course of a long and active life.

It were endless to enumerate Dunton's various productions, or to give a description of his projects. In his latter years he was affected with insanity, hence some of his effusions are rather extravagant. In 1723, appeared "An Appeal to his Majesty; with a list of his Political Pamphlets," which was probably his last published production. He appears to have died in obscurity in the year 1733, at the age of seventy-four.

An extract or two from his writings is subjoined:

While in America, Dunton made frequent excursions into the Indian territory, and one of his "rambles" was to Roxbury, in order to visit the Rev. Mr. Elliott, the great apostle of the Indians. "He was pleased to receive me with abundance of respect, and inquired very kindly after Dr. Annesley, my father-in-law; and then broke out with a world of seeming satisfaction, 'Is my brother Annesley yet alive? Is he yet converting souls to God?' He presented me with six Indian Bibles, as also with twelve 'Speeches of Converted Indians,' which himself had published."

Dunton thus characterises his father-in-law:—"Among my *dissenting authors*, I shall begin with Dr. Annesley, a man of wonderful piety and humility. I have heard him say, that 'he never knew the time he was not converted.' The great business and pleasure of his life was 'to persuade sinners back to God from the general apostasy;' and in the faithful discharge of his ministry he spent fifty-five years. He had the care of all the churches upon his mind, and was the great support of dissenting ministers, and of the morning lecture. His non-conformity created him many troubles; however, all the difficulties and disappointments he met with from an ungrateful world, did never alter the goodness and the cheerfulness of his humour. And what an ingenious author has said of himself, in a different case, was true of the reverend doctor:

> 'A slave to sickness, and to pains a prey,
> I keep my humour, cheerful still and gay.'

After his decease, Mr. Williams preached his funeral sermon, and Mr. De Foe drew his character, and the reader may meet with it in that author's works."

Of Baxter he remarked, that "he was a man well versed in polemical divinity, and the modern controversies, that were then managed with a great deal of warmth and concern. His humour was something morose and sour, which may, perhaps, be imputed to the many bodily affections he laboured under, as well as to the troubles and disturbances he met with in the world. He has writ more than most men can read in a lifetime."

Of Ridpath, the political writer, he says:—"He is a considerable scholar, and well acquainted with the languages. He is a Scotchman, and designed, first of all, for the ministry; but by some unfortunate accident or other, the fate of an author came upon him. He has written much; his style is excellent; and his humility and his honesty have established his reputation. He writes the 'Flying Post,' which is highly valued and sells well. It was this ingenious gentleman that invented the *Polygraphy*, or *writing engine*, by which one may, with great facility, write two, four, six, or more copies of any one thing upon so many different sheets of paper at once."

"Mr. Daniel De Foe is a man of good parts and very clear sense. His conversation is ingenious and brisk enough. The world is well satisfied that he is enterprising and *bold:* but, alas! had his prudence only weighed a few grains more, he would certainly have wrote his '*Shortest Way*' a little more at *length*."

To conclude—Dunton thus describes Tonson, his contemporary brother in trade:—"He was bookseller to the famous Dryden; and is himself a very good judge of persons and authors; and as there is nobody more competently qualified to give their opinion of another, so there is none who does it with a more severe exactness, or with less partiality; for to do Mr. Tonson justice, he speaks his mind upon all occasions, and will flatter nobody."

BURTON'S "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."

Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is certainly an extraordinary book. Sterne is accused, with some justice, of stealing much from it, never acknowledging his obligations to it; some of his stories are copied almost word for word from the "Anatomy of Melancholy." The title of the work is, "The Anatomy of Melancholy: what it is; with all the kinds, causes, symptoms, prognosticks, and several cures of it. In three maine partitions, with their severall sections, members, and subsections. Philosophically, medicinally, historically, opened and cut up. By Democritus, Junior." In defence of his title he says, "It is a kind of policy in these days to prefer a fantastical title to a book which is to be sold; for as larks come down to a day net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing." Burton compares himself to a "ranging spaniel that barks at every bird he sees, leaving his game." "I am not poor," he says, "I am not rich; I have little, I want nothing; all my treasure is in Minerva's tower. I still live a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastic life, sequestered from the tumults and troubles of the world."

Burton's book was very popular in his lifetime, (he was born in 1576, and died about the beginning of 1640,) but towards the close of the 17th century it fell into oblivion, till Johnson brought it again into notice. It was the only book, he said, that ever took him out of his bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. Speaking to Boswell, he said, "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy is a valuable work. It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation. But there is a great spirit and great power in what Burton says, when he is writing from his own mind." Warton also says of it, "The writer's variety of learning, his quotations from scarce and curious books, his pedantry sparkling with rude wit and shapeless elegance [but query, Mr. Warton, how can "elegance" be "shapeless"?] miscellaneous matter, intermixture of agreeable tales and illustrations, and, perhaps, above all, the singularities of his feelings clothed in an uncommon quaintness of style, have contributed to render it, even to modern readers, a valuable repository of amusement and information."

COMFORT UNDER TRIALS.

Weigh your sins and your mercies together before you look at any of your trials. Never think of your sufferings, but at the same time think of your sins. Afflictions will sit light when sin sits heavy. You will find then that you have sinned away this comfort, and overloved the other blessing, have abused God's mercy, and stood in need of his rod, for he does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. Whatever be the temptation or affliction, there is need for it. And then, have we no mercies in our trials? "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not."—Hill's "*It is well.*"

FASCINATION.

The sympathetic power of fascination is a most unaccountable phenomenon. It is well known that in regions infested with venomous snakes, there are persons endowed both by nature and by art with the power of disarming the reptile of his poisonous capacities. The ancient Cyrenaica was overrun with poisonous serpents, and the Psyhili were a tribe gifted with this faculty. Bruce informs us, that all the blacks in the kingdom of Sennaar are perfectly armed by nature against the bite of either scorpion or viper. They take the cerastes, or horned serpent (one of the most venomous of the viper tribe) in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them to one another as children do apples or balls; during which sport the serpents are seldom irritated to bite, and, when they do, no mischief ensues from the wound. It is said that this power is derived from the practice of chewing certain plants, and this is probably the fact; these substances may impregnate the body with some quality obnoxious to the reptile. The same traveller has given an account of several of these roots. In South America a similar practice prevails; and a curious memoir on the subject was drawn up by Don Pedro d'Orbies y Vargas, detailing various experiments. He informs us that the plant thus employed is the *vejuco de guaco*, hence denominated from its having been observed that the bird of that name, also called the serpent-hawk, usually sucked the juice of this plant before his attacks upon poisonous serpents. Prepared by drinking a small portion of this juice, inoculating themselves with it by rubbing it upon punctures in the skin, Don Pedro himself, and all his domestics, were accustomed to venture into the fields and fearlessly seize the most venomous of the tribe. Acrell, in the *Amœnitates Academicæ*, informs us that the *Senega* possesses a similar power. This power of fascinating serpents is so great, that, according to Bruce, they sicken the moment they are laid hold of, and are as exhausted by this invisible power, as though they had been struck by lightning, or an electrical battery. Dr. Mead, and Smith Barton, of Philadelphia, endeavour to explain this power by the influence of terror. This supposition, however, is not correct, since the serpent will injure one man, and not another, if the latter is gifted with this faculty, and the former one is not. Thieves have been known to possess the power of quieting watch-dogs, and keeping them silent during their depredations. Lindercrantz informs us that the Laplanders can instantly disarm the most furious dog, and oblige him to fly from them with every expression of terror. Several horse-breakers have appeared at various periods possessing the same art, and they would make the wildest horse follow them as tamely as a dog, and lie down at their bidding. It is most probable that these charmers derive their power from some natural or artificial emanation. The most singular power of fascination is perhaps that exhibited by the jugglers of Egypt, who, by merely pressing the serpent called *haje* on the neck, stiffen the reptile to such a degree, that they can wave it like a rod.—*Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

THE KIT-CAT CLUB.

The Kit-Cat Club, which consisted of the most distinguished wits and statesmen among the Whigs, was remarkable for the strictest zeal towards the House of Hanover. They met at a house in Shire-lane, and took their title from the name of *Christopher Cat*, a pastry-cook, who excelled in making mutton-pies, which were regularly part of the entertainment—

"Immortal made, as Kit-cat by his pies."

The founder of this Club was Tonson, the celebrated bookseller, who, when he had acquired an independence, purchased a villa at Barn-Elms, in Surrey, which he adorned with portraits of the Kit-Cat Club, painted by Kneller, on canvas somewhat less than a three-quarters, and larger than a half-length; a size which has ever since been denominated a Kit-Cat from this circumstance. The canvas for a Kit-Cat is 36 inches long, and 28 wide. A splendid volume under the title of the "Kit-Cat Club" from the original paintings of Sir Godfrey Kneller, containing 43 portraits, was published in 1735.

IN PLACE AND OUT OF PLACE.

The difference between "out of place" and "in place" is amusingly illustrated by Walpole:—

"I laughed at myself prodigiously the other day for a piece of absence. I was writing on the king's birth-day, and being disturbed with the mob in the street I rang for the porter, and, with an air of grandeur, as if I was still in Downing Street, cried, 'Pray send away those marrow-bones and cleavers!' The poor fellow, with the most mortified air in the world, replied, 'Sir, they are not at *our* door, but over the way at my Lord Carteret's.' 'Oh,' said I, 'then let them alone, may be he does not dislike the noise.' 'I pity the poor porter who sees all his old customers going over the way too."—*Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann*, vol. i. p. 225.

BURNING OF HERETICS.

Heretics were first burned in England in the reign of Henry IV. the usurper, in order to please the bishops, who assisted him in deposing Richard II.—*Walpoliana*, vol. i. p. 78.

MUTILATING BOOKS.

Swift, in a letter to Stella, *Jan.* 16, 1711, says, "I went to Bateman's the bookseller, and laid out eight-and-forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian in French for our Stella." This Bateman would never suffer any person whatever to look into one book in his shop; and when asked the reason for it, would say, "I suppose you may be a physician, or an author, and want some recipe or quotation; and if you buy it, I will engage it to be perfect before you leave me, but not after; as I have suffered by leaves being torn out, and the books returned—to my very great loss and prejudice."

M. FREDERIC CUVIER.

M. Frederic Cuvier, the younger brother of the illustrious Baron Cuvier, Professor of Animal Physiology to the Museum of Natural History at Paris, and Inspector-General of the University, was born at Montbelliard, in Alsace, in 1773: he had from an early period attached himself to those studies which his brother had cultivated with so much success, and his appointment as keeper of the menagerie at the Jardin des Plantes furnished him with the most favourable opportunities of studying the habits of animals, and of prosecuting his researches on their physiology and structure. The Annales d'Histoire Naturelle, and the Mémoires du Musée, contain a series of his memoirs on zoological subjects, of great value and interest, and his work *Sur les Dents des Mammifères considerées comme Caractères Zoologiques*, is full of novel and original views and observations, and has always been considered as one of the most valuable contributions to the science of zoology which has been made in later times; the great work *Sur l'Histoire des Mammifères*, of which 70 Numbers have been published, was undertaken in conjunction with Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and is the most considerable and most extensive publication on zoology which has appeared since the time of Buffon. He was likewise the author of many other works and memoirs on zoological subjects in various scientific journals and collections.

M. F. Cuvier, like his celebrated relative, combined a remarkable dignity and elevation of character, with the most affectionate temper and disposition. Like him, too, his acquisitions were not confined to his professional pursuits, but comprehended a very extensive range of literature and science. In his capacity of Inspector of the University, he devoted himself with extraordinary zeal to the improvement of the national education of France in all its departments, from the highest to the lowest. It was in the course of one of his tours of inspection that he was attacked at Strasburg with paralysis; the same disease which, under similar circumstances, had proved fatal to his brother, and likewise in the same year of his age, 63.—*Farewell address of the Duke of Sussex to the Royal Society.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its sides, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself, but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life, in healthful currents, through the veins. Her rest is broken; the sweet refreshment of sleep is broken by melancholy dreams; "dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to darkness and the worm.—*Washington Irving.*

DESPATCHING NEWSPAPERS FROM THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

The number of persons employed in the sorting and despatching of newspapers is very great. The stated number is about 290; but on particular occasions, when there is anything of an exciting interest in the public journals, the number is increased to 300. The operation to be gone through in forwarding newspapers, is much more simple than that which must be observed in the case of letters. The first thing to be done is to put all the newspapers one way; so that their respective addresses may be at once perceived. This done, they are carried to the sorting table, where they are sorted or arranged for all the great lines of road for the different mails. The number of divisions into which they are classed is twenty. They are then collected into other parcels and carried to the mails by which the respective parcels so arranged or sorted are to be forwarded to their several places of destination. But though the process of sorting newspapers for the mails be less complicated than that gone through in the case of letters, nearly the same time is required to sort a thousand, or any other given number of newspapers, that is required to sort the same number of letters. The difficulty of handling newspapers, in consequence of their bulky appearance, is so great, that as much time is lost in the process of handling as is required to examine, tax, and stamp letters. It is stated by the clerks in the post-office, that where a man would take one handful of letters he must take twenty handsful of newspapers.—*Travels in Town, by the Author of "Random Recollections."*

MORAL HONESTY.

They that cry down moral honesty cry down that which is a great part of religion—my duty towards God and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozen and cheat as soon as he comes home! On the other side, morality must not be without religion, for if so it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not religion to govern his morality, is not a drachm better than my mastiff dog; so long as you stroke him and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be, he is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face and tear out your throat.—*Selden—Table Talk.*

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THE BRITISH NAVY.

FIRST ARTICLE.—PUTTING A SHIP IN COMMISSION.

"Our ships in ordinary will spring from inaction into a display of their might—ruffle their swelling plumage—collect their scattered elements of strength—and awaken their dormant thunder!"—*Speech of* MR. CANNING *in Parliament.*

ANY and everything relating to the British Navy, never fails to excite an interest in the public mind, but there is no subject respecting which the generality of persons are so ignorant or so ill-informed. Whilst every one perceives and acknowledges the necessity for maintaining this right arm of our strength, this safeguard of our national prosperity, in pristine vigour and efficiency, comparatively few are acquainted with the admirable arrangements which regulate its discipline, control its economy, and render every department connected with the "mighty whole" instantly available, so as to realise, in an incredibly short space of time, the appropriate metaphor with which we have headed these remarks.

The exploits of the British Navy—the brilliant victories it has achieved—the results of those achievements in the supremacy obtained, securing to this favoured country old, and opening new channels of unbounded extent for its increasing trade and manufactures; sweeping the seas of its enemies, and rendering the "highway of commerce" safe for its merchant vessels to traverse, —all these things are familiarly known, and duly recorded in the annals of history. But, except in some few elementary books—of little value to any but the profession—there is scarce any information to be obtained regarding this interesting subject: and we are not aware that a popular description has ever been published, to which the reader might refer for information, in the expectation of finding his curiosity gratified.

Under this impression, and supposing that some general account of the various matters connected with our "wooden walls," will be agreeable to our readers, we purpose introducing the subject occasionally in successive numbers, until we have explained every point connected with the routine of a British ship-of-war, the mode of performing the duties on board—the portions of duty which devolve upon the different classes, or ratings, as they are technically called—the wages and victualling of the crew,—in fact, everything that can be supposed to interest the reader, from the first equipment of a ship-of-war, until we place her alongside of an enemy, and finally return her into port with her prize in tow, and leave her crew in the enjoyment of their well-earned rewards.

Sailors invariably adopt the expletive "*she*," when speaking of a ship, and as this mode of description is also familiar to the generality of persons, we shall adhere to it. Whenever nautical phrases occur we will explain their meaning by a note.

Selecting for our purpose a seventy-four-gun ship, which class is distinguished as "third-rate," we will suppose that the Lords of the Admiralty have decided upon equipping a vessel of this force for sea. This is technically called "putting her in commission," that is, removing the vessel from "ordinary," in which state she remains when dismantled.

The First Lord of the Admiralty, in whose immediate patronage all appointments to commands exists, selects from a list of names, furnished by the senior sea Lord, a captain to command her. He then directs his private secretary to communicate this intention to the officer, who is at liberty to accept or decline the offer of appointment.

It will seem strange to the reader that any doubt should exist upon this point, or that a captain on half-pay would decline active service, and the command of a ship; when he is informed, however, that a tour of three years in such command—that being the usual time that ships are kept employed in time of peace—must involve him in several hundred pounds' expense, over and above the pay he will receive;—that many officers have large families, no private fortunes, and cannot therefore afford this sacrifice; that moreover, no dishonour is incurred by declining employment under such circumstances in time of peace, his surprise will cease.

We shall take another opportunity to explain the incongruity of an officer's pay being inadequate to support the proper dignity of his rank and station, when we come to describe the captain's duties particularly; for the present we will suppose him to have accepted the proffered appointment, or that having declined it, the command has been accepted by another.

The selection of the lieutenants is in the second sea Lord at the Board, who keeps a list of all such as he considers eligible for active employment, with a register of their qualities, as reported by the commanders they have served under. This member of the Board also nominates some others of the officers. The nomination of his second, however, is, by long established custom, permitted to the captain, and he has the option of choosing either a commander or lieutenant; if the latter, he is called the "first lieutenant," and every officer of that rank, subsequently appointed, must be junior to him in seniority upon the list of lieutenants.

This regulation has been adopted and continued on the plea of the necessity for the captain's having confidence in the officer to whom devolves the duty of carrying his orders into effect,—indeed the principal duties of the ship; but it materially limits the power of the Admiralty in the range of appointments: for it is probable, nay almost certain, that the captain will select for his first lieutenant some active young officer, who has been constantly and recently employed afloat, and therefore well practised in his duty, in preference to one who has been long on half pay, and unacquainted with the improvements that are continually occurring; this is the reason why so many old lieutenants are unemployed. When the captain makes his election for a commander, it affords the opportunity to appoint lieutenants of long standing, still however, depending upon the seniority of the first lieutenant. But the truth is, that old officers, unless they can obtain commands, are not very desirous of employment afloat, as lieutenants of ships, for reasons we shall state hereafter.

We will suppose these preliminaries settled, the nomination of the captain approved, and the appointments decided on, the

[Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.]

commissions are ordered to be made out, and an official letter* is written to each officer, apprising him thereof. He may either "take up," as it is called, that is, receive his commission at the Admiralty, in London, or at the admiral's office, at the sea-port where the ship is stationed. The captain, or one of his lieutenants, proceeds without delay to make the arrangements for putting the ship in commission, which is accomplished by hoisting the pendant, and reading his warrant to the officers already appointed; the forms and observances appertaining to which ceremony are as follow:—

On arriving at the sea-port wherein his ship is stationed, the captain, or one of his lieutenants, to whom he has delegated the duty of putting the vessel in commission, repairs to the office of the Port Admiral, and reports his arrival to the secretary. Thence he proceeds to the superintendant residing in the dock-yard, who orders the master-attendant, (one of his officers), to make the necessary arrangements, and also furnishes a pendant.

The pendant is a long narrow strip of bunting, of the colour of the admiral's flag, having a St. George's cross at the top; and when hoisted at the head of the main (middle) mast, signifies that the ship belongs to Her Majesty's fleet, and is in commission. Every person on board, or, as it is called, under the pendant, is amenable to naval discipline, the laws regulating which are strictly defined by the Act 22 of George II., cap. 23, the articles of war, and also the naval instructions, a code of rules promulgated by the Lords of the Admiralty, under the authority of an order in council, and amended occasionally to suit the exigencies of circumstances.

The pendant, being emblematic of a ship of war commanded by an officer of the royal navy, is not allowed to be worn by any other class of vessels whatever. It is said to have been originally adopted in defiance of the Dutch, who exhibited a broom at the mast-head, and boasted that they could sweep the seas of their enemies; on which a British admiral ordered his captains to hoist this representation of a whip, with the design of whipping the Dutch out of the British Channel. Whatever might have been the first intention, the symbol is, undoubtedly, a very ancient one, and has long since been adopted by all nations to distinguish their ships of war.

A ship, when brought forward (that is, prepared) for commissioning, is generally placed in the basin, a large pond within the dock-yard, capable of holding several vessels. This is done for the greater convenience of equipping her, and hoisting on board her masts and water-tanks, by means of the sheers or cranes, placed on the edge of the basin. The officer, having stepped on board, calls around him any others who have been already appointed, and having hoisted the pendant, either upon a mast or a flag-staff, he reads his commission, of which the following is a copy:—

Admiralty Seal. *By the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland &c.*

To Henry Haulaway hereby appointed Lieutenant of Her Majesty's Ship the Nonsuch

By virtue of the Power and Authority to us given, We do hereby constitute and appoint you Lieutenant of Her Majesty's Ship the Nonsuch Willing and requiring you forthwith to go on board and take upon you the charge and command of Lieutenant in her accordingly Strictly charging and commanding all the officers and company belonging to the said ship subordinate to you to behave themselves jointly and severally in their respective employments with all due respect and obedience unto you their said Lieutenant And you likewise to observe and execute as well the General Printed Instructions as what Orders and Directions you shall from time to time receive from your Captain or any other your superior Officers for Her Majesty's service Hereof nor you nor any of you may fail as you shall answer the contrary at your peril And for so doing this shall be your Warrant Given under our hands and the Seal of the Office of Admiralty this First day of January 1839 in the second year of Her Majesty's Reign

By command of their Lordships — C. Adam, C. Wood, Dalmeny

Seniority 10th July 1836

The above quaint form has been unaltered probably from its first adoption. It will be seen that, as in old statutes, no marks of punctuation occur; and although called a commission, it is strictly speaking, a warrant.—It is lithographed on parchment, bears a stamp of five shillings, and the officer pays a fee of one pound one shilling and sixpence on receiving it.

* The following is the form of the official letter:—

"Sir, "*Admiralty Office, January* 1, 1839.

"My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have appointed you Lieutenant of Her Majesty's Ship, Nonsuch, at Portsmouth; it is their Lordships' direction that you repair immediately to this Office for your appointment, and that you report to me the day on which you shall have joined the ship. "I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,

"John Barrow.

"P.S.—It is desired that you acknowledge the receipt of this letter.

"To Lieutenant Henry Haulaway."

THE LATE T. A. KNIGHT, ESQ.

Thomas Andrew Knight, of Downton Castle, Herefordshire, the President of the Horticultural Society of London, to the establishment and success of which he so greatly contributed, was born in the year 1758. He was educated at Ludlow school, and afterwards became a member of Baliol College, Oxford. From his earliest years he appears to have shown a predominant taste for experimental researches in gardening and vegetable physiology, which the immediate and uncontrolled possession of an ample fortune gave him every opportunity of indulging; proposing to himself, in fact, as one of the great objects of his life, to effect improvements in the productions of the vegetable kingdom, by new modes of culture, by the impregnation of different varieties of the same species, and various other expedients, commensurate with those which had already been effected by agriculturists and others in the animal kingdom by a careful selection of parents, by judicious crossing, and by the avoidance of too close an alliance of breeds. In the year 1795 he contributed to our Transactions his first, and perhaps his most important, paper, on the transmission of the diseases of decay and old age of the parent tree to all its descendants propagated by grafting or layers, being the result of experiments which had already been long continued and very extensively varied, and which developed views of the greatest importance and novelty in the economy of practical gardening, and likewise of very great interest in vegetable physiology. This paper was succeeded by more than twenty others, chiefly written between the years 1799 and 1812, containing the details of his most ingenious and original experimental researches on the ascent and descent of the sap in trees; on the origin and offices of the alburnum and bark; on the phenomena of germination; on the functions of leaves; on the influence of light, and upon many other subjects, constituting a series of facts and of deductions from them, which have exercised the most marked influence upon the progress of our knowledge of this most important department of the laws of vegetable organization and life.

Mr. Knight succeeded Sir Joseph Banks in the Presidency of the Horticultural Society, and contributed no fewer than 114 papers to the different volumes of its Transactions; these contributions embrace almost every variety of subjects connected with horticulture; such as the production of new and improved varieties of fruits and vegetables; the adoption of new modes of grafting, planting, and training fruit-trees; the construction of forcing-frames and hot-houses; the economy of bees, and many other questions of practical gardening, presenting the most important results of his very numerous and well-devised experiments.

Mr. Knight was a person of very great activity of body and mind, and of singular perseverance and energy in the pursuit of his favourite science; he was a very lucid and agreeable writer, and it would be difficult to name any other contemporary author in this or other countries who has made such important additions to our knowledge of horticulture and the economy of vegetation.—*Farewell Address of the Duke of Sussex.*

ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES.

[We propose to give a series of biographies of ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALES—illustrious from their character and influence, as well as rank; and thus to exhibit Woman in all ages, and in all circumstances. We commence with Isabella of Castile, not because she occupied high station, but because her remarkable character made that station an instrument for working out great and important ends.]

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

"UNDER Isabella's glorious rule," says her latest historian, in his concluding chapter, "we have beheld Spain emerging from chaos into a new existence; unfolding, under the influence of institutions adapted to her genius, energies of which she was before unconscious; enlarging her resources from all the springs of domestic industry and commercial enterprise; and insensibly losing the ferocious habits of a feudal age, in the refinements of an intellectual and moral culture. In the fulness of time, when her divided powers had been concentrated under one head, and the system of internal economy completed, we have seen her descend into the arena with the other nations of Europe, and in a very few years achieve the most important acquisitions of territory, both in that quarter, and in Africa; and finally crowning the whole by the discovery and occupation of a boundless empire beyond the waters*." In her reign, also, events transpired producing a new era in the annals of the world. The destinies of empires and kingdoms were affected in her person. Under her auspices and patronage, the Spanish language and literature first assumed a polished and regular form; the newly-invented art of printing was introduced into her dominions, and the first printing-press set up in Burgos.

For several centuries after the Saracenic invasion of Spain, in the eighth century, the country was divided into a number of small but independent states, divided in their interests, and often in deadly hostility with each other. The population, too, consisted of different races, totally unlike in their origin, religion, and government.

Castile, the inheritance of Isabella, occupied the middle of the peninsula, running north and south; on the right, or easterly side, was the kingdom of Arragon, the domain of Ferdinand, which comprehended the provinces of Catalonia and Valencia; and south was the kingdom of Granada, occupied by the Moors. Another state was the little kingdom of Navarre, within the Pyrenees. When the different states were consolidated, the capital of Castile became the capital of the empire.

The political institutions of Castile and Arragon were nearly alike; and though the form of government in both was monarchical, the spirit and principles were almost republican. The sovereign was merely the chief of his nobility; his power was circumscribed by that of the cortes, or parliament, composed of four distinct orders; the nobles of the first class, or grandees; the nobles of the second class; the representatives of towns and cities; and the deputies of the clergy. By the law the cortes was to be convoked once in two years; and, once assembled, could not be dissolved by the king without its own consent; all questions of peace and war, the collection of the revenues, the enacting and repealing of laws, and the redressing of all grievances in the state, depended on this assembly. When they pronounced the oath of allegiance to a new king, it was in these striking terms: "We, who are each of us as good as you, and are altogether more powerful than you, promise obedience to your government, if you maintain our rights and liberties, but not otherwise." It was a fundamental article in the constitution, that if the king should violate their privileges, the people might legally disclaim him as their sovereign, and elect another in his place*.

Under the administration of laws, based on constitutional liberty, the Castilians prospered and amassed great wealth; commerce and manufactures flourished, beyond that of any nation in christendom. As early as 1227, a Navigation Act was passed, and extended to Arragon in 1454, preceding by some centuries the celebrated ordinance to which England owes so much of her commercial grandeur. In relation to the manufactures of that age, an interesting fact may be mentioned; that is, that the breed of sheep for which Spain has been so long celebrated, owes its improvement to Catherine of Lancaster, who, in the year 1394, took with her to Spain, as part of her dowry, a flock of *English* merinos, distinguished, above all others at that time, for the beauty and delicacy of their fleece.

Castile, notwithstanding, had been long in a turbulent and unsettled state, caused by the wickedness and imbecility of its rulers. In this condition was the kingdom when Isabella was born, which happened at Madrigal, April 22, 1451. She was the daughter of John II., King of Castile and Leon, who, after a factious and protracted reign, died four years after her birth, leaving by his first wife (Maria of Arragon) a son, Don Henry, who succeeded him; and by his second wife (Isabella of Portugal) two children in their infancy, Alphonso and Isabella. Although great hopes were indulged of Henry IV., in consequence of the weak and imbecile reign of his predecessor, yet he soon became reckless and extravagant, lost the support of his nobles, by which the country was plunged in anarchy, the laws were set at nought, banditti were uncontrolled, and oppression reigned. At length the Archbishop of Toledo, and others of the nobility, confederated against him, which ended in the farcical trial of him in effigy on the outskirts of Avila, when he was stripped of his crown, and all the royal insignia, by the nobles; being thereby deposed, his brother, Alphonso, was proclaimed in his stead. Henry, however, raised a large army, and for some years a furious civil war was the consequence. To further his ends, Henry attempted to force his sister, Isabella, into a hateful marriage with a brother of the Marquis of Villena, who was the principal abettor of this unnatural warfare. Isabella was then fifteen years of age, and had been from the time of her father's death living in seclusion with her mother at the little town of Arevalo, where "far from the voice of flattery and falsehood, she had been permitted to unfold the natural graces of mind and person which might have been blighted in the pestilent atmosphere of a court. Here, under the maternal eye, she was carefully instructed in those lessons of practical piety, and in the deep reverence for religion, which distinguished her maturer years." In stature, she was then somewhat above the middle size; her complexion was fair; her hair of a bright chesnut colour, inclining to red; and her mild blue eye beamed with intelligence and sensibility. She was exceedingly beautiful; "the handsomest lady," says one of her household, "whom I ever beheld, and the most gracious in her manners."

The face of affairs was now altered by the death of Alphonso; the opponents of Henry offered Isabella the throne, which she declined during her brother's lifetime. He, at this time, concluded a treaty by which he declared his daughter Joanna illegitimate, and acknowledged Isabella to be his heiress. Meanwhile, the latter remained in retirement, unconsciously pre-

* Prescott's Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

* Mrs. Jamieson's Female Sovereigns.

paring herself for the throne she was so soon destined to grace.

Many proposals of marriage were now made to Isabella. Louis XI. interceded for his brother. The King of Portugal sued on his own account; and the Duke of Clarence (he who was afterwards drowned in a butt of malmsey) was offered by his brother, Edward IV. But the successful aspirant was Don Ferdinand, son of the King of Arragon. The opposition of Henry to this match led the Archbishop of Toledo to remove Isabella to Valladolid, where the young couple were privately married; she being then in her twentieth year, and Ferdinand a few months younger. In the meantime, the civil war raged till the latter end of the year 1474, when peace was in a great measure restored by the death of Henry, and Ferdinand and Isabella were proclaimed King and Queen of Castile. An ineffectual attempt was made on behalf of Joanna by her uncle, the King of Portugal; but in the campaign of 1476, Ferdinand completely defeated the Portuguese army, and reduced the refractory Castilian nobles to submission. Thus Isabella was without a competitor, and was acknowledged Queen of Castile and Leon;—and three years afterwards, by the death of his father, Ferdinand succeeded to the throne of Arragon. In the same year was born their second daughter, the infanta Joanna, afterwards the mother of Charles the Fifth. It is remarkable that, when young, there was only a remote prospect of either Ferdinand or Isabella reaching a throne, and yet they were the means by which the union of the Spanish kingdom into one grand monarchy was accomplished.

The young king and queen devoted their attention to the internal affairs of their joint kingdoms; the sovereignty was more firmly established; the power of the nobility confined; the laws were simplified; justice more equitably administered; the usurpations of the papal see defeated; and the interests of trade promoted and commerce extended.

The war of Granada was the first great event in the reign of the two sovereigns. Isabella, with deep-seated religious prejudices, was but too easily induced to be an instigator and adviser in this terrible contest. "It was bigotry on the one side, opposed to fanaticism on the other. The Spaniards fought for honour, dominion, and the interests of the church; the Moors fought for their homes and hearths, their faith, their country, their very existence as a nation."

The Moorish power in Spain had long been on the decline, and the descendants of the Mohammedan conquerors were now circumscribed within the boundaries of Granada, which extended 180 miles along the southern shores of Spain, and between the mountains and the sea its breadth was about seventy miles. It was populous, rich in agriculture and commerce; its inhabitants wealthy, warlike, industrious, and polished. Granada, the royal city, stood in the centre of the kingdom on two lofty hills, the one crowned by the splendid palace of the Alhambra, the other by the citadel of Alcazaba. Around this noble city stretched the Vega, or plain of Granada, which resembled one vast and beautiful garden. The patriotism of its inhabitants had in it something romantic and tender. The first step of Ferdinand and Isabella was to demand by an ambassador the tribute due, to which Aben Hassan haughtily replied, "Tell your master, that the kings of Granada who were used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of cimiters and heads of lances."

The war was continued with little intermission for ten years. Isabella was present at every succeeding campaign, animating her generals, providing for the support of her armies, comforting them under their reverses, and by her active humanity, and her benevolent sympathy, extended to friend and foe, softening as far as possible the rigours of war. The civilised world is indebted to Isabella for the first institution of military surgeons to follow the army. These she paid out of her own revenues; and had always six well-furnished tents for the sick and wounded, which were called the Queen's Hospital.

Isabella, in December of 1485, gave birth to the infanta Catherine of Arragon, afterwards the wife of Henry the Eighth of England. Early in the following spring she joined the camp, and was surrounded by a most splendid array of feudal chieftains of Castile, and cavaliers of England, France, and Germany, who had there assembled, anxious to distinguish themselves in the sight of a beautiful and gracious queen. She was also surrounded by many ladies of noble birth and exceeding beauty, the mothers, daughters, or sisters of the brave men engaged in the war. The grand Cardinal Mendoza, who was, during her life, her chief minister and adviser, was also at her side; he is described as "a man of clear understanding, eloquent, judicious, and of great quickness and capacity in business, simple yet nice in his apparel, lofty and venerable in his deportment."

In the spring of the year 1486, amid this proud assemblage of nobles, warriors, and high-born dames, Columbus first appeared as a suitor at the court of Castile. In the midst of the hurry and tumult of martial preparation, and all the vicissitudes and exigencies of a tremendous and expensive war, we can hardly wonder if his magnificent but (as they then appeared) extravagant speculations, should at first meet with little attention or encouragement. His frequent repulses by those about the queen are well known, and it was not until the conclusion of the war that Isabella gave her serious attention to his proposals. Her enthusiasm, however, was at length kindled. "It shall be so," she exclaimed; "I will undertake the enterprise for my own kingdom of Castile, and will pledge my jewels for the necessary sum." "This," says the historian of Columbus, "was the proudest moment in the life of Isabella; it stamped her renown for ever, as the patroness of the discovery of the New World."

The exterminating war was brought to a close by the surrender of Granada, into which city Ferdinand and Isabella made their triumphant entry on the 6th of January, 1492. Thus terminated the dominion of the Moors in Spain, which had endured for nearly eight centuries.

During the siege of Granada, Isabella well-nigh lost her life by an accidental conflagration of her camp. No lives were lost, but the whole of the queen's wardrobe and an immense quantity of arms and treasures were destroyed. The winter coming on, the Moors entertained the hope that the siege would be abandoned. Their astonishment was great when they saw a noble and regular city rise from the ruins of the camp. It owed its existence to the piety of Isabella, who built it as a memorial for her deliverance, and named it La Santa Fé.

In April following the fall of Granada (1492), six years after his first disclosing his views, the compact was signed with Columbus, and in the following August he set sail from Palos. Next to that moment in which Isabella declared herself the sole patroness of Columbus, and undertook the voyage of discovery for "her own kingdom of Castile," the most memorable epoch of her life was his return from the New World, when she received him in state at Barcelona; and when, laying at her feet the productions of those unknown lands, he gave her a detailed narrative of his wonderful voyage. Columbus's fourth voyage, in 1502, was under Isabella's immediate patronage and protection.

When the wars were over that had followed her accession, Isabella devoted herself to the cultivation of literature and science. Her example inspired the nobility with a taste for letters, and many of the most dignified became public instructors

in the universities. The enthusiasm was no less strong in her own sex. Isabella's Latin preceptor was a lady; the Lady Doña Lucia de Medrano lectured on the Latin classics in the University of Salamanca; and Doña Francisca de Lebrija filled the chair of rhetoric with applause at Alcala.

The Italian war was one of the next important events under the reign of Isabella; the success of which may be mainly attributed to the great military talents of that extraordinary man, Gonsalvo de Cordova, known in history as well as in romance, by the name of the *Great Captain.* He was a general of great prudence, coolness, and steadiness of purpose. But of the celebrated men who gave lustre to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, none was more eminent than Cardinal Ximenes. Of this remarkable man Mr. Prescott observes, "His character was of that stern and lofty cast, which seems to rise above the ordinary wants and weaknesses of humanity. His genius of the severest order, like Dante's, or Michael Angelo's, in the regions of fancy, impresses us with ideas of power that excite admiration akin to terror. His enterprises were of the boldest character, his execution of them equally bold. He disdained to woo fortune by any of those soft and pliant arts, which are too often the most effectual. He pursued his ends by the most direct means. In this way he frequently multiplied difficulties; but difficulties seemed to have a charm for him, by the opportunity they afforded of displaying the energies of his soul."

The latter years of Isabella's life were embittered by a series of domestic griefs that pressed heavily upon her. Her family dropped fast into the grave. In 1496, her mother died in her arms; and her death was but the forerunner of the almost total extinction of her race. Deep melancholy threw her into a rapid decline, of which she died at Medina del Campo on the 25th of Nov. 1505, in the 54th year of her age, and 30th of her reign.

Mr. Prescott observes:—"Ferdinand's connection with Isabella, while it reflected infinite glory on his reign, suggests a contrast most unfavourable to his character. Hers was all magnanimity, disinterestedness, and deep devotion to the interests of her people. His was the spirit of egotism. The circle of his views might be more or less expanded, but self was the steady unchangeable centre. Her heart beat with the generous sympathies of friendship, and the purest constancy to the first, the only object of her love. He proved himself unworthy of the admirable woman with whom his destinies were united, by indulging in those vicious gallantries too generally sanctioned by the age. Ferdinand, in fine, a shrewd and politic prince, 'surpassing,' as a French writer, not his friend, has remarked, 'all the statesmen of his time in the science of the cabinet, may be taken as the representative of the peculiar genius of the age; while Isabella, discarding all the petty artifices of state policy, and pursuing the noblest ends by the noblest means, stands far above her age.'"

It has been said by Mrs. Jamieson, that Isabella had all the talents, strength of mind, and the royal pride of Queen Elizabeth, without her harshness, her despotism, and her arrogance; and she possessed the personal graces, the gentleness, and feminine accomplishments of Mary Stuart, without her weakness. Her virtues were truly her own; her faults and errors were the result of external circumstances, and belonged to the times and the situation in which she was placed. The love of her people bestowed upon her the simple but beautiful designation, "Isabella de la paz y bontad"—Isabella of peace and goodness. The establishment of the Inquisition, and the expulsion of the Jews, events which her religious zeal led her to sanction and promote, are spots upon her fame; and left evils which are felt in Spain to this day. To these important events we shall have occasion to advert at a future period.

ORIGIN OF THE TERMS WHIG AND TORY.

Tory, a cant term from an Irish word, signifying a savage; the name of a party opposed to that of a whig.
Whig, whey; the name of a party in politics.

Walker's Dictionary.

"The word *Tory* is Irish, and was first made use of there in the time of Queen Elizabeth's wars in Ireland. It signified a kind of robber, who being listed in neither army, preyed in general upon the country, without distinction of English or Spaniard. In the Irish massacre, anno 1641, you had them in great numbers, assisting in everything that was bloody and villanous, and particularly when humanity prevailed upon some of the papists to preserve protestant relations. There were such as chose to butcher brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, the dearest friends, and nearest relations; these were called *tories.* In England, about the year 1680, a party of men appeared among us, who, though pretended protestants, yet applied themselves to the ruin and destruction of their country. They began with ridiculing the popish plot, and encouraging the papists to revive it. They pursued their designs in banishing the Duke of Monmouth, and calling home the Duke of York, then in abhorring, petitioning, and opposing the bill of exclusion; in giving up charters and the liberties of their country to the arbitrary will of their prince; then in murthering patriots, persecuting dissenters, and at last in setting up a popish prince on pretence of hereditary right, and tyranny on pretence of passive obedience. These men, for their criminal preying upon their country, and their cruel bloody disposition, began to show themselves so like the Irish thieves and murtherers aforesaid, that they quickly got the name of tories. Their real godfather was Titus Oates, and the occasion of his giving them the name is as follows: the author of this happened to be present. There was a meeting of some honest people in the City, upon the occasion of the discovery of some attempt to stifle the evidence of the witnesses, and tampering with Bedloe and Stephen Dugdale. Among the discourse, Mr. Bedloe said he had letters from Ireland, that there were some tories to be brought over hither, who were privately to murder Dr. Oates, and the said Bedloe. The doctor, whose zeal was very hot, could never hear any man after this talk against the plot, or against the witnesses, but he thought he was one of these tories, and called almost every man a tory that opposed him in discourse; till at last the word tory became popular, and it stuck so closely to the party in all their bloody proceedings, that they had no way to get it off, so at last they owned it, just as they do now the name of highflyer.

"As to the word *Whig*, it is Scots. The use of it began there when the western men, called Cameronians, took arms frequently for their religion. Whig was a word used in most parts for a kind of liquor the western Highlandmen used to drink, whose composition I do not remember*, and so became common to the people that drank it. It afterwards became a denomination to the poor harassed people of that part of the country, who being unmercifully persecuted by the government against all law and justice, thought they had a civil right to their religious liberties, and therefore frequently resisted the arbitrary power of their princes. These men, tired with innumerable oppressions, ravishings, murders, and plunderings, took up arms about the year 1681, being the famous insurrection at Bothwell-bridge. The Duke of Monmouth, then in favour, was sent against them by King Charles, and defeated them. At his return, instead of thanks for the good service, he found himself ill-treated for using them too mercifully; and Duke Lauderdale told King Charles, with an oath, that the duke had been so civil to the whigs, because he was a whig himself in his heart. This made it a court word; and in a little while all the friends and followers of the Duke began to be called whigs; and they, as the other party did by the word tory, took it freely enough to themselves."—*De Foe, Review*, vol. vii. p. 296-7.

* It was the refuse, or what was called the whig of the milk, which the poorest people in Scotland used to carry to market, their wretchedness not allowing them to give it to their cattle.—*North's Examen.* A tory writer of that time defines it to be sour milk, and he says, "It was formerly appropriated to what is still more sour, a Scotch presbyterian!"—*Caveat against the Whigs*, part i. p. 73.

THE OLD VALENTINE.

BY MRS. M. GRIFFITH.

"You have been a long time reading that letter," said Mrs. Brooks to her niece; "I hope it is an interesting one."

"It is not a letter, dear aunt, it is a valentine, and I have been trying to guess who sent it."

"Why, who should it be but young Fleming? he did nothing but talk of valentines all last week."

"And that makes me think it did not come from him; who else can it be?"

A ring at the door sent the valentine into the writing-desk; the door opened, and in came two bright, laughing girls.

"Oh, Sophia," exclaimed Ellen Douglas, a young girl, just entering life—or evening parties—"look here, see what a sweet valentine, and cousin Anna has three, only think of that! Did you get one? Ah, I can tell by your blush that there is a valentine in that desk."

"Let me see yours first, and then I will tell you," said Sophia; "three have you, Anna? where are they? here are two only—give me that one first, it is so prettily cut."

Sophia opened it eagerly, and could not help smiling, for it was one that she had written herself for Ralph Fleming—she opened the other, it was hers, likewise, and lo! Ellen's valentine was from the same pen.

"They are all beautifully cut and beautifully painted," said she; "the verses are like all these kind of verses, full of love and all that, but we do not care for the rhyme nor for the design, you know, it is the pleasant feeling that these little bits of paper give one. We think of the gentleman—the *one* gentleman—hey, Ellen?—who would so naturally send a valentine. Anna, dear, why did you not bring the other valentine? I have more curiosity about that one than either of these."

"Tell her, Anna, tell her all about it," said Ellen, looking concerned, for poor Anna had a cloud over her fine face.

"There is nothing to tell, Sophia, excepting that uncle came into the room with the valentines himself, and after allowing us to read them, he begged that he might look at the handwriting. Like a simpleton I handed him these two very eagerly, and kept back the third, but he insisted on seeing that too, and so, although I had scarcely read it, I was forced to give it up. Only think of his seeing such a valentine as that—"

Mrs. Brooks, who had left the room when the girls entered, now came in to ask for Sophia's bunch of keys, as she had mislaid her own.

"Let her open the desk first," said Ellen Douglas, "we want to see her valentine."

But Mrs. Brooks was in haste; she promised, however, to send the keys back immediately, and the girls were compelled to wait. Ten minutes—fifteen elapsed, and they chatted on, but no keys came: Sophia went after them, and came back with the intelligence that her aunt had gone out, and it was presumed had taken the keys with her, for they were not to be found. After wondering and wondering over and over again who could have sent the valentines, they departed, vexed that they could not get a peep at the one so provokingly locked up in the desk.

Sophia breathed freely as her two friends left the room: not for worlds would she have shown the precious valentine, for the handwriting was well-known to both of the girls. How she blessed her aunt for getting her off so handsomely about the keys; although she thought it must have been accidental, for how could it be imagined that there would be any unwillingness on her part to let the paper be seen?

The gentleman suspected of having sent the valentine, was the last person that any gay, fashionable young lady would care to receive one from. He was Mrs. Brooks's "man of business," for so she termed him, although he transacted all her offices gratuitously. He was a Mr. Samuel Day, no name certainly for a romance; and what was worse, he had no romance in his nature. How so refined, accomplished, and beautiful a girl as Sophia Lee could admire, nay love, a man with such an unprepossessing name, and so little brilliancy of character, it is impossible to conjecture. If he had won her affections by flattery, or by any of the numerous arts in the power of a designing man, it would not have been surprising; but Mr. Day practised none of these; he had not the most remote thought of loving Sophia Lee, loveable as she was; nor did he dream that she ever could think of him as a lover.

He walked into the parlour with Mrs. Brooks, just as the young ladies left it. Sophia blushed deeply as her eye met his, and he cast a second glance—a glance of surprise at the emotion. Mrs. Brooks apologised for not returning the keys in time to let the ladies see the valentine, but she remarked that another day would do as well; "and at any rate," said she, "Sophia, you can let Mr. Day see it. He came in on purpose; I met him in the street, and asked him to come in and see it."

"I suspect—I imagine—" stammered Sophia, "that Mr. Day has no desire—no—"

"If you are averse to my seeing it," said Mr. Day, "I certainly can have no wish to do so. But who is the happy valentine this year, my dear Sophia?"

"That is more than she can tell," said Mrs. Brooks, "for I heard her wondering who it could be."

Mr. Day smiled and then looked queer; for he saw that Sophia was unusually agitated.

"I presume that these valentines have some charm in them—something very pleasant," said he, "for I have heard of them even in my counting-house. Ralph Fleming this morning," and he turned his eye from Sophia as he mentioned the young man's name, "told me that he had sent at least half-a-dozen to different ladies."

Sophia smiled, for well she knew who wrote them all. As to the one she had received herself, there was no mistaking the author, there was no doubting that the hand-writing was Mr. Day's; and yet he looked so easy, so unconscious—he was so little given to mysteries—that she could not understand it.

Mr. Day was more at ease when he found that the sending valentines to several other ladies had not produced any unpleasant feeling. If she did not think it was sent by Ralph Fleming, who else, thought he, did she suppose would send her a valentine? A Colonel Gardiner came across his mind, and it was now his turn to blush and look embarrassed.

"That Colonel Gardiner is a sorry fellow," said he, turning to Mrs. Brooks, "his servant has just sued him for a year's wages. I met a gentleman yesterday who was engaged to dine with him, but on hearing of this suit, he sent an apology."

"I honour the man who has courage to do a thing like that," said Sophia—and Mr. Day turned quickly towards her. "It is not Colonel Gardiner then," thought he. There were but three other gentlemen intimate in the house, Mr. Jones, brother to Anna Jones, the lady who had just left them, Mr. Western, and a Mr. Marshall. It was Mr. Western who had sent an apology to Colonel Gardiner, and the suspicion would have rested on him, only that he was thought to be an admirer of Anna Jones—he was divided between Mr. Marshall and Mr. Jones.

"What ails you both this morning?" said Mrs. Brooks, "you are stammering and hesitating, and looking as if you had been doing something wrong: perhaps after all, Mr. Day, you sent the valentine yourself."

"I send a valentine!—I do a silly thing like that! no, madam," said he, raising his voice so as to make Sophia start, "never. But I beg your pardon for speaking so earnestly—I never expected that a foolish valentine could have the power of making me behave like a boy. If Sophia would but let me see it, I might relieve her curiosity; perhaps the handwriting is known to me—surely, my dear girl, unless it contains an offer of marriage, there can be no impropriety in showing it to a man almost old enough to be your father."

Sophia had shown so much embarrassment and so much had been said about the foolish paper that she felt extremely awkward, and could not bring herself to open the desk. "No, no," said she, after making one or two attempts, "not now, I will just wait till I see Ralph Fleming—perhaps he can throw some light on it."

"Well, if he is further in your confidence than I am—but he is younger and—"

"Oh, no, no, do not say that. You are entitled to all my confidence, but the person I first suspected of having sent the paper is certainly not the one, and Mr. Fleming—perhaps he imitated the handwriting—at any rate I will examine it again."

"Well, see him then, dear young lady, I am content now that it does not come from Colonel Gardiner or Mr. Fleming. I saw by your countenance that you suspect neither of them."

"You saw by my countenance?—did you not turn your face from mine when you mentioned their names? so how could you see? Be assured that I should not have felt the embarrassment that I now feel, if either of these persons had sent me a hundred valentines."

"In the name of goodness, who then did you suspect?" said

Mr. Day, looking more surprised than he had ever done in his life.

Before Sophia could answer, Mr. Fleming came in, and Mr. Day walked abruptly away.

Sophia unlocked the desk, took out the valentine, and laying it on the table said, "Mr. Fleming, you sent this to me. You have imitated Mr. Day's handwriting."

The young man opened it. "I assure you, Miss Lee," said he, "that I never wrote that valentine."

"Upon your word?"

"Upon my word—but I know who did write it; and surely if you showed it to Mr. Day he must have owned it."

"It is a mistake, indeed it is a mistake. Mr. Day says he never wrote a valentine in his life."

"Well, if that is not too good a joke—why I saw him write it—I saw him write this very paper, I tell you. Nay, you need not shake your head, Mrs. Brooks; I tell you, as an honest man, that Mr. Day wrote it, and I saw him do it. Has he seen it?"

"No, I could not bring myself to show it to him; indeed, Mr. Fleming, there is some mystery about this—pray, when did he write it? it must have been lately, for here is 1837, and yet—stay—I declare there has been an erasure, for I see the top part of a 6 or 5 above the 7, and look here, too, *Gift* is in paler ink: a word has been scratched out there. It never struck me before, but the paper is not as white as the envelope. What can all this mean? I am more perplexed than ever. Mr. Fleming, you could tell me all about this, if you had a mind."

"I can say nothing more than what I have said.—Mr. Day wrote those verses, and I saw him write them."

"Did he compose them too? Come, if you certify to his handwriting, you can say who made the rhymes."

"Indeed, Miss Lee, that does not follow. But, instead of talking pleasantly about these little papers, you are looking cross, and very like wishing for a quarrel with me, so to prevent it I will just go over and see how the sweet Douglas looks after her valentine."

The young man went off gaily, without throwing any further light on the subject. The letters of the writing were very small, and she had seen nothing like it from any other pen. There was a particular turn to certain letters, which always distinguished Mr. Day's from all others; but he had said so positively, so emphatically, that he had never written a valentine, and Mr. Fleming had so positively asserted that he did write it, that she was very much perplexed. Her aunt could not relieve her difficulties; for, when Sophia repeated all that Fleming had said, Mrs. Brooks was of opinion that Mr. Day wrote the verses; but when she was reminded that Mr. Day had denied it, then she was quite as sure that he did not write them.

Again and again Sophia examined the handwriting, and her aunt brought her a little account book to compare it with the valentine. Mr. Day kept all her accounts with scrupulous exactness, transferring them from his large books to her little miniature one, that she might at any moment, at a glance, see how her affairs stood. There was not the slightest difference that either of them could perceive: indeed, the result of this close inspection was, that Mr. Day, and he alone, had written the valentine.

The evening brought neither a solution nor Mr. Day; and his absence was painfully felt by Sophia, for she feared that he was offended. He generally spent his evenings with them; or, if he was engaged elsewhere, he always called in for a few minutes, either before he went or after he returned. To-morrow was her birth-day, and hitherto he had always called, especially the night before, to find out what little trinket or knick-knackery she most wanted, that he might bring it to her the next day; for he was one of those simple-minded men who liked to do that which would give the most pleasure. He thought, very justly, that if he consulted his own taste or judgment, he might not choose that which would be agreeable to others; but he did not make his appearance, and Sophia went to her chamber with very miserable feelings. She wished there had never been such things as valentines.

"I cannot think what kept our 'man of business' from us last evening," said Mrs. Brooks, "he surely will be here to-day; he has never missed coming to dine with us on your birth-day, Sophia."

"It appeared to me, aunt, that he was a little hurt because I did not show him the valentine, and I could not do it, you know, after his saying so positively that he did not write it, or send it."

"Well, show it to him to-day, for, I will answer for it, that he will be here presently; it is one o'clock, and he generally contrives to be here early. By the way, Mr. Marshall left his card here yesterday whilst you were out; here it is. P. P. C. Ah! he is going to England. What a fine-looking man he is, Sophia; do you know that I think he would fall in love with you, if he dared?"

"I am glad then that he does not dare, for I assure you, my dear aunt, that I should not fall in love with him."

"Well, well, time enough, dear, time enough. I hope to keep you with me several years yet. How to part with you at last, I cannot tell."

"Oh, as to that, how often, dearest aunt, have I told you that I never would be separated from you? Whoever marries me must marry you, and old Mrs. Tate, and Caty, and Peter, and little Jemmy, and all."

Mrs. Brooks laughed and said, that unless her man of business, Mr. Day, would take pity on her, she feared that no one else would. She did not see the colour fly into Sophia's face as she made this remark; but went on talking about it, until the man of business himself came into the room. Poor Sophia was afraid that her aunt would repeat her observations, but the old lady, luckily, had forgotten to order a particular dish for the birth-day dinner, and she hurried out to attend to it.

Mr. Day walked quietly up to Sophia and took her hand. Mr. Marshall's card was still in it, and in putting it on the table, the name caught his eye.

"Marshall—then it is this Mr. Marshall that sent you the valentine? I know his writing, Sophia—may I have a peep at this wonderful paper to-day?"

"Why, your head runs strangely on this valentine, Mr. Day—you that never cared for such trifles; some time or other I shall show it to you, but not to-day. Have you forgotten that this is my birth-day?"

"Forgotten it? no, indeed; when did I ever forget it? but there is a formality now that we did without a few years ago. Then you used to fly to me, and—"

"Oh, yes, I remember, but you forget that I am a sober, quiet girl of nineteen, and expect something far better than sugar-plums. You have a box there, and I am dying with curiosity to see what is in it."

"No, Sophia, you care but little for that box. You are not like yourself to day, nor were you like yourself yesterday; I was so unhappy about it that I staid by myself all the evening, and yet I was half-a-dozen times on the point of coming here. When I finally made up my mind to come, I looked at my watch and found it was too late."

"I am sorry to be the cause of uneasiness to you," said Sophia; "but if you say nothing more about that foolish valentine, I shall forget it myself. Come, pray let me see what is in that box?"

"Only a pretty set of ornaments for you, my dear Sophia. Here is a chain, let me put it on your neck; it is very becoming, indeed, and how do you like this watch, and these rings?"

"Oh beautiful, most beautiful! and these ear-rings and this aigrette; every thing is indeed too beautiful to be praised. Oh how costly they are—ought you to have thrown away so large a sum on one so little able to—"

"The time, I perceive, is not far off, my dear Sophia, when you will require a few ornaments of this kind. I am determined to be beforehand with your lover—for lovers generally make their betrothed a present, you know. The writer of that valentine—nay, Sophia, hear me out—if it be this Mr. Marshall, is fully able to cover your head with diamonds. He is possessor of immense wealth; but rich as he is, you shall not go portionless."

"Mr. Day, you mistake entirely. Look at the card, you see that Mr. Marshall is soon to sail for England. I saw him this morning after breakfast—and—"

"And what, Sophia?"

"Why, I intended to keep the thing from your knowledge, as I did from my aunt—"

"You are then engaged to him," said Mr. Day, laying down the box, and walking to the window to hide his emotion. "Good Heavens!" said he to himself, "why does this so painfully affect me? ought I not to rejoice that she can give her affections to one so worthy?"

By a strong effort he recovered himself sufficiently to return

to his seat near Sophia. He took her hand and gently raised it to his lips: "Forgive me, my dear girl," said he, "I have been for so many years accustomed to watch over you, and to care for all your wants and pleasures, that it goes near breaking my heart, stout as you say it is, at the thought of being nothing more in future to you than a common acquaintance—for a friend you will not then need. You have not known the gentleman long; but I have, and he is most worthy of you. I presume when he returns from Europe—foolish fellow! loving you as he must love you, why does he leave you behind?"

"Oh, Mr. Day, what an error you are in! Now hear me: I tell you truly that I refused Mr. Marshall, that he is not the one who wrote the valentine, and I tell you as truly that I will never marry any other man than the one who did write it."

"Tell me then, dear Sophia, is he worthy of you? who can it be? and why am I, the one most interested in your happiness, to be kept in ignorance? You are in tears. Fear not," said he, as he drew her gently to him, "fear not, my dear girl, tell me all; if the want of fortune on his part be the obstacle, provided he deserves you in other respects, that shall be no hinderance, for are you not my sole heir? Most tenderly and devotedly have I loved you, my dear Sophia, from your childhood to this hour, but never till this moment did I know it would be so bitter a pang to part with you—to give you to another. But you may be convinced of the sincerity of my affection by the great sacrifice I make in thus giving you up—and must I—must I indeed part with you, just as I have discovered that you are so necessary to my happiness?—am I to live in solitary wretchedness, without hearing that sweet voice?—without—oh, Sophia, dear girl, forgive me—forget what I have said, and believe me only your friend. Alas! that one so unsuited to you in years, should dare to love you as I do—as I must always love."

Sophia wept, to be sure, but they were tears of joy. She raised her head at length, but he begged her not to speak, not to distress herself further, as he would wait till she were more composed, before he asked who the gentleman was. She went to the writing-desk and took out the valentine; but when she put it in his hand he shook his head and sighed.

"Not now, Sophia, not now," said he, "I only want the name; as to the verses, the handwriting, what is that to me now?"

"Everything to you," said Sophia, casting down her eyes, "it is everything to you, if you really and truly love me as you say."

"If I really love you, Sophia!—can he who wrote this paper ever hope to love you as tenderly as I do?"

"Yes, and I hope in time more tenderly—look at the writing, will you? pray do, and hear me again declare that I never have, never can love any other—that I never will marry any other than the writer of this foolish valentine."

With a desperate effort Mr. Day tore open the paper, but the colour flew to his temples, he was like one in a dream, he looked at Sophia, her eyes were on the ground, but there was a smile visible; he pronounced her name in a low voice, and then checked himself, as if not daring to realise the truth.

"Sophia," said he, at length, "Sophia, may I believe in the truth of the words you have just uttered?"

"Can I believe in all that you have just said?" replied Sophia, "when you so stoutly denied having written this valentine?"

"Blessed paper!" said he, kissing it, "most precious valentine! little did I dream that it was to be the means of so much happiness."

"But when did you write it?" said Sophia, trying to disengage herself from his arms, "tell me all about it, for I am still in the dark—to whom did you send it, if not to me?"

"I did not send it to any one, dearest; this was the way of it. About four years ago Ralph Fleming was very desirous of going to the races, and I was very desirous that he should not. He promised me at length, if I would do him a little favour he would give up the races, for that year at least. The little favour was simply to write this valentine. He wrote a large irregular hand, and this required the finest of writing and the smallest of letters. It was you, my dear Sophia, that induced me to form my letters in that way; in fact, I had your wishes, your pleasure in view, in everything that I undertook. How could I have been so blind to the nature of my affection for you?—Dear little paper, but for you, I should never have known that I might aspire to be loved in return!"

Poor Mr. Day! love made him as loquacious as it does those who have lived upon the thoughts of it all their life. Mrs. Brooks's "man of business" was like all other men, and Sophia, the happiest of the happy, was thinking how well love-speeches became him. He was considered by her young friends to be plain-looking, but in her eyes at this moment, he was positively handsome.

"I was not many minutes writing what I then thought a very foolish thing," continued he; "and to tell you the truth, I wrote mechanically, without considering the import of the words at all. I only recollect thinking it a very silly thing, that a 'man of business,' as Mrs. Brooks always calls me, and which I am, should have engaged in writing love-verses. Ah! if I could have foreseen—"

"Well," said Mrs. Brooks, on seeing Mr. Day with his arms around Sophia's waist, looking fondly in her face, "you have made up, I see; why, we were all gloomy enough when I left the room; have you found out who wrote the valentine?"

"Yes, my dear madam," said he, "and as Sophia has determined to marry the one who wrote it, I have given my consent, and I hope you will give yours."

"Oh, my dear, dear aunt," said Sophia, throwing her arms around her neck, "Mr. Day wrote it himself; you shall hear all about it."

"But you promised to marry the writer, he says, is it true? and is it my 'man of business' all the while that gave us such disturbance about an old valentine? Ah, Sophia, how often in my heart have I wished for this, but did not dare to speak my mind."

"Sophia has spoken her mind," said Mr. Day; "God bless her!"

THE KREMLIN.

I had thought of the Kremlin as the rude and barbarous palace of the Czars; but I found it one of the most extraordinary, beautiful, and magnificent objects I ever beheld. I rambled over it several times with admiration, without attempting to comprehend it all. Its commanding situation on the banks of the Moskwa river; its high and venerable walls; its numerous battlements, towers, and steeples; its magnificent and gorgeous palaces; its cathedrals, churches, monasteries, and belfries, with their gilded, coppered, and tin-plated domes; its mixture of barbarism and decay, magnificence and ruins; its strong contrast of architecture, including the Tartarian, Hindoo, and Gothic; and, rising above all, the lofty tower of Ivan Veliki, with its golden ball, reflecting the sun with dazzling brilliancy, altogether exhibited a beauty, grandeur, and magnificence, strange and indescribable.

The Kremlin is "the heart" and "sacred place" of Moscow, once the old fortress of the Tartars, and now the centre of the modern city. It is nearly triangular in form, enclosed by a high brick wall painted white, and nearly two miles in extent, and is in itself a city. It has five gates, at four of which there are high watch-towers. The fifth is "Our Saviour's," or the Holy Gate, through whose awe-commanding portals no male, not even the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias, can pass, except with uncovered head and bended body. Bareheaded I entered by this gate, and passed on to a noble esplanade, commanding one of the most interesting views of Moscow, and having in front the range of palaces of the czars. I shall not attempt to describe these palaces. They are a combination of every variety of taste, and every variety of architecture, Grecian, Gothic, Italian, Tartar, and Hindoo, rude and fanciful, grotesque, gorgeous, magnificent, and beautiful. The churches, monasteries, arsenals, museums, and public buildings, are erected with no attempt at regularity of design, and in the same wild confusion of architecture. There are no regular streets, but three open places, or squares, and abundance of room for carriages and foot-passengers, with which in summer afternoons it is always thronged. I entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, the most splendid church in Moscow. It was founded in 1325, and rebuilt in 1472. It is loaded with gorgeous and extravagant ornaments. The icanastos, or screen, which divides the sanctuary from the body of the church, is in many parts covered with plates of solid silver and gold, richly and finely wrought. On the walls are painted the images of more than 2,300 saints, some at full length, and some of a colossal size, and the whole interior seems illuminated with gold. From the centre of the roof is suspended a crown, of massive silver, with forty-eight

chandeliers, all in a single piece, and weighing nearly 3000 pounds. Close by is an odd-looking church, constantly thronged with devotees; a humble structure, said to be the oldest Christian church in Moscow. It was built in the desert, before Moscow was thought of, and its walls are strong enough to last till the gorgeous city shall become a desert again.

The tower of Ivan Veliki, or John the Great, the first of the Czars, is 270 feet high, and contains thirty-three bells, the smallest weighing 7000, and the largest more than 124,000 pounds English. From its top there is, perhaps, the finest panoramic view in the world.

Another well-known object is the great bell, the largest, and the wonder of the world. Its perpendicular height is twenty-one feet four inches, and the extreme thickness of the metal, twenty-three inches. The length of the clapper is fourteen feet, the greatest circumference sixty feet four inches, its weight 400,000 pounds English, and its cost has been estimated at more than £365,000 sterling.

Besides the great bell, there is another noisy musical instrument, namely, the great gun, like the bell, the largest in the world, being a 4,320 pounder. It is sixteen feet long, and the diameter of its calibre nearly three feet.

The treasury contains the heirlooms of the Russians. On the first floor are the ancient imperial carriages. The *bel étage* is a gallery of five parts, in the first of which are the portraits of all the emperors and czars, and their wives, in the exact costume of the times in which they lived; in another, is a model of a palace projected by the empress Catherine to unite the whole Kremlin under one roof, having a circumference of two miles, and make of it one magnificent palace; if it had been completed according to the plan, this palace would probably have surpassed the temple of Solomon, or any of the seven wonders of the world.

In the armoury are specimens of ancient armour, the workmanship of every age and nation; coats of mail, sabres adorned with jewels, swords, batons, crosses in armour, imperial robes, ermines in abundance, and finally the clothes in which Peter the Great worked at Saardam, including his old boots, from which it appears he had a considerable foot.—*Stephens' Incidents of Travel.*

PHOTOGENIC DRAWINGS AND THE DAGUEROTYPE.

In our last Number we drew the attention of our readers to the very curious discovery of M. Daguerre, which he has entitled the Daguerotype or Dagueroscope; but since that paper was written, a communication has been made to the Royal Society, by H. Fox Talbot, Esq., F. R. S., by which it appears that a very similar discovery, if not precisely the same, had already been made by him, when M. Daguerre first made his invention public. The secret, which consists in a process by which the substance which is most easily affected by light can afterwards be made almost insensible to its effects, has not of course been hitherto disclosed by either of the inventors; but Mr. Talbot has exhibited incontestable proofs of his success in several drawings, which have been executed four years, and have been repeatedly exposed to the sunshine, without any apparent damage. These drawings were exhibited at the Royal Institution, on the 25th January, by Mr. Faraday, and we trust that this distinguished chemist will shortly lecture on this extremely curious and useful invention.

Mr. Talbot, in producing his designs, which he has named *Photogenic Drawings*, uses prepared paper, a medium much preferable to the metal plates of M. Daguerre. Another peculiarity in Mr. Talbot's drawings is, that whilst the image obtained is white, the ground is coloured, and blue, yellow, rose-colour, or black, may be obtained at pleasure.

That the same discovery should have been made simultaneously in France and England, is one of those strange coincidences which frequently occur, and sometimes deprive the original inventor of the advantage he ought to derive from his ingenuity. In the present instance there appears no reason for doubt as to the fair claim of both M. Daguerre and Mr. Talbot to originality. M. Daguerre never yet disclosed his secret, and has only made his discovery known a few weeks since. Mr. Talbot commenced his experiments in 1834, and the drawings he has exhibited are all from three to four years old.

We hope that an early opportunity will be afforded to the public generally for the inspection of *Photogenic Drawings*, and the mode of their production.

TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILE, 1322—1356.

The "Travels of Sir John Mandevile," is a singularly curious book. Independently of its author being the first of English travellers, and, as is supposed, his publication the earliest prose work in the English tongue—the book is highly interesting, and well worthy a perusal. Sir John Mandevile, according to Bale, "was borne in the towne of St. Albans, was so well given to the study of learning from his childhood, that he seemed to plant a good part of his felicitie in the same: for he supposed that the honour of his birth would nothing avail him, except he could render the same more honourable by his knowledge in good letters. Having therefore well grounded himself in religion, by reading the Scriptures, he applied his studies to the art of physicke, a profession worthy a noble wit: but amongst other things, he was ravished with a desire to see the greater parts of the world, as Asia and Africa. Having therefore provided all things for his journey, he departed from his countrye in the yeare of Christe 1322, and as another Ulysses, returned home after the lapse of thirty-four yeares, and was then known to a very fewe. In the time of his travaile he was in Scythia, the greater and less Armenia, Egypt, both Lybias, Arabia, Syria, Media, Mesopotamia, Persia, Chaldea, Greece, Illyrium, Tartary, and divers other kingdoms of the world; and having gotten by this means the knowledge of the languages, lest so many and great varieties, whereof himself had been an eye-witness, should perish in oblivion, he committed his whole travel of thirty-four years to writing in three diverse tongues, English, French, and Latin. Being arrived again in England, and having seen the wickedness of that age, he gave out this speech: —'In our time,' said he, 'it may be spoken more truly than of olde, that virtue is gone, the Churche is under foote, the clergy is in errour, the devill raigneth, and Simonie beareth the sway.' He died 17th November, 1371, at Liege, and was buried in the abbey of the order of the Gulielmites." Abr. Ortelius in *Itinerarium Belgæ* has printed his epitaph (in Latin), which he found in the abbey at Liege, and on the stone is engraven a man in armour, with a forked beard, treading upon a lion; and at the head of him, a hand of one blessing him, and words to the effect, 'Ye that pass over me, for the love of God pray for me.' The churchmen then showed also his knives, the furniture of his horse, and the spurs which he used in his travels. There was a belief in St. Albans, that his body was removed and deposited in the abbey, and the following epitaph hung upon one of the pillars:—

> "All ye that passe, on this pillar cast eye,
> This epitaph read, if you can:
> 'Twill tell you a tombe once stood in this room,
> Of a brave, spirited man,
>
> "John Mandevile by name, a knight of great fame
> Born in this honoured towne;
> Before him was none, that ever was knowne
> For travaile of so high renown
>
> "As the knightes in the temple, cross-legged in marble
> In armour with sword and with shield;
> So was this knight grac't, which time hath defac't
> That nothing but ruins doth yeelde.
>
> "His travels being donne, he shines like the sunne
> In heavenly Canaan;
> To which blessed place, the Lord of his grace,
> Bring us all man after man."

Sir John Mandevile's book is disfigured by a fault common to all the ancient travellers; every wondrous tale that was related to, or read by the writer, was chronicled with all the care due only to ascertained facts. On its first publication it was eagerly devoured by the credulous readers of the time, and his "Traveller's Tales" were devoutly believed; but this very credulity was not without its good effects. The wonders related by Mandevile and Marco Polo, who had gone over much of the same country a century before, excited curiosity and inquiry; other travellers increased the store of geographical knowledge, and pioneered the way for our merchants, and hence the belief in

> "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

may be considered as a link in the eternal chain of events "working together for good."

The excessive popularity of the author was not, however, of long duration. Reason asserted her empire: theology became too pure to tolerate the admixture of Christian and Pagan wonders. Classical authority began to be consulted, and compared with modern researches. Men sought in the works of travellers for geographic and scientific information, not for the rehearsal of fables; and when so great a portion of a work like this appeared to be founded on a credulous echo of what was acknowledged falsehood, a general cry of wilful fraud was raised against our author and his contemporaries of the same stamp. The accusation was unjust, and founded on a total misconception of the principles and motives of the writer. It is certainly much to be regretted by the modern reader, that our elder travellers were so credulous, since, although their marvels may excite a smile, they diminish the interest of the narrative; but when we examine the relations of Mandevile, we find that he has, with an honourable scrupulosity, to which it would be well if all travellers adhered, carefully distinguished all that he knew of his *own* knowledge from what he has obtained from reading or the reports of others. When he tells the most improbable stories, he prefaces them with—"Thei seyn," or "men seyn, but I have not sene it."

The author, according to the humour of the times of ignorance in which he lived, has put into his history abundance of miracles and strange things. He was ambitious of saying all he could of the places he treats of, and has therefore taken monsters out of Pliny, miracles out of legends, and strange stories out of what would now be called romance, and he says:—"The which hystory I have bygonne, after the veray and true cronycles, and many other bokes that I have sought and overrede, for to accomplyshe hit." And certainly he appears to have been very successful in his search, for the wonders he relates have no parallel in any single volume, save the renowned history of the immortal Baron Munchausen. But with all this ultra-extravagance, if it so pleases the reader to designate it, there is yet a poetic interest in these Travels. This and other works had a great influence in fixing, if not forming, much of the genius of the romantic poetry of the age, by reviving and giving the weight of living testimony to the materials for many of these fables. A few extracts, showing our author's genius in that line, are subjoined:—

"Cross a river of fresh water, four miles wide, to the land of Pigmie, where there are mén but three spans long. The men and women are fair, and are married when they are half-a-year old. They live but eight years. These small men are the best workmen of silk and cotton, and all manner of things, that are in the world. They scorn great men as we do giants, and have them to travel for them, and to till their land.

"There is another island, called Pitan; the men of this land till no ground, for they eat nothing; and they are small, but not so small as the Pigmies. These men live with the smell of wild apples, and when they go far out of the country, they bear apples with them; for as soon as they lose the savour of apples, they die. They are not reasonable, but as wild as beasts. And there is another isle where the people are feathered, all but their faces and the palms of their hands: these men go about the sea as on the land, and they eat flesh and fish all raw."

"From this land, men shall go to the land of Bactrie, where are many wicked and cruel men. In this land are trees that bear wool as it were sheep, of which they make cloth. In this land are Ypotains, that dwell sometimes on land, and sometimes on water, and are half man, half horses, and feed on men when they can get them. In this land are many griffins, more than in other places, and some say they have the body before as an eagle, and behind as a lion; and it is true, for they are made so: but the griffin hath a body bigger than eight lions, and stronger than one hundred eagles, for certainly he will bear to his nest flying, a horse and man upon his back, or two oxen yoked together as they go to plough, for he hath long nails upon his feet as great as horns of oxen, and of those they make cups there to drink with, and of his ribs they do make bows to shoot with."

Then in other places we hear of islands where men have but one eye in their front, and eat flesh and fish all raw. Others, where they have no heads, having their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in their breasts. In another, where they have neither head nor eyes, and have their mouths in their shoulders. Where they have flat faces without noses and without eyes; but they have two small round holes instead of eyes, and they have flat mouths without lips: and in this isle there are some also that have their faces flat, without eyes, mouth, or nose, but eyes and mouth behind on their shoulders. In another, men have lips about their mouths so great, that when they sleep in the sun they cover their faces with their lips. In another, are men as little as dwarfs, who have no mouth but a little round hole, and through that hole they eat their meat with a pipe: and they have no tongue, neither do they speak, but blow and do whistle, and do make signs one to another. Where there are men with feet like a horse, and pursue wild beasts, and eat them. Where they go on their hands and feet, and run about like cats or apes.

Mandevile's book, "with all its faults," is, in several points of view, a peculiarly interesting work; every spot was to him truly "holy ground." Around him on every hand were the living footsteps of the Divine Presence. The very rocks seemed to lament over the spirits whose martyrdom they had witnessed. Here were the infant scenes of the human race, the dwelling-place of primæval innocence, the abodes of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the kings of Israel! The whole face of the country; the wild desert, with its green spots thinly scattered, like islands, for the repose of the weary traveller; the Dead Sea; the sacred plains of Egypt; the Nile; the rivers of Paradise; the wild romantic mode of life of the tribes that scoured over the face of the country; all combined to awaken associations of the deepest and most reverential order. The voice which echoes to us from such scenes as these, viewed with feelings which agitated the bosom of a traveller like Mandevile, is calculated even yet to awaken some of the most powerful emotions of the heart, and make us cease to wonder that we sometimes find the imagination getting the better of the understanding.

The views he takes of society and religion are marked by a liberal and enlightened tone, which we are surprised to find in one living in so bigoted and superstitious an age. But Mandevile was a gentleman and a scholar, and travel had extended his views of humanity. The following tale, though in itself rather apocryphal, leads him to make reflections which do honour to the christian traveller.

"There is another isle called Synople, wherein are good people of good faith, and they go all naked. Into that island came king Alexander, and when he saw their truth and good belief he said 'he would do them no harm, and bid them ask of him riches, or any thing else, and they should have it.' And they answered 'that they had riches enough when they had meat and drink to sustain their bodies;' and they said also, 'that the riches of this world are naught worth; but if it were so, that he might grant them that they should never die, that would they pray him.' And Alexander said, 'that he might not do, for he was mortal, and should die as they should.' Then, said they, 'Why art thou so proud, and win all the world and keep it in subjection, as it were a God, and hast no term of thy life; and thou wilt have all the riches of the world which shall forsake thee, and thou shalt bear nothing with thee, but it shall remain to others; but as thou wert born naked, so shalt thou be done in earth?' And Alexander was greatly astonished at this speech. And they have not the articles of our faith; nevertheless, I believe that God liketh their service as he did of Job, that was a Painim, the which he held for his true servant, and many others. I believe, verily, that God loveth all those that love him, and serve him meekly and truly, and that despise the vain-glory of the world;

and these men do, and Job did; and therefore, said the Lord, 'I shall put laws to them in many manners.' And the Gospel saith, 'I have other sheep that are not of this fold.' And there agreeth the vision St. Peter saw at Joppa, how the angel came from heaven, and brought with him all manner of beasts, as serpents, and divers fowls, saying to St. Peter, 'Take and eat.' And St. Peter answered, 'I never eat of any unclean beast.' And the angel said unto him, 'Call thou not those things unclean which God hath cleansed.' This was done in token that men should not have any man in disdain for their divers laws; for we know not whom God loveth or whom he hateth."

There are four printed copies, in English, of Mandeville's Travels, in the library of the British Museum, of as many various editions; the two most ancient are in black letter, the first of which is a typographical curiosity. It is *embellished* with a profusion of woodcuts representing the various marvels described: the very rudeness of their execution has something interesting about it. The book contains about 200 pages, small 4to. The title runs thus:—"The Voiage and Travayle of Syr John Mandevile, Knight, which treateth of the Way to Hierusalem, and of Marvayles of Inde, with other Islands and Countryes. Imprinted at London, in Bread-streat, at the nether ende, by Thomas East, An. 1568. the 6 day of October." After the Table of Contents is the following:

"Here beginneth a lyttle treatise or boke, named John Maundevile, Knight, born in England, in the towne of Sainte Albone, and speaketh of the wayes to Hierusalem, to Inde, and to the great Cane; and also to Prestor John's Land, and to many other Countreys; also of many marvailes that are in the Holy Lande." The orthography of this copy is very ancient, and is somewhat difficult to be read. The other black letter edition, of 1684, has the orthography somewhat modernised. There is also a small 18mo copy, in roman print, without date, "Printed for T. Hedges, opposite to St. Magnus Church, and Sold by J. Harriss, at the Looking-glass and Bible, on London Bridge, price One Shilling." This is also still further modernized and abridged. The most complete edition is that of 1725, an 8vo volume of nearly 400 pages, which is from a MS. in the Cottonian collection, then upwards of four hundred years old, collated with seven others, some nearly as old as the author's time. In this copy the old orthography is restored.

The versions and editions of Mandevile's book are very various, and unequal in execution. It has been printed in all countries as a popular book; and of course many of such editions are inaccurate and mutilated.

In the following extract, the original is preserved as a specimen of the orthography:—

"Egypt is a long contree; but it is streyt, that is to seye, narow: for thei may not enlargen it toward the desert, for defaute of watre. And the contree is sett along upon the ryvere of Nyle; becomes as that ryvere may serve hal be flodes or otherwise, that whanne it floweth it may spreden abrood thorghe the contree; so is the contree large of lengthe. For theyre it reynethe not but lityllc in the contree; but the eyr is alwayes pure and cleer, therefore in that contree ben the gode astronomyeres; for thei fynde there no clouds to letten hem. Also the cyttee of Cayre is righte gret, and more huge than that of Babylone the lesse. And it sytt aboven toward the desert of Syrye a lytille aboven the ryvere aboveseyd. In Egypt there ben two parties; the heghte, that is toward Ethiope; and the loweness that is towardes Arabye."

We must now take our leave of old Sir John Mandevile, whom we have accompanied through many a strange country, beguiled by his pleasant and frequently instructive chat. We have only introduced him to our readers, but we heartily recommend them to cultivate a further acquaintance with the venerable traveller.

CHARACTERISTICS OF HOOPING-COUGH.

It is probable that some of our readers may ask themselves or others the question, what is the utility of these articles on the diseases of childhood? The usual symptoms attending them are stated; but why is not the proper treatment also given? To such we reply, that it never was our intention to enter into the details of the medical treatment respecting any complaint which we may place before them, and for this simple reason—the conviction that any attempt of the kind would be rather apt to lead them astray than to enlighten.

Nature has not formed on the largest tree of the forest two leaves precisely alike—neither has she presented two cases of the same disease bearing exact resemblance. Age, constitution, or some peculiarity belonging to the individual varies them so much, as to constitute an important feature in the study and successful practice of medicine. Hence the impossibility of an universal remedy or of prescribing correctly or scientifically from the mere name of a disease. The patient must be seen, and all the circumstances attending his or her case be taken carefully into the consideration of the medical practitioner, before he can prescribe proper remedies.

These few observations may lead the reader to perceive the fallacy that must ever attend the announcement of a specific, or remedy, for the cure of any one complaint in all constitutions, and will, we trust, put them on their guard against the pretensions of those who profess to cure all the ills to which the human frame is subject, by one remedy. The utility of these articles we have reason to believe is very generally understood; but lest there should be even one who does not comprehend our intention, we shall briefly say, that our object is to give a plain statement of the usual symptoms attending those diseases of childhood, with such directions to the young mother as will keep her from committing any error from inexperience, and encourage her to resist the too frequent interference of friends or neighbours, in the management of her children, when affected with those diseases which call forth such abundance of maternal solicitude.

In directing the attention of our readers to the ordinary symptoms of Hooping-cough, we would observe, that in its mild form, and during warm and temperate weather, it sometimes runs its course without exciting alarm to the parent, or greatly distressing the sufferer. Cases of so mild a nature occasionally occur, that children will continue playful, and apparently in as good health immediately before and after the paroxysm or fit of coughing, as during their ordinary state of health. But this favourable form with us, who inhabit a variable and cold climate, is not of very frequent occurrence; on the contrary, there are few complaints incident to childhood, which require greater care to ensure the well being of those attacked by it; and when in a severe form, the paroxysm of coughing is so distressing, even to the beholder, as to call forth the keenest sympathy for the sufferer.

Hooping-cough commences with the symptoms of a common cold, such as watery eyes, nose discharging a thin mucus, with cough which may, even in the early periods, be observed to be in fits, and of longer duration than what usually attends common cold. These symptoms may continue from ten days to three weeks, or longer, before the *whooping* commences.

It is this "*whooping*" noise which has given rise to its peculiar name; but it is also known by a variety of appellations, such as chin-cough—kink-cough—and kink-hoast. For the sake of clearness we will divide it into two stages; the first, exhibiting the symptoms of common cold, which may proceed with so little fever or suffering, that even the experienced parent will only consider it an obstinate cold. But at the end of a period, varying from one to two or three weeks, the second stage commences, and is distinguished by the peculiar convulsive cough. In this cough a number of expirations are made with

such violence, and repeated in such quick succession, that the patient seems to be almost in danger of suffocation.

"The face and neck are swollen and livid, the eyes protruded, and full of tears; at length, one or two inspirations are made with similar violence, and by them the peculiar *whooping* sound is produced: a little rest probably follows, and is succeeded by another fit of coughing and another whoop; until, after a succession of these actions, the paroxysm is terminated by vomiting, or a discharge of mucus or phlegm from the lungs, or perhaps by both. Sometimes, when the kink is unusually severe, blood is forced from the nose, ears, and even from the eye-lids; and occasionally it ends, without producing any discharge, in complete exhaustion of the patient.

"The number of paroxysms occurring during a day varies much in different cases, according to the severity of the disease; and the violence of each is diminished in proportion to the freeness of the expectoration.

"After the disease has continued at its height for two or three weeks, it begins naturally to decline; the fits become less frequent and violent, the expectoration increases, the cough soon loses its peculiar characteristics, and finally wears away, leaving the patient in perfect health. It is to be observed, however, that occasionally, several weeks after the cough has entirely subsided, it may return; and for a long time, if the patient accidentally catch cold, the cough will often likewise assume the spasmodic character, and be accompanied by "the whoop."

Such are the symptoms attending the simple and *uncomplicated* hooping-cough; but, unhappily, it too often becomes complicated with other affections, which greatly add to the suffering and danger of the patient—such as inflammation of the lungs or respiratory organs, convulsions, water on the brain, and remitting fever.

The symptoms by which inflammation of the lungs will be recognized are,—increased frequency of breathing; the fits of coughing more frequent and distressing; the pulse beats much quicker; the extremities have a tendency to become cold; there is a panting after a paroxysm of coughing, which is dreaded and struggled against; the nostrils contract and dilate in each respiration, and the lips acquire a livid hue. Here the most prompt and decisive treatment becomes necessary, as the patient's safety depends on the early removal of these unfavourable symptoms.

By relating the following melancholy case, we hope to make a deeper impression on the minds of those mothers, disposed to be influenced by the interference of neighbours and friends, on medical treatment, than we could expect to effect by our advice.

A fine boy, an only child, about four years old, had the hooping-cough, and was proceeding favourably, when the weather became suddenly cold and frosty, with an easterly wind; he was removed from up-stairs to a room below, when the change of atmosphere, in passing down stairs, gave rise to such symptoms as have been just described. His medical attendant ordered leeches to be applied, and other proper remedies. Unfortunately the mother had a female friend, who in her own imagination, possessed a cure for all complaints; and in her way was certainly an enthusiast. It required a stronger mind than the poor boy's mother had, to resist the importunity and assurance of her friend. That if *she* was only allowed to rub a certain celebrated embrocation on the sufferer's back, that night and the following morning, *she* was as satisfied as *she* lived, that the dear little fellow would be quite well, without the application of the nasty leeches, which would only weaken him so much that he would never be able to go through the complaint.

Her enthusiasm and eloquence unhappily prevailed; the "nasty leeches," and other means prescribed by a medical man, who had passed some twenty-five years of his life in the minute and close observation of disease, were disregarded; time, which could not be regained, was lost in applying and trusting to stimulating external application, which might have been used as an adjunct, but which never could control or cure the symptoms under which the patient was labouring. The result may be told in a few words: a fond and doating father was left childless by the weakness of his wife; and the enthusiastic friend, from her ignorance and uncalled for interference, brought the weak and over-fond mother to be one of the most unhappy of her sex.

Hooping-cough is frequently complicated with convulsions, especially at the period of teething; but when convulsions take place, they will be readily recognized by the most inexperienced. Sometimes the child exhibits no indication to lead the mother to fear such an attack; but after a fit of coughing of greater severity than usual, the child is thrown into a violent convulsion from which it generally recovers. However, it more frequently happens that certain symptoms precede, and indicate the approach of convulsions. If during the period of teething we observe the fits of coughing become greatly increased in violence, and the child, instead of "whooping," becomes livid, if the fingers and toes appear to be spasmodically contracted, and the thumbs drawn into the palms of the hands, we may expect, and most probably will have, convulsions, unless suitable means are employed to ward off the threatened attack. Unhappily the repetition of them but too frequently terminates in that formidable malady, water on the brain; therefore the urgent necessity to do all in our power to prevent such a train of diseased action taking possession of the system. For if this powerful and unrelenting enemy establishes a footing in the citadel, there is little chance of dislodging him before the fabric is reduced to ruins.

Hooping-cough may also be complicated with remittent fever and disordered state of the bowels; but when these are present, although less to be feared than the two former combinations, yet they render the disease tedious and untractable, and can only be properly treated by the intelligent medical man.

We shall conclude with a brief exposition of the management of children labouring under hooping-cough. The child should be kept in an equal and agreeable temperature; and we would urge particular attention to be paid to this subject, as there is a very general disposition existing towards the exposure of the child to the cold and open air—vainly imagining that a change of atmosphere is beneficial. But during the first weeks of the attack, such a change is always attended with danger of increasing the violence of the cough, and bringing on some of the combinations we have before stated. The unhappy result of the case above given, will, we trust, strengthen our illustration on this point, and lead the mother to become convinced of the necessity of keeping her child in an equal and agreeable temperature during the early period of the disease. When the second stage has continued for some time, and the cough is the only distressing symptom, a change of air is desirable, and is generally productive of beneficial effects.

The diet, if the child be weaned, should consist of milk, in combination with the farinaceous preparations, such as bread, flour, sago, rice, arrow-root, &c. During cold weather the clothing should be warm. Every care should be taken to prevent the occurrence of inflammatory action. No other disease has had a greater variety of remedies recommended for its cure than hooping-cough; but as we believe it will have its course, independent of all the remedial means which have been used to shorten it, we would dissuade mothers from putting much faith in, or trying any of, the popular remedies which may be recommended to her. We cannot conclude before offering a word or two in favour of the use of the gum-lancet, when the patient is suffering from the irritation of teething—especially when there are symptoms indicating the approach of convulsions. Let not the fond mother be deterred from having the gums lanced in apprehension of pain being inflicted on her offspring, as the proper application of the gum-lancet is a more efficient soother than all the soothing syrups ever invented.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

It is not now as it used to be in the days which Scott has so ably depicted, when the "apprentices" of London were able to awe a court, or to ruin a favourite; order and obedience have succeeded to that state of boisterous misrule; but what has been lost in power has been gained in respectability; and, if no longer to be feared, you are at least a class to be cared for. Two paths lie before you: the hours at your disposal must either be so occupied as to raise and purify your nature, or they will be given up to idleness, and almost consequently to vice. It is not that these hours are given merely for what is called relaxation; they are taken from manual duty, to be occupied in mental improvement; and that portion of your body, who in London are now enjoying the benefit of the recent regulations respecting the closing of shops, should endeavour to lead some patriotic individuals to set on foot plans for libraries, at so cheap a rate as to render books accessible to all your class; if such efforts be not made *for* you, they must be made *by* you. Having once acquired the habit of passing your leisure hours in reading, no temptation to any morally or mentally unhealthy place of amusement will have power over you. Read useful works, make yourselves acquainted with the scientific part of your trade; every business has some portion of science connected with it: even the weaving of a bit of ribbon is guided by mathematical rules, and the scissors with which you cut it may lead you to the investigation of the mechanical powers. If your occupation lie among the productions of nature, endeavour to learn their culture, and the possibility of improving or increasing them; see and feel how the beneficent God has adapted the produce of each climate to the wants of the inhabitants; read of the hardships which those adventurous men endured, who first brought foreign luxuries to our country; admire their perseverance, but reprobate the cruelty they too often practised towards those innocent and happy "children of the soil," whose homes they invaded: let the sufferings of the slave, and the wrongs of the Hindu, awaken in your hearts gratitude to Him who has caused your "lines to fall in pleasant places;" and remember that tyranny and ill-temper to inferiors are as culpable in you as in the slave-driver.

Does your business awaken in you a love and admiration for the works of art? Read of ancient times—of Greece—of a whole nation cultivating beauty in art. Read of the Parthenon, and admire the exquisite outline of its groups, the elaborate finish of its decorations—then reflect upon the history of the people who fostered this beauty; they *were* conquerors, they *were* tyrants, they *are* slaves, even though Greece has been raised to the rank of a kingdom. Or go back to ages when Greece was not. Let Belzoni or Wilkinson describe to you the ponderous but beautiful sculpture of Egypt, or the manners and customs of the old Egyptians. What are the people who now live under the shadow of the columns of Tentyra? *They* also are slaves, fallen in mind and body. Read in Basil Hall of the cave of Elephanta, gigantic as the genius of its architects. Read of Ellora, with its thousand caves; of Barotti; of "the ringlet on the brow of Cheetore;" and ask, What are the people whose ancestors thus perpetuated the soul of beauty which inspired them? *They are slaves.* And shall we too be slaves? No.

It is not probable that our country will be for ever protected from the doom of change, of decay; "the fiery Frank and furious Hun" may have become our ally in civilisation and commerce, we are not therefore the more secure; the sons of Magog may be confined within their rampart, but it is not the less certain that change will come; though whence, and by what agents, this generation cannot perceive. We should reflect that another empire will take up the ball of civilization where we drop it, and, therefore, as accountable creatures, we should endeavour to further it to the utmost of our power. And to what class must we look for an invigoration of the mental strength of our country? Not to that class encircled by a factitious state of society and education. Not to the agricultural population,—in no class is so much appalling ignorance to be met with, as among the cultivators of the soil;—those even, who, living upon their own land, and above the pressure of the wants of life, might find leisure to cultivate their mental faculties, even *they* are more profoundly ignorant in all which is not a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, than the mechanic; we can hardly look to these for intellectual progression. It is to the middle classes of respectable tradesmen, in easy circumstances, that we must turn, in hope and well-grounded expectation; to men whose employments lead them to scientific inquiry: and in this class those we are now addressing may be prospectively included. Some of you will one day probably be masters; endeavour to bring into that situation increased knowledge, a wider liberality, and more philosophical views. The foundation for this must be laid in your present hours of leisure; do not let those hours pass by unimproved. To each is given some peculiar talent; search your own minds and discover the bent of this talent; foster it, and it will, if directed in accordance with the injunctions of the Gospel, prove a blessing to yourselves, and to those dependent upon you. If the acquisition of languages be easy to you, look up to Sir W. Jones as your example, no matter at how great a distance; see how he, by persevering industry, pierced the veil which had hitherto hidden from the western world the treasures of oriental learning: if your mind be alive to the exquisite beauty of the starry heavens, read of Ferguson, the self-taught rustic, who, while employed in keeping sheep, marked the position of the stars with a bead and thread: if your inclination be to poetry, *dismiss your reveries*, and employ yourself in some task requiring undivided attention of body and mind.

History affords equal excitement and amusement blended with instruction. Rome, by rapine, injustice, and tyranny, arose to be the mistress of the western world; in her decline we can see clearly, as if written with a "pencil of light," how her first Romulus prepared the fate of her last. The career of Napoleon was but a feeble imitation of the victories of Rome; and a similar career to his, will probably not again astonish the world. Internal decay, not foreign conquest, is the antagonist of modern stability. Extend your researches into the general history of man, of his powers, of his affections; meditate upon the purposes of his creation, and learn from the Bible how to fulfil those purposes: fear not that such inquiries will be useless; they will strengthen your mind, and enable you to keep your virtuous resolutions through difficulty and temptation. Knowledge of any kind, however apparently remote from your every-day pursuits, can never be useless;

> "Be sure that God
> Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart."

LICENSED JESTER.

If it were possible to restore dead fashions to life, we would revive the office of Jester. It is by the squandering glances of the fool, that the wise man's folly is anatomised with least discomfort. From the professed fool he may receive the reproof without feeling the humiliation of it, and the medicine will not work the worse, but the better, for being administered under the disguise of indulgence or recreation. It would be well, indeed, if every man who, whether in thought or in action, has too much his own way, would keep a licensed jester. All coteries, literary, political, or fashionable, which enjoy the dangerous privilege of leading the tastes and opinions of the little circle which is their world, ought certainly to keep one as part of their establishment. The House of Commons, being at once the most powerful body on the earth, and the most intolerant of criticism, stands especially in need of an officer who may speak out at random, without fear of Newgate. Every philosopher who has a system, every theologian who heads a sect, every projector who gathers a company, every interest that can command a party, would do wisely to retain a privileged jester.

Edinburgh Review.

INFORMATION ON SPECTACLES*.

Spectacles and side-saddles, we are quaintly informed, became common in England in the reign of Richard the Second. The ancients, however, knew the power of burning-glasses, and one cunning rogue, we are told, discovered a new way to pay old debts by means of a round stone or glass, used in lighting of fires, with which he melted the bond, written, as usual in those days, on wax. Their burning-glasses were spheres, either solid or full of water, their foci were consequently very short and confined. A long interval occurred before spectacles were constructed, and three hundred years elapsed between the invention of spectacles and telescopes.

Our eyes should have our nicest and most tender care, since it is by them we are familiarized with objects of the most exquisite interest and beauty, abounding on the earth we inhabit, and in the starry firmament above us:—

> "My soul, while Nature's beauties feast mine eyes,
> To Nature's God contemplative shall rise."—Dodsley.

The faculty of sight should be estimated and regarded by us with more than ordinary care, when we reflect that it is the medium through which the most exalted and gratifying impressions are received; and our watchful regard to its healthy preservation and agreeable exercise is the more required from the consideration, that while to its admirable organization and delicate sense of perception we stand so much indebted, those very qualities render it extremely sensitive to injudicious treatment.

The eyes, when in a sound and healthy state, instinctively adjust themselves at a distance of twelve inches from a book or paper, when they are observing the same. This distance is found to be most natural and agreeable; for when we extend it to sixteen, twenty, or thirty inches, the crystalline lens is stimulated to keep a distant and clear perception, until, as the distance increases, the object become less and less perceptible. When we are compelled to extend this natural distance, experience difficulty in reading small characters, or find it necessary to get more light on what we are observing, we may safely conclude that artificial assistance is needed, and that, judiciously applied, the tendency to decay will be mildly arrested.

The design of spectacles is to supply the loss of power which is experienced by the eyes at different periods of life, and arising from various causes. These productions of art are constructed with a close observance to, and act upon, the same principles as those by which the process of vision is regulated.

Spectacles ought not to do more than maintain or preserve to us the capability of seeing at the natural distance. This is, in fact, all they are intended to effect. When the crystalline lens of the eye, losing its convexity, fails to converge the rays of light, and bring them to their natural focus on the retina, an artificial lens, of suitable convexity, supplies to it this capability, and compensates for its gradual diminution of capacity. Thus lenses for assisting the sight are fashioned upon the optical principles so apparent in the mechanism of the eye itself, which, it will be observed, is neither round nor flat, but of that nicely moulded convexity which is indispensable for the performance of its functions. If lenses were either spheres or planes, they likewise would be ineffective for the purpose proposed.

There is not any material in existence, beside pebble and glass, which is calculated for spectacle purposes. The pretended "improvements," "pellucid lenses," "refractive transparencies," "patent amber," "crystal preservers," &c., are new-fangled terms, coined to entrap the uninitiated. Glass for optical uses s heavy, homogeneous, and free from streaks and veins. More expensive chemical substances are employed in its manufacture than are used in making common glass.

Brazil pebbles, or crystallized quartz, are imported to this country in rough blocks; these are cut or slit, by the aid of pulverized diamond, into slabs or pieces, of the diameter required. Those pieces in which bubbles, waves, or blemishes appear, are thrown aside by the optician who is tenacious of his fair fame, as their imperfections become more apparent in every after-stage of their progress; and when polished, centred, and shaped for the spectacle-frame, they are really improper to be used at all; nevertheless, the needy, or dishonest, rather than lose a fraction of their gains, often persist in working up such imperfect material, and, harping upon their being pebble—real pebble—palm them upon the uninitiated as genuine articles. Pebbles have the following important advantages: they are of equal density, and exceedingly hard, firm, and clear; their surfaces are not liable to become misty or scratched (which circumstance alone often compels a change of glasses): they are of a pure, cool nature, and show this contrast to glass (which is, on the contrary, produced by the action of artificial heat) in the touch of the finger or tongue to their surfaces. They are, in consequence of these properties, calculated to suit the sight for a longer period than glass; but they need not be thrown aside when, from the indications already referred to, we find an increase of magnifying power is required, as they can be re-worked readily enough to meet the acquirement of the eyes, and at an expense of scarcely more than that of a new pair of glasses, or about one-third of their original cost. The directions for ascertaining the focus of concave or convex pebbles, are the same as described for concave or convex glasses.

The use of wire, gauze, crape, and muslin, as substitutes for glass, should be avoided, because it is a fallacy to assert that they are cooler and more agreeable to the eye. There is abundant space for the circulation of air in the region of the eye if the spectacle-frame adapts itself pleasantly to the wearer's face; while the eye and common sense may answer together that, to look on things around us, a transparent medium is preferable to a hazy and indistinct one. We do not choose bars and gratings, or coarse curtains, in preference to glass, for the windows of apartments; but if the light is sometimes too intense, we place a shade to soften its dazzling effects. Such precisely is the reason why tinted glass spectacles, for defending the eyes from rain, dust, and wind, are recommended.

Lenses worked by machinery are produced in greater quantities, within a given time, than those worked by hand. They are passed through the different stages of grinding and polishing without having the keen eye of the workman carefully watching their progress, and adjusting the inequalities in their surfaces or edges, which will always appear more or less in the working.

The price at which competition demands those lenses shall be rendered, operates against the wearer of spectacles; for the producer cannot afford to throw aside such as are faulty, and the wholesale agent and retail dispenser cannot expect to have, at the low price charged, lenses which will bear a critical examination; and thus all which can possibly be used are thrust into frames of one kind or other, from the common iron or horn sold by the poor hawkers at sixpence, eightpence, and one shilling per pair, to the more expensive frames; while many faulty glasses, after being dubbed with some ear-tickling appellation, and imbibing extraordinary "light-modifying and refractive virtues," by passing into the hands of the hawker of a higher class, are palmed upon the unfortunate spectacle-purchasers who are simple enough to give credence to the wondrous tale.

The eyes in which no malformation or disease exists, but which simply partake of constitutional decay, or, from too continued application to sedentary and studious pursuits, are beginning to feel a want of assistance, should have spectacles of sixty-inch focus, which is an exceedingly slight magnifying power; and if these are found to be insufficient to afford an agreeable and natural perception (not an enlarged or magnified image of the letters of a book, &c., held in the hand at the distance of twelve or fourteen inches from the eye), then apply those of the next power, viz. forty-eight inches' focus. If these again are unequal to supply the loss of power or incapacity of the eye to converge the light to a point at the instant it reaches the retina, then lenses of thirty-six inches focus are to be had recourse to; and when these fail to afford agreeable vision, thirty, twenty-eight, twenty-four, twenty, must be progressively adopted, thus gradually descending the scale, until the eyes receive such compensation for their progressive decay and loss of power, as spectacles carefully suited to the sight are capable so effectually to supply.

The period at which the sight begins to fail does not at all

* From a lively tract, called "Spectacle Secrets," by George Cox. London, 1838.

depend on age, but varies in different persons according to the formation of the eyes, the treatment they have received, and the constitutional capability; therefore, the age of the person requiring spectacles gives but a vague general idea to the optician as to what is required, unless other particulars are stated; such as whether glasses have been used before; the distance at which writing and printing are seen pleasantly without assistance: the focus of those last used, or sending even but a broken piece of the same.

The near-sighted, or those who require concave spectacles, should use those of the slightest power; No. 0, or No. 1, will generally be sufficient at first, but this, by the aid of the trial-box, can readily be determined by the wearer himself. There is such an immense benefit experienced by the short-sighted from spectacles which suit their sight, that to argue for their adoption of them would be quite superfluous. Without spectacles they are excluded from observing beautiful landscapes, recognising individuals, or viewing to advantage any of the crowd of interesting objects around them; but by adopting them they are placed on a par with the long-sighted in such circumstances, while the sharp and microscopic character of their sight *without* spectacles, gives them many advantages over those possessing ordinary vision.

The short, or near-sighted eyes, have the cornea, and often the crystalline lens, more convex or arched out than in long-sighted eyes. This formation causes the rays to converge to a focus before they reach the retina, but by the application of a concave lens the difficulty is corrected, and the rays are carried on to the proper point for giving a perfect image on the retina.

This character of sight is very frequent, and is more particularly remarkable among those whose mode of life restricts them to crowded cities, sedentary employments, and confined situations. Those whose infantine and youthful years have been passed in the country, or where the eyes have had a free range of view, not circumscribed by the walls of the nursery, or limited to the observation of objects near at hand, rarely require concave spectacles.

The spectacle-frames next demand our attention, as our utmost care in judiciously selecting lenses of the proper focus or our sight will be neutralised if the frame or mounting in which they are placed does not apply comfortably to the head, leaving the lenses they carry fair and parallel before the eyes. If the front of a pair of spectacles is too short for the wearer's face, he will look upon the edge of the lens, and a portion of the exterior rim of the frame; if they are too long his eye will meet the opposite edge and inner curve of the rim. Spectacle-frames are fashioned to suit the variety of formation in different individuals, and therefore such should be applied as adapt themselves pleasantly to the temples, across the forehead and before the eyes.

The material of which they are composed should be gold, silver, or enamelled blue steel. Tortoiseshell, also, when well made, is very light and pleasant to wear, particularly for ladies. There is no advantage in large size, or round-eye spectacles, to compensate for their clumsy appearance and great weight; we get a sufficient expanse of observation with the oval-shaped glasses without harassing the eye with an excess of light, which the large glasses admit.

Solid blue steel mountings are a decided improvement, and are invaluable for persons who constantly require spectacles. They are wrought from a plate of steel, and shaped as light and uniform as any other town-made elastic blue steel spectacles, with the advantage of being more durable, and eventually less expensive; for as they have no soldering in their composition, it is scarcely possible to break them, and therefore they rarely want repairing. Blue steel spectacles, in consequence of their being so much in request, are coarsely imitated, and vast numbers are sold by the pretended cheap shops, at apparently low prices which the wearer will find to be immensely beyond their real value. There are thirteen different qualities of the spectacles termed blue steel. The chief part are country made, and roughly put together, some being all iron, others having iron fronts and steel sides; others again bearing a tolerably close resemblance to the best town-made articles, which, unless the two are compared together, is likely to deceive a casual observer. It will be perceived that it is the workmanship and nice finish of the best town-made spectacle-frames which necessarily increases the price. Thus, a single pound of pig iron, which costs one penny, can be manufactured into watch-springs of the value of 240*l*.

THE PROFESSOR OF SIGNS.

King James VI., on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish Ambassador, a man of erudition, who had a crotchet in his head that every country should have a Professor of Signs, to teach him, and the like of him, to understand one another.

The Spanish ambassador was lamenting one day, before the king, this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the king, who was a *queerish* sort of man, said to him, "Why, I have a Professor of Signs in the northernmost college of my dominions, viz., at Aberdeen; but it is a great way off, perhaps six hundred miles."—"Were it ten thousand leagues off, I shall see him," said the ambassador, "and I am determined to set out in two or three days." The king saw he had committed himself, and wrote, or caused to be written to the University of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professors to put him off some way, or make the best of him. The ambassador arrived, was received with great solemnity, but soon began to inquire which of them had the honour to be the Professor of Signs? And being told that the Professor was absent in the Highlands and his return uncertain, said the Ambassador, "I will wait his return, though it were twelve months." Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordie, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He is got, told the story, and instructed to be the Professor of Signs, but not to speak on pain of death. Geordie undertakes it. The ambassador is now told the Professor of Signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Geordie is *gowned*, *wigged*, and placed in a chair of state in a room of the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room. The ambassador is now shown into Geordie's room, and left to converse with him as well as he could. The ambassador holds up one finger to Geordie, Geordie holds up two, the ambassador holds up three fingers, Geordie clenches his fist and looks stern. The ambassador then takes an orange from his pocket and holds it up; Geordie takes a piece of barley-cake from his pocket and holds it up; after which the ambassador bows profoundly to him and retires to the other professors, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother? "*He is a perfect miracle*," said the ambassador, "I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies! I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that these are the Father and Son; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; he clenched his fist, to say that the three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessaries, but the luxuries of life; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury."

The Professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; so, having got quit of the ambassador, they next went to Geordie, to hear his version of the signs. "Well, Geordie, how have you come on, and what do you think of your man?"—"The rascal!" said Geordie, "what did he do first, think ye? He held up one finger, as much as to say, you have only one eye! I held up two, meaning, that my one eye was as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three fingers to say there were three eyes between us, and then I was so mad, I *steeked my neive*, and would have come a whack on the side of his head, but for your sakes. Then the rascal takes out an orange, as much as to say, your poor beggarly cold country cannot produce that! I showed him a whang of *bear bannock*, meaning I did na care a farthing for him or his trash either, so long's I hae this! but, by a' that's guid, (concluded Geordie) I'm angry yet that I did na thrash the hide of the scoundrel!"

So much for signs, or two ways of telling a story.

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

As oft as I hear the robin-redbreast chaunt it as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of the summer, why should not we (thinks I) give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary-frosty hairs of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sun in adversity, as (like Persians) to the rising sun of prosperity? I am sent to the ant, to learn industry; to the dove, to learn innocency; to the serpent, to learn wisdom; and why not to this bird, to learn equanimity and patience, and to keep the same tenor of my mind's quietness, as well at the approach of the calamities of winter as of the spring of happiness? and since the Roman's constancy is so commended, who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes, why should not I, with a Christian resolution, hold a steady course in all weathers, and though I be forced with cross winds to shift my sails and catch at side winds, yet skillfully to steer and keep on my course by the *Cape of Good Hope*, till I arrive at the haven of eternal happiness?—*Warwick's Spare Minutes.*

WIT AND JUDGMENT.

Wit is brushwood, judgment tinder: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make the best fire. —*Sir T. Overbury.*

COSTUME IN EDWARD III.'S REIGN.

Dress in the reign of Edward III. 1327, is thus described by Knyghton, an historian of these times:—"As regards gentlemen, what could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the 14th century? He wore long-pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains, a stocking of one colour on one leg and one of another colour on the other, short breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thighs; a coat one half black the other half white or blue, a long beard, a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, and ornamented with gold, silver, or precious stones." The dress of ladies is thus described:—"The tournaments are attended by many ladies of the first rank and greatest beauty dressed in party-coloured tunics. Their tippets are very short, their caps remarkably small and wrapt about their heads with cords. Their girdles are ornamented with gold and silver, and they wear short swords, like daggers, before them, which hang across their stomachs. They are mounted on the finest horses with the richest furniture; and thus equipped they ride from place to place in quest of tournaments, by which they dissipate their fortunes, and often ruin their reputations."

EFFECTS OF WINE ACCOUNTED FOR.

When Noah planted the first vine, and retired, Satan approached and said—"I will nourish you, charming plant!" He quickly fetched three animals—a sheep, a lion, and hog—and killed them, one after another, near the vine. The virtues of the blood of these three animals penetrated it, and are still manifest in its growth. When a man drinks one goblet of wine, he is then agreeable, gentle, friendly—that is the nature of the lamb. When he drinks two, he is like a lion, and says, "who is like me?"—he then talks of stupendous things. When he drinks more, his senses forsake him; and, at length, he wallows in the mire. Need it be said, that he then resembles the hog?—*Richardson.*

SIR WILLIAM JONES AND THOMAS DAY.

One day, upon removing some books at the chambers of the former, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said, "Kill that spider, Day! kill that spider." "No," said Mr. Day, with coolness, "I will not kill that spider, Jones: I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your chaise to Westminster hall, a superior being, who perhaps may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how should you like that, Jones? and I am sure that to most people, a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

A JUST FLOGGING.

I had *one* just flogging. When I was about thirteen I went to a shoemaker, and begged him to take me as his apprentice. He being an honest man, immediately took me to Bowyer, (the master of the Blue-Coat School, in which Coleridge was educated,) who got into a great rage, knocked me down, and even pushed Crispin rudely out of the room. Bowyer asked me why I had made myself such a fool? To which I answered that I had a great desire to be a shoemaker, and that I hated the thought of being a clergyman. "Why so?" said he. "Because, to tell you the truth, sir,' said I, "I am an infidel!" For this, without more ado, Bowyer flogged me, wisely as I think; soundly, as I know. Any whining or sermonising would have gratified my vanity, and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at and got heartily ashamed of my folly.—*Coleridge.*

TO TAKE OFF IMPRESSIONS IN PLASTER OF PARIS OR SULPHUR.

The plaster must be pulverized and sifted through a piece of very fine gauze. First rub over the medal or engraved stone very softly with oil, and having wiped it with cotton surround the edge of it with a slip of thin lead; mix up the sifted plaster with water and stir it gently to prevent it throwing up air bubbles, then pour it over the medal, or whatever it may be, the impression of which is wanted, and suffer it to harden and dry; it is easily detached, and forms a mould strongly marked. The process by sulphur is the same. Before these are used as moulds for impressions they must be oiled.

INDUSTRY.

Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.—*Fuller's Holy and Profane States.*

Æleas, a king of Scythia, used to say that he thought himself no better than his horse-keeper when he was *idle*.—*Plut. Moral.* p. 394.

SPRATS.

Sprats ("Clupea sprattus") abound on the Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kentish, and other coasts, and afford during the whole of the winter, a cheap supply of food both to rich and poor. The largest quantities are taken when the nights are dark and foggy. From 400 to 500 stow-boats are employed during the winter. Many thousand tons in some seasons are taken, and sold at 6d. and 8d. the bushel, depending on the supply and demand, to farmers, who distribute about forty bushels of sprats over an acre of land, and sometimes manure twenty acres at the cost of 20s an acre. In the winter of 1829-30, sprats were particularly abundant; large loads, containing from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels, bought at 6d. a bushel, were sent up the Medway as far as Maidstone, to manure the hop grounds. Notwithstanding the immense quantity consumed by the 1,500,000 inhabitants of London and its neighbourhood, there is yet occasionally a surplus to be disposed of at so low a price as to induce the farmers even so near the metropolis as Dartford, to use them for manure.—*Yarrell's British Fishes.*

ANTIQUITY OF EPITAPHS.

Many instances of epitaphs in prose and in verse, may be collected from the old Greek poets and historians, who were yet but children compared to the Chaldeans and Egyptians. But the most ancient precedent of epitaphs must be that recorded in the most ancient history, namely the Old Testament, 1 Sam. vi. 18; where it is recorded, that the great stone erected as a memorial unto Abel, by his father Adam, remained unto that day in being, and its name was called "the stone of Abel;" and its elegy was, "Here was shed the blood of the righteous Abel:" as it is also called 4,000 years after, Matt. xxiii. 35. And this is the origin of monumental memorials and elegies.—*Athen. Oracle.*

CHAIN OF BEINGS.

Bitumen and sulphur form the link between earth and metal, vitriols unite metals with salts, crystallisations connect salt with stones, the amianthes and lytophites form a kind of tie between stones and plants, the polypus unites plants to insects, the tube-worm seems to lead to shells and reptiles, the water-serpent and the eel form a passage from reptiles to fish, the anas nigra are a medium between fishes and birds, the bat and the flying squirrel link birds to quadrupeds, and the monkey equally gives the hand to quadrupeds and to man.

CHINESE APHORISMS.

He who toils with pain will eat with pleasure. No duns outside, nor no doctors within. Forbearance is a domestic jewel. Something is learned every time a book is opened. To stop the hand is the way to stop the mouth. Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall below it.

CASH AND COURAGE.

None fight with true spirit who are overloaded with cash. A man who had been fortunate at cards, was applied to, to act as a second in a duel, at a period when the seconds engaged as heartily as the principals. "I am not," said he, "the man for your purpose, just at present, but go and apply to him from whom I won a thousand guineas last night, and, I warrant you, he will fight like any devil!"—*Andrews' Anec.* p. 130.

MAN'S INSIGNIFICANCE.

Whoever shall represent to his fancy, as in a picture, that great image of our mother Nature, portrayed in her full majesty and lustre, whoever in her face shall read so general and so constant a variety, whoever shall observe himself in that figure, and not himself, but a whole kingdom, no bigger than the least touch or prick of a pencil, in comparison of the whole, that man alone is able to value things according to their true estimate and grandeur.—*Montaigne's Essays.*

DEBT.

There can be no independence or calmness without freedom from debt, which subjects one to indignities that harrow up the soul. Where the mind and temper are irritated in this way, what enjoyment can there be in anything? And what ripe and perfect fruits can the imagination or the understanding produce? Even the charms of nature are thus clouded, and the airs of heaven cannot soothe us.—*Autobiography of Sir E. Brydges, Bart.*

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

'Tis a shame when the church itself is a cœmeterium, where the living sleep above ground as the dead do beneath.—*Fuller's Holy and Profane States.*

CURIOSITY.

The curiosity of an honourable mind willingly rests there where the love of truth does not urge it further onward, and the love of its neighbour bids it stop; in other words, it willingly stops at the point where the interests of truth do not beckon it onward, and charity cries, Halt!—*Omniana.*

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THE BRITISH NAVY.

SECOND ARTICLE.—MANNING AND FITTING OUT.

"High o'er the poop the flattering winds unfurled
The imperial flag that rules the watery world."—FALCONER.

THE formal ceremony performed of "Putting the ship in commission," the officer next proceeds, in company with the master attendant, to select and receive charge of a hulk. This is an old vessel fitted up for the habitation of the crew during the time the ship is equipping. The principal object is to select one sufficiently capacious to accommodate the officers and men, and moored (situated) as near the dock-yard as possible, for the greater facility of boats passing to and fro.

The choice of the hulk approved, a pendant is hoisted, and never struck (taken down) night or day. The ensign or colours (a large oblong flag with a union-jack in the upper corner) is also hoisted every morning at eight o'clock, and displayed until sunset.

The next step is to procure a clerk, if he is not already provided; and should the captain have no one in view for this office, application is generally made to the admiral's secretary, who recommends one of several always on his list for employment.

The clerk immediately makes out a demand for stationery, and having procured the signature of the commanding officer, he repairs to the superintendant of the dock-yard, who approves it; he then draws from the store-keeper the necessary supply, comprising various printed forms, which must be filled up, signed, and countersigned, after a regulated manner, before stores or provisions of any description can be obtained. The clerk also makes entries of the name, age, and description of every person who joins the ship; copies the port-admiral's orders, and has in fact a very busy time of it whilst in harbour.

Due notice of the intention of putting the ship in commission has in the mean time been given to the commandant of the division of royal marines; and as soon as the hulk is reported ready for their reception, the party of marines, or sea-soldiers, called jollies by the seamen, is marched from the barracks to boats and embarked on board. From thenceforth, like every one serving under that awful symbol the pendant, the marines are amenable to naval discipline; directed at work and ordered about by naval officers: in fact their own officers have little to do with them afloat, except inspecting the condition of their appointments, with an occasional exercise.

The purser is generally appointed early, but should he not have made his appearance, (or joined, as it is called,) a supply of provisions is obtained from the flag-ship. As soon as this official appears, however, he speedily procures all that is necessary in his department, for his principal emoluments are derived from the savings he can effect in the allowance made him for providing coals, candles, and other necessaries.

As the officers appear, and their names are inserted on the books, they enter on their various duties; the lieutenants, mates, and midshipmen, being attached to the parties which are sent daily to the dock-yard and gun-wharf, to prepare the ship's rigging, furniture, and armament. When the captain or either of the lieutenants (these being distinguished as *commissioned* officers) joins, all hands are called, and his commission, similar to the one we have described, is read aloud in presence of the whole ship's company.

The first lieutenant, (or commander, if the captain has made his election for one,) master, boatswain, gunner, and carpenter, are the persons on whom devolve the principal duties in fitting out. Whilst the first two superintend the whole process, the master, and one of his mates, pay particular attention to the stowage of ballast, water tanks, provisions, &c. in the holds; for a judicious distribution of the weight has a great effect upon the ship's motion at sea, and also upon her sailing qualities. The boatswain superintends the rigging; the gunner, besides the rigging of the mainmast and main yard, is employed fitting the tackling and breechers (ropes which secure and work the cannon); and the carpenter takes care that the masts and yards are free from defects, besides busying himself in preparing the boats, and various other matters.

If men are slow in entering, not much can be done in the way of rigging for some time, unless expedition is required, in which case, working parties are sent from the flag-ship, or other ships in port, to assist; but in all cases it is desirable that the vessel shall be fitted in every respect by her own crew: meanwhile there is plenty of employment in getting on board the ballast, water tanks, &c., stepping the masts, and other heavy jobs, at which the marines prove very useful.

During war, vessels are manned by draughts from the guard-ships, or other ships paid off, and by pressing any seamen that can be laid hold of; in seasons of peace, the crews are all volunteers, who enter for the ship, or for general service. The term implied is three years, but once entered they can be detained, if the service requires it, for five years.

There is seldom, under ordinary circumstances, a necessity for hurrying a ship's equipment, and as unnecessary severity of discipline and frequent corporal punishment are greatly discountenanced by the Board of Admiralty, captains are of course anxious to procure men of good character, so that they may have the less occasion to exercise severity. For this reason ships are sometimes very slowly manned in the present day, and good men being frequently rejected for frivolous causes, or a fastidiousness on the part of the captain, they are the less inclined to submit to this mortification, and when slighted repair to the merchant, and often, we fear, to foreign service. Very much also depends upon the reputation which the captain and his commander or first lieutenant enjoys amongst the seamen; a hasty or contemptuous expression, a character for harassing the men with trifling jobs, or any prejudice taken up, runs like wild-fire amongst seamen; for they congregate together and discuss these matters—the most interesting that can be to them; and cases of this sort militate against the manning a particular ship, whilst men will enter freely for another. Indeed, experience shows that it is not the strictest disciplinarians who are unpopular, very far from it; because, under them, the seaman knows every one must perform his duty, and the willing man is not obliged to do the work of the skulker. It may be very generally and certainly

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assumed, that when men show a disinclination for a particular ship, there is a prejudice existing against some party on board; the remedy the Dutch formerly adopted for this was to nominate another captain, if the one first appointed failed to enlist his crew within a specified time. No doubt such a regulation induced officers to cultivate the respect and affection of their men.

To many it may seem surprising that seamen will enter at all in the Royal Navy, when they can always earn nearly double, and sometimes treble, the wages in trading ships. Experience shows, however, that they do, and the fact is indisputable that upwards of twenty thousand are now serving in the fleet, all volunteers. There must be some reasons for this, and the fact is there are various advantages present, contingent, and in prospect, connected with the Queen's service, that operate upon the minds of men who bestow a thought on the matter. But as we believe that three-fourths of our merchant seamen never heard of, or at all events do not know enough of these advantages to appreciate them, we shall be performing a kindness by describing the most prominent, reserving more detailed observations upon "Impressment and Manning the Fleet" for a special article, in which we purpose treating on the matter hereafter.

The average wages of seamen in merchants' ships, may be estimated roundly, at 45*s.* per month. In some trades they earn considerably more; and an able seaman, who really deserves the title, and has served his apprenticeship to the sea, may always calculate on obtaining 60*s.* per month.

The best seamen in the Navy do not (until they attain to petty officer's ratings) receive more than 31*s.* per month, but their pay is calculated by the lunar, not (as in the merchant's service) the calendar month, so that in this respect, they have an advantage of thirteen to twelve. But the man-of-war's man's pay is always accruing; he is subjected to no interruptions nor mulcts, his pay goes on in sickness or health, when captured or shipwrecked*, even when on leave of absence: in fact, he need never lose a day's wages, for when discharged from one ship, he can immediately enter on board the flag ship, and obtain two or three weeks' leave for recreation on shore, depositing his chest, bedding, and a portion of his money, in safety, until his return. Again, he incurs no drawbacks, like the merchant seaman, for damage or pillage of the cargo; neither is he obliged to hang about the docks for ten days after discharge, before he can claim a settlement of his wages, all which time the seaman is a prey to Jews, who advance him money on exorbitant terms: in fact, notwithstanding the disparity of wages, if a balance is struck at the end of half-a-dozen years, it will be found that the man-of-war's man had earned the most money, and maintained his family in the greatest comfort, owing to the regularity of his employment, and punctuality of his allotment.

But it is only in the matter of wages—and that we have shown is questionable—that the merchant seaman can claim an advantage; in every other respect, he is immeasurably deficient. The man-of-war's man enjoys good treatment, food, and lodging, greater safety from the superior qualities of his ship, the skill of the officers to navigate her, and the strength of the crew: in sickness, skilful professional treatment, with a profuse use of the most costly medicines to alleviate his pain, and restoratives to further his recovery. If wounded or maimed, casualties to which his profession render him peculiarly liable, he has surgical assistance on the spot, for want of which, and the means of performing an operation in season, thousands of merchant seamen perish miserably. Moreover, should disease overtake him, and incapacitate him at any time whilst serving, he is invalided and pensioned at from eight pence to nine pence per day, instead of becoming dependent on parish relief. His children are eligible for Greenwich school, where they receive an education that qualifies them for advancement in life to any station good conduct can obtain. In case of death, his wife receives an annuity, and when he has served twenty-one years, he can claim a pension for life, either at sea or on shore, of from ten pence to fourteen pence per day, and more if he served in petty officer's ratings. The seaman who resolves upon entering the Royal Navy with a view to serving therein twenty-one years, may therefore set casualty and fate at defiance; he need take no further thought of provision for life. He may save out of his pay (to say nothing of his chance of prize money) scores, nay, hundreds of pounds, if provident, leaving himself ample means for enjoyment besides, for every want is supplied to him; and, should he so desire, Greenwich Hospital at last receives him. The merchant seaman has nothing of this kind to depend on. It is true he subscribes to a fund, but unless he makes some additional provision for old age, he will find but a scanty maintenance from what that affords; and should his constitution break down, or injury or disease incapacitate him, he has no resource for himself or family from which he can claim the means of support.

Having detailed the advantages which the seaman enjoys in the royal navy, so far as regards his wages and entitlements, the reader will be anxious to know how he fares? The best information we can give him on this point is to append the following Table, which shows the provision made for his support, and the judicious manner in which his food is varied from day to day.

The following scheme shows the proportion of provisions, with salt-meat, for each man, for fourteen days.

Days of the week.	Bread, lb.	Beer, gall.	Sugar, oz.	Cocoa, oz.	Tea, oz.	Beef, lb.	Pork, lb.	Flour, lb.	Pease, pint.	Oatmeal, pint.	Vinegar, pint.
Sunday.	1	1	1½	1	¼	¾		¾			
Monday.	1	1	1½	1	¼		¾		½		
Tuesday.	1	1	1½	1	¼	¾		¾			
Wednesday.	1	1	1½	1	¼		¾		½	½	½
Thursday.	1	1	1½	1	¼	¾		¾			
Friday.	1	1	1½	1	¼		¾		½		
Saturday.	1	1	1½	1	¼	¾		¾			
Sunday.	1	1	1½	1	¼		¾		½		
Monday.	1	1	1½	1	¼	¾		¾			
Tuesday.	1	1	1½	1	¼		¾		½		
Wednesday.	1	1	1½	1	¼	¾		¾		½	½
Thursday.	1	1	1½	1	¼		¾		½		
Friday.	1	1	1½	1	¼	¾		¾			
Saturday.	1	1	1½	1	¼		¾		½		
Proportion for 14 days.	14	14	21	14	3½	5¼	5¼	5½	3½	1	1

Every individual of the crew receives the same allowance, not the slightest distinction being made, either in quality or quantity, between the captain and the smallest boy on board the ship.

Formerly there existed what were called "Banyan days," being three days in the week, not strictly of abstinence, but on which no dinner was cooked, the men making a cool and comfortless meal on whatever they saved from the previous day. Banyan days have been abolished since the war, and the above arrangement adopted, by which a hot dinner every day of beef

* If a merchant vessel is captured or wrecked, the crew are not entitled to wages. In either case, but particularly the former, when the man is generally detained in prison during the war, his allotment is stopped, and his family deprived of any help from him. The man-of-war's man is not liable to this, but his wages continue to accrue when he cannot receive them, and his allotment is punctually paid, even should he be detained in a French prison twenty years or more.

and pudding, or pork and pease-soup, and pease-pudding, called by sailors "Dog's-body," is substituted.

In harbour, however, in any part of the world, and at sea whenever it can be procured, *fresh* beef is always provided; the allowance being, one pound per day instead of the three-quarters of a pound of salt beef or pork, and half a pound of vegetables instead of the flour and pease. Sometimes 1½ pounds of bread, (called Soft Tack,) is substituted for the biscuit, and the men are at liberty to vary their allowance by taking raisins, currants, and such, in lieu of a portion of their flour. Coffee is frequently served in place of cocoa, and when at sea, one pint of wine, or a quarter of a pint of spirits, (generally rum,) is substituted for beer. The rum is always mixed with three parts of water, making a beverage called "grog," and never given to the crew in a raw state. Whenever apprehension of scurvy is entertained, and the men have been long on salt provisions, some lime-juice and sugar is mixed with the grog, which then becomes cold punch, thereby insuring that the anti-scorbutic, the adoption of which has eradicated that frightful disease, is duly administered; for Jack's predilection for grog is proverbial, and he would swallow it even were it impregnated with more questionable substances than lime-juice and sugar, else his character is traduced by those who accuse him of "tapping the admiral."

Let those who toil hard to subsist their families,—who suffer when incapable of working from sickness, or who frequently fail to obtain employment though ever so well inclined,—who have in the mean time, rent, taxes, and the various calls that perplex the house-keeper, to provide, ponder over the statement we have made, and reflect whether the Government has been unmindful of the seaman's interests and comforts, or whether our tars have any reason to complain. Increased pay they should receive in case of war, not because their labour is (everything considered) underpaid at present, but because they could then earn very considerably more in the merchant's employment, and a poor man's labour being the only capital he possesses, he should, in a free land, be undoubtedly permitted to carry it to the market where he can make the most of it. In every other respect we consider the man-of-war seaman's condition, one that must be envied by three-fourths of our artisans and even small tradesmen, who struggle hard amidst care and anxiety to keep up appearances, and make "both ends meet." "The British sailor is, in fact," to use the words of a distinguished author*—"better fed, better lodged, better and cheaper clothed, and better taken care of in sickness, than any man who must earn his subsistence by the sweat of his brow." In our next we shall give a scale of the crew, the pay of each rank, and the mode of messing the officers and men.

JACOB TONSON.

The Tonsons were a race of booksellers, who did honour to their profession for their integrity, and by their encouragement of authors.—Jacob Tonson was Dryden's publisher, and they were on terms of great familiarity in their correspondence. Tonson's letters are perfectly the *tradesman's*—pleased with the translation of Ovid, which he had received for the third Miscellany, but not with the price, having only 1446 lines for 50 guineas, when he had expected to have had at the rate of 1518 lines for 40 guineas; adding that he had a better bargain with Juvenal, "which is reckoned not so easy to translate as Ovid." The current coin was at that time wretchedly debased. In one letter, Dryden says, "I expect forty pounds in good silver; not such as I had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I; nor stay for it above four-and-twenty hours after it is due."

* Sir John Barrow. See his "Life of Earl Howe."

THE CITY OF PETRA.

At the close of our notice of Mr. Stephens's "Incidents of Travel," allusion is made to the excavated city of Petra. Although many accounts of it have appeared since its discovery by Burckhardt in 1812, a short description of the principal features of this extraordinary remnant of the early world—the principal city of the land of Edom—whose antiquity is supposed to go back to the time of Esau, "the father of Edom," and where a long line of princes dwelt even before "kings reigned over Israel,"—may be interesting to a considerable portion of our young readers.

"This ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre, of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains, 500 or 600 feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labour out of the solid rock; and while their summits present nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticoes, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by.

"Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which incloses the city. Strong, firm, and immovable as nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, and the puny fortifications of skilful engineers. The only access is by clambering over this wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that Nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance. . . . For about two miles this mountainous passage lies between high and precipitous ranges of rocks, from 500 to 1000 feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some great convulsion, and barely wide enough for two horsemen to pass abreast. A swelling stream rushes between them; the summits are wild and broken; in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night upon the narrow defile; then receding and forming an opening above, through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below. Wild fig-trees, oleanders, and ivy, were growing out of the rocky sides of the cliffs, hundreds of feet above our heads; the eagle was screaming above us; all along were the open doors of tombs, forming the great Necropolis of the city; and at the extreme end was a large open space, with a powerful body of light thrown down upon it, and exhibiting in one full view the façade of a beautiful temple, hewn out of the rock, with rows of Corinthian columns and ornaments, standing out fair and clear, as if but yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. . . . . Neither the Coliseum at Rome, grand and interesting as it is, nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the pyramids, nor the mighty temples of the Nile, are so often present to my memory. The whole temple, its columns, ornaments, porticoes, and porches, are cut out from, and form part of, the solid rock; and this rock, at the foot of which the temple stands like a mere print, towers several hundred feet above, its face cut smooth to the very summit, and the top remaining wild and misshapen as Nature made it. The whole area before the temple is perhaps an acre in extent, inclosed on all sides except at the narrow entrance, and an opening to the left of the temple, which leads into the area of the city, by a pass through perpendicular rocks, 500 or 600 feet in height."

A short description of a temple and the theatre will give an idea of the various edifices of which this wonderful city is composed:—

"Ascending several broad steps, we entered under a colonnade of four Corinthian columns, about thirty-five feet high, into a large chamber of some fifty feet square, and twenty-five feet high. The outside of the temple is richly ornamented, but the interior is perfectly plain, there being no ornament of any kind upon the walls or ceiling; on each of the three sides is a small chamber for the reception of the dead. * * *

"In the bosom of the mountain, hewn out of the solid rock, is a large theatre, circular in form, the pillars in front fallen, and containing thirty-three rows of seats, capable of containing more than 3000 persons. Above the corridor was a range of doors opening to chambers in the rocks, the seats of the princes and wealthiest inhabitants of Petra, and not unlike a row of private boxes in a modern theatre. The whole theatre is at this day in such a state of preservation, that if the tenants of the tombs around could once more rise into life, they might take their old places on its seats, and listen to the declamation of their favourite player."

The author, in some eloquent and instructive reflections amidst the ruins of this doomed and desolate city of the land of Edom, thus concludes :—"I had just completed one of the most interesting days in my life; for the singular character of the city, and the uncommon beauty of its ruins, its great antiquity, the prophetic denunciations of whose truth it was the witness, its loss for more than 1000 years to the civilised world, its very existence being known only to the wandering Arab, the difficulty of reaching it,—gave a thrilling and almost fearful interest to the time and place, of which I feel it utterly impossible to convey any idea."

ROMANCE AND REASON.

"Really, my dear," said Madame de Montsallier, "really I cannot comprehend your sorrows. You ought to be the happiest person in the world."

"I do not deny my happiness," replied Elise, sinking back in her fauteuil with an abstracted air.

"But you enjoy nothing. You pass all your days in apathy, a sort of half sleep, from which nothing can arouse you. I could not live so for four-and-twenty hours."

"I assure you, my dear cousin, I am not unhappy."

"With what admirable coolness you make that declaration! I never heard anything like it," cried Madame de Montsallier, getting almost angry. "Eh! bon Dieu! truly I believe you. The advantages you possess, would make four reasonable women happy, if divided among them. To begin, you are young."

"Ah!" sighed Elise," and you think that to reckon only twenty years, is all that is necessary to be happy?"

"Yes, I do," replied Madame de Montsallier, quickly; "but unhappily that blessing is never understood till it is lost. But that is not all, Elise; you are pretty, very pretty."

"I know it," replied she, in an indifferent tone; "but what advantage is it to me, since I am not a coquette?"

"Well! we ought always to be glad to be able to give pleasure, even if it be only to oneself, when one looks in the glass. Then you are rich, independent."

"And do you believe that this fortune, this independence, are also infallible means of securing happiness?" interrupted Elise, with an air of melancholy disdain. "In my eyes the delights of vanity and luxury afford no satisfaction, and this so-much-envied liberty is but a miserable isolation."

"It rests with yourself to renounce it," cried Madame de Montsallier.

"Yes," said Elise with a sigh, "by marrying. Do not speak of it, I beg of you, my dear cousin."

The conversation ended here, and Madame de Montsallier, to conceal that kind of pet and impatience which the wearisome melancholy of Elise always created, began to run over the pages of a book which lay open on the table. There was but little sympathy between the dispositions of the two cousins, but yet they loved one another warmly. The Comtesse de St. Montsallier was lively, good-humoured, and frivolous; she had been a little of a coquette, and her chief care now was to ward off the hand of time, and preserve as long as possible the relics of her beauty.

Mademoiselle Elise de Saurens possessed both beauty and fortune; she had been left an orphan in her infancy, and had been brought up by a grandmother, who had indulged her every fancy. She was in fact satiated with pleasure; the world had lost all interest with her, and she sought that excitement in the pages of the poet and the novelist, which she no longer found in reality. Her over-fond grandmother died when Elise was about twenty, and she was now residing with her cousin, who acted as her chaperon. From the first, Madame de Montsallier determined in her own mind, that marriage would be the best remedy for the increasing apathy of her cousin; but she took her measures very discreetly, and was very careful not to compromise the aspirant whom she favoured. She had fixed upon her brother-in-law, the Marquis de St. Nizier. Mademoiselle de Saurens had known him from her infancy; he was naturally placed on a footing of intimacy with her, and if he had had to do with a person at all like the rest of the world, he would have stood an excellent chance of success. James de St. Nizier was young, accomplished, handsome, and of elegant manners. But Elise had met many such already; besides, she was accustomed to his presence, and all his redoubled cares and attentions produced no visible effect. She had, as she said, the greatest possible esteem for him, but she regarded neither his presence nor his absence. This complete indifference was not without effect; St. Nizier, who at first had agreed to his sister's scheme with indifference, became really and seriously in love, when he found it probable that he should not succeed. He, however, was too prudent to hazard a refusal, and, in order to maintain the advantage he possessed, carefully confined himself within the limits of friendship.

Such was the position of the personages of our story, on the day when Madame de Montsallier suffered her impatience at the apathetic melancholy of her cousin to manifest itself.

"Well," said she at length, still turning over De Bourdon's book, "well, the bathing season has commenced everywhere. Where shall we go, Elise?"

"Have not you been turning over that book these two days, for the very purpose of deciding that question?" said Elise, faintly smiling.

"Yes; but as I am absolutely determined to carry you off, I must find out what will suit you. You tell me that all the world is at Plombières, Vichy, Causerets, Bagnères; and for my own part, I do not desire to meet much company at the baths, since I go there only for my health."

"Well then, let us seek some fountain, where there is not such a concourse of fashion as to renew a Paris life; some place where we may pass a month free from the persecution of the pleasures of the great world, and the inconveniences of a residence from home."

Madame de Montsallier shook her head, and returned to the "Guide to the Mineral Waters." "Excellent!" cried she at length; "I have found such a place, my dear. Shall we go to Aix? Not to Aix in Savoy, but to Aix in Provence."

"Certainly, it will be a peaceful retreat," said Elise, with an air of nonchalance. "What are the virtues of the waters; do they work miracles?"

"The greatest of all miracles," replied Madame de Montsallier, with a serious air, "they restore our youth."

"Well, we will make trial of their virtues."

"Yes, the doctor assures us that these waters contain a principle which restores the freshness and beauty of youth; which renders the skin exquisitely white, elastic, and firm."

"But, my fair cousin," interrupted Elise, "your complexion stands in no need of such cosmetics."

"My dear child, this is an affair of precaution; I wish to make use of the water of Aix, to prevent future wrinkles, and in spite of your twenty years, you must do the same."

Elise passed her hand over her white and polished forehead, already marked with a slight indentation between the eyebrows.

"Wrinkles!" said she, with a sigh and a smile; "See, I have one already."

Madame de Montsallier was now all hurry and anxiety to depart. The marquis, who did not wish to appear too solicitous of the society of Mademoiselle de Saurens, framed an excuse to absent himself, and departed, saying that he should probably rejoin them at Aix.

The two ladies set out alone in a travelling carriage, accompanied only by their waiting-maids and a valet who followed in a berlin. Elise, who at first felt relieved by the fresh air and the excitement of travelling, soon relapsed into her accustomed apathy; there were not even any annoyances or discomforts at the inns. All their wants were provided for, all their wishes anticipated.

After five days' travelling, they found themselves at Avignon. They had hitherto rested every night, but they now determined to push on, that they might reach Aix in the morning.

A little before day-break, the carriage was stopped, and the door being opened, the ladies were addressed in the polite and classical phrase, "Your money or your life!" Starting from her

slumbers, Madame de Montsallier fell trembling at the bottom of the carriage. Mademoiselle de Saurens, quietly looking out, exclaimed, "Certainly these must be brigands—real brigands; I thought they had ceased to exist." "You must get out, ladies," cried one of the ruffians, in a strong Provençal accent, and there was no alternative but to obey. The postillion lay under the horses, and was kept in awe by a robber with a long carbine; Madame de Montsallier was seated on a bank between the two weeping chambermaids; the valet had fainted outright; and there stood Elise, amid a dozen brigands in velveteen jackets, leather gaiters, scarfs round their waists, and their faces covered to the eyes with red handkerchiefs. She looked on the scene as they ransacked the trunks, with a strange feeling, but it was not fear.

Their researches did not appear to satisfy the bandits. Cashmeres and blonde lace had no charms for them. A grey-haired old ruffian came up to Mademoiselle de Saurens, and demanded where their money was concealed. "You have it all," she replied; "the valet was our purse-bearer." "What?" cried he; "why that was but enough to pay your expenses to Marseilles." "But we carry a letter of credit." At this news the robber began to swear horribly. "At any rate I will have this," he cried, snatching at a little gold chain around her neck. She was now really frightened; his rough fingers were about her throat, she thought he was going to kill her, her knees trembled and her voice was stifled; she became insensible, and on recovering her senses found herself in the arms of a young brigand, from whose handsome features the handkerchief which had concealed them had fallen. He spoke a few hurried words assuring her of her safety, and assisted in placing her upon the cushions which had been thrown out of the carriage. "Whosoever you are," said Elise, "accept my thanks—you have saved my life." The robber made no reply, but hastily replacing his disguise, called the band together, and in an instant they were gone. She put her hand to her neck, but her chain was gone also; she was troubled. "It is strange!" she murmured to herself, as they renewed the journey; "very strange!"

Madame de Montsallier amused herself all the way to Aix with the thought of her dexterity in outwitting the brigands, for she had concealed twelve thousand francs in gold in the stuffing of the stool she put her feet upon.

When they reached Aix, Madame de Montsallier lost no time in making all necessary depositions and setting on foot every possible inquiry after the robbers, but all in vain. Meanwhile, she boasted everywhere of her well stuffed foot-stool. Soon after their arrival, they were joined by M. de St. Nizier; the season was delightful, the country in all its beauty, and the fine air of that lovely climate had its influence; but still Elise was thoughtful and pre-occupied. Her mind still dwelt upon the handsome brigand, and she busied herself with a thousand fancied ills, which might have forced him to embrace so fearful a profession.

One morning she was seated at her window which looked upon the gardens of the bath-house, when she beheld a man, who, walking slowly along the terrace, laid himself down at the foot of a spreading plane tree, and throwing aside the book he had been reading, leant against the trunk and seemed to sleep. It was he,—the old grey riding coat and shabby straw hat could not disguise the noble figure and handsome features of the bandit-chief. Elise remained fixed in fearful astonishment. This then was he, whom she had pictured to herself as an unhappy youth of noble mind, forced by some miserable but unconquerable fate to link himself with robbers; his delicate solicitude for her safety satisfied her it was so: and now, what if he should be discovered, what if some other eye than hers should recognise him?

At this moment one of the attendants of the bathing house, entered. Elise resolved to question her: she pointed out the object of her inquiry and asked if he was known.

"Oh yes, Ma'mselle," said Mariette, in a disdainful tone, as if the name she mentioned were enough to satisfy all interest, 'tis Marius Menier."

"But who is he? Is he of this neighbourhood?" "Yes, Ma'mselle, but he is no credit to us. He was well off once, but he is a *mauvais sujet;* his father left him a pretty property; he has squandered it all, and many a poor girl owes her ruin to him; and now he is a gambler, he is lazy, haughty, quarrelsome, and in short he has more faults than there are *Ave Marias* in my chaplet, and he is only not quite so wicked as the devil, because he is not quite so old. He has only one good point about him, he is brave, and his only chance now is to go as a soldier, for he has spent all he has."

"Poor young man!" murmured Elise pensively, not daring now to look out again.

"Will Ma'mselle take the bath this morning?"

"In a quarter of an hour," replied Elise, and Mariette departed.

What a history had been related! Elise again looked out through her blinds, and beheld Marius Menier walking slowly with his head bent down, and with a sad and melancholy air. In that fine, poetic figure, in those features, she fancied she could trace the bitterness of a noble mind, agitated by passion and remorse. Truly he was the hero of a romance. At length he disappeared, and Elise slowly descended to the bath.

Her mind had at length found occupation; her thoughts were never absent from the unfortunate brigand. She was absorbed in the romance of her imagination. Her walks were neglected, all occupations were uncared for, save her speculations behind her venetian blinds, as each day Marius Menier appeared in his favourite walk beneath the plane trees.

Madame de Montsallier grew weary of Aix, and at length, although reluctantly, Elise consented to return. St. Nizier, whose love was stimulated by the unconcern of her he sought, would not again leave them. He was, besides, apprehensive that his sister's unguarded exultation, at the trick she had played the brigands with her golden foot-stool, might induce a second attack. On the evening of their first day's journey, they arrived at a solitary auberge, where no horses could be procured for several hours; and after many vain endeavours, they found themselves obliged to remain there that night. St. Nizier was anxious, and he took the precaution of sending a messenger to the nearest police station, and in the course of the evening three gendarmes arrived as if accidentally, and, the beds being all occupied, took up their quarters in the kitchen.

Elise, to whom St. Nizier had mentioned the precautions he had taken, retired to her chamber with a troubled mind. She could not but participate in his fears, but she trembled not for herself, but for the hero of her romance. When she looked around the large apartment in which she found herself alone; when she beheld the bare white-washed walls and rude tiled floor, and the great old-fashioned bed which in itself seemed a sort of prison, walled in with heavy curtains, where perhaps the spiders were spreading their ancient and complicated nets, she shuddered. She could not compose herself to rest, and seating herself in a large leather chair she began to read. Nature however asserted her privilege, and the maiden slept; but her sleep was troubled with dreams. It seemed to her as if a doubtful twilight replaced the darkness, and on the rocks before her window, shadows were moving; presently several men seemed to approach the house, and try the doors and windows, and *one* sprang forward and tried to scale the walls. With an instinctive movement she thrust forth her hands to hurl him back, but her lips refused to utter any sound. Presently a sharp and distinct noise awakened her senses; she sprang up, and beheld before her the same man with his broad-brimmed hat, beneath which his eyes sparkled, and the red handkerchief concealing the lower part of his face. She stood as if petrified. At that instant the report of fire-arms was heard. The robber sprang towards the open window. "I am lost," he exclaimed, "the gendarmes are here." Elise recovered her self possession: "You shall be saved," said she, "hide yourself beneath the bed." Marius Menier, full of astonishment, obeyed.

A knock was heard at the door, which was opened directly by Mademoiselle de Saurens, and James de St. Nizier rushed in, followed by two gendarmes.

"Where is he?" cried St. Nizier.

"There is none here but me. What is the matter?"

"Robbers have attempted the house; a beggar, who was sleeping in the barn, gave us warning: we went out and beheld one climbing in at your open window."

"You must have been deceived; I was reading here," said Elise, pointing to her open book, "and was alarmed by the report of your pistol."

"You were too hasty, M. de St. Nizier," said one of the gendarmes; "if you had but waited till he had got in, we would have had him, dead or alive."

"But you would have been dreadfully frightened," said St. Nizier, "and it was that, that I cared for."

"All is over," said Mademoiselle de Saurens, commanding her trembling voice as well as she could; "the danger is over, and you had better go down."

"But, Mademoiselle," said St. Nizier, "you are pale and you tremble; you must not remain here alone."

"No, no," said she quickly; "I will go to Madame Montsallier, and nobody need stay here." So saying, she took her candle, and when all the rest had passed, went out, locked the door, carried away the key, and hurried to her cousin's room. When she reached it, she fainted. Early the next morning, Elise mounted the narrow staircase which led to her chamber, and, with an indescribable feeling of apprehension, she opened the door. No one was there. She lifted her eyes to heaven; "My God! he is then saved——"

In passing by the window her foot was arrested by some hard substance; she stooped and picked up a knife, ground to a sharp edge, on the handle of which two M's, intertwined, were engraved on a silver plate.

St. Nizier, whose love was still increasing, and who perceived some feeling he could not fathom, would now not quit her; Elise still sought retirement, and had no desire for Paris. They spent three months in Switzerland, and then, at the desire of Elise, they revisited Aix, when she soon drew from Mariette the fortunes of her hero. He was once more rich; his uncle, who had cast him off on account of his debaucheries, had died intestate; Marius Menier had succeeded to his inheritance, and was now spending it in the capital. Elise no longer made objections to proceeding to Paris.

One evening when she was, as was her wont, plunged in sadness and mournful apathy, Madame de Montsallier determined to carry her to the opera; to a great musical performance, the first representation of *Robert le Diable*. Mademoiselle de Saurens suffered herself to be dressed without feeling any interest in that serious occupation which so much distracts the minds of most women. Yet her attire so well became her, that Madame de Montsallier could not help exclaiming, "My dear Elise, I never saw you look so charming." It was true her pale face bore traces of suffering; but yet her languid head, which seemed to yield beneath the weight of some unknown grief, shone divinely beautiful beneath the crown of roses. James de St. Nizier felt his eyes fill with tears when he looked on her. When she arrived at the opera, she at first felt little interest, but at the last scene Madame de Montsallier made her sit by her in the front of the box;—thenceforward the opera was disregarded. There, in the pit, separated from her but by a few yards, sat Marius Menier, not as she had heretofore beheld him, but well dressed, perhaps rather *over* dressed. Her eyes were fixed on him, and he failed not to recognise her. From this time her visits were frequent to the opera; and Menier was equally regular in his attendance.

About this time, James de St. Nizier was obliged to visit England on business; he remained absent six weeks. The day after his return he accompanied his sister and Elise to the opera. Marius Menier was in his accustomed place, and St. Nizier was not slow in remarking the young man whose looks were constantly fixed on his box. His cousin, Jules de la Chassaigneraie, happening to drop in, he pointed out the object of his attention and asked if he knew him. "I know his name," he replied, "the box opener says it is Menier; he is met everywhere, except in good society."

Elise bent over the front of the box to hide her confusion; she had never before heard his name spoken before her, except by Mariette.

The next day, St. Nizier proposed that, as the season was almost closed, they should go to Aumont, to enjoy the beauties of the spring; Madame de Montsallier, who enjoyed nothing so much as movement, joyfully assented, and Elise was fain to comply also.

One morning Elise was sitting in the drawing-room holding a book in her hand, not one page of which had she turned over; there she remained with her hands resting on her knees, and her eyes fixed on the lines which she saw not. St. Nizier surprised her in this attitude.

"May I inquire," asked he, in a slightly ironical tone, "what book it is which so deeply interests you?"

"Really I cannot say," she replied, "I was not reading; I find it difficult to fix my attention."

"I know nothing here can interest you, for nothing passes which is sufficient to affect your mind, your heart, your imagination. It is often so with myself, but I must remedy the evil. It is necessary for me to seek another world; to break through my old habits, and I intend to travel."

"What," said Elise with a sigh, "and you will leave us?"

"I have long thought of taking a voyage to our foreign colonies; I have some relations in the Isle of Bourbon."

"But why is it necessary that you should cross the waters to the other end of the world?" And then, seeing that he did not reply, she added reproachfully, "You are weary of us."

"No, no," said he, "but I *am* unhappy here."

A ray of light suddenly struck upon Mademoiselle de Saurens, she blushed slightly, and hastily rose to meet Madame de Montsallier, who just then entered. For the first time, she suspected the love which James de St. Nizier bore towards her.

On the afternoon of this day they were all in the drawing-room. The weather was dreadful; the wind howled in the chimneys; the lightning flashed, and large drops of rain began to fall. "What a terrible storm!" said Madame de Montsallier; "let us close the shutters and light the candles."

Just then, the keeper of the lodge at the park gate entered, and informed them that a gentleman had sought shelter from the storm, and Madame de Montsallier immediately sent down a messenger to request him to accept the hospitality of Aumont for that night. The stranger soon appeared, but although he was graciously received by Madame de Montsallier, yet St. Nizier, who was about to advance, stopped short, and saluted him coldly, and Elise stood immoveable with surprise and pleasure; it was Marius Menier, who had been taught this stratagem by love. They sat down, and Menier looked about him with an expression of countenance on which restraint, uneasiness, and impudent boldness, were curiously blended.

"The storm has been dreadful," remarked Madame de Montsallier, "it was most fortunate that you have found a shelter."

"Yes, ma'am," said Menier, putting his hat on the floor and leaning back in his chair, I've had a regular soaking; I'm as wet as a sop."

A glance of intelligence passed between St. Nizier and his sister.

"Fine weather for young ducks; 'twill make the gardens grow, as we say in my country, but what's that to us who an't gardeners?"

No one replying, he continued, after staring all round the room:

"Very handsome house this; pray does it belong to you?"

"It is the property of this lady, Madame de Montsallier, my sister-in-law," replied St. Nizier, who had quite recovered his good humour.

The stranger made a very low bow.

"May we not," continued St. Nizier, "have the pleasure of knowing whom Madame de Montsallier has the honour of receiving?"

"Assuredly, sir; the honour is on my side. My name is Menier.

"I am acquainted with a M. Menier, an officer in the dragoons; I presume he is related to you."

"Possibly; I have a cousin a soldier, but I don't know his rank. He enlisted and went to the siege of Algiers, and I did hear he got some pretty hard knocks among the Bedouins."

Whilst this conversation was going on, the dreams of poor Elise vanished. Her head seemed to turn round. This, then, was the hero of her fancy,—this man, vulgar, insipid, and affected.

Dinner was at length announced. The stranger, dragging on his yellow gloves, hastened to offer his arm to Mademoiselle de Saurens, who had not spoken a word, or even looked at him; she trembled as she felt him press her hand, and the thought that she had tacitly given him the right to behave thus, filled her with terror and despair; but when, about to sit down, she saw that he wore round his neck the very chain which the old robber had endeavoured to seize, tears of grief and indignation rolled over her cheeks. Madame de Montsallier perceived her uneasiness, and inquired the cause. She recovered herself, and attributing it to the storm and thunder, which had affected her nerves, and brought on headache, seated herself at table. The dinner was a martyrdom. The vulgarity and coarseness of Marius Menier became every moment more offensive, and even Madame de Montsallier, who had been at first amused, began to be heartily weary of her guest. Immediately after dinner, Elise retreated to her chamber, and did not reappear that evening.

Here in sadness and solitude many thoughts passed through her mind; all her follies were now perceived, a new light

streamed upon her, and many resolutions against the indulgence of phantasies were made.

Late at night, as she sat alone, busily occupied in burning many papers written whilst indulging the fancy now dissipated for ever, she was alarmed by a slight noise. "Is that you, Lucy?" said Mademoiselle de Saurens.

No answer was returned, but the door softly opened, and Marius Menier entered. Elise sprang towards the bell, but he intercepted her.

"Do not be alarmed, Mademoiselle," said he, "you must know I have no evil intention against you."

"Leave me, Sir, leave me, or I will alarm the house."

"What is the meaning of all this?" said he, with surprise; you seem to have forgotten me. Have we not made love to one another these two months? at a distance, it is true, but still I spoke to you with my eyes, and you have answered—"

"Stop, Sir, I beg of you," interrupted Elise, full of indignation.

"You shall hear me," said Menier, in an angry tone. "I am not to be silenced in this manner. I am as good to-day as I was last Monday, when your eyes smiled upon me at the opera; those eyes which I adore. Yes, on my word of honour, I love you as I never yet loved a woman. My intentions are honourable, and why should you disdain me? I have ten thousand francs a-year, slap down on the nail. I may have been a little wild or so perhaps, but I have reformed now, and marriage will be a good wind up. I came here led by love, and in the expectation of pleasing you."

"You deceive yourself, Sir," cried poor Elise, "you deceive yourself, and I cannot pardon this insult, unless you leave the room this instant."

"I will not," cried Menier, raising his voice. "I tell you, I came here, because, for these two months, you have been seeking me—"

"I did wish to have an interview with you," interrupted Elise, "but you have quite mistaken the motive."

She stepped to her secretaire, and drew forth the knife she had found at the auberge. "I wished to return this instrument to you, and to seek in exchange the little chain you wear round your neck."

The countenance of Menier grew black as night, and his eyes flashed fire: Elise trembled, and in fancy she already felt the sharp blade in her heart. The pause was but for a moment. Menier took the knife, and cutting the chain, threw it on the table, and merely saying, "Let all that has passed between us be forgotten— Good night, Mademoiselle," he left the room.

Elise shut and double-locked the door; then falling on her knees, returned thanks to Heaven for her deliverance.

The next morning James de St. Nizier and Madame de Montsallier were waiting in the breakfast-room for Elise, who, contrary to her custom, came down late.

"Good morning, my dear," said Madame de Montsallier, "you may enter fearlessly; our amiable guest is gone without the ceremony of leave-taking."

"So much the better," said Elise, with a deep sigh.

There was a pause. St. Nizier, with his eyes fixed on the newspaper, appeared to be reading.

"My dear," said Madame de Montsallier, in a tone much sadder than was usual with her, "we must return to Paris to-morrow; we shall be too lonely here, when James has left us."

"What!" said Elise with an air of concern and surprise, "does M. de St. Nizier set off to-day?"

"I do, Mademoiselle," said he, without raising his eyes: but his trembling voice betrayed deep and melancholy feeling.

There was another pause, and then Elise rose and approached Madame de Montsallier, whose eyes were full of tears. Leaning her head on the countess's shoulder, she whispered softly, "My dear cousin, tell him—tell him that *I* wish him to stay here."

GAIETY.

Gaiety and a light heart, in all virtue and decorum, are the best medium for the young, or rather for all. I who have passed my life in dejection and gloomy thoughts, now catch at enjoyment, come from what quarter it may, and even seek for it. Criminal pleasure, indeed, comes from Satan; but that which we find in the society of good and pious men is approved by God. Ride, hunt with your friends, amuse yourself in their company. Solitude and melancholy are poison. They are deadly to all, but, above all, to the young.—*Luther.*

PARAGUAY AND THE DICTATOR FRANCIA *.

Paraguay has hitherto been almost unknown in England, for scarcely had the country been released from the oppressive policy of the Spanish government, and an opening made for the introduction of foreign commerce, than it fell under the power of a despotic ruler, who, although at first professing the greatest liberality, was all the while meditating the accomplishment of his schemes of tyranny. In these he has too well succeeded, and for many years Paraguay has been but one vast prison, and Francia, its stern, cold, and cruel jailer. Neither ingress nor egress has been permitted, and scarcely anything but vague rumours of its condition and government has been made public, until the publication of the volumes mentioned below. "Paraguay," say the authors in an address to their readers, prefixed to Francia's 'Reign of Terror,' "was a land which, when we took up the subject, was enveloped in a vague and misty celebrity. Most people who had read anything of the New World, knew that there was a beautiful and fertile region of that name a long way inland in some part or other of South America; that it produced a sort of tea, as generally used in those parts as we use the Chinese plant in England; that it had been the seat of the Jesuits; that it had become, in common with all parts of Spanish America, independent of the mother country; and that it had at last come under the rule of a strange and incomprehensible person called Dr. Francia. Such, in general terms, was the extent of knowledge which the bulk of English readers possessed of Paraguay."

Messrs. Robertson have now come forward to supply this want, and in their volumes have given us very ample information, derived from the knowledge obtained during personal observations in the country from the beginning of the year 1811, when they formed a mercantile establishment at Assumption, to October, 1815, when they were banished by the Dictator, and since that period, from knowledge obtained during a residence at Corrientes and Buenos Ayres. They give us a detailed account of Francia's character and progress, which possesses a deep interest; their personal adventures are related, and in their description of the society of Paraguay, and of the neighbouring country, much curious information is given; take for instance this specimen of Candioti, the prince of the Gauchos†, as our authors term him.

"This prince of the Gauchos was a prince in nothing more than in that noble simplicity which characterised his whole deportment. He was too high in his own sphere of action to fear competition; too independent to condescend to civility for mere personal advantage; and too ingenuous to admit into his breast a thought of acting the hypocrite. He continued sitting on his horse, and kept up a familiar chit-chat with all around. Every now and then he lighted his cigar by striking fire with a flint and steel on tinder kept in a polished tip of horn, which was embossed with silver, and had a gold chain attached to it, by which the lid, or rather extinguisher, depended, while the horn was in use. As I looked at him I could not but admire his singularly handsome face and dignified mien. His small mouth, and strictly Grecian nose; his noble forehead, and fine head thinly strewed with silver locks; his penetrating blue eyes, and countenance as hale and ruddy as if he had spent his days in Norway, instead of riding over the Pampas, were all remarkable. Then, for his attire, according to the style and fashion of the country, it was magnificent. His poncho had been made in Peru, and, beside being of the richest material, was embroidered on a white ground in superb style. Beneath it he wore a jacket of the finest India cloth, covering a white satin waistcoat, which, like his poncho, was beautifully embroidered, and adorned with small gold buttons, each depending from a little link of chain of the same metal. He had no cravat, and the collar and front of his shirt displayed, upon fine French cambric, the richest specimens of tambouring which could be furnished in Paraguay. His lower vestment was of black velvet, open at the knees, and, like the waistcoat, adorned with gold buttons, depending also from little links of chain, evidently never intended for connexion with the button-holes. From under this part of his dress were to be seen the fringed and tamboured extremities of a pair of drawers, made of the fine Paraguay cloth. They were ample as a Turko-

* *Letters on Paraguay, by J. P. and W. P. Robertson,* 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1838, Murray; and *Francia's Reign of Terror, Sequel to Letters on Paraguay,* by J. P. & W. P. Robertson, 1 vol. 12mo. London, 1839. Murray.

† Inhabitants of the Pampas or plain country.

man's trousers, white as the driven snow, and hung down to the calf of the leg, just far enough to show under them a pair of brown stockings, manufactured in Peru from the best Vicuna wool. The potro boots of Senor Candioti fitted his feet and ankles as a French glove fits the hand, and the tops of them were turned over, so as to give them the air of buskins. To these boots were attached a pair of unwieldy silver spurs, brightly polished. To complete his personal attire, the princely Gaucho wore a large Peruvian straw hat, with a black velvet band around it, while his waist was girded with a rich crimson sash of silk, serving the treble purpose of riding-belt, braces, and girdle for a huge knife in a morocco sheath, from which protruded a massive silver handle.

"Gorgeous as was the apparel of the rider, it was, if possible, outdone by the caparison of his horse. Here all was silver, elaborately wrought, and curiously inlaid. The peaks of the saddle, and the complicated head-piece of the bridle, were covered with the precious metal; the reins were embossed with it; and in the manufacture of the stirrups there must have been exhausted all the ingenuity of the best Peruvian silversmith, with at least ten pounds of plata pina (or virgin silver) to work upon. Such, in character and person, was Candioti, the patriarch of Santa Fé. To complete the sketch of him, I must give you some idea of his extraordinary and successful career in life; of how he became possessed of such a vast extent of territory; and how his flocks and herds increased till they greatly exceeded in number those of Jacob. Like him, Candioti waxed great and went forward, and grew until he became very great; and, like Abram, he was rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold. The town of Santa Fé was originally founded about 1563, by a very intrepid soldier, Juan de Garay, at the head of only eighty-six men. The establishment of a town on that spot was undertaken by order of Martin Saenz de Toledo, then governor of Paraguay, and with a view to extending the conquests and increasing the Indian subjects of Old Spain. In a short time, more than twenty-five thousand natives from the Pampas, Chaco, and other parts, submitted to Garay and his small band; and though many of them afterwards dispersed, and the town was subject to frequent attacks and inroads from hostile tribes of Indians, yet the conquest was maintained, and the settlement gradually increased in strength and numbers. But it was not till within the last seventy or eighty years that it attained to even its present importance; and to that it reached in a way so connected with Candioti's rise in the world, that its traffic, wealth, and population, such as they are, have run parallel with the fortunes of its patriarch, and have been essentially owing to his spirit, industry, activity, and indefatigable perseverance. Having, in his youth, with a few mules for sale, made a short excursion into Peru, at a time when the mines of Potosi, and other parts of that country, were yielding a vast produce, Candioti saw how inadequate to the demand was the supply of those useful animals, for the purpose of conveying ores and merchandise, as well as passengers, over a rocky and arid country. Increasing numbers of them were also required for the purpose of carrying the produce of Paraguay to Cordova, Mendoza, San Luis, Tucuman, Salta, and other towns. Returning to Santa Fé, the sagacious speculator and observer invested the ten thousand dollars earned by his trip, in the purchase of an estate in the Entrerios, about thirty leagues from Santa Fé, on the opposite side of the river Paraná. He determined to give his chief attention to the breeding of mules for exportation to Peru. From this time forward he made an annual journey to that country; and every year a more successful one than that which had preceded. As he returned periodically to his native town, he regularly invested in new estates, contiguous to the old ones, and in cattle upon them, the whole profit of his year's adventure. At that period of superabundance of land in South America, and indeed up to a much later period, the mode of purchasing an estate was not by paying so much a rood, an acre, a mile, or even a league for it; but simply by paying so much a head for the cattle upon it, and a trifling sum for the few fixtures, such, perhaps, as half-a-dozen mud huts, and as many corrales, in which to shut up the live stock. The general price then paid for each head of horned cattle was two shillings, and for each horse sixpence. An estate of five leagues in length, by two and a half in breadth, that is, of twelve and a half leagues, might have upon it, generally speaking, about eight thousand head of horned cattle, and fifteen thousand horses. The price of it, at the above-mentioned rates, would be,

For 8000 head of horned cattle, at 2*s*. . . .	£800
15,000 horses, at 6*d*.	375
Fixtures	100
Cost, therefore, of the stock and fixtures	£1275

leaving the estate of twelve and a half square leagues, or thirty-seven and a half square miles, as a bonus to the purchaser. Now, if it be considered that Candioti's journeys to Peru, becoming every year more profitable, enabled him at last to buy in the year three or four such estates as that described above, it will soon be seen how his landed possessions must have extended; how his horned cattle, his horses, and his mules, must have increased and multiplied; and how the man himself must have waxed 'exceeding great.'"

We stumbled upon this passage as we hastily opened the book, and could not refrain from transcribing this picture of patriarchal dignity, but in doing so we have somewhat violated the plan we had proposed to ourselves. The career of Francia possesses an interest very distinct from that derived from accounts of the manners of the people and the description of the country; and these latter subjects, together with the personal adventures of our authors, we intend to recur to at some future period: at present we will confine ourselves to Francia, that arbitrary tyrant, whose iniquitous proceedings, in regard to the celebrated French botanist M. Bonpland, excited a great desire in the public mind to know more of such a character.

Before we go further, however, it may be necessary to state that the territory comprised in *Paraguay*, under the government of Francia, is that which is separated from Brazil, on the North, by the Rio Blanco, a small river flowing into the Paraguay, in latitude about 21° South. The course of this river marks the line of separation to its rise in the mountains of Santa Amambay, which there form the boundary as far as the sources of the Ivinhama, which flowing into the Paraná, is the limit in that direction. The rivers Paraguay and Paraná, meeting at a point about 27° 30′ S. lat., complete the boundaries. This explanation may be useful, since the term *Paraguay* was formerly applied to a district of greater extent.

To return to Francia; "His father,"—we quote from our authors, and, to prevent interruption in the thread of our story, shall in future intimate this fact merely by the use of the common distinction of inverted commas;—"Francia's father, as alleged by himself, was a Frenchman; but generally believed to be a Portuguese, who, having emigrated to Brazil, had gone to the interior and ultimately settled in the Missiones* of Paraguay. Here he married a creole, by whom he had a pretty large family. José Gaspar, now dictator of Paraguay, was his first son, and was born about the year 1758. Young Francia was originally intended for the church, and he received the rudiments of his education at one of the indifferent conventual schools of Assumption. Thence he was sent to the University of Cordova de Tucuman. Having no taste however for theology, he turned, at college, to jurisprudence, and took his degree of doctor in the faculty of law with great éclat. Returning to Assumption, which he never thenceforward left, he entered on his profession, and as an acute lawyer and eloquent advocate he soon stood alone. His fearless integrity gained him the respect of all parties. He never would defend an unjust cause; while he was ever ready to take the part of the poor and the weak, against the rich and the strong. But his manners were, generally, and especially to his own countrymen, distant and haughty; his studies were incessant; and general society he shunned. He never married; his illicit intrigues were both low and heartless; he had no friends; he looked with cold contempt on every one around him; and he thus gradually grew into that austerity of habit and inflexibility of character, which so strongly marked his career in after life." One anecdote strongly illustrative of his relentless cruelty we cannot omit.

"Many years before Francia became a public man, he quarrelled with his father, though I believe the latter was in the wrong. They spoke not, met not for years; at length the father was laid on his death-bed; and before rendering up his great and final account, he earnestly desired to be at peace with his son José Gaspar. This was intimated to the latter, but he refused the proffered reconciliation. The old man's illness was increased by the obduracy of his son, and indeed he showed a horror of quitting the world without mutual forgiveness taking place. He conceived his soul to be endangered by remaining at enmity with

* The territory occupied by the Jesuits.

his first-born. Again, a few hours before he breathed his last, he got some of Francia's relatives to go to him, and implore him to receive the dying benediction of his father. He refused: they told him his father believed his soul could not reach heaven unless it departed in peace with his son. Human nature shudders at the final answer which that son returned:—'Then tell my father that I care not if his soul descend to hell.' The old man died almost raving, and calling for his son José Gaspar."

When, in common with the other Spanish settlements, Paraguay threw off allegiance to the mother country, the government was vested in a junta consisting of three members, assisted by a secretary, an assessor, and a notary. Francia in the first instance held the post of secretary, but he quickly disagreed with his colleagues, and withdrew to his country house, where he occupied himself with so much tact and diligence, in exciting a distrust of the members of the government, at the same time skilfully insinuating his own superior abilities, that he soon found himself in possession of sufficient influence to command the power he coveted, and in a situation to give the law to all. It was during this period of retirement that Mr. J. P. Robertson, at that time a young man of twenty, who had just established himself as a merchant in Assumption, first became acquainted with Francia, and with his account of this remarkable interview, we shall, for the present, conclude:

"On one of those lovely evenings in Paraguay, after the south-west wind has both cleared and cooled the air, I was drawn, in my pursuit of game, into a peaceful valley, not far from Doña Juana's, and remarkable for its combination of all the striking features of the scenery of the country. Suddenly I came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out, 'Buen tiro'—'A good shot.' I turned round, and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet capote, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a mâté-cup in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair, combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and at the knees of his breeches the same. I apologised for having fired so close to his house; but, with great kindness and urbanity, the owner of it assured me there was no occasion for my offering the least excuse; and that his house and grounds were at my service, whenever I chose to amuse myself with my gun in that direction. In exercise of the primitive and simple hospitality common in the country, I was invited to sit down under the corridor, and take a cigar and a mâté. A celestial globe, a large telescope, and a theodolite, were under the little portico; and I immediately inferred that the personage before me was no other than Doctor Francia. The apparatus accorded with what I had heard of his reputation for a knowledge of the occult sciences; but I was not long left to conjecture on this point; for he presently informed me, in answer to my appeal whether I had not the honour of addressing Dr. Francia, that he was that person. 'And I presume,' he continued, 'that you are the Cavallero Ingles, who resides at Dona Juana Ysquibel's?' I replied that I was; when he said he had intended to call on me; but that such was the state of politics in Paraguay, and particularly as far as himself was concerned, that he found it necessary to live in great seclusion. He could no otherwise, he added, avoid the having sinister interpretations put upon his most trifling actions. Passing from this subject, he was pleased that I should know what were his occupations. He introduced me to his library, in a confined room, with a very small window, and that so shaded by the roof of the corridor, as to admit the least portion of light necessary for study. The library was arranged on three rows of shelves, extending across the room, and might have consisted of three hundred volumes. There were many ponderous books on law; a few on the inductive sciences; some in French and some in Latin, upon subjects of general literature, with Euclid's 'Elements,' and some school-boy treatises on algebra. On a large table were heaps of law-papers and processes. Several folios bound in vellum were outspread upon it; a lighted candle (though placed there solely with the view to light cigars) lent its feeble aid to illumine the room; while a mâté-cup and inkstand, both of silver, graced another part of the table. There was neither carpet nor mat on the brick-floor; and the chairs were of such ancient fashion, size, and weight, that it required a considerable effort to move them from one spot to another. They were covered with old tanned ox-leather, indented with curious hieroglyphics, and, from long use, very brown and glossy. Their straight backs were conspicuously higher than the head of the party seated upon them, and to sit in a reclining posture was out of the question. The ground of the apartment was scattered over with thousands of pieces of torn letters, and untorn envelopes. An earthen jar for water, and a jug, stood upon a coarse wooden tripod in one corner, and the doctor's horse-furniture in another. Slippers, boots, and shoes, lay scattered about, and the room altogether had an air of confusion, darkness, and absence of comfort, the more striking that the outside of the cottage, though lowly, was perfectly neat, and so romantically placed, as to have all the air of an abode at once of beauty and of peace. Not a trace of the sanguinary propensities, or of the ungovernable caprice, by the exercise of which he afterwards attained so bad a celebrity, was recognisable in the manner, or deducible from the conversation, of Francia, at the time I am now speaking. Quite the reverse. His demeanour was subdued and unostentatious; his principles, as far as they could be ascertained from his own declarations, just, though not very exalted; and his legal integrity, as an advocate, had never been disputed. Vanity seemed to me to be the leading feature of his character; and though there was a latent sternness and almost continual severity in his countenance, yet, when relaxed into a smile, they only made, by contrast, an impression the more winning upon those with whom he conversed. He was pleased it should be known that he understood French, a very uncommon branch of knowledge in Paraguay. He made some display of his acquaintance with Voltaire, Rousseau, and Volney, and he concurred entirely in the theory of the latter. But he was most of all proud to be known as an algebraist and astronomer. He was, it is true, but a very short way inducted into these sciences. It was sufficient, however, in Paraguay, to verify the Spanish proverb, that 'En tierra de los ciegos, el tuerto es rey,'—'In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.' In Paraguay, an acquaintance with French, Euclid's Elements, equations, the mode of handling a theodolite, or with books prohibited by the Vatican, was, in point of knowledge, quite the exception to the general rule. Night drew on apace, and I bade adieu to my loquacious, as well as gracious, host. I little fancied, then, either that he was to figure as he has since done, or that an intercourse, begun with so much civility, was to end with so much injustice. At this time, Francia, though living in such apparent seclusion, it was afterwards known, had been busy in intrigue against the government."

SONG.

Oh! who would sit in the moonlight pale,
Mock'd by the hooting owl?
Oh! who would sit in the silent vale
Where the winds go howl?
Our parlour floor, our parlour floor,
Is better than mountain, moss, and moor.

This lamp shall be our orb of night,
And large our shadows fall
On the flowery beds all green and bright,
That paint our parlour wall;
And silken locks and laughing eyes
Shine brighter than stars in bluest skies.

Oh! the nightingale's is but a silly choice,
To trill to the evening star,
A listener cold—and sweeter the voice
That sings to the light guitar.
For moonlight shades and brawling brooks
We will have music and sunny looks.

Oh! we will the happy listeners be,
When songs and tales begin;
And at our open casement see
How the rose is peeping in,
As it were a fairy with half-closed eye,
That on this our pleasanter world would spy.

Oh! who would exchange a home like this,
Where sweet affection smiles,
For the gardens, and banks, and "bowers of bliss,"
In beauty's thousand isles?
Oh! that Kaisar or King the peace could find
Within our bright walls, and a cheerful mind!

Rev. J. Eagles.

THE BASTINADO IN EGYPT.

Mr. Wilkinson, in his admirable book, the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," thus describes to us the employment of the bastinado as an ancient as well as a modern Egyptian punishment; adding, by way of illustration, an amusing instance of the light in which the punishment is regarded by the Copts.

"Some of the laws and punishments of the Egyptian army I have already noticed; and in military as well as civil cases, minor offences were generally punished with the stick; a mode of chastisement still greatly in vogue among the modern inhabitants of the Nile, and held in such esteem by them, that, convinced of (or perhaps by) its efficacy, they relate 'its descent from heaven as a blessing to mankind *.'

"If an Egyptian of the present day has a government debt or tax to pay, he stoutly persists in his inability to obtain the money, till he has withstood a certain number of blows, and considers himself compelled to produce it; and the ancient inhabitants, if not under the rule of their native princes, at least in the time of the Roman emperors, gloried equally in the obstinacy they evinced, and the difficulty the governors of the country experienced in extorting from them what they were bound to pay; whence Ammianus Marcellinus tells us, an Egyptian blushes if he cannot show numerous marks on his body that evince his endeavours to evade the duties (Amm. Marcel. Life of Julian.)

"The bastinado was inflicted on both sexes, as with the Jews. (Exodus xx. 1, 2.) Men and boys were laid prostrate on the ground, (as with the Jews,) and frequently held by the hands and feet while the chastisement was administered; but women, as they sat, received the stripes on their back, which were also inflicted by the hand of a man. Nor was it unusual for the superintendants to stimulate labourers to their work by the persuasive powers of the stick, whether engaged in the field or in handicraft employments; boys were sometimes beaten without the ceremony of prostration, the hands being tied behind their back while the punishment was applied.

"It does not, however, appear to have been from any respect, that this less usual method was adopted; nor is it probable that any class of the community enjoyed a peculiar privilege on these occasions, as among the modern Moslems, who, extending their respect for the Prophet to his distant descendants of the thirty-sixth and ensuing generations, scruple to administer the stick to a *Shereef* until he has been politely furnished with a mat, on which to prostrate his guilty person. Among other amusing privileges in modern Egypt, is that conceded to the grandees, or officers of high rank. Ordinary culprits are punished by the hand of persons usually employed on such occasions: but a Bey, or the governor of a district, can only receive his chastisement from the hand of a Pasha, and the genteel *daboss* (mace) is substituted for the vulgar stick. This is no trifling privilege; it becomes fully *impressed* upon the sufferer, and renders him long after *sensible* of the peculiar honour he has enjoyed; nor can any one doubt that an iron mace, in form not very unlike a chocolate mill, is a *distingué* mode of punishing men who are proud of their rank.

"Having noticed the pertinacity of the modern Egyptians, in resisting the payment of their taxes, I shall introduce the following story as remarkably illustrative of this fact. In the year 1822, a Copt Christian, residing at Cairo, was arrested by the Turkish authorities for the non-payment of his taxes, and taken before the Kehia, or deputy of the Pasha. 'Why,' inquired the angry Turk, 'have you not paid your taxes?' 'Because,' replied the Copt, with a pitiable expression, perfectly according with his tattered appearance, 'I have not the means.' He was instantly ordered to be thrown upon the floor, and bastinadoed. He prayed to be released, but in vain: the stick continued without intermission, and he was scarcely able to bear the increasing pain. Again and again he pleaded his inability to pay, and prayed for mercy, the Turk was inexorable; and the torments he felt at last overcame his resolution, they were no longer to be borne. 'Release me,' he cried, 'and I will pay directly.' 'Ah! you Giaour, go!' He was released and taken home, and accompanied by a soldier; and the money being paid, he imparted to his wife the sad tidings. 'You coward, you fool,' she exclaimed; 'what, give them the money on the very first demand! I suppose after five or six blows, you cried, 'I will pay, only release me! next year our taxes will be doubled through your weakness; shame! shame!'—'No, my dear!' interrupted the suffering man, 'I assure you I resisted as long as it was possible; look at the state I am in, before you upbraid me. I paid the money, but they have had trouble enough for it; for I obliged them to give me at least a hundred blows before they could get it.' She was pacified, and the pity and commendation of his wife, added to his own satisfaction in having shown so much obstinacy and courage, consoled him for the pain, and, perhaps, in some measure, for the money thus forced from him.—*Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.*

* The Moslems say, "Nezel min e'semma e'neboot, baraka min Allah." "The stick came down from heaven, a blessing from God."

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

The following observations on "freedom of speech," are extracted from Discourses, by the Rev. Orville Dewey, an American clergyman. Though principally applicable to the state of society in the United States, they are not without interest to English readers:—

"We, in this country, have our own dangers. And the greatest of all dangers here, as I conceive, is that of general pusillanimity, of moral cowardice, of losing a proper and manly independence of character. I think that I see something of this in our very manners, in the hesitation, the indirectness, the cautious and circuitous modes of speech, the asking assent before the tongue can finish its sentence. I think that in other countries you oftener meet with men, who stand manfully and boldly up and deliver their opinion without asking or caring what you or others think about it. It may sometimes be rough and harsh; but at any rate it is independent. Observe, too, in how many relations, political, religious, and social, a man is liable to find bondage instead of freedom. If he wants office he must attach himself to a party, and then his eyes must be sealed in blindness, and his lips in silence, towards all the faults of his party. He *may* have his eyes open, and he may see much to condemn, but he must *say* nothing. If he edits a newspaper, his choice is often between bondage and beggary; that may actually be the choice though he does not know it: he may be so complete a slave that he does not feel the chain; his passions may be so enlisted in the cause of his party, as to blind his discrimination, and to destroy all comprehension and capability of independence. So it may be with the religious partisan. He knows, perhaps, that there are errors in his adopted creed, faults in his sect, fanaticism and extravagance in some of its measures. See if you get him to speak of them; see if you can get him to breathe a whisper of doubt. No, he is always believing. He has a convenient phrase that covers up all difficulties in his creed; he believes it 'for *substance* of doctrine;' or, if he is a layman, perhaps he does not believe it at all. What then, is his conclusion? why, he has friends who do believe it; and he does not wish to offend them. And so he goes on, listening to what he does not believe; outwardly acquiescing; inwardly remonstrating; the slave of fear or fashion, never daring, not once in his life daring, to speak out and openly the thought that is in him. Nay he sees men suffering under the weight of public reprobation, for the open espousal of the very opinion *he* holds, and he has never the generosity or manliness to say, '*I* think so too.' Nay, more; by the course he pursues, he is made to cast his stone, or he holds it in his hand at least, and lets another arm supply the force necessary to cast it, at the very men who are suffering a sort of martyrdom *for his own faith!*"

"I am not now advocating any particular opinions; I am only advocating a manly freedom in the expression of those opinions which a man does entertain. And, if those opinions are unpopular, I hold that, in this country (America) there is so much the more need of an open and independent expression of them. Look at the case most seriously, I beseech you. What is ever to correct the faults of society, if nobody lifts his voice against them; if everybody goes on openly doing what everybody privately complains of; if all shrink behind the faint-hearted apology, that it would be over bold in them to attempt any reform? What is to rebuke political, time-serving religious fanaticism or social folly, if no one has the independence to protest against them? Look at it in a larger view. What barrier is there against the universal despotism of public opinion in this country, but individual freedom? Who is to stand against

it here, but the possessor of that lofty independence? There is no king, no sultan, no noble, no privileged class, nobody else to stand against it. If you yield this point, if you are for ever making compromises, if all men do this, if the entire policy of private life here is to escape opposition and reproach, everything will be swept beneath the popular wave. There will be no individuality, no hardihood, no high and stern resolve, no self-subsistence, no fearless dignity, no glorious manhood of mind left among us. The holy heritage of our fathers' virtues will be trodden under foot by their unworthy children. *They* feared not to stand up against kings and nobles, and parliament and people. Better did they account it that their lonely bark should sweep the wide sea in freedom; happier were they when their sail swelled to the storm of winter, than to be slaves in palaces of ease. Sweeter to their ear was the music of the gale that shrieked in their broken cordage, than the voice at home that said, 'Submit, and you shall have rest.' And when they reached this wild shore, and built their altar, and knelt upon the frozen snow and the flinty rock to worship, they built their altar to freedom, to individual freedom, to freedom of conscience and opinion; and their noble prayer was, that their children might be thus free. Let their sons remember the prayer of their extremity, and the great bequest which their magnanimity has left us. Let them beware how they become entangled again in the yoke of bondage. Let the ministers at God's altar, let the guardians of the press, let all sober and thinking men, speak the thought that is in them. It is better to speak honest *error* than to suppress conscious truth. Smothered error is more dangerous than that which flames and burns out. But do I speak of danger? I know of but one thing safe in the universe, and that is truth; and I know of but one way to truth for an individual mind, and that is unfettered thought; and I know but one path for the multitude to truth, and that is, thought freely expressed. Make of truth itself an altar of slavery, and guard it about with a mysterious shrine, bind thought as a victim upon it, and let the passion of the prejudiced multitude minister fuel, and you sacrifice upon that accursed altar the hopes of the world."

JOHN LAW OF LAURISTON,

AND ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATED BUBBLE, KNOWN AS "THE MISSISIPPI SYSTEM*.

[Some account of the "Missisippi System," that surprising speculation which in the early part of the last century turned the heads of all the inhabitants of Paris; which converted the very streets into one vast Stock Exchange; which elevated footmen to fortune, and reduced millionaires to beggary, will we think be acceptable to our readers, and with this purpose we lay before them a short sketch of the remarkable man who first devised that gigantic undertaking, which, if suffered to remain under Mr. Law's management, instead of being seized upon by the despotic government of France, would in all probability have enriched the nation, instead of plunging it into bankruptcy.]

JOHN LAW was born at Edinburgh in the year 1671, his father William Law was great-grandson of James Law, archbishop of Glasgow from 1615 to 1632, and second son of James Law, of Brunton in Fife, by Margaret, daughter of Sir John Preston, of Preston Hall, Bart. William Law followed the profession of a goldsmith (a business then partaking more of the nature of a banker than that to which the name is now restricted) with such success as to enable him to purchase the lands of Lauriston and Randleston, containing about a hundred and eighty Scottish acres.

John Law, the subject of this memoir, was educated at Edinburgh, and made himself perfectly acquainted with arithmetic, geometry, and algebra. He likewise bestowed much time and labour in acquiring a knowledge of political economy.

He lost his father before he was fourteen, and falling into dissipated habits, he soon involved himself so deeply that by deed, dated 6 Feb. 1792, he conveyed the estate of Lauriston to his mother, who paid his debts, and by her prudent management freeing the estate from every burden, she executed entails in order to continue the property in the family.

In London, whither Mr. Law now removed, his superior personal beauty, ready wit, and engaging manners, aided by his propensity to deep play, procured him admittance into some of the first circles. He had the reputation of being extremely fortunate in affairs of gallantry. One of these was attended with disastrous consequences; a Mrs. Lawrence was the occasion of a quarrel between him and a Mr. Edward Wilson, which led to a meeting in Bloomsbury square, when Mr. Wilson was killed on the spot, on the 9th of April, 1694.

Mr. Law was immediately seized and tried for murder at the Old Bailey, and received sentence of death, 20th April, 1794. But it not clearly appearing that the meeting was premeditated, his case was submitted to the crown, and he obtained a pardon; but an appeal being lodged by deceased's brother, he was detained in prison. This appeal was heard in Trinity term, 1694; several objections were raised by Mr. Law which were overruled. But whilst this was pending, Mr. Law effected his escape and fled to the Continent. It is said that he officiated for some time as secretary to the British Resident in Holland, but the next certain information we have of him is at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when he published "Proposals and Reasons for constituting a Council of Trade" at Edinburgh; but the scheme met with no encouragement. This publication had the effect of introducing him to several of the principal personages of the country. Relying on their support, he offered in 1705 a scheme to Parliament for introducing the circulation of paper money in order to obviate the difficulties which Scotland was at that time labouring under, and he published another work, "Money and Trade considered, with a Proposal for supplying the Nation with Money," explanatory of his scheme; but although he was supported by the whole court party and that called the Squadrone, (a few monied men excepted,) yet his plan was rejected; the House passing a resolution "that to establish any kind of paper credit, so as to oblige it to pass, was an improper expedient for the nation*."

Mr. Law now resolved to try his fortune abroad, where he addicted himself to all sorts of games, and by his skill in calculation was astonishingly successful. He visited many of the principal cities in France, Germany, and Italy. He made three expeditions to Paris, where he associated with the highest circles, and on his first visit he gained an introduction to the Duc de Chartres, afterwards Duc d' Orleans and Regent of France; on his second visit, he proposed a scheme to the king, (through Desmarets, the comptroller general) for reducing the national debt, but Louis inquiring whether he was a catholic, and being answered in the negative, he declared he would have nothing to do with a heretic, and dismissed the scheme.

In 1714 Mr. Law visited Paris for the third time, bringing with him about £110,000, the profits of his various rambles. Louis XIV. dying shortly after Mr. Law's arrival at Paris, the Duc d' Orleans assumed the reins of government, under the title of Regent. He, being fully aware of Mr. Law's superior abilities, and their disposition with respect to pleasure coinciding, he shortly afterwards appointed that gentleman one of the counsellors of state.

The situation of affairs in France was at this time dreadful; the long wars of Louis had loaded the people with a national debt of frightful magnitude, and they were also burdened with ruinous taxes imposed to pay the interest of the debt. All industry was thus checked, trade almost annihilated, manufactures, commerce, and navigation, had almost ceased. The merchant and trader were reduced to beggary, and the artificer was compelled to leave the kingdom for want of employment.

In this state of affairs a national bankruptcy was actually proposed in council, but it was rejected by the regent, who adopted the plan of establishing a commission, or visa, to inquire into the claims of the state creditors.

By this commission the national debt was at last put into a kind of order, and the amount reduced to somewhat more than 2000 *millions* of livres, which at 28 livres to the marc of standard silver (two pounds sterling,) the then denomination of the specie in France, made above 142 *millions* sterling. Of this sum, 1750 millions of livres were established upon particular funds at the rate of 4 per cent, and for the remaining 250 millions the creditors obtained billets d'état as they were called, bearing also interest at 4 per cent, making altogether 80 millions of interest per annum, which from the distressed situation of the kingdom was very irregularly paid; and after doing that, there hardly remained, out of an ill-collected revenue, a sum sufficient to defray the necessary expense of the civil government.

Law, perceiving this calamitous state of affairs, determined to exert himself in order to rectify the evil. The most efficacious mode he judged to be, the establishment of a well-regulated

* Life of John Law of Lauriston, by John Philip Wood, Esq.

* Smollett mentions this circumstance, and adds, that Dr. Hugh Chamberlyne also proposed a scheme of the same nature, which was also rejected.

paper credit; but as this matter was little understood in France, he translated into the French his publication on Money and Trade, and explained its principles in a series of Letters addressed to the Duc d' Orleans, and in two Memorials presented to that prince. In these he strongly inculcates his favourite maxim that the power and prosperity of a state increase in proportion to the quantity of money circulating therein; and after asserting that even the richest nations have not specie sufficient to afford full employment to all their inhabitants, and to carry their trade to the height of which it is capable*, he expatiated on the advantages of paper credit for supplying that defect. In support of this proposition, he instances the vast benefits accruing to England and Holland from the banks of England and Amsterdam, and adduces a variety of arguments to prove that the setting up of an establishment of a similar nature, but on an improved plan, at Paris, would be accompanied with beneficial results.

Law now proposed to open a national bank, but his scheme was rejected, because the then present conjuncture was not thought favourable.

Law then requested permission to open a private bank in his house, in La Place de Louis le Grand. This bank was established by letters patent, dated 2nd and 20th May 1716, containing the following regulations:—

The stock of the bank to consist of 1200 actions or shares of 1000 crowns, or 5000 livres each; the denomination being then fixed by law, at 40 livres the marc, consequently each share was worth £250, and the whole stock £300,000 sterling.

All persons whatsoever to be at liberty to subscribe for as many shares as they pleased, and it was declared that the bank securities belonging to, as well as the money lodged in it, by foreigners, should not be subject to any confiscation or attachment whatsoever, even in case of war with the nations to which the proprietors respectively belonged.

All questions to be decided by vote.

The accounts to be balanced twice every year at stated periods.

Two general courts to be held yearly, in which the state of the company's affairs were to be discussed, and their dividends settled.

The treasurer never to have more than 200,000 crowns, nor any of the cashiers more than 20,000 in hand at a time.

The bank not to undertake any sort of commerce, nor to charge itself with the execution of any commissions.

The notes to be all payable at sight, and no money allowed to be borrowed by the bank.

Various other regulations of minor importance were added.

This association was carried on under the firm of The General Bank of Law & Co.; and Law and his brother William were the principal proprietors.

The bank opened under very favourable auspices, it being known that they enjoyed the favour of the regent, and a high idea of their stability was entertained from the discourse which Law unceasingly held, that a banker merited the punishment of death, if he issued notes or bills of exchange without having their effective value in his repositories. But what most attracted the public confidence, was the security their notes provided against the arbitrary practice of varying the standard of the coin at the will of the monarch; an unjustifiable measure frequently put in execution by the French government, to the infinite prejudice of debtors and creditors, particularly at the general coinages in 1709 and 1716, by the former of which the king gained $23\frac{1}{18}$ per cent, and by the latter 20 per cent upon the whole specie of the kingdom. The terms in which the notes of the general bank were couched, viz:—"The Bank promises to pay to the Bearer, at sight, the sum of — crowns, in coin of the weight and standard of this day, (of the date of each note,) value received," effectually guarded against this contingency. On this account, as well as from the quickness and punctuality of the payments, and the orders given to the officers of the revenue in all parts of the kingdom to receive the paper without discount, in payment of taxes, the notes of the general bank soon passed current for 1 per cent more than the coin itself. This bank produced the most beneficial results on the industry and trade of the nation; the taxes and royal revenues being by means of the notes remitted to the capital at little expense, and without draining the country of specie. Foreigners who had hitherto been very cautious of dealing with the French, now began to interest themselves deeply in this new bank, so that the balance of exchange with England and Holland soon rose to the rate of 4 and 5 per cent in favour of Paris. The bank subsisted in high credit, to the no small profit of the proprietors, till the close of the year 1718, when the Duke of Orleans took it into the hands of government, as at first proposed. The proprietors petitioned to be allowed to continue the general bank at the same time that the royal bank should be set on foot, but their request was refused.

Thus the bank, being placed in the king's hands, departed from the principles of private and mercantile credit upon which Mr. Law had originally fixed it, and proceeded upon those of public credit, which in an absolute monarchy is no other than that of the sovereign, and consequently cannot be depended upon. To add to the evil, the tenor of the notes was changed, and ran thus:—"The Bank promises to pay the Bearer at sight —livres in silver coin, value received," thus subjecting the notes to the variations in the value of specie. It had, however, no effect on the credit of the bank. Of these notes* there were to the amount of 1000 millions of livres fabricated betwixt the 5th Jan. and 29th Dec. 1719. In Feb. 1720, the royal bank was incorporated with the company of the Indies; and from that incorporation to the 1st May following, 1,696,400,000 livres were fabricated, making altogether 2,696,400,000 livres in paper money, of which vast sum, 2,235,083,590 livres were in circulation on the 29th May 1720, when the bank stopped payment.

After the establishment of the general bank, Mr. Law began to lay open the plan of that great and stupendous project he had long meditated, known by the name of the Mississippi System, which for a while turned the heads of the French, and attracted the attention of all Europe. The scheme was no less than the vesting of the whole privileges, effects, and possessions, of all the foreign trading companies, the great farms, the mint, the general receipt of the king's revenues, and the management and property of the bank, in one great company, who, thus having in their hands all the trade, taxes, and royal revenues, might be enabled to multiply the notes of the bank to any extent they pleased, doubling, or even trebling at will the circulating cash of the kingdom, and by the immensity of their funds possessed of a power to carry the foreign trade and the culture of the colonies to a height altogether impracticable by any other means. The outlines of this plan, being laid before the regent, met, it would seem, with the approbation of that prince, as measures were taken for the establishment of the proposed company, and directions issued for making the requisite grants to enable them to commence their operations.

In a future Number, we will proceed to trace the progress of this extraordinary scheme, which in the end caused so much mischief and misery.

* Another of Law's arguments was that gold merely received its value from being employed as a circulating medium, and that in effect it was indifferent whether gold or paper is employed, forgetting that gold has an intrinsic value.—*Cours d'Economie Politique de M. Henri Storch. Paris*, 1823.

* The notes were of four different denominations, viz:—10,000, 1000, 100, and 10 livres.

LAUDABLE CURIOSITY OF A PERSIAN GOVERNOR.

Mr. Fraser, in his narrative of his travels in Khorasan in 1821 and 1822, tells us that he visited the governor of Shahrood, a Persian frontier town, not far from Astrabad, on the shores of the Caspian sea. "He received me with much kindness in his dewan-khaneh, a comfortable warm room, where he entertained me with tea and fruit, and held a long conversation with me on a variety of subjects. He was very inquisitive on the subject of Europe, and of England in particular, imagining, however, what I found was a common mistake even amongst the best-informed people, that England was but a city of Feringheestan or Europe. He put many questions about America (*yengee dunia*, or the *new world*) and India, and wished to know what sort of inhabitants the former had, whether they were Mahometans or Christians; how they lived, what were their habits and customs, of what description was the country, and its productions. Of the latter he made inquiry as to the extent of territory in the English possession; and whether any, and how much, remained to the native powers. I discovered that he, in common with most of his countrymen, had taken up the idea that the British had gone to India with the premeditated intention of conquering the country; so, as the best mode of combating this impression, I gave, as well as I could, a short account of the rise and progress of the British power in India, showing, as I proceeded, that we had been *forced* into the measures by which we had acquired territorial possessions in India, instead of voluntarily adopting them."

KEEP BEES.

A HINT TO THE LADIES.

We once read a story of a certain Bishop in France, who, in the course of a progress he made for the purpose of visiting the clergy of his diocese, met with complaints from the incumbents, of the inadequacy of their emoluments, complaints too well borne out by the poverty and wretchedness displayed in the appearance of themselves and their residences. The good bishop pursued his journey in melancholy mood, meditating schemes by which he hoped to make the condition of the parochial clergy more comfortable and independent. At length he arrived at a very poor and retired village, and with a heavy heart he repaired to the Curé's house, fully prepared to hear the usual string of grievances, and to behold the usual wretchedness. He was astonished at beholding the house well thatched and neatly white-washed, the rails perfect and fresh painted, and everything about the place indicating plenty and prosperity. Entering the house, instead of the half-starved looks and querulous complaints he had been accustomed to, he encountered the master of the humble mansion, who, with a gratified and respectful air, entreated his lordship to partake of a neat and rural repast, already prepared for him. Much wondering at all that he beheld, the Bishop complied, and, dismissing all his train save one or two more confidential attendants, seated himself at the hospitable board of the Curé. After an agreeable meal, enlivened with the pleasant and sensible remarks of the host, and crowned with a bottle or two of *vin de pays*, the Bishop began to inquire into the revenues of the benefice, and was astonished on learning that they scarcely equalled those of the very poorest he had yet visited. He could not conceal his surprise, and begged his host to inform him how it was that plenty and comfort were displayed in a station in which he had hitherto met only poverty and wretchedness. The Curé smiled: "If your lordship will accompany me to the garden," said he, "I will explain the mystery." They all arose, and following the steps of their host, reached a small piece of ground behind the house, similar in size to that attached to most of the Curés' houses they had visited, but which they expected to find, as usual, filled with cabbage-stumps. They found a garden perfumed with flowers, and sweet-breathing herbs, and at the further end a well-stocked and thriving apiary. "Behold," said the good Curé, "behold my riches! The emoluments of my office are small, and the poverty of my flock induces me to forego many of my dues, small though they be; the produce of my hives, however, supplies all my wants, and in the contemplation of the labours of my bees, each helping each with unwearying industry, and in the consideration of their foresight in laying up a store in the days of sunshine, for those of storm which all must expect, I draw lessons of wisdom which I trust have not been wholly useless to those whose souls are placed in my charge."—The bishop continued his journey, but when next he was assailed by complaints of want and poverty; his reply was laconic—"Keep bees, keep bees."

And thus we would say to all our readers who possess even a small garden, where that is not too far distant from other gardens and the open fields, and such situations are frequent even in the suburbs of this great city,—"Keep bees, keep bees." Honey is sold by retail at 2*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* 6*d.* per pound, and often at much higher prices. Wax is proportionately dear. By far the greatest part of what is consumed in England is not of native production. Why should this be? Bees cost nothing, when properly managed, beyond the first cost of a stock and a hive; an expense which is sure to be repaid in the first year. We are convinced that nothing but a more extended knowledge of a method of keeping bees profitably, and with little trouble, is needed to make an apiary a universal appendage to a garden.

The attention bestowed by natural philosophers, especially the celebrated Huber, to the habits and economy of bees, led to many plans for their better management. One of the great objects to be attained was a mode of taking the honey without destroying the bees; and a variety of hives, some piled on one another, some placed side by side, have from time to time been invented; but perfect success was never attained by any of the ingenious experimenters, until Mr. Nutt produced his ventilating hives, specimens of which are exhibited at the Adelaide Gallery, in the Strand.

To Mr. Nutt we are indebted for the discovery of the method by which bees may be prevented from swarming; a discovery which at once removed the great obstacle in the way of extended bee-keeping, especially in the neighbourhood of cities. It appears that heat alone is the cause of that occurrence, and hence Mr. Nutt justly conceived that it was only necessary to provide means for reducing the temperature of the hive, and his object would be obtained. With this view he constructed a hive consisting of three boxes, the centre one fixed and never disturbed, the others, one placed on each side, moveable, and intended for the storing of honey. The side boxes have communications with the centre, which by means of slides can be opened or closed at pleasure, thus giving the bees a new apartment, and reducing the heat of the centre box; further means of ventilation are afforded by drawers beneath the hives, which can be wholly removed, or partly opened, as may be necessary. With these hives Mr. Nutt perfectly succeeded in preventing swarming, and in procuring large quantities of honey in a very pure state, free from bee-bread, pupæ, and all other impurities. The combs deposited in the side boxes, and in a bell-glass placed on the top of the centre box, are all filled with pure honey; whilst those taken from common hives, are partly occupied by young bees, and the food prepared for them, and it is extremely difficult to prevent some extraneous matter from mingling with the honey.

But our readers may probably say, this sounds exceedingly fine; but how is it that the bees do not increase so much in numbers as to fill all the boxes? What becomes of the new queens who would have led out the swarms? Oh, wonderful are the arrangements of nature! It is a fact that their numbers will not be increased if their dwelling be properly ventilated, and if any supernumerary queens or bees are hatched, they will be destroyed. The time of the bees will not be taken up with providing food for the young brood, as in hives from which a swarm has been thrown off; but as the bees are never idle, all their labours will be given to the production of wax and honey, and these in the course of a fine summer will be carried to such an extent, as to provide an astonishing quantity for the bee-master, after leaving his little labourers an ample supply for themselves during the winter. Mr. Nutt, in a volume he published, now some years ago, descriptive of his hive, relates a very curious experiment he made to satisfy himself upon the subject of swarming. It appears to be a fact, that as the pupæ of young queens advance towards maturity, the heat of the hive rapidly increases, from some cause which has never yet been clearly ascertained. Finding this to be the case in one of his hives, the thermometer in the side box, which had been at 110° for six days, rising rapidly on the eighth day to 120°, Mr. Nutt determined to permit the bees to swarm, which they did the

next day, and were followed and hived in the usual manner. That night, at ten o'clock, he shook the swarm out of their hive upon a white cloth, placed close to the old hive, and having secured the queen, removed her. The bees, missing their queen, began to be uneasy, and to rouse from the torpor of sleep, but being within reach of the *odour* of the old hive, gradually returned to it. The hive, which sunk to 90° when the swarm left, had since been ventilated and reduced to 65°. In the morning Mr. Nutt placed the queen on the front board, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was another queen in the hive, as in that case the old one would have been destroyed, the bees never suffering two to exist together; she was received with joy by her subjects, a manifest proof that the swarm had been led out by an old queen, and not, as some suppose to be invariably the case, by a young one. A great part of the stock had followed her, leaving the rest to remain without a queen, until the pupa in the royal cell should attain maturity. Mr. Nutt thus concludes his tale: "During nine days after the swarm had been returned to the parent stock, the thermometer continued to rise until it reached the temperature of 90° within the collateral box; and on the tenth day, at five o'clock in the morning, I viewed with pleasure the extraordinary fact I had been endeavouring to ascertain;—two royal nymphs were left dead on the alighting board of the principal entrance to the hive. This circumstance alone convinced me that no more swarming would take place. On the third day afterwards the bees commenced the destruction of the drones, which is another corroborating proof. *That colony has never swarmed since first I discovered the use of ventilation.* And on minutely attending to the movements of this colony, it was common to see royal brood of different ages lying dead upon the alighting-board."

We must now turn from Mr. Nutt to what we chiefly had in view when we began this article, "the ladies' safety hive;" but we must not part with him without recommending his book (which, although somewhat tedious, is full of curious *facts*,) to the attentive study of all bee-masters.

Mr. Bagster, a gentleman, residing at Shepherd's Bush, has invented an entirely new description of hive, by means of which the management of bees is rendered so easy, and free from all danger, as to make it a task peculiarly fitted for females, who, in all the former modes, have frequently been deterred from attempting to take any share in an employment so very full of interest to all who delight in the observation of the workings of nature. We shall take the liberty of transcribing a few passages from the little book Mr. Bagster has published, descriptive not only of his own hive, but of all the others in use, and containing very full instructions for the proper management of bees; in short, a complete bee-master's manual.

"Having the happiness," says he, "of dividing the joys and sorrows of life with one in whom, in the words of Solomon, 'the heart of her husband doth safely trust,' for 'she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness,' I felt it was my pleasure to save her as much annoyance as possible, while pursuing her daily avocations. Bees claimed a great share of my individual attention; but the constant fear of being stung, or not managing the bees correctly, so strongly influenced my partner, that she confessed her fear, and begged to decline the duty, unless something could be done to find bees without stings, or hives that could be so worked as to take away fear in management.

"Another circumstance suggested to me the idea of making a hive which, in bad seasons, or in second-rate situations, might be made available to the wants of the bees, without overpowering their energies by *too much* room. At Shepherd's Bush, where I reside, the season for collecting honey is very short. The village is principally surrounded by cow-pastures, which are cut very early for hay, that the cows may get the earliest advantage of the grass; it therefore became necessary for me to adopt some plan by which I might give my little labourers a small portion of room for the supply of their immediate wants, and have the means of increasing according to circumstances. Such were the inducements to thought; and I trust my fair countrywomen will do me the justice to say, if they do not approve of the hive, and put the plan into operation themselves, that, at least, I have done what I could to smooth some of the hindrances to this study, under the best feeling of a married life—a persevering endeavour to please my wife."

We will now attempt a description of the hive itself, which is not very easily done without the aid of the figures given by Mr. Bagster, especially as he does not give the measurement of each division. It is constructed of wood, and consists of a central chamber, about twelve inches in width and height, and fifteen inches from front to back; on each side of this central box four smaller ones are placed, two at bottom and two forming an upper story: the whole is covered with a sloping roof projecting two inches, and affording an effectual shelter from the rain; this roof, rising to a peak, leaves a sort of attic chamber over the central one. Two windows of a somewhat oval shape are fixed in the front, and two in the back of the central apartment, and one in each of the side apartments, each furnished with a shutter "pushed in like a pot-lid." In front of the centre box is an opening for the passage of the bees, and an alighting-board, and each of the other compartments is furnished with the same at the side. There is a communication between the central chamber and each of the side compartments, which can be opened or shut at pleasure by means of a slide. The attic affords space for the introduction of bell-glasses, which are placed over holes in the top of the centre box, at other times closed with corks. When a hive is to be stocked, the front of the centre box is unscrewed and the comb and bees introduced; the front is then screwed on, and this box is never again meddled with, but left entirely to the bees. When this apartment becomes too full and hot, symptoms will soon be manifested by the bees, who may be observed in lines agitating the air and ventilating the hive themselves by a rapid and constant motion of their wings; they will probably show some inclination to cluster together outside; the bee-master then gives them immediate relief by opening the communication between one of the side apartments and the central box, the outer door being closed, or by putting on a glass, and the bees will soon fill the vacant space with pure wax and honey, the breeding-cells being entirely confined to the central division.

The honey is taken in the following manner. "The deprivation may be performed at any time when the boxes are full. If it be determined to take honey on any particular day, an arduous duty in most hives, little or no care is required in this. The day before you intend to have a share of the honey, with a stiff wire close the slide of your honey-box; this manœuvre will make many bees captives, and cut off their retreat to the queen, and of course they cannot get out through the closed door. What is to be done in such a case? Use the wonderful instinct of the bees to effect your purpose; open the little outward door of the room, about one hour *before* dusk, and all your prisoners will rush round to the front of the hive to the queen, with an

alacrity that is amazing. *After* dusk close the outward door again, and you may take your friends to your hive the following day to see you deprive it of its honey without any fear of molestation."

We have pointed out some of the advantages attending the keeping of bees, and now that their management is rendered so safe and easy, we hope to see the practice much extended. Every pound of wax and honey produced is a positive increase of the riches of the country. Something is obtained where there was nothing before. It is not within our scope to enter minutely into the subject, but we must content ourselves with recommending every one who determines on keeping bees to procure and study both Mr. Nutt's and Mr. Bagster's books, before he begins; and having done this, there can be no fear of his or *her* perfect success; and if what we have said shall lead but to one such resolution, our object will be obtained, and something will be done for the general good of the community.

A VOYAGE ON THE NILE.

I have heard all manners of opinions expressed in regard to a voyage on the Nile; and may be allowed, perhaps, to give my own. I have no hesitation in saying that, with a friend, a good boat, well fitted up, books, guns, plenty of time, and a cook like Michel, a voyage on the Nile would exceed any travelling within my experience. The perfect freedom from all restraint, and from the conventional trammels of civilized society, forms an episode in a man's life that is vastly agreeable and exciting. Think of not shaving for two months, of washing your shirts in the Nile, and wearing them without being ironed! True, these things are not absolutely necessary; but who would go to Egypt to travel as he does in Europe? "Away with all fantasies and fetters," is the motto of the tourist. We throw aside pretty much everything except our pantaloons; and a generous rivalry in long beards and soiled linen is kept up with exceeding spirit. You may go ashore whenever you like, and stroll through the little villages and be stared at by the Arabs, or walk along the banks of the river till darkness covers the earth; shooting pigeons and sometimes pheasants and hares, besides the odd shots from the deck of your boat at geese, crocodiles, and pelicans. And then it is so ridiculously cheap an amusement! You get your boat with ten men for thirty or forty dollars a month, fowls for three piastres (about a shilling) a pair, a sheep for a half or three quarters of a dollar, and eggs almost for the asking. You sail under your own country's banner; and, when you walk along the river, if the Arabs look particularly black and truculent, you proudly feel there is safety in its folds. From time to time you hear that a French or English flag has passed so many days before you, and you meet your fellow-voyagers with a freedom and cordiality which exist nowhere but on the Nile.

These are the little every day items in the voyage, without referring to the objects which are the traveller's principal inducements and rewards, the ruined cities on its banks, the mighty temples and tombs, and all the wonderful monuments of Egypt's departed greatness: of them I will barely say, that their great antiquity, the mystery that overhangs them, and their extraordinary preservation amid the surrounding desolation, make Egypt perhaps the most interesting country in the world. In the words of Sir T. Browne, "Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphinx, and looketh into Memphis and old Thebes, while his sister Oblivion reclineth semi-somnious on a pyramid gloriously triumphing and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he passeth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her who buildeth them, and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not."

It is now more than three thousand years since the curse went forth against the land of Egypt. The Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Arabian, the Georgian, the Circassian, and the Ottoman Turk, have successively trodden it down and trampled upon it; for thirty centuries the foot of a stranger has been upon the necks of her inhabitants; and in bidding farewell to this once-favoured land, now lying in the most abject degradation and misery, groaning under the iron rod of a tyrant and a stranger, I cannot help recurring to the inspired words, the doom of prophecy: "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms, neither shall it exalt itself any more among the nations, and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."—*Stephens' Incidents of Travel.*

OLD RULES IN ARITHMETIC.

The following rules in arithmetic, from an old book, though more curious than useful, may amuse those who like such exercises.

1. To multiply numbers between 5 and 10.—Call one of the factors tens, and from the result subtract the product of that factor by the difference of the other factor from ten. Example: to multiply 8 into 9, subtract from 90 the product of 9 by 2, there remains 72; or add the factors together, and call the excess above 10, tens; multiply together the two differences of the factors from 10, and add the product to the former number. Example: to multiply 8 by 7, add to 50 the product of 2 into 3.

2. To multiply units into numbers between units and 20.—Add the two factors together, call the difference of the sum from 0, tens; from this result subtract the product of the difference of the simple number from 10, and of the compound number from 10. Example: to multiply 6 by 14, subtract from 120 the product of 2 into 4.

3. To multiply together numbers between 10 and 20.—Add the units of one factor to the other factor, and call the sum tens; add to this the product of the units into the units. Example: to multiply 12 into 13, add 6 to 150.

4. To multiply numbers between 10 and 20 into compound numbers between 20 and 100.—Multiply the units of the smaller by the tens of the greater, add the product to the greater number, and call the sum tens; add to it the product of the units in both numbers. Example: to multiply 12 into 26, add 4 to 26, and call 30 tens, then add to it twice 6, and it is 312.

5. To multiply numbers between 20 and 200, where the digits in the place of tens are the same.—Add the units of one factor to the other, and multiply the sum by the tens; call the product tens, and add to it the product of the units multiplied by the units. Example: to multiply 23 by 25, multiply 26 by 2; call the product 56 tens, finish the operation, and 575 is obtained.

6. To multiply numbers between 10 and 100, where the digits in the place of tens are different.—Multiply the tens of the smaller number into the larger number; add to the result the product of the units of the smaller number into the tens of the greater; call the sum tens; add to this the product of the units into the units. Example: to multiply 23 into 34, add 9 to 68, and 12 to 770.

7. To multiply two unequal numbers, half the sum of which is simple.—Take the sum of the two, and multiply half of it into itself; from this product subtract the square of half the difference of the two numbers. Example: to multiply 24 by 36, from 900 subtract the square of half the difference of the numbers, that is 36, there remains 864.

BENTHAM'S BEQUEST.

Jeremy Bentham, with a real love of science, bequeathed his body to his friend Dr. Southwood Smith, a kindred spirit and a highly gifted and philosophical writer; and the worthy Doctor took the best possible way of honouring the glorious old philosopher. He had the head, with all the integuments, preserved after the manner of the South Sea Islanders; and he employed a skilful artist to model the face and head, (in a composition), so as to obtain an exact likeness, and to make it resemble the living man. This the artist has succeeded in; the features are placid and reflective, and beam with the purest benevolence and philanthropy, such as once animated the original; and what adds to the illusion is, that Bentham's own hair is fixed on that modelled likeness. It is white and long, and of a particular fine texture, and hangs most gracefully over the shoulders of the divine old man. This work of art is affixed to the real skeleton, which is dressed in the last suit of clothes worn by this illustrious philosopher, and they are stuffed out so as to fill them, and he is placed in a sitting posture, resting the right hand on a stick, and the left hand in a natural and easy posture on his left knee. And to give a finish to the whole, his broad brim hat is placed on his head, just as he was wont to sit on a bench in the Temple Gardens, contemplating some of those truths which only now begin to be appreciated. A plain, solid, richly-coloured Spanish mahogany cabinet incloses the rich relic of one of Nature's genuine nobility, and we gaze on the face of this political prophet through the large plate glass, which is so placed that the light falls on his features, and an observer is almost tempted to speak to him; a pair of folding doors secure the glass from any injury, and exclude the light when there is not a visitor.—*Letter in Sheffield Iris.*

THE MAGNETIZER OUTWITTED.

The Paris Gazette des Tribunaux relates that an ex-jeweller and amateur of magnetism, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in a suburban villa, at Passy, was lately visited by a young somnambulist calling himself a painter by profession, and who assured him that he had the happiest natural dispositions for the science of the famous Mesmer; that when under the influence of a magnetic fit he could see like a cat in the dark, and that in that state it frequently occurred to him to commence and finish a painting in a single sitting. The delighted magnetizer opened his eyes to their full extent, and appointed the next day for the young stranger to come to his house at Passy and "give a taste of his quality" in the united capacities of somnambulist and painter. Punctual to the hour, the young man arrived with his canvas, pallet, and brushes, and was ushered into the amateur's private cabinet, from which every ray of light was carefully excluded to facilitate the scientific purpose for which it was destined. The painter had stipulated as a *sine qua non* that when the fit was on him he should be left completely alone in the cabinet, as on such occasions the presence of another person invariably disturbed his attention, and detracted from the merits of his performance as a limner. The necessary disposition having been made, and the fit of somnambulism having been produced to the heart's content of the magnetizer, the latter according to his convention quitted the cabinet, and, turning the key upon the sleeper, left him undisturbed to his operations. At the expiration of about an hour the amateur magnetizer returned, and was met at the door of his cabinet by the young man, who was now perfectly awake, and displayed to his enraptured view an exquisitely painted landscape, the produce of his ecstatic fit! After making a present of this charming production to his delighted host, the young somnambulist took his leave with a promise to return the next day, and repeat the experiment which had been crowned with such complete success. Some three quarters of an hour afterwards the jeweller had some business in his cabinet, into which he admitted a little light, and to his utter stupefaction found that the lock of his secretary had been forced open, and two thousand five hundred francs, in silver and bank notes, with other objects of value, were extracted from the drawers by the clear-sighted somnambulist. He had brought a painting with him, covered with a couche of white lead, over which, when left to himself, he had passed a wet sponge—an expedient to which a large white spot on the floor bore ample testimony. The police were immediately informed of the circumstances of the robbery, the perpetrator of which, however, has for the present baffled their pursuit.

A HIGHWAYMAN OUTWITTED.

"Stand and deliver," were the words addressed to a tailor travelling on foot, by a highwayman, whose brace of pistols looked rather dangerous than otherwise. "I'll do that with pleasure," was the reply, at the same time handing over to the outstretched hands of the robber, a purse apparently pretty well stocked; "but," continued he, "suppose you do me a favour in return. My friends would laugh at me were I to go home and tell them I was robbed with as much patience as a lamb; s'pose you fire your two bulldogs right through the crown of my hat; it will look something like a show of resistance." His request was acceded to; but hardly had the smoke from the discharge of the weapons passed away, when the tailor pulled out a rusty old horse-pistol, and in his turn politely requested the thunder-struck highwayman to shell out everything of value, his pistols not excepted, about him.—*Old newspaper.*

ETERNITY.

The following beautiful answer was given to the question, "What is eternity?" by a pupil of the Deaf and Dumb School at Paris:—"The lifetime of the Almighty."

A GREAT BOOK A GREAT EVIL.

Myles Davies says, "The smallness of a book was always its recommendation; as, on the contrary, the largeness of a book is its own disadvantage, as well as terror of learning. In short, a big book is a scarecrow to the head and pocket of the author, student, buyer, and seller, as well as a harbour of ignorance."

DEATH.

There is nothing more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than the time of dying. I will therefore be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, must come at one time or another. I shall not hasten my death by being still ready, but sweeten it. It makes me not die the sooner, but the better.—*Warwick's Spare Minutes.*

PRIDE AND VANITY.

Proud people deceive themselves; vain people attempt to deceive others, even when they are not themselves deceived.—*Sir Egerton Brydges.*

SLEEP OF PLANTS.

Alsine, or chickweed, affords a remarkable instance of the sleep of plants; for every night the leaves approach in pairs so as to include with their upper surfaces the tender rudiments of the new shoots; and the uppermost pair but one at the end of the stalk are furnished with longer leaf-stalks than the others, so that they can close upon the terminating pair, and protect the end of the branch.

WAR.

Our first parent died without making a will, and his children forthwith came to blows, in order to possess themselves of his property; and ever since, disputes have always been settled by violence and war, and always will be, as long as there are states and kingdoms and people.

MISERIES OF INDOLENCE.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or calling which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness, who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves. They are a burden to themselves.

WISDOM AND COURAGE.

As knowledge, without justice, ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom, so, a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerness, and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity rather than of courage.—*Plato.*

REVENGE OR FORGIVENESS, WHICH IS THE MOST NOBLE?

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; in passing it over, he is his superior.—*Bacon.*

SEA-BATHING FOR INVALIDS.

Horne Tooke ridiculed this practice, and said if any of the seal species were sick, it would be just as wise for a fish-physician to order them to go ashore. Porson declared that sea-bathing was only reckoned healthy, because many persons have been known to survive it. But Sheridan's objection to salt water was the most quaint: "Pickles," he said, "don't agree with me."

AN APT RETORT.

In one of the latest days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. "The Frenchman," it was observed, "delights himself with the present; the Englishman makes himself anxious about the future. Is not the Frenchman the *wiser?*" "He may be the *merrier*," said Fox; "but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a *mirror* in preference to a *telescope?*"

FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.

When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.—*Warwick's Spare Minutes.*

HE LOVETH WHOM HE CHASTENETH.

Lady Errol said she did not use force or fear in educating her children.—Johnson. This is wrong. I would rather have the rod to be the general terror to all to make them learn than tell a child, "If you do thus or thus you will be most esteemed than your brother or sisters;" a child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task and there's an end on't; whereas by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation for lasting mischief—you make brothers and sisters hate each other.—*Boswell's Johnson.*

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

A portrait painter, entirely without business, was advised by somebody to paint a likeness of himself and wife, sitting under a tree, and hang it up that people may judge of his skill. He did so. One day his father-in-law came into the shop and spied the new picture. "Pray, son-in-law, who is this woman you have painted here?" "Why, sir, 'tis your fair daughter." "What!" said the father with some indignation, "do you paint my daughter sitting abroad with a *stranger?*"—*Chinese Jests.*

THE PRODUCTION OF VALUABLE MATTER FROM THE MOST WORTHLESS MATERIALS.

Instances of the production of valuable matter, from the most worthless materials, are constantly occurring. The skins used by the gold-beaters are produced from the offal of animals. The hoofs of horses and cattle, and other horny refuse, are employed in the production of the prussate of potash, that beautiful yellow crystallised salt, which is exhibited in the shops of some of our chemists. The worn-out saucepans and tin-ware of our kitchens, when beyond the reach of the tinker's art, are not utterly worthless. We sometimes meet carts loaded with old tin kettles and iron coal-scuttles, traversing our streets. These have not yet completed their useful course; the less corroded parts are cut into strips, punched with small holes, and varnished with a coarse black varnish, for the use of the trunk-maker, who protects the edges and angles of his boxes with them; the remainder are conveyed to the manufacturing chemists in the outskirts of the town, who employ them, in conjunction with pyroligneous acid, in making a black dye for the use of calico printers.—*Encyclopædia Britannica, art.* "*Manufacture.*"

AN "EXTRAORDINARY FAVOUR."

The following extract is taken from *The London Journal* of June 3, 1721, a weekly paper, published in the city, for 1½d.

"The accounts from Madrid mention that at a tribunal of the Inquisition lately held there, they passed sentence upon eighteen persons. Four women were convicted of witchcraft, and the rest of Judaism. One man and one woman were burnt alive for persisting in their opinion, but two men and four women had *the extraordinary favour* of being first strangled and afterwards burnt."

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HARMONY OF SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY.

A VESSEL at sea, pursuing its way across the ocean, is, to its passengers and crew, a great and important *fact*. At a distance a speck appears on the horizon; the practised eye of the sailor recognises it as another *fact*, but the passengers are, some doubtful, and some indifferent. Gradually the speck increases in volume; masts, sails, and hull, are visible; it is another vessel, and it is bearing right down upon them. "There is danger of a collision, is there not?" eagerly asks a passenger, and the man at the wheel drily replies that there is. The danger becomes more evident and imminent, and the most indifferent become interested. But, at a distance near enough to be perfectly safe, the two vessels cross each other's paths, and the most timid passenger now perceives that the object of his alarm is not an enemy nor a rival, but a friend, bound to the same port with himself, though sailing on a different tack.

New truths in science, when they first appear on the mental horizon, have thus often an ominous aspect to recognised and established opinions. Like the comet, that in 1835 crossed the orbit of the earth within a short period of the earth's arriving at the same point, there seems to be great danger of a contact fatal to the one or the other, or perhaps to both. Experienced minds smile at what they call the foolishness or absurdity of the apprehension of danger; strong minds, or fool-hardy ones, often needlessly provoke the general feeling by their contemptuous or reckless expression of what seems at least paradoxical; and timid but honest minds, in their anxiety to make peace between apparently opposing systems, frequently frame hypotheses which are torn to pieces when stretched upon facts. Meantime the truths themselves are making their own way, and at last, like two lines forming an acute angle, they meet in a point.

The harmony of Scripture and Geology is still in a progressive state. The Bible stands upon its own evidence, like a lighthouse upon a rock, which no storms can overthrow. Geology has also a firm basis; its elementary truths are as incontestibly established as any great fact in natural science. Wherever, therefore, there appears any discrepancy between the Bible and Geology, we may rest assured that the discrepancy is not with the truths themselves, but in our interpretations of them. The case of Galileo is often quoted as an example, a memorable example, of the intolerance of ignorance. There can be no doubt that many minds most honestly dreaded the new truths in astronomy, and cordially acquiesced in the judgment of the inquisitors, who pronounced, "To affirm that the sun is in the centre, absolutely immovable, and without locomotion, is an absurd proposition, false in sound philosophy, and moreover heretical, because it is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture. To say that the earth is not placed in the middle of the world, nor immovable, is also a proposition absurd and false in sound philosophy; and, considered theologically, is at least erroneous with respect to faith." We can now afford to smile at this—but would we have done so in the days of Galileo?

The first great fact in geology (the word geology is derived from two Greek words, signifying a discourse or description of the structure of the earth) is now received as a truth by all men of all parties. This truth is, that the earth was in existence, ages, perhaps myriads of ages, before the creation of man. Turning to the first chapter of Genesis, we find there nothing to contradict this. "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." It is a simple announcement of a great fact. "It does not," says Dr. Pye Smith, "tell us *when* the beginning was; it assures us that at a point in duration past which we cannot ascertain, that point in infinite duration which to the wisdom of the great God seemed best, he was pleased to unfold the majesty of his attributes, and to give existence to a dependent world." "In that remote period," says Professor Silliman, (an American, whose name as a Christian and a man of science is known and honoured in Britain,)—"of which he who recorded the fact probably knew not the date—*In the beginning* God created the heavens and the earth, and established the physical laws, the ordinances of heaven, by which the material world was to be governed."

Admitting, then, that the first verse of Genesis simply affirms God to be the Creator, without reference to the *time* of creation, how do we get at the fact of the existence of the earth long prior to the existence of man? The following is one of Professor Silliman's illustrations, in answer to this question. "When, in 1738, the workmen, in excavating a well, struck upon the theatre of Herculaneum, which had reposed, for seventeen centuries, beneath the lava of Vesuvius,—when, subsequently, (1750,) Pompeii was disencumbered of its volcanic ashes and cinders, and thus two cities were brought to light: had history been quite silent respecting their existence, as it was respecting their destruction*, would not all observers say, (and have not all actually said)—here are the works of man, his temples, his forums, his amphitheatres, his tombs, his shops of traffic and of arts, his houses, furniture, pictures, and personal ornaments, his streets with their pavements, and wheel-marks worn in the solid stone, his coins, his grinding mills, his very wine and food, his dungeons, with skeletons of the prisoners chained in their awful solitudes, and here and there a victim, who, although at liberty, was overtaken by the fiery storm?

"Because the soil had formed, and grass and trees had grown, and successive generations of men had unconsciously walked, toiled, or built their houses, over the entombed cities; and because they were covered with lava or cinders,—does any one hesitate to admit, that they were once real cities, that they stood upon what was then the upper surface, that their streets once rang with the noise of business, and their halls and theatres with the voice of pleasure; and that in an evil hour they were overwhelmed by the eruptions of Vesuvius, and their name and place blotted out from the earth and forgotten?

"All this is legibly read by every observer, and all agree in the conclusions to be drawn. When, moreover, the traveller of the present day sees the cracks in the walls of the houses of Pompeii, and observes that some of them have been thrown out of the perpendicular, and have been painted and plastered, and

* In the histories of those times, it is only said, in general terms, that cities and villages were overwhelmed.

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shored up with props, he learns that the fatal convulsion was not the first, and that the doomed towns must have been before shaken on their foundations, by the throes of the labouring earth.

"To establish all this, it is of no decisive importance that scholars have gleaned, here and there, a fragment from ancient Roman classics, to show that such cities once existed; and that they were probably overthrown by the eruption of the year 79 of the Christian era, which gave occasion for the interesting letter of the younger Pliny, describing the death of his uncle, while observing the volcanic storm which proved fatal to him. In such cases, the coincidences of historical and other writings, and the gleanings of tradition, are indeed valuable, and gratifying, and are of great utility in fixing not only the order but the time of the events: but the nature of the catastrophe which buried the devoted cities, is perfectly intelligible from the appearances themselves, and needs no historical confirmation."

Apply this illustration to the question of the existence of the earth before the creation of man. The materials of the crust of the earth, and the manner in which these materials are disposed, indicate events which could not have happened since man was created. The external surface of our planet is "full of crystals and crystallised rocks; it is replete with the entombed remains of animals and vegetables, from entire trees to lichens, fuci, and ferns—from coal-beds to mere impressions of plants; it is stored with animals, from the minutest shell-fish to gigantic reptiles; it is chequered with fragments, from fine sand to enormous blocks of stone; it exhibits, in the materials of its solid strata, every degree of attrition, from the slightest abrasion of a sharp edge or angle to the perfect rounding which produces globes and spheroidal forms of exquisite finish; it abounds with dislocations and fractures; with injections and fillings up of fissures with foreign rocky matter; with elevations and depressions of strata, in every position, from horizontal to vertical; it is covered with the wreck and ruins of its upper surface; and finally, its ancient fires, sometimes for variable periods dormant and relenting, have never been extinguished, but still struggle for an exit through its two hundred volcanic mouths. The present crust is only the result of the conflicting energies of physical forces, governed by fixed laws; its changes began from the dawn of its creation, and will not cease unless its materials and its physical laws should be annihilated."

Geologists, having thus carefully based their opinion on facts, lay it down as an incontestible truth, that the structure of the crust of our planet affords decisive evidence of a long series of events, during which stupendous changes occurred. "It is obvious," says Professor Silliman, "that ages must have passed, while the various geological events which are recorded in the structure of the earth were happening, and particularly while the innumerable organic forms, after their creation, were in the course of reproduction, life, death, deposition, consolidation, and preservation. We will not inquire whether Almighty power inserted animals and plants in mineral masses, and was thus exerted in working a long series of useless miracles, without design or end, and therefore incredible. The man who can believe, for example, that the Iguanodon, with his gigantic form, seventy feet in length, ten in height, and fifteen in girth, was created in the midst of consolidated sandstone, and placed down one thousand or twelve hundred feet from the surface of the earth, in a rock composed of ruins and fragments, and containing vegetables, shells, fish, and rolled pebbles; such a man can believe anything, with or without evidence. If there are any such persons, we must leave them to their own reflections, since they cannot be influenced by reason and sound argument; with them we can sustain no discussion, for there is no common ground on which we can meet."

Leaving for the present the nature of the changes which have taken place, and their order, as conjectured by geologists, let us assume that, previous to the creation of man, the crust of the earth had undergone a violent revolution or derangement, and then see if the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis can be reconciled with such an assumption. The first verse is understood, as has been already mentioned, to signify a fact, without reference to time or period—"In the beginning"—at some time or period—"God created the heavens and the earth." The second verse,—"And the earth was without form and void"—"takes up," says Dr. Pye Smith, "this globe which we inhabit in the condition into which it had been reduced from (it appears probable) a watery envelopment, putting an end to the last of the strata, lying immediately below the crust of the earth on which we dwell. It may be objected, that the conjunction '*and*' connects the following sentence with the preceding—'*and* the earth was without form and void.' But I reply that this conjunction is used in the Hebrew language with a very remarkable comprehension of meaning; even in tracing its application through but two or three chapters at the beginning of the book of Genesis, I have found it rendered by such expressions as '*but, moreover, now,*'—and with the highest propriety. In point of fact, it introduces a new sentiment, which has connection with what went before, according to the nature and relation of circumstances. There is nothing at all, therefore, to prevent our supposition of the lapse of immeasurable time between that 'beginning,' and the moment in which the sacred historian takes up this globe, and presents it to us in the condition described by the words—'without form and void.' These words together occur only in two other passages of the Bible; and there they signify ruin and desolation. The former of the two occurs in many other passages, and is used to signify a vast desert, or a ruined city, and other subjects in which desolation and destruction are the leading ideas. So that we have here presented to us very plainly this globe in the condition of ruin and desolation from an anterior state; and then in the following portions of the chapter we see the earth made fit for the new purpose to which God was pleased to appropriate it, by a series of operations, partly the result of the attraction of gravitation and the chemical affinities, and partly the result of an immediate exertion of the divine power."

We have quoted the opinion of this eminent biblical scholar, in order to show that the description of the creation of the universe and of the formation of the earth, as given in the first two verses of the first chapter of Genesis, does not jar with modern geological discovery. We shall in a future Number consider the six days of creation, as connected with geological views.

THE SOUL.

MEN are not what they seem to the outward eye—mere machines, moving about in customary occupations; productive labourers of food and wearing apparel; slaves, from morn to night, at task-work set them by the wealth of nations. They are the children of God. The soul never sleeps. All the souls now in this world are for ever awake; and this life, though in moral sadness it has often been rightly called so, is no dream. In a dream we have no will of our own, no power over ourselves; ourselves are not felt to be ourselves; our familiar friends seem strangers from some far off country; the dead are alive, yet we wonder not; the laws of the physical world are suspended, or changed, or confused by our fantasy; intellect, imagination, the moral sense, affection, passion, are not possessed by us in the same way we possess them out of that mystery. Were life a dream, or like a dream, it would never lead to heaven.

LETTER-WRITING.

Out of all question one of the greatest blessings enjoyed in modern life, is the expedition, secrecy, and safety, with which we are enabled to communicate our thoughts and our business to distant friends; and if one were called upon to give a unique decisive proof of the superiority of social life as it at present exists over that of the ancients, it would be quite conclusive to point to the post-office. What an exquisite chain of connexion between distant friends does the post-office afford! What a sweetener is it of the bitterness of absence! What intense anxieties it takes from the mind of the parent—relieving the lover of a thousand fears; easing the man of business of innumerable difficulties! It is indeed one of the greatest blessings conferred upon mankind by a high state of social refinement. The boasted public institutions of Sparta *must* have been incomplete without a "general post-office."

The average annual number of letters transmitted through the London general post-office has been estimated at 48,945,624, by Lord Litchfield, in his evidence before the select committee on postage.

"Suppose," says the author of 'Travels in Town,' "some four or five thousand letters were taken out of the Post-office at random, and their contents placed before the public eye. What variety in the subjects! What variety in the spirit and temper! What variety in the style of writing! Oh, what an insight into mankind would be got from such revelations! More might be learned in one day of human nature as it really exists, from such an exhibition of it, than could be learned in a year from one's ordinary intercourse with society. In writing to private friends, people are more open and explicit than in ordinary conversation. Reserve is in a great measure laid aside: what the heart thinketh the pen inditeth."

In fact the only just and unerring materials for the biographies of great men are their private letters. In these the nicer shades of their character are truly portrayed—their changes of thought, habit, and opinion, broadly marked. The veil of constraint and "outward shows" is torn aside, and the inmost feelings of the heart are rendered "open as day."

The progressive stages of existence may be well illustrated by the various styles of letters written during the different ages of man. In the first age, however, the only letters made use of are those of the alphabet; but the "whining schoolboy, with shining morning face," does not want for early opportunities of displaying whatever epistolary talent he may possess. The announcement of a forthcoming vacation—with the down-strokes carefully patched up by the master—supplies the first hint towards an epistolary catalogue of wants, with which few young students fail to trouble their friends at least once a fortnight. If successful in obtaining their wishes from head-quarters, their first "friendly epistles" are usually addressed to some juvenile relation or playfellow, who is earnestly requested to "ask cousin to ask sister to ask mother," for whatever is required. The best specimen of the sort we know of, may be found among the "Pugsley papers," in Hood's Comic Annual for 1832.

The next degree in the scale of life—that attained when

> "——The lover
> Sighs like a furnace with a woeful ballad
> Made to his mistress' eyebrow"—

is decidedly the most *literary* state of existence. Not only are more letters written during this turbulent period than at any other; but too frequently it bears out the seldom-erring Shakspeare, and perhaps distracts a hitherto well-regulated matter-of-fact mind with the fantasies of poetry. The lover generally writes and (if he be fortunate) receives more letters in a week, than either the schoolboy or the man of business does in a month. He makes the most trifling circumstance the subject of an important discussion that fills a whole sheet of paper, in which, the words "hope—despair—torture—bliss—madness—delight," and divers other super-superlatives are inscribed in the largest letters. Though we had selected one or two examples of this sort of epistle, we cannot find it in our hearts to print them. To publish a love-letter is like betraying a profound and delicate secret; one, too, which though delightful to the parties immediately concerned, seldom has any better effect upon the truly disinterested than that of causing a smile. The most we can do is to refer our readers to the "Complete Letter Writer," where they will find sentiments for every stage of the passion, expressed with the nicest regard to English grammar, and the most scrupulous attention to the proprieties of composition.

Next, according to the bard, comes the soldier, "jealous of honour, sudden, quick in quarrel." *His* letters are brief as the flash of a priming—he has not time for words; blows occupy him too constantly. He can describe a great battle in three lines,* and has seldom time in active service, to write even those. The following is almost the longest soldier's letter we can find. Giving as it does some account of the disasters and privations to be encountered in the scenes of war, it is well calculated to have the effect of damping that kind of ardour which seeks "the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." Guillot was a captain in the 25th half brigade of the French cavalry while in Egypt. The taking of Alexandria and Cairo are despatched with a true soldier's brevity.

Head Quarters, Cairo, July 27, 1798.

Dear Mother,

I take the earliest opportunity of acquainting you with the arrival of the French army, in which I have the honour to serve, at Alexandria in Egypt. I suffered a vast deal during the two months that our voyage lasted. For the whole time I was sea-sick without intermission, and brought up blood all day long. When we set foot upon land, however, under the walls of Alexandria, I was cured of my sea-sickness, but my sufferings were by no means at an end.

We lost 300 men in scaling the ramparts of the city. After a halt of four days, we set out in pursuit of the Arabs, who had retreated and encamped in the desert; but the first night of our march was a very terrible one for me. I was with the advanced guard: we came suddenly upon a corps of the enemy's cavalry; and my horse, which you know was always a very hot one, was the unfortunate cause of all my trouble. He sprang forward like a lion, upon the horses and horsemen of the enemy; but unluckily in rearing he fell quite backwards, and to avoid being crushed to death, I was obliged to fling myself on one side of him. As it was night, I had not time to seize him again: he got up, and set off like lightning after the enemy's cavalry, which was quitting the field.

I had put on all my old clothes for the sake of preserving my new ones, which were packed up in my portmanteau; so that I lost my horse completely bridled and saddled, my pistols, my cloak, my portmanteau, everything that was in it, my clothes, twenty-four louis-d'or which I received at Marseilles to fit me out; and, what is still worse, my portfolio which contained all my papers. Thus I found myself in an instant stripped of every thing, and obliged to march barefoot for nineteen days on the burning sand and gravel of the desert; for the very day after this unhappy affair, I lost the soles of the old boots which I happened to have on my legs: my coat and my old breeches were very soon torn to a thousand tatters:—not having a bit of bread to eat, nor a drop of water to moisten my mouth, all the comfort I had was in cursing the trade of war more than a hundred times a day.

At last, on the twenty-second of this month, we arrived at the gates of Cairo, where all the enemy's army was intrenched, and waiting for us with great boldness; but with our usual impetuosity we marched to attack them in their intrenchments; in about three quarters of an hour, they had three thousand killed outright; the rest not being able to save themselves, plunged into the Nile, which is a river as large as the Rhone, consequently they were all drowned or shot under water. After such a victory, we entered, drums beating, into the city of Cairo, and consequently became masters of all Egypt.

I do not know, my dear mother, when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. I repent more and more of ever coming here; but it is now too late. In a word, I resign myself to the Supreme will. In spite of the seas which separate us, your memory will always be graven on my heart; and the moment circumstances permit, I will break through all obstacles to return to my country.

Adieu, take care of yourself, a thousand things to my relations.

Your son, Guillot †.

* The Duke of Wellington's account of the battle of Waterloo occupied no more.—See his Despatches, edited by Col. Gurwood.

† Copies of original letters from the army of General Buonaparte in Egypt, intercepted by the Fleet under the command of Admiral Lord Nelson. London, 8vo. 1798.

Women, it has been often remarked, are better writers of friendly gossiping letters than men. After the romance of girlhood has subsided, and their powers of observation have become sharpened by worldly experience, they communicate their ideas with more graceful ease, and with a greater degree of fluency. The following epistle from one of the female wits of the court of Louis XIV. is an admirable specimen of lively, flowing humour. It is addressed by the celebrated Madame de Sévigné to her son-in-law, from whose "Correspondence" we have translated it.

"A M. DE COULANGES.

"*Paris, Monday,* 15 *December*, 1670.

"I am going to communicate to you the most astonishing thing in the world; an affair the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most confounding, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most inconceivable, the most unforeseen, the most important, the most insignificant, the most rare, the most common, the most public, the most private; till this day, the most brilliant, the most to be envied; in short, a thing of which past ages furnished no example, at least no precise example, a thing which we don't know how to believe in Paris; how then will you manage to believe it in Lyons? a thing which has set everybody exclaiming, 'Bless me!' A thing which has covered Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive with joy, a thing, indeed, which is to take place on Sunday, when those who will see it shall think their eyes are playing tricks of deception, a thing which is to be done on Sunday, though it may not happen till Monday. I do not expect you to solve the mystery all at once. Guess! I'll give it you in three. Are you silent? Then I suppose I must tell it you. Listen! M. de Lauzun marries on Sunday in the Louvre. Answer: Whom? I will give it you in four, I will give it you in six, I will give it you in a hundred. 'Oh!' exclaims Madame de Coulanges, 'this is a hard matter to guess; it is Madame de la Vallière.' Quite wrong, madame. 'Mademoiselle de Retz?' Wrong again; your notions are horribly countrified. 'Truly, we are very stupid,' you answer; 'it must be Madame Colbert.' Once more. 'Then it certainly *must* be Mademoiselle de Créqui.' No. I suppose I must tell you at last; he marries on Sunday at the Louvre, with the king's permission, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de * * Mademoiselle—Oh *do* guess her name! He espouses Mademoiselle! The great Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle, daughter of the late Monsieur, grand-daughter of Henry the Fourth, Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle cousin-german to the King, Mademoiselle destined for the throne, Mademoiselle the only lady in France worthy of Monsieur. Here's a pretty subject for gossip! If you talk about it till you talk away your senses, if you tell us plainly we lie, that our news is false, that we want to hoax you, to play a joke upon you, if, in short, you call us names, we will not be affronted. We have done unto others as you would do unto us. Adieu! By your other letters from here, you will see if we speak truth or not."

When men have become "full of wise saws, and modern instances," their epistolary correspondence exhibits a great variety both of matter and style. The man of business pares down all the redundancies of youthful verbosity, to "Yours of the — ultimo duly received," &c. or "Herewith you will receive," &c. The lawyer will not afford any more words for his six-and-eight-pence, than are honestly necessary to make his communication intelligible; while, on the contrary, the statesman seems to overburden his sentences with verbiage on purpose that his true meaning may be unintelligible. The art of conducting a genuine diplomatic correspondence has been set forth as being most perfect when certain words are arranged in a certain way, so as to leave the actual intent and purpose of the writer quite uncertain. This has no doubt arisen from persons holding high situations of trust and responsibility, being fearful of what is called "committing themselves." The following note from Lord Bute to Mr. Garrick, though on a most trivial subject, is an amusing instance of the kind.

THE EARL OF BUTE TO MR. GARRICK.

"*Wednesday, July* 17, 1760.

"Lord Bute's compliments attend Mr. Garrick! He receives with great pleasure the present sent him, and he assures him that it is much more agreeable, by being the produce of his own pen; and yet he is too jealous of his country's honour, not to wish in silence, that it had been the first composition, as well as the writing of Mr. Garrick, whose talents are not only equal, but much superior to such a work; Lord Bute desires Mr. Garrick would excuse his freedom as to the purport of his letter; he is persuaded his silence can never be taken ill; were it possible, he would take care to prevent it*."

If any one of our readers should come to be prime minister, we hope he will never have sufficient ingenuity to put together so many words rendered so cleverly innocent of all meaning. The interpretation of this extra-official complimentary note is supposed to be as follows: the "present" to Lord Bute is thought to have been a farce, founded on the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," hence, though written by Garrick, was not original, though the minister thought the actor had enough of talent to have invented as good a plot, and regrets that he had not worked upon his own material. There could hardly be cited a more blundering instance of the utter confusion of relative pronouns with their antecedents, than this note presents.

Our last specimen is the pleasant and shrewd letter of a man of the world. The picture it gives of Parisian society, as it existed before the great Revolution, is interesting, because doubtless true. It supplies conclusive evidence of the height of extravagance and prodigality to which the *old régime* had attained, and which procured its downfall.

MR. HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

"*Paris, Decr.* 5, 1765; *but does not set out till the* 11*th.*

"Since Paris has begun to fill in spite of Fontainebleau, I am much reconciled to it, and have seen several people I like. I am established in two or three societies, where I sup every night. There is a young Comtesse d'Egmont, daughter of Marshal Richelieu, so pretty and pleasing, that if I thought it would break anybody's heart in England, I would be in love with her.

"Yesterday I dined at La Borde's, the great banker of the court. Lord! madam, how little and poor all your houses in London will look after his! In the first place, you must have a garden half as long as the Mall, and then you must have fourteen windows, each as long as the other half, looking into it, and each window must consist only of eight panes of looking-glass. You must have a first and second ante-chamber, and they must have nothing in them but dirty servants. Next must be the grand cabinet hung with red damask, in gold frames, and covered with eight large and very bad pictures, that cost four thousand pounds; I cannot afford them a farthing cheaper. Under these, to give an air of lightness, must be hung bas-reliefs in marble. Then there must be immense armories of tortoise-shell and or-molu, inlaid with medals. And then you may go into the petit-cabinet, and then into the great *salle*, and the gallery, and the billiard-room, and the eating-room; and all these must be hung with crystal lustres and looking-glasses, from top to bottom; and then you must stuff them fuller than they will hold with granite tables, and porphyry urns, and bronzes, and statues, and vases, &c. &c. But for fear you should ruin yourself or the nation, the Duchess de Grammont must give you *this*, and Madame de Marsan *that*; and if you have anybody that has any taste to advise you, your eating-room must be hung with huge hunting pieces in frames of all-coloured golds, and at the top of one of them you may have a setting-dog, who, having sprung a wooden partridge, it may be flying a yard off against the wainscot. To warm and light this palace it must cost you eight-and-twenty thousand livres a-year in wood and candles. If you cannot afford that, you must stay till my Lord Clive returns with the rest of the Indies,†" &c.

The last scene of all,

"That ends this strange, eventful history,"

is the letter with the black seal. Few words are required in that; the sable wax is the mute, but all-sufficient communicant. Death is stamped legibly upon it; and tears flow too fast to break the charm at once, and learn the worst. The black-sealed epistle is always a melancholy object; it is the alloy which balances the delight so universally imparted by the letter from the distant friend, or the loved relation.

* "Private Correspondence of David Garrick," &c. &c. Vol. I. p. 307.

† Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, and her second husband, the Hon. George Berkely, &c. &c. Vol. II. p. 311.

MARRIAGE BIDDINGS IN WALES.

A CUSTOM is in general use in South Wales, which is called a "Bidding," and adopted for the purpose of furnishing the outfit of a young couple, when entering the holy state of matrimony.

In the principality of Wales, where kindred is acknowledged to the remotest degree of relationship, and the claims of cousinship extend over a large connexion, considerable sums are often collected on occasion of these biddings; particularly when the parties are the children of respectable farmers: and sometimes cases occur when hundreds of pounds are subscribed at the call or bidding of some popular or influential person, such as a steward or titheman, whose good-will it is the policy of a tenantry to cultivate.

An announcement of the intention is made in the following form, being a literal copy of a bidding letter, addressed to a country friend. The parties named therein are the children of small farmers in the county of Carmarthen.

"*Nov. 30th*, 1838.

"As we intend to enter the MATRIMONIAL STATE, on Tuesday, the 25th day of December next, being Christmas-day, we are encouraged by our Friends to make a BIDDING on the occasion the same day, the Young Man at his own Dwelling-house, called TRERHDDOD, and the Young Woman at her Father's House, called PARC-Y-MYNYDD, both in the Parish of Llanelly; at either of which places the favour of your good Company is most humbly solicited; and whatever Donation you may be pleased to confer on us then will be thankfully received, and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion.

"WALTER WALTERS,
"HANNAH DAVIES.

"*✝ The Young Man desires that all Gifts of the above nature due to him be returned on the above day, and will be thankful for all additional Favours granted.

"Also, the Young Woman's Father and Mother (John and Hannah Davies), her Sister (Margaret), together with her Grandmother (Catherine Davies), desire that all Gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the Young Woman on the above day, and will be thankful for all additional Favours conferred on her."

On this occasion the friends were invited to two places, but sometimes they all assemble at the house of one of the parties, where they are regaled with wheaten and oaten cakes, and cheese, and *cwrw da* (good ale), brewed for the occasion.

The refreshments are laid out on a long table, at the head of which sits a person, having a pewter dish before him to receive the gifts; and as each offering is made he registers the name of the person who presents or sends it; for these moneys are reclaimed on like occasions, either by the parties themselves, or to whomsoever they assign them in the invitation letter.

It is considered highly discreditable to neglect attending these biddings, either in person or by deputy, for the purpose of repaying any offering that may be claimed; and so well is the custom established, that the sums have actually been recovered in courts of law, the judges deciding on the plea of immemorial prescription.

The amount of the gift—which, although so called, is, strictly speaking, a loan—varies from a crown to a sovereign; the sum received altogether depends upon the connexions of the parties, and their rank in life. It is seldom less than twenty or thirty pounds, and oftentimes exceeds one hundred—quite a fortune for a young couple entering life.

It is true that, with the exception of what is sent by the neighbouring gentry, the money collected must be afterwards repaid, but the calls for this purpose occur at long intervals; in the mean time the debt bears no interest, and with common industry, a young couple, becoming by this means possessed of all the necessaries, and even comforts, that their situation requires, can make their way in the world, and rear their children creditably.

In the districts where this custom prevails, the country people have benefit clubs, and other means for averting the misfortunes brought on by illness or want of work; and they are as religious, frugal, sober, honest, and well-behaved a community as any in existence.

That this mode of advancing a loan bearing no interest to new-married couples, payable by small and uncertain intervals, answers extremely well in the almost primitive society where it is practised, is certain. It is an ancient custom, amongst an ancient people. In the district in which it is practised, there is little movement among the families; almost all are connected with each other by ties of blood, there held in much higher regard than in England, where little or nothing of the feelings which bind clans and tribes together are known, because those relations do not exist.

Wherever the population is fixed, as is found in many agricultural districts, a general subscription of this sort, founded as it is upon some of the best feelings of our nature, might perhaps be introduced with advantage; but it would be a very doubtful experiment.

The fact of such a system being in operation from time out of mind, to the present day, is curious and instructive. It appears to have been a very ancient Celtic custom; the *penny-weddings* of Scotland bear some resemblance to it, but there, as far as we have ever heard, *repayment*, the peculiar feature of these *Biddings*, is not expected. It would be interesting to ascertain whether this custom obtains in Brittany, where the inhabitants we know still retain many very ancient British customs.

A RUSSIAN BATH.

I MOUNTED a drosky and hurried to a bath. Riding out to the suburbs, the drosky boy stopped at a large wooden building, pouring forth steam from every chink and crevice. At the entrance stood several half-naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one end of which were a furnace and apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath; but the worst I had known was like the breath of the gentle south wind, compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator stood me in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed into it a bucketful of water, which sent forth volumes of steam, like a thick fog, into every part of this room, and then laid me down on a platform about three feet high, and rubbed my body with a mop, dipped in soap and hot water: then he raised me up, and deluged me with hot water, pouring several tubfuls on my head; then laid me down again, and scrubbed me with soap and water, from my head to my heels, long enough, if the thing were possible, to make a blackamoor white; then gave me another sousing with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me up a flight of steps to a high platform, stretched me out on a bench within a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch, with the leaves on them, dipped in hot water. It was as hot as an oven where he laid me down on the bench; the vapour, which had almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and finding no avenue of escape, gathered round my devoted body, fairly scalding and blistering me; and when I removed my hands from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile. I tried to hold out to the end, but I was burning, scorching, and consuming. In agony, I cried out to my tormentor to let me get up; but he did not understand me, or was loth to let me go, and kept thrashing me with the bunch of twigs, until, perfectly desperate, I sprang off the bench, tumbled him over, and descended to the floor. Snow, snow, a region of eternal snow, seemed paradise; but my tormentor had not done with me; and, as I was hurrying to the door, he dashed over me a tub of cold water. I was so hot, that it seemed to hiss as it touched me; he came at me with another, and at that moment I could imagine, what had always seemed a traveller's story, the high satisfaction and perfect safety with which the Russian, in mid-winter, rushes from his hot bath, and rolls himself in the snow. The grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change that came over me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the settee, and went out a new man.—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel.*

MISSIONS TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

POLYNESIA presents to the view of the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the Christian, some of the most extraordinary moral phenomena. Numerous tribes of the most ignorant of our species, have been raised to something like their true rank as rational beings, to the possession of letters and the elements of science, to the enjoyment of social delights, and to the elevation of moral and devout worshippers of the true God. The contemplation of such a spectacle cannot fail to excite the most lively satisfaction and delightful feelings in the breast of every Christian.

The islands in the Pacific, in which Christian Missions have been established, comprise the chief clusters of Eastern Polynesia, and comprehend New Zealand, the Friendly, Feejees, the Navigators' and Harvey Islands, Tahiti, or as it was formerly written, Otaheite, the Society, and Austral or Southern Islands, and the almost innumerable clusters of low islands forming the labyrinth or dangerous archipelago, the Marquesas, and the Sandwich Islands. Of all these, Hawaii, the chief of the Sandwich group, is probably the largest, being nearly 300 miles in circumference, rising to an elevation equal to the highest land in Europe, and presenting a surface which has been computed to contain *four thousand* square miles. The climate is remarkably pleasant, most equally removed from the severity of a northern winter, and the oppressive heat of the East and West Indies. However numerous the islands of the Southern Ocean, and especially valuable their convenient harbours for various commercial purposes, little was known of them until the latter part of the last century: most of them were then first discovered by British navigators.

Captain Wallis, of his Majesty's ship Dolphin, pursuing his way across the comparatively untraversed waters of the Pacific, discovered, June 19, 1767, the lofty island of Tahiti, and anchored on the 23rd, in the Bay of Matavai: this he called "Port Royal," and designated the island itself, "King George the Third's Island," in honour of his royal master.

Captain Cook being sent, in 1768, to convey certain astronomers, to observe, at Tahiti, the transit of the planet Venus, cast anchor in the bay of Matavai, April, 13, 1769. This distinguished navigator visited the Pacific on two subsequent occasions: once in search of a favourite object of geographical speculation at that period—a Southern Continent; and afterwards in hopes of discovering a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic. During these voyages, Captain Cook visited and explored the eastern coast of New Holland; he re-discovered New Zealand, first seen by Tasman, a Dutch navigator, December 13, 1642, and discovered the most northerly of the Marquesas, the Society, Friendly and Sandwich Islands. This great commander, however, fell a victim to the mistaken apprehensions of the natives; being killed February 14, 1779, in a quarrel at Hawaii, then called Owhyhee.

Captain Cook's published journals produced a deep impression on the public mind, as to the importance of his discoveries; and excited the liveliest interest among reflecting and religious persons, throughout England: a mission was therefore seriously contemplated by several eminent Christians, to ameliorate the condition of the numerous tribes of savages in the South Sea Islands. Among those most zealous for the enterprise, was Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. That excellent lady died June 17, 1791, charging her worthy chaplain and friend, Dr. Haweis, with whom she had previously conferred on the practicability of such an undertaking, to endeavour to accomplish her wishes in relation to Otaheite.

Christian missions to the heathen had already been a subject of solemn consideration with many ministers of the gospel of different denominations, to which their minds had been especially awakened by Dr. Doddridge. Hence originated the Baptist Missionary Society, projected in 1792, by that learned and successful missionary labourer, Dr. Carey; and hence, after various correspondence, and published addresses in 1794, by the Evangelical Magazine, then first established, the formation, in 1795, of the "MISSIONARY SOCIETY," since, for the sake of distinction, called the "*London Missionary Society.*" Subsequently, the "*Church Missionary Society*" was established, and afterwards the organization of the "Wesleyan Missionary Society."

Dr. Haweis was faithful to the charge received from his noble patroness, and became one of the founders and directors of the Missionary Society, by which, at its first general meeting, held in London, during *five* days, September 21—25, 1795, it was resolved, "That a mission be undertaken to Otaheite, the Friendly Islands, the Marquesas, Sandwich, and the Pelew Islands, as far as may be practicable and expedient." This resolution was passed with unanimity, and with tears of joy, by an unusually large assembly, and carried out at a series of meetings of the most extraordinary character, that had ever been held in the British empire for the propagation of the gospel of Christ among the heathen. Large contributions were made on the occasion: Captain Wilson, an eminently qualified gentleman, nobly offered his gratuitous services to convey the missionaries to Otaheite. The ship "Duff" was purchased for £5000; and all needful preparations having been made, *thirty* missionaries, (*six* of them, being married, were accompanied by their wives,) embarked at London, August 10, 1796, and arrived at Tahiti, March 4, 1797.

Christian missionary labours and successes among the heathen of the South Sea Islands cannot be rightly appreciated, without some general knowledge of their previous condition. These, therefore, it will be necessary to describe, especially as regards the Tahitians, whose character corresponded in most particulars with those of the other islanders.

They were entirely destitute of letters: they possessed a system, or rather fragments of an absurd mythology. They had "gods many, and lords many,"—warriors, chiefs, and heroes, whom they had deified. Besides, they regarded with religious veneration certain animals, birds, insects, and fishes, as having been entered and possessed by their gods. Their idols, to represent their divinities, were made of stone and of wood; the latter rudely carved to resemble the human face, and braided with the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, and adorned with the beautiful feathers of the parroquet. Their worship was of a character with their gods; all was repulsiveness and deformity in vice, recklessness in oppression, or diabolical in wanton and diversified cruelties. Benevolence, forbearance, or forgiveness, were never associated with the ideas of their gods, who were considered as beings invested with power only to wreak their vengeance on the hapless objects of their wrath, often implacable and destructive. Human victims were sacrificed when they commenced one of their sacred temples, during its progress, and when it was completed; and also on other occasions, accompanied with rites the most revolting and horrible. Captain Cook was present at one of these sacrifices, when he counted *forty-nine* human skulls, all of which appeared recently taken from the victims!

Morals among this people were as low as it was possible for the existence of their miserable society. Domestic love could hardly be said to exist: the father and mother with their children, never, as one social, happy band, surrounded the domestic hearth, or partook together, as a family, of the bounties of Divine Providence. Their sacred institutes of Oro and Tane inexorably required that the wife *should not eat* those kinds of food on which her husband fed, nor eat in the same place with him, nor yet prepare them at the same fire: this degrading restriction applied to all females, and from their birth to their death; nor was it ever relaxed in sickness or pain, for wife, sister, or daughter. Various flesh, fowls, and fish, were held sacred as food for the men; but inferior provisions for women were kept in separate baskets, and eaten in lonely solitude by them, in mean huts, resembling dog-kennels, when compared with the habitations of the men. Woman was, therefore, a wretched slave, doomed to neglect, insult, oppression, and cruelty.

Infanticide prevailed to a most fearful extent among these islanders: the bloody practice attracted the notice of Captain Cook. The first *three* infants were frequently killed: in the largest families, more than *two* or *three* children were seldom spared, while the numbers killed were astonishing. Many parents, according to their own confessions, and the united testimony of their neighbours, had barbarously consigned to an untimely grave, *four*, or *six*, or *eight*, or *ten* children, and sometimes even a greater number!

Messrs. Bennett and Tyerman, the deputation from the London Missionary Society, when at Tahiti, in 1821, inquired concerning this dreadful practice. They state, "We conversed with Mr. Nott, who has resided here from the commencement of the mission, on the subject of *infanticide*, and learned with horror, that it had been practised to an extent incredible, except on such testimony and evidence as he and the brethren on other stations have had the means of accumulating. He assured us, that *three-*

fourths of the children were wont to be murdered as soon as they were born, by one or other of their unnatural parents, or by some person employed for that purpose—wretches being found who might be called *infant-assassins* by trade. He mentioned having met a woman, soon after the abolition of the diabolical practice, to whom he said, 'How many children have you?' 'This one in my arms,' was her answer. 'And how many did you kill?' She replied, 'Eight!' Another woman, to whom the same questions were put, confessed that she had destroyed SEVENTEEN! Nor were these solitary cases. Sin was so effectually doing its work in these dark places of the earth, that, full as they were of the habitations of cruelty and wickedness, war, profligacy, and murder, were literally exterminating a people unworthy to live. But the gospel stepped in, and the plague was stayed."

The Rev. J. Williams was conversing with some friends on this subject, in his own house in the island of Raiatea, in 1829: *three* native females were sitting in the room at the time, the oldest not more than forty years of age. Having inquired whether any of them had been guilty of the crime, it was found that not one was guiltless; and it was reluctantly confessed, that these three females had destroyed not fewer than *twenty-one* infants! one had destroyed *five*, another *seven*, and the other *nine!* These were not considered extraordinary cases; as the dreadful practice was common: but we refrain from detailing the inhuman, fiendish modes of this species of murder.

New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, the Feejees, and others, were equally defiled with the abominable customs of their corrupt inhabitants; human sacrifices, infanticide, and even cannibalism, prevailing to an extent far surpassing all description: but these enormities, gross, inveterate, and universal, as they were, have been encountered, corrected, and, in a most encouraging degree, exterminated by the arduous and successful labours of our missionaries.

The missionaries who were sent out by the London Missionary Society, in the year 1796, were received with apparent cordiality at Tahiti, and were assured of security by the native chiefs, when they commenced their labours, giving instruction to the people, both old and young, as they could be induced to receive it. *Eighteen* years, however, they laboured under most discouraging circumstances, while the wretched islanders were almost incessantly at war among themselves, and their murderous practices were still more diminishing their numbers. Discouraged and dejected, the missionaries still continued at their post, preaching, praying, and teaching the younger part of the people to read; and when almost ready to relinquish their enterprise in despair as to success in this worthy course, in 1815 a most wonderful change took place, the whole population of Tahiti resorting to the missionaries with solicitude for instruction. Multitudes embraced Christianity; and amongst them many of the priests of Tahiti and Eimeo soon numbered 4000 Christian converts, who delivered up their idols, many of which were used as fuel, and others were sent as evidences of the triumphs of the gospel, to gratify their benefactors in England. King Pomare sent all his "family gods" as a present to the Missionary Society, to testify his gratitude, and to evince his sincerity. Parts of the Word of God, catechisms, and school-books, were soon printed in the native language, schools were established, public worship was attended by crowds, and the Sabbath was observed with strictness unexampled, even in Great Britain.

Christianity having thus obtained entrance into the minds of the Tahitians, zeal inflamed the minds of these new converts; a Tahitian Missionary Society was formed, and native teachers arose as missionaries to the surrounding islands. Places of worship were soon erected, and public meetings were held at Tahiti, in the immense "Royal Mission Chapel," consisting of thousands of persons, and considerable subscriptions were made and remitted to the parent institution. War ceased throughout these islands: infanticide was abolished, together with various other practices, scarcely less atrocious and abominable: propriety in behaviour and manners resulted, and all the decencies and courtesies of life, in dress, habitations, and intercourse, arose.

Circumstances seemed to require that a deputation from England should proceed to inspect the numerous stations of the Missionary Society in different parts of the world, and two gentlemen, George Bennett, Esq., and the Rev. D. Tyerman, were designated to that important service. They left England, May 18, and reached Tahiti, September 26, 1821. Their visit was most welcome to the missionaries and their converts. They sent a report to the directors, in which they state—

"We are in health and comfort up to the present moment, and have been more delighted with the victorious and blessed results of preaching and living the gospel of Christ, than we are able to express: at every station where we have already been, namely, at Matavai, at Papeete, at Bunaania in Tahiti, and at Papetoai in this island. Truly THE HALF WAS BUT TOLD US! God has indeed done great things here in a civil, moral, and religious view. The people here exhibit as literal and pleasing a proof of being turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God, as can be conceived!"

New Zealand became a station of the Church Missionary Society in 1815, through the representations of the Rev Mr. Marsden, chaplain in New South Wales; but Shunghee, a chief, who had visited England in 1820, made war upon his rivals, on his return in 1821, slew a thousand of his enemies, a great number of whom the victors *ate* on the field of battle, besides many prisoners *slaughtered and eaten in cold blood*, as a feast for their children! Mr. Marsden, however, wrote in 1822, "I greatly lament the evils which have taken place, but they do not make me despair. I have no doubt that the New Zealanders will, in due time, become a civilised nation. God will deliver them from the dominion of the prince of this world, and they shall see His salvation!" Zealous and efficient missionaries from the Wesleyan Society had, the year preceding, entered into the field of labour at New Zealand. Tongataboo, also, the principal of the Friendly Islands, became a prosperous station of the Wesleyans in 1820.

We cannot follow minutely the progress of Christianity and civilisation among the South Sea islanders, in this brief paper; but it may be remarked, that the islands of Huahine and Borabora received the gospel from Tahiti, in 1816, when the inhabitants of the latter, though exceedingly ferocious, renounced idolatry with the rest of their neighbours in the same group of islands. The mission in Raiatea commenced in 1818; and the converts sent the same benefit to Rurutu, early in 1821, by two native teachers, with the Tahitian Gospel of Matthew. The Sandwich Islands received Christianity from American missionaries in 1829, and great success has attended their labours. King Riho-riho, who appeared their warm friend, and Tamoree, king of Atooi, a still more decided professor of Christianity, gave the most devoted attention to the missionaries, whose labours produced a dictionary of the language, and a translation of the Holy Scriptures, with other benefits.

Education, civilisation, and Christianity, have continued to make progress among these islanders, in a manner that has astonished the most intelligent classes in Europe and America. But a few testimonies from unquestionable authorities will most correctly represent the present condition and character of these but lately heathen, and in some cases, cannibal tribes. In the report of the London Missionary Society for 1835, the directors give this retrospect of the South Sea Missions:—

"Forty years ago, when this Society was founded, the islands of the South Seas had been discovered, visited, explored, and abandoned, as presenting no objects worthy of further regard. Their inhabitants were sunk still lower in wretchedness, by intercourse with foreigners, and left a prey to the merciless idolatry that was fast sweeping them from the face of the earth. To them the attention of our venerable fathers in this cause was first directed, and a mission was auspiciously commenced. But a series of disasters followed; some of the missionaries lost their lives in the field; in 1809, all, with two exceptions, were expelled, and success seemed hopeless. In 1811 the missionaries returned; the Lord smiled upon their efforts, and idolatry was subverted, infant-murder and human sacrifices ceased, education was promoted, converts flocked around the missionaries, churches were gathered, missionary societies formed, and teachers sent forth. Now the people, fast rising in the scale of nations, have, as fruits of the Divine blessing on missionary perseverance, a written language, a free press, a representative government, courts of justice, written laws, useful arts, and improved resources. An infant navy is rising on their shores, commercial enterprise is promoting industry and wealth, and a measure of domestic comfort, unknown to their ancestors, now pervades their dwellings. Besides these and other blessings of the present life, multitudes have entered the regions of eternal felicity; and others are walking in the fellowship and holiness of the gospel, as heirs of immortality. A nation has been born at once,

surrounding nations are blessed through their mercy, and, according to the latest intelligence, the prospects of usefulness, especially among the Navigators' Islands, were never so encouraging as at the present time. Since the year 1817, the printing-press has been in operation, and, among a people heretofore destitute of a written language, 105,400 copies of portions of the Scripture and Christian books have been put into circulation."

Civilisation is the natural fruit of Christianity. Henry, a clergyman of the Church Missionary Society in New Zealand, in answer to the question by the Aborigines' committee, "From the experience you have had in missionary exertions, would you begin by attempting to civilise, or by attempting to christianise?" says, "Certainly by attempting to christianise; *fifteen years we attempted to civilise without effect*, and the very moment that Christianity established itself in only one instance in the island, from that moment civilisation commenced, and has been going on, hand in hand with Christianity, but never preceded it. We found them decidedly a savage people, addicted to cannibalism, to murder, and to every thing which was evil, and accustomed to evils from Europeans."

The Rev. John Williams stated before the same committee, "In the island of Rarotonga, which I discovered, I found them all heathens; I placed native missionaries among them, and by the native missionaries alone they were all converted to the profession of Christianity, so that on my second visit to that very place I found not an idolater remaining. This has been the case in *eight* different islands to which I have taken native missionaries. The inhabitants of eight islands were entirely converted to Christianity by the agency of native missionaries. The original station was only one island, that of Tahiti; and the knowledge of Christianity was conveyed to the islands where the American missionaries are, first, by means of native converts from the island of Tahiti, and so with respect to the islands where the Wesleyan missionaries are. Christianity was first conveyed to them by native missionaries from other islands. I think, without including the Friendly Islands or the American missionary stations, we must have forty or fifty islands under our own instruction at the present time, by native agency, superintended by ourselves, except in our own immediate stations. The Tahitian and Society islands are christianised; the Austral Islands group, about 350 miles from Tahiti; the Harvey Islands, about 700 miles west of Tahiti; the Vavou Islands, and the Hapai and the Sandwich Islands, where the American missionaries are labouring, and are 3000 miles north of Tahiti, and the inhabitants also of the eastern Archipelago, about 500 or 600 east of Tahiti, have received the gospel."

Thus, then, amidst these clusters of islands, containing a population known to exceed a million, and perhaps of several millions, a change (as we have seen) of unequalled importance, because affecting so large a mass of mankind, has been begun in our own time, and has been almost imperceptibly going forward. They have become factors to furnish our vessels with provisions, and merchants to deal with us in the agricultural growth of their own country. Their language has been reduced to writing, and they have gained the knowledge of letters. They have, many of them, emerged from the tyranny of the will of their chiefs into the protection of a written law, abounding with liberal and enlightened principles, and 200,000 of them are reported to have embraced Christianity.

MR. GEORGE HIBBERT.

Mr. George Hibbert was one of the most distinguished of those princely merchants whose knowledge of literature, patronage of the arts, and extensive intercourse with the world have contributed so much, in a great commercial country like our own, to elevate the rank and character of the class to which they belong, and to give to the pursuits of wealth an enlarged and liberalizing spirit. Mr. Hibbert possessed, during the most active period of his life, an uncommon influence amongst the great commercial bodies of the metropolis, and more particularly amongst those connected with the West India trade, from his integrity and high character, his great knowledge of business, his excellent sense and judgment, and his clearness and readiness in public speaking. He was an excellent botanist, and the collection of plants which he had formed at his residence at Clapham was remarkable, not merely for its great extent, but likewise for the great number of extremely rare plants which it contained. He was well known also as a very extensive and judicious collector of books, prints, drawings, and paintings, and was endeared to a large circle of private friends, amongst the most cultivated classes of society in this country, by his refined yet simple manners, his happy temper, and his many social and domestic virtues.

Farewell Address of the Duke of Sussex.

LONDON.

INTRODUCTORY ARTICLE.

When we look abroad over the mighty city of London, we are involuntarily struck with the thought, how shall any one mind comprehend all the springs of action that animate this multitude of moving beings? how estimate the effects of all the jarring interests of the busy mass? We can look upon its surface and there trace something of the circulation of its life-blood, as some of the veins and arteries of our frame are dimly apparent through their coverings, but we cannot trace and depict all the ramifications; we can feel the pulse, but we cannot lay bare the heart.

It is indeed an impressive sight, striking to those who each day behold it, but to the stranger most wondrous.

"We have," says an eloquent writer in the North American Review, "an affection for a great city. We feel safe in the neighbourhood of man, and enjoy 'the sweet security of streets.' The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to us. We find sermons in the stones of side-walks. In the continuous sound of voices, and wheels, and footsteps, we hear 'the sad music of humanity.' We feel that life is not a dream, but an earnest reality; that the beings around us are not the insects of a day, but the pilgrims of an eternity; they are our fellow-creatures, each with his history of thousand-fold occurrences, insignificant it may be to us, but all-important to himself; each with a human heart, whose fibres are woven into the great web of human sympathies; and none so small that, when he dies, some of the mysterious meshes are not broken.

"The green earth, and air, and the sea, all living and all lifeless things, preach unto us the gospel of a great and good Providence; but most of all does man, in his crowded cities, and in his manifold powers, and wants, and passions, and deeds, preach this same gospel. He is the great evangelist. And though oftentimes, unconscious of his mission, or reluctant to fulfil it, he leads others astray, even then to the thoughtful mind he preaches. We are in love with nature, and most of all with human nature. The face of man is a benediction to us. The greatest works of his handicraft delight us hardly less than the greatest works of nature. They are 'the masterpieces of her own masterpiece.' Architecture, and painting, and sculpture, and music, and epic poems, and all the forms of art, wherein the hand of genius is visible, please us evermore, for they conduct us into the fellowship of great minds. And thus our sympathies are with men, and streets, and city-gates, and towers from which the great bells sound solemnly and slow, and cathedral doors, where venerable statues, holding books in their hands, look down like sentinels upon the church-going multitude, and the birds of the air come and build their nests in the arms of saints and apostles. And more than all this, in great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves in others. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man; and finally learn, if we are wise, to 'look upon a metropolis as a collection of villages; a village as some blind alley in a metropolis; fame as the talk of neighbours at the street-door; a library as a learned conversation; joy as a second; sorrow as a minute; life as a day; and three things as all in all, God, Creation, Virtue.'

"Now of all cities is London the monarch. To us likewise is it the great metropolis. We are not cockneys. We were born on this side of the sea. Our family name is not recorded in the Domesday Book. It is doubtful whether our ancestral tree was planted so far back as the Conquest. Nor are we what Sir Philip Sidney calls 'wry-transformed travellers.' We do not affect a foreign air, nor resemble the merry friar in the Canterbury Tales, of whom the prologue says,—

> 'Somewhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
> To make his English sweet upon his tongue.'

Nevertheless to us likewise is London the monarch of cities. The fact, that the English language is spoken in it, makes us feel at home there, and gives us, as it were, the freedom of the city. Even the associations of childhood connect us with it. We remember it as far back as the happy days, when we loved nursery songs, and 'rode a-horseback on best father's knee.' Whittington and his cat lived there. All our picture-books and our sisters' dolls came from there; and we thought, poor children! that everybody in London sold dolls and picture-books,

as the country boy imagined that everybody in Boston sold gingerbread, because his father always brought some home from town on market days. Since those times we have grown wiser. We have been in St. Paul's church-yard, and know by heart all the green parks and quiet squares of London.

"Forty-five miles westward from the North Sea, in the lap of a broad and pleasant valley watered by the Thames, stands the great metropolis, as all the world knows. It comprises the City of London and its Liberties, with the City and Liberties of Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and upwards of thirty of the contiguous villages of Middlesex and Surrey. East and west, its greatest length is about eight miles; north and south, its greatest breadth about five: its circumference from twenty to thirty. Its population is estimated at two millions. The vast living tide goes thundering through its ten thousand streets in one unbroken roar. The noise of the great thoroughfares is deafening. But you step aside into a by-lane, and anon you emerge into little green squares half filled with sunshine, half with shade, where no sound of living thing is heard, save the voice of a bird or a child, and amid solitude and silence you gaze in wonder at the great trees 'growing in the heart of a brick-and-mortar wilderness.' Then there are the three parks, Hyde, Regent's, and St. James's, where you may lose yourself in green alleys, and dream you are in the country; Westminster Abbey, with its tombs and solemn cloisters, where with the quaint George Herbert you may think, that 'when the bells do chime, it is angels' music;' and high above all, half hidden in smoke and vapour, rises the dome of St. Paul's.

"These are a few of the more striking features of London. More striking still is the Thames. Above the town, by Richmond Hill and Twickenham, it winds through groves and meadows green, a rural silver stream. The traveller who sees it here for the first time, can hardly believe, that this is the mighty river which bathes the feet of London. He asks perhaps the coachman, what stream that is! and the coachman answers with a stare of wonder and pity, "The *Tems*, sir." Pleasure-boats are gliding back and forth, and stately swans float, like water lilies, on its bosom. On its banks are villages, and church-towers, beneath which, among the patriarchs of the hamlet, lie many gifted sons of song,

'In sepulchres unhearsed and green.'

"In and below London the whole scene is changed. Let us view it by night. Lamps are gleaming along the shore, and on the bridges, and a full moon rising over the Borough of Southwark. The moonbeams silver the rippling, yellow tide, wherein also flare the shore lamps, with a lambent, flickering gleam. Barges and wherries move to and fro, and heavy-laden luggers are sweeping up stream with the rising tide, swinging sideways, with loose, flapping sails. Both sides of the river are crowded with sea and river craft, whose black hulks lie in shadow, and whose tapering masts rise up into the moonlight like a leafless forest. A distant sound of music floats on the air; a harp, and a flute, and a horn. It has an unearthly sound; and lo! like a shooting star, a light comes gliding on. It is the signal lamp at the mast head of a steam-vessel that flits by, like a cloud, above which glides a star. And from all this scene goes up a sound of human voices,—curses, laughter and singing,—mingled with the monotonous roar of the city, 'the clashing and careering streams of life, hurrying to lose themselves in the impervious gloom of eternity.' And now the midnight is past, and amid the general silence the clock strikes—one, two. Far distant from some belfry in the suburbs comes the first sound, so indistinct as hardly to be distinguished from the crowing of a cock. Then close at hand the great bell of St. Paul's with a heavy, solemn sound—one, two. It is answered from Southwark, then at a distance, like an echo; and then all around you, with various and intermingling clang, like a chime of bells, the clocks from a hundred belfries strike the hour. But the moon is already sinking, large and fiery, through the vapours of the morning. It is just in the range of the chimneys and house-tops, and seems to follow you with speed, as you float down the river, between unbroken ranks of ships. Day is dawning in the east, not with a pale streak in the horizon, but with a silver light spread through the sky, almost to the zenith. It is the mingling of moonlight and daylight. The water is tinged with a green hue, melting into purple and gold, like the brilliant scales of a fish. The air grows cool. It comes fresh from the eastern sea, towards which we are swiftly gliding:—

"'Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples, lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!'"

It is difficult, almost impossible, fully to understand the working of that great society, or rather congregation of societies, of which the population of London consists, for from the lowest den, to the stately palace, all the inhabitants form little separate societies, pressed together, as it were, by the vast weight around them, as material bodies are held together by the pressure of the atmosphere; each of these societies has its own interests, its own characteristics, its own gossip, and is so completely wrapped up in itself that the Londoner is frequently more ignorant of the intellectual resources of the metropolis than he who has never visited it; (the places of amusement he learns from the newspapers.) The youth who ardently pants after knowledge often labours in vain, for want of assistance within his reach, but yet hidden from him.

The minds of men at the present day are bent upon the acquirement of *real*, not superficial knowledge; its possession is necessary to maintain a man's rank in society, and the rising generation will raise the scale of *necessary* knowledge yet higher. This effect of an increasing improvement in the intellectual requisites of good society is felt and acknowledged all over the kingdom. Strong efforts have been made and are making in the provinces to meet it. The metropolis has led and will continue to lead the way. But the peculiar constitution of its society prevents many of the objects of the projectors of various institutions from being fulfilled. The man of business, and most of those who reside in or near London, frequenting it daily, *are* men of business, know little that is passing beyond their diurnal occupation, the politics of the day, and affairs that happen in or projects that are taken up by the *society*, the *circle*, the *domestic world*, they move in; and thus an admirable library or institution may be found at the elbow of many a man who is scarcely aware of its existence, but which once known would be prized and *used*.

How numerous are the societies, institutions, and libraries, public, proprietary, and subscriptionary, yet comparatively how little known, even to those who reside close to them! The advantages afforded by them are little understood, and for want of more extended information very many who would otherwise willingly seek them, are excluded from their benefits. We purpose from time to time to supply this want, and to give a brief but *correct* and sufficient notice of all such as, by the nature of their constitution, are of general interest.

LACE MADE BY CATERPILLARS.

A most extraordinary species of manufacture has been contrived by an officer of engineers residing at Munich. It consists of lace and veils, with open patterns in them, made entirely by caterpillars. The following is the mode of proceeding;—Having made a paste of the leaves of the plant on which the species of caterpillar he employs feeds, he spreads it thinly over a stone or other flat substance of the required size. He then, with a camel-hair pencil dipped in olive oil, draws the pattern he wishes the insects to leave open. This stone is then placed in an inclined position, and a considerable number of the caterpillars are placed at the bottom. A peculiar species is chosen, which spins a strong web: and the animals commence at the bottom, eating and spinning their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring every other part of the paste. The extreme lightness of these veils, combined with some strength, is truly surprising. One of them measuring 26½ by 17 inches, weighed only a grain and a half, a degree of lightness which will appear more strongly by contrast with other fabrics. One square yard of the substance of which these veils are made weighs 4 grains; whilst one square yard of silk gauze weighs 137 1-3 grains; and one square yard of the finest net weighs 262 grains.

THE LOSS OF THE THETIS FRIGATE.

THE Thetis frigate of forty-six guns, and a crew of 300 men, which sailed from Rio Janeiro for England, having gold, silver, and various other treasure, on board, to the amount of 810,000 dollars, the property of merchants and others in this country, was wrecked off Cape Frio, an island on the coast of Brazil, on the 5th of Decr. 1830. The vessel, in the darkness of the night, had missed its course, and ran foul of the cliffs of that island, and in a few seconds the bowsprit and all three masts being carried away "at one fell swoop," the ship was instantly reduced from the grandeur of full sail, to a helpless and unmanageable hulk. In spite of the efforts of the crew, the ill-fated vessel went down before day-break. The preservation of so many lives was truly providential, for the nook in which the Thetis was lost is the only spot on the whole line of coast, where they could possibly have been saved; only twenty-eight out of upwards of 300 persons having lost their lives. With her cargo and stores she was 1600 tons burden.

Captain Dickinson of the Lightning sloop of war, (which had come into Rio on the day of the disaster,) inspired with the idea of professional reputation, conceived the adventurous project of recovering the whole, or a portion of this immense treasure, and by the consent of Admiral Baker, the commander-in-chief on the South American station, he immediately made arrangements for what many of his friends considered an Utopian experiment. But Captain Dickinson, one of Collingwood's protégés, had been in "actual and active service from nine years of age," and in these "piping times of peace," longed for meritorious distinction.

In such a quarter of the world, the difficulties of such an undertaking were immense. In the first place, neither in the city of Rio Janeiro nor its arsenal, were to be found either of those indispensables—a diving-bell, or an air-pump; so that from the beginning the affair may be cited as an instance of how much may be accomplished by a determination to succeed in any undertaking. The Thetis sunk in a cove or inlet of the island of Frio, running inwards about 100 fathoms, and 90 fathoms broad, surrounded by cliffs from 80 to 194 feet in height, with an exposure to the whole force of the South Atlantic Ocean. The place looked terrific, and the responsibility seemed awful; yet the brave captain anchored on the opposite side of the island on the 31st of January, landed two-thirds of his crew, which consisted wholly of 135, commenced the erection of store-houses, workshops, temporary residences, and making such other arrangements as the work required. This done, their first operation was to construct a diving-bell, which was contrived out of two two-ton water-tanks, and other materials within their reach, which weighed 80 cwt. They also constructed an air-pump, but the desideratum of air-tight hose seemed, for a time, to baffle their ingenuity. This difficulty was also overcome, by dressing up the hose of a Truscot pump and Fisher's watering apparatus from on board. The magnitude, and the hazardous nature of the undertaking, may be conceived from the nature of the appliances by which the diving-bell was to be used, and the depth of the ocean explored. While the diving-bell and a huge derrick or crane were being made, the residue of the crew were employed in forming platforms, and cutting roads down the face of the cliffs, for the purpose of fixing and working them. Thirteen feet had been taken off the top of a cliff, and a platform formed of 80 feet by 60, besides four other platforms for the working of capstans; roads, &c. had been cut, and a zig-zag path down the cliff, which put together, amounted to a mile and-a-half. This ponderous piece of machinery (the cranes when finished were upwards of 40 tons weight), and its launching, erecting, and fixing with cables, and cable-guys, to regulate the ascent and descent of the diving apparatus, was attended with infinite labour and exertion. The idea of staying an immense crane, with from five to nine inch cables, to rocks ninety fathoms asunder, with a complication of other auxiliary cordage and tackle, had in it something grand. In the mean time, however, buoys had been fixed, and a smaller bell had been made, and mounted on one of the largest ship's boats, which enabled them to make observations on the state of the wreck. The Thetis had by this time gone to pieces, and, by the violent commotion of the sea, was minutely dispersed. The intrepid divers had thus gone on with unwearied assiduity, buffeting the waves, and removing impediments from below, without success, till the 31st of March, when a signal from the bell-men announced the welcome sight of dollars. Three cheers followed the ascent of the men with their caps full of them, together with some gold. In the course of the first day, 6000 were recovered from the deep; and, not content with their success by day-light, they followed it up, by the use of large torches dispersed in the various boats, till midnight. In the midst of almost incredible obstacles, they proceeded, when the weather permitted, in recovering, from time to time, immense sums of specie and bullion. On one day they took up to the value of 21,680 dollars. The derrick being now finished, and, with great exertion, mounted, enabled them to remove rocks and other encumbrances from the bottom, and so powerful was this machine, that weights of upwards of twelve tons were shifted by it; by it also the great bell was suspended. Their operations were now quite systematic, and conversations by signal with the submerged workmen carried on with great regularity. On the 24th of May, 124,000 dollars were shipped for England.

The derrick, which was of immense use to them, was, by a tremendous storm, rendered a complete wreck, and their next substitute was suspension chains, with a series of cable-guys, which were erected from cliff to cliff, with great toil and difficulty. To notice the perils, the hair-breadth escapes, and the occasional privations, Captain Dickinson and his crew encountered for fourteen months in this service, with the excellent discipline on the one hand, and cheerful and indefatigable exertion on the other, would exceed the limits of this short notice. During that time, no fewer than five diving-bells were constructed, the violence of the sea having rendered some of them useless; air-pumps, hose, (which was being continually damaged,) and other requisites, were manufactured; they had blasted thousands of tons of rock, to find proper situations for fastenings, and vast obstructions at the bottom were removed, by all which contrivances and extraordinary energy and endurance, at various times they were enabled to transmit to England the immense sum of nearly 600,000 dollars: besides which, the "Algerine," which superseded the "Lightning," recovered a further amount of 161,500, being together $\frac{14}{15}$ of the entire sum lost. £2000 worth of government stores were likewise saved by Capt. Dickinson. By the great pressure of the rocks, some of the treasure formed a hard concrete with the particles of granite, iron nails, fragments of jars, glass bottles, pitch, and paint, and various other materials. It is astonishing that all this was accomplished without the loss of a single life in the diving-bell, or in working the complicated and gigantic tackle; but three persons were drowned from one of the boats during a storm. The climate, however, and the weather, were exceedingly destructive of their health, and at times a considerable portion of them were under the doctor's care. Amongst their other trials, they were subject to almost all the plagues of Egypt.

In their slightly constructed huts they were attacked by myriads of tormentors in the shape of ants, mosquitoes, fleas, and worst of all, "jiggers." The ants attacked everything eatable. The serenade of the mosquito is well known, but it appears the fleas assailed them in numbers beyond the power of any method they could adopt for their destruction, for they were inhabitants of the sand. The jiggers penetrated the skin, and formed painful and troublesome ulcers, especially on the feet, which sometimes produced lameness among half of the crew. Withal, they performed the duties of a most arduous undertaking in a manner which admitted of unqualified praise, and it is a matter of exceeding regret, that any question should have arisen regarding the remuneration for such extraordinary exertions, and such sacrifice of health and comfort. This unfortunately became the subject of protracted litigation. Parties claiming participation in the salvage, who were not within fifty miles at the time, and the underwriters availing themselves of these disputes, affirmed, that being in the king's service, they were entitled to no remuneration whatever. In the Admiralty Court £17,000 was awarded among the whole litigants, amounting to 400; but on an appeal to the judicial committee of the Privy Council by Capt. Dickinson, on behalf of himself and the crew of the "Lightning," an additional sum of £12,000 was obtained. But for the enterprising spirit and invention of Captain Dickinson, it is not likely that one dollar of the immense sum lost, would ever have been recovered.

THE MORNING OVERCAST*.

When the first throbbings of his enthusiasm had subsided, Peter Jones continued gazing upon the starry firmament with a sensation in which awe and pleasure were mingled. "Are these all worlds?" he muttered; "yes—perhaps dwelling-places of creatures far superior to man!" He had burst the shell of his low, narrow idea of the universe and of God; his mind felt as if rising from earth, and longing to traverse the unfathomable space laid open to its range. Everywhere he now beheld Him whom he had been seeking; his perception had acquired sight, and he marvelled at his former blindness. He saw God in the light that streamed from the sun; he saw Him in the milder radiance of the moon "walking in brightness;" he saw Him in the stars that sparkled overhead, and he beheld Him in the meanest weed which he trod beneath his feet. "His pencil," he exclaimed, in rapturous joy, "has touched the flowers, that man, in these beautiful creations, may have a perpetual calendar of delight; His hand has painted the glowing canvas of the skies, that at evening tide all nature may breath a prayer, and sing a hymn of thanksgiving." The imagination of Peter Jones, which had hitherto made himself its centre, and had built its airy castles with grovelling materials, now sprang upwards, flitting from world to world, and searching out the boundaries of God's ever-lasting dominions. The mind had acquired power, equivalent to the possession of a new faculty; and the hitherto ignorant youth was rising in the scale of creation.

The friend and patron of Peter Jones—he who had opened to him the gate of this new world—was one of those rare characters, whose familiarity, unlike the familiarity of other men, made those who knew him most to love him the more, and to feel that a more intimate acquaintanceship only deepened that affectionate respect which we call reverence. His goodness was not a mere result of blood, or bias, or temper, but one of the fruits of a planted and watered character. Bad men provoke wrath and hatred; stern men make their dependants to fear them; weak men excite contempt, and good-natured men live under the toleration of a smile. And there are many men who provoke neither hatred, nor fear, nor contempt, habitually, but who move amongst the elements of the passions as a straw floats in the air, and who may be either blown up towards heaven, or dragged down to the earth. But good men are peculiarly men of character; their passions all tend to a balance; they have a central controlling power, to adjust perturbations. They have often time—or they take it—to look out from their own souls into the souls of other men. For generally we see but the mere framework of the humanity of others; and often, while our own hearts are busily occupied with our own never-ending thoughts and feelings and desires, we act, as if *we* were the only self-thoughtful and self-feeling creatures amongst our fellows.

Peter's patron, being a good and a considerate man, saw with delight the result of the experiment which he had made on Peter's mind. He knew that the intellect of the youth was budding, for he beheld its blossoms through his eyes. A visible change was working on Peter's outer man; the dull face became reflective and beamed with intelligence, and he walked with a firmer step. His intellectual parent watched the new-born indications of life, and resolved to cherish that which he had begun. He carried him with him to hear the opening lecture of a Mechanics' Institution, and was more absorbed in watching the countenance of his protégé, than in listening to the words of the lecturer. Peter heard the speaker announce that "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," and the words seemed to contain a self-illuminated truth—his heart responded, "I feel it, I feel it!" Then it was proclaimed that "what man has done, *that* man can do;" and Peter vowed in his inmost soul that he would add another testimony to the fact. For he heard wonderful things of the effects of knowledge—how poor men had become great men, and renowned in the world, because they sought for it as for hid treasure—how man had tamed the elements by knowledge, and compelled them to serve him—how the invisible air had been analysed, and stones compelled to reveal the secret of their composition, and the dumb earth to unrol its history, and the comets, as they flew past, to murmur somewhat respecting their times and seasons. Wonder-working knowledge! Peter, on that night, knew that he had begun to live. "No!" he said, "I shall not always be a poor, insignificant creature; I shall acquire knowledge, and then I shall obtain power!" and he besought God, in whom all knowledge and all power resides, to aid him with health and strength, that he might devote all his energy and all his time to the acquisition of knowledge.

Peter now began to read with greediness whatever books came in his way. The lectures at the Mechanics' Institution were a source of extraordinary delight—he would almost sooner have parted with a limb, than have been absent on a lecture night. Every day brought him fresh proof that "knowledge is power," for not a day passed over without some addition to his stock of ideas. It is when the mind is pleasurably excited that knowledge sinks deepest and most powerfully—and Peter's waking moments were one continued sensation of delight. He grudged the time necessary for cleaning himself, because it absorbed a portion of the time during his breakfast hour which might have been devoted to his book; he longed for the time of dinner, that he might have half an hour to read; and night was his glory, for then came either the lecture, or a long interval prolonged into the morning, given up to an absorbing occupation. Every Monday night he took up a position sturdily at the door of the library to get his books exchanged; and even though the house had been announced to be on fire, Peter would scarcely have budged till he had effected his purpose.

He told his mother that he would rise in the world. "I will study hard," said he, "I will learn every thing, and you will yet see me become a great man!" His mother smiled at this sanguine expression of enthusiasm, and bidding him open his Bible, desired him to read the following verses:—

"This wisdom have I seen under the sun, and it seemed great unto me. There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard."

"Well," said he, after he had read it, "how does this apply to me? Do you not know, mother, that men were comparatively fools in those days, and were ignorant of the great truth, that 'knowledge is power?' Why, mother, I thought that *you* would not discourage me in trying to raise myself in the world!" She felt the rebuke, and taking her son in her arms, told him, with tears in her eyes, that nobody in the wide world would rejoice more truly at his success in life than his poor old mother.

He became acquainted with a few youths, kindred spirits, all members of the Mechanics' Institution, and all of them eagerly seeking after the knowledge which is power. They formed a little club or society, and Peter was enrolled amongst them. At first it appeared to him a daringly impudent thing for him to imagine that he could make a speech or write an essay: but then he recollected that "what man has done, that man can do," and so he tried his hand. His first speech was applauded, and his first essay pronounced excellent, by his confederate orators and essayists, and Peter grew exceedingly well-pleased with himself. "What a difference there is," thought he, "between what I am now, and what I was some time ago! Surely knowledge *is* power—I am becoming stronger every day." Peter did not know that he was beginning to spread his peacock feathers to the sun—tares were growing up with the wheat.

It would have turned sorrow into laughter to have been present at a meeting of this little band of orators and essayists. There they sat more gravely than senators, their juvenile chairman, with an imperturbable gravity, keeping his eye fixed on the reader or speaker; "hear, hear!" occasionally startled the stillness of the room, and a well turned period or a vehement assertion usually received hearty applause. They tried all subjects, not even excepting the "origin of evil,"—*that* speculation they left where they found it, though it did not leave them in the same mental condition as when they began its discussion. Peter's mind was injured; since he had begun to think, he had viewed only the bright side—the universe was to him an abode of joy, and God the God of happiness; and how evil could arise and exist in the happy universe of a God of happiness, was to him most distressingly inexplicable. The idea passed away, but it left its footmarks behind it.

Peter's mother having been provided with a situation, the

*Continued from "The Dawning of the Day," in No. IV.

household was broken up, and Peter went to lodge with a fellow-workman, the father of a family. This man interested Peter exceedingly, for he was quiet, grave, intelligent, and temperate, was partial to pursuits of a mechanical nature, had a small set of chemical apparatus, and dabbled with experiments. Peter talked with him, and walked with him, and looked upon him as altogether a superior man. One day, while he was puzzling himself about a passage in the Bible, he referred to his landlord for an opinion. "Oh," replied the man, with a quiet kind of expression, between a smile and a sneer,—"I never bother my head about these things." "Why?" "Because I am what religious folks call an infidel—a deist." Peter Jones knew what the word deist meant; he knew that it implied a rejection of the Bible as a Divine Revelation—but then he had always heard the character of a deist associated with something wicked or immoral, while here was a man for whose general character he had a great esteem, and who nevertheless professed himself a deist! Peter was staggered—he had felt a recoil from the man the moment he had announced himself to be a deist, and now he was angry with himself about it. His landlord had not pressed his opinions; he had not even suggested them: but seeing Peter disposed to inquire, he lent him a few tracts and pamphlets. Peter had been educated not only with a reverential but a superstitious respect for the Bible; not only did he reverence the words, but he reverenced the paper on which the words were printed. He felt therefore horrified at the manner in which the Bible was treated in the tracts he was reading, for he had not conceived it possible that such a thing could be. His horror subsided into anger; his anger cooled; and as he cooled, the poison was deposited. At first he was afraid to say of himself, that he was a deist: but as soon as he mustered courage to pronounce the word, he repeated it again and again.

Shortly afterwards he met his mother, and she asked if he had been at church on the preceding Sunday. "Oh!" said he, with a conceited air, "I have given up all that nonsense now!" The poor woman did not comprehend him: she looked at him for an explanation; and Peter, drawing his little figure up to its fullest length, added, "Because I am now a deist!" The mother understood that this meant a denial of that faith on which her hope rested; and she turned away with a sore and troubled heart. But Peter acted in a bravado spirit; he told every body he knew that he was now a deist; and the very loudness and firmness of the tone in which he announced it seemed necessary to convince himself that the fact was even so.

Away from the consequences, it might have made one smile to hear this little particle of the mysterious, calling himself a deist. For he lived in a most marvellous world, and was himself one of the constituents of the marvellous; and how he breathed, and how he thought, and how the stars were in the heavens, and how the Bible contains the most ancient records of the race, and how it has employed the most varied talent, the most extraordinary intellect, in its elucidation, and what is the destiny of man, and wherefore he is immortal—of all this Peter Jones knew nothing at all, or scarcely anything at all—yet still he went about, proclaiming, "I'm a deist!"

His patron heard of this extraordinary change in one of whom he had entertained such a good opinion; and he sent for the youth, that he might learn from himself the cause. Peter went, full of confidence and conceit, and prepared, as he thought, to out-argue the best, almost the only friend he had in the world. The good man soon saw how it was with Peter; and, instead of arguing, mildly expostulated. Peter was touched, but pride came to the rescue; and he told his patron he was free to choose his own opinions. "Yes," he replied, "you are not only free, but it is your right and your duty to do so on all important matters. But what has produced this change?" "Knowledge is power," said Peter, "and Truth is the daughter of knowledge and power, and we should follow Truth wherever she may lead." Peter was not aware that the only power which knowledge had yet given him was the power of presumption. He told his patron that he was tired of his native place; that he saw no chance of getting on in the world, and he had resolved to go to London; "for that was the field where talent was sure to be encouraged." "Fool," said his patron, more angrily than was his wont, "*you* go to London with a scanty stock of ideas, with your principles unsettled, without a TRADE by which to earn your bread, without money in your pocket, without a friend. Oh! young man, I tremble for the consequences to yourself. How is it that a cloud has overcast so fair a morning!"

But Peter's self-will was strong: he had lost the favour of his patron, he had grieved his mother, and he had also (though unaware of it) *offended himself*. His joy and happiness had all evaporated; he was discontented and miserable; he hated the sight of friends, and he longed to break away from constraint. So he started for London, indulging, by the way, in vague illusions; the motion of travelling scattering unpleasant thoughts. He arrived in the "great city" with fourpence-halfpenny in his pocket; and his first solicitude was to find out a person to whom his recent landlord had recommended him, and who would doubtless have proved a friend, had he been found out; but he had long before left the spot where Peter thought he would have found him, and where else he did not know to turn. Wearied and forlorn, still the novelty of the streets of London diverted the anxious thoughts, and night fell ere the adventurer was aware. The fourpence-halfpenny soon disappeared for the warmth of a fire, a loaf, and a draught of beer. As the night grew, he felt ashamed to see his empty jug stand so long before him; for it looked as if he occupied the room of one who would more profitably repay the shelter of the landlord's roof. So out he went, and the night was spent in pacing the streets, chiefly about the Strand. Till past midnight the scene was amusing enough: the brilliantly lighted shops, the busy thoroughfares, and the crowds that swept along on the closing of the theatres, were enough to engage attention. After midnight the scene was not so busy, but far from being quiet. The coach, at intervals, rattled along, bearing home from evening parties its owners or its hirers; groups were returning from their taverns or their clubs; and unhappy prowlers walked the streets. But in all that long and dreary night (or rather it was the morning that was dreary,) no riots or interruptions to the public peace were remarked.

Two other nights were passed in a similar manner; for the youth's efforts to find out his friend were ineffectual, and applications for employment were ineffectual, perhaps partly on account of Peter's dejected and squalid looks, but principally because he could not tell what he could do. Subsistence was procured by the sale of a handkerchief which he wore about his neck, and for which he got a shilling. But the nights grew, each of them, more intolerable than before, and the desire to lie down in a bed became an absorbing feeling. After traversing the spacious extent of Oxford-street, he had turned up one of the narrow streets or rather lanes of St Giles's, because its darkness and dirt seemed a relief and a shelter. Here, by a faint glimmering of light, he saw in a window, one pane of which was supplied by a hat and another by a bundle of rags, that beds were to be had within. He had twopence-halfpenny in his pocket; so he entered, and inquired from an Irishwoman who was superintending a pot that hung over a fire, if he could have a bed? "Ay, sure," was the reply; "but at what price, my darling? I have beds of all sorts and sizes." Peter hesitated, and his hesitation was misinterpreted. "Ye can have a bed up stairs, as nice a bed as ye would wish to lie down on, for a sixpence; and I can give ye a bed in the room below [a damp cellar] for threepence, only ye will have more company." The confession was made of poverty, and the twopence-halfpenny was tendered. The landlady became for the moment less gracious; she talked of how often she had been "done" when she gave credit, and that a halfpenny was a halfpenny to her; but suddenly, as if trusting to her skill in physiognomy, she exclaimed, "Sure, then, ye arn't one of the common sort: have ye anybody in London that ye know?" and with other inquiries, until she learnt a portion of Peter's history. "And will ye pay me again, if I trust you?" she asked, looking steadily in his face. "I will." The tone of this answer gave confidence, and in a few minutes the young man was seated by the fire, a mess from the pot was placed before him, and he was enjoined to keep himself quiet. Is there not goodness of heart amongst the rudest and roughest of mankind?

In a few minutes the room (which might have been in former days used as the parlour, but which was now kitchen and hall) began to fill. The residents in this hotel were returning from their day's avocations. There were Irish labourers newly arrived in town, women and children, pickpockets, and begging impostors. Two long forms with narrow coarse deal tables were ranged out—here each sat down to treat themselves to supper, according to their means, or the success of their day's adventures. The most remarkable of all, at least from his noise and vociferations, was a young athletic Englishman, dressed in an old blue coat, a pair of white trousers (it was the spring of the year), and

an apron rolled round him. With him was connected a young woman who passed as his wife—these two were full of boisterous glee from the success of their speculations at different parts of the town. The man had passed himself off that day as a Spitalfields weaver out of work, and having a young wife and a starving family at home. With what a laugh he recounted the fact (gin and beer were operating on his head) of overhearing one female say to another, "Poor man! he seems to be a decent tradesman out of work!" And a kind, benevolent gentleman, to whom he had mentioned the names of several ministers and others who had assisted him, had interested himself for him, and had raised a subscription of four or five shillings for him. The young woman, though not so successful as her partner had been, had also earned a "pretty good day's work." As far as could be judged from their conversation, their gains might have amounted to about twelve or fourteen shillings.

The other individuals made a singular medley. Their modes of living appeared various. Several were adroit in imposition day after day, under different disguises and pretences. Honest wretchedness and poverty were also here, spending the passing night, after having arrived in London, and knowing not where to turn. But the clever vagabonds ascended the creaking stairs to the better sort of beds—the less fortunate, honest and dishonest, went down to a cellar having an earthen floor, where about a dozen of truckle beds were spread out. Among the inmates was at least one individual under hiding from the police.

Peter took advantage of the opening of the door to rush out from this squalid abode of wretchedness, poverty, immorality, and crime. He was once more in London streets, and he thought that a form resembling his father was following him, and looking in his face, as if mournfully to upbraid him. "Ah!" he thought, "poor as was our house, it never would have entered my mind that I should have fallen so low as this! Forsaken of God and man! or rather *I* have abandoned my friends, and forsaken truth, and here I am, left utterly to myself. Is knowledge power? It has given me no power, but the power of ruining myself!" A voice seemed to whisper in his ear—"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place!" The truth of this struck into his heart—he sat down on the steps of a shop-door, and wept.

A SUNDAY AT MOSCOW.

To one who a long time had been a stranger to the sound of "the church-going bell," few things could be more interesting than a Sunday at Moscow. Any one who has rambled along the maritime Alps, and has heard from some lofty eminence the convent bell ringing for matins, vespers, and midnight prayers, will long remember the not unpleasing sounds. To me there is always something touching in the sound of the church-bell; in itself pleasing by its effect upon the sense, but far more so in its associations. And these feelings were exceedingly fresh when I awoke on Sunday, in the holy city of Moscow. In Greece and Turkey, there are no bells; in Russia they are almost innumerable; but this was the first time I had happened to pass the Sabbath in the city. I lay and listened, almost fearing to move, lest I should lose the sounds; thoughts of home came over me; of the day of rest, of the gathering for church, and the greeting of friends at the church-door. But he who has never heard the ringing of bells at Moscow does not know its music. Imagine a city containing more than six hundred churches, and innumerable convents, all with bells, and these all sounding together, from the sharp, quick, hammer-note, to the loudest, deepest peals that ever lingered on the ear, struck at long intervals, and swelling on the air as if unwilling to die away. I arose and threw open my window, dressed myself, and after breakfast, joining the throng called to the respective churches by their well-known bells, I went to what is called the English chapel, where, for the first time in many months, I joined in a regular church-service, and listened to an orthodox sermon. I was surprised to see so large a congregation, though I remarked among them many English governesses with children, the English language being at that moment the rage among the Russians, and multitudes of cast-off chambermaids being employed to teach the rising Russian nobility the beauties of the English tongue.—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel.*

EUROPEAN INFLUENCE IN THE EAST.

On looking at the map, we perceive that Europe forms a comparatively small portion of a vast continent, of which Asia is the main body. The Russian empire extends across this continent, occupying its northern quarter, from the Baltic sea to Kamtschatka, and from the Arctic ocean to the Black sea, and the frontiers of Persia and Turkey on the west, and to the frontiers of China on the east. In the interior of the continent are the *steppes* of Tartaria and Mongolia—extensive regions, inhabited by those wandering shepherd horsemen, whose forefathers have repeatedly rushed forth in hordes, desolating the fairest portions of Asia, and making Europe tremble. Continuing south, we have Persia on the extreme west, and China on the extreme east; the great space between Persia, China, and the *steppes*, being occupied by tribes or nations, half nomadic, half agricultural, until, descending from the table-land of Tibet, and the stupendous mountain ranges of the Himalaya, which guard Hindustan along the north-east, we pass through the "Happy Valley" of Cashmere, and enter upon the great triangular-shaped peninsula of Hindustan, which contains our Indian empire.

By referring once more to the map, the position and boundaries of our Eastern dominions may be easily ascertained. The peninsula of Hindustan is triangular-shaped; and it is round the head of this peninsula that the nations lie, from whose restlessness or enmity danger is apprehended. From the mouth of the Persian gulf, extending northwards to the steppes of Tartary, and forming a western and north-western boundary between Persia and Hindustan, are the extensive countries of Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and Bokhara—all inhabited by mixed races, partly commercial, partly agricultural, but a far greater portion nomadic or wandering pastoral tribes, akin to the Tartars and Mongols. "The territory of the Afghans," says Heeren, "or eastern Persia, called also the kingdom of Cabul, from the name of the principal city, is inhabited by a nation, which, making allowances for the influence of Mohammedism, appears to be in pretty nearly the same stage of civilisation as at the time of the conquest of Alexander the Great. Some of them occupy fixed abodes in cities and villages, others lead a pastoral life under the shade of tents; but even in the case of the former, their wealth principally consists in their cattle; their constitution nearly resembling that of the ancient clans of Scotland. The whole race is divided into different clans or tribes, and though professing a general allegiance to a common prince, they pay a much more implicit obedience to their several chieftains, though the influence of the latter is always greater or less, in proportion to the weight of their personal character. Elphinstone found them a people of simple manners, whose pastoral habits presented a pleasing picture; while at the same time they were courageous and independent: such also they were found to be by Alexander; and we cannot peruse without indignation the recital of their severe treatment at his hands, for having attempted to defend their cities and possessions."

It is in this direction, the north-west, or in the extensive border land which lies between Hindustan and Persia, that the chief danger is to be apprehended: for though the Birman empire, on the south-east, is supposed to be likely to be troublesome, there is not perhaps much apprehension as to the result of any movement in that quarter. Now, it will hardly be doubted, that the weakening of the English power in the East would be detrimental—a great calamity—to Hindustan, and to the general interests of humanity. European civilisation owes a large debt to the East, which we are only beginning to pay back. We are

only beginning to understand the country and people, and they are only beginning to feel the influence of our rule. The stores of Hindu literature are just opening to European scholars, and beginning to shed light on the early history of our race; and Hindu mind, manners, and morals, have received an infusion of life-blood by the exertions of missionaries and the translations of the Scriptures. China, too—that strange country, which knew the composition of the *fire-drug* while we were handling the bow and arrow, and used the mariner's compass, and practised printing, while we were comparative savages—is beginning to stagger under the repeated assaults on its exclusive system; and the roots of a great English empire have been laid down in Australia. Many indications point to the probable fact, that the East, the cradle of civilisation, from whence issued those arts, sciences, and manufactures, which have lifted Europeans so high in the scale, is about to become again the seat of a higher and a more enhanced civilisation, which will gradually break up the uniformity of three thousand years. "It was on Asia," says Heeren, "that the first dawn of history broke; and during succeeding ages, when Africa was involved in almost total obscurity, from which Europe herself was slowly disengaged, there rested upon Asia a degree of light which, if it did not illuminate equally all the great events of which that continent was the theatre, served at least to illustrate their general course, and to furnish important data towards the history of the human species." The same distinguished author whose words we have quoted, thus speaks of that particular portion of Asia which we have now under consideration:—"Of all the divisions of Asia, the southern, containing the territory of Hindustan, is distinguished by the richness and diversity of its productions. Here we not only find (with very few exceptions) all the products of other parts of civilised Asia, but so great a variety peculiar to its climate, that it would appear as if a new and more beautiful creation had sprung up under the hand of nature. Nearly all the spices, which become necessary to mankind in exact proportion to the progress of luxury and refinement, have at all times been peculiar to this region, while two of the most important articles used in clothing, viz. cotton and silk, were first produced here, and continue to be so in an especial degree, though their cultivation has been gradually extended to other countries. These natural advantages have rendered this quarter the principal seat of Asiatic commerce; its productions have flowed from the east to the west in a continual stream; and notwithstanding some occasional deviations in its branches, the main current has never been dried up. The influence which an intercourse with India may have had on the civilisation of mankind is a question worthy the close attention of the philosophical student of history."

To disturb or weaken the power of the English in Hindustan would, as we have said, be fatal, at least for a time, to the gradual and tranquil progress of the great re-active process now going on. There is no other European power that could take our place. Looking at the map, one might be apt to fancy that the emperor of Russia might march, as Alexander marched, a great army from his frontiers to the shores of the Indian ocean, and annex Hindustan to his dominions; and thus, with a little license of expression, the Russian empire might be said to extend, in a solid mass, from the north pole to the equator. Such a contingency is a remote one; but supposing it likely to occur within any reasonable period from the present time, still Russia, even if it were able to conquer, could not retain Hindustan as the English retain it. Over the peninsula English law and order are beginning to be diffused—to enter the national character; and we are beginning to get acquainted with those active mountain tribes that skirt Hindustan, and whose country has hitherto been all but shut up from modern activity and research. But if the English power was broken, another European power could not occupy its place. Anarchy would ensue: a tremendous contest for dominion would arise amongst native adventurers; the barriers which we have erected round Hindustan would be overthrown; mountain tribes from the Himalaya ranges, Afghans from their hills and valleys, nay, even Tartars and Mongols from their distant steppes, might come like sweeping torrents, and renew over the fertile soil of British India some of the fearful scenes enacted by Ghengis Khan or Timur. Events such as these are as likely, and more likely, to occur than a Russian conquest of Hindustan.

Before the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope, the products of India were carried over-land into Europe—Alexandria in Egypt being the great emporium. "It was a necessary consequence of the fact, that the commerce of Asia was principally carried on by land, that it should be materially influenced by the political changes and revolutions which took place there. When new tribes of conquerors emerged from their deserts, and overthrew by their countless hordes an established empire, a revolution so complete could not but affect its commerce also. Nevertheless, it is a remark which the whole tenor of Asiatic history confirms, that, though often interrupted and modified, the commerce of the country was never entirely destroyed. On the contrary, it appears always to have resumed its original position with greater facility than could have been expected; nor are the causes difficult to discover. The victorious nation soon perceived the advantages to be derived from a continuance of the former state of things; the wants of the conquered soon became theirs also; the customs or presents extorted from the caravans which traversed their country enriched them or their chiefs; and it may be added, that a sort of taste for commerce and trade prevails even among the ruder tribes of Asia. Less injury was inflicted on commerce by these changes of dynasty and wars of victorious nations, than by the anarchy into which despotic governments are apt to be dissolved. On such occasions, innumerable hordes of banditti are presently formed, which destroy all internal security—the restraint of a superior power having been removed. The anarchy and confusion which so long prevailed in the state of Persia, caused an almost total interruption of her commerce.

"In this manner, with some partial modifications and occasional interruptions, the internal commerce of Asia continued on the whole the same, through all the mighty political revolutions which affected the interior, from the days of Cyrus and Nebuchadnezzar to those of Ghengis Khan and Timur. As the more recent dynasties were built on the same foundations with their predecessors, so their commerce also retained the same general character. Its principal seats remained unchanged; and the countries in which these were situated were at all times adorned with rich and flourishing cities; which, after the most cruel devastations, rose again from their ashes. The wants of men, whether natural or fictitious, are too mighty and pressing to be lastingly affected, far less annihilated, even by war or despotism. One event, however, has made a sensible epoch in the history of Asiatic commerce, and will, it is probable, always continue to influence it—the discovery of a passage to the East Indies round the Cape of Good Hope. It is true, that even at a very ancient period there existed a communication by sea between the shores of Arabia and Hindustan; and it is well known that this intercourse subsisted, although with some vicissitudes, during the Macedonian and Roman periods, as well as the

Arabian and Venetian. But even at the period of its greatest prosperity, this traffic bore no proportion to the vast land commerce of Asia, through which by far the greater part of the productions of the East consumed in Europe, was conveyed to that quarter of the world by the ports of the Black and Mediterranean seas."*

Guizot quotes, from M. Abel Rémusat, a curious illustration of the intercourse which subsisted between Asia and Europe, just previous to the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope. "Many men of religious orders, Italian, French, and Flemings, were charged with diplomatic missions to the court of the Great Khan. Mongols of distinction came to Rome, Barcelona, Valentia, Lyons, Paris, London, and Northampton; and a Franciscan of the kingdom of Naples was archbishop of Pekin. His successor was a professor of theology in the university of Paris. But how many other people followed in the train of those personages, either as slaves, or attracted by the desire of profit, or led by curiosity into regions hitherto unknown! Chance has preserved the names of some of these. The first envoy who visited the king of Hungary on the part of the Tartars, was an Englishman, who had been banished from his country for certain crimes, and who, after having wandered over Asia, at last entered into the service of the Moguls. A Flemish cordelier, in the heart of Tartary, fell in with a woman of Metz, who had been carried off into Hungary; a Parisian goldsmith, and a young man from the neighbourhood of Rouen, who had been at the taking of Belgrade. In the same country, also, he fell in with Russians, Hungarians, and Flemings. A singer called Robert, after having travelled through Eastern Asia, returned to end his days in the cathedral of Chartres. A Tartar was a furnisher of helmets in the armies of Philip the Fair. Jean de Plancarpin fell in, near Gayouk, with a Russian gentleman, and who acted as an interpreter; and many merchants of Breslau, Poland, and Austria, accompanied him in his journey into Tartary. Others returned with him through Russia; they were Genoese, Pisans, and Venetians. Two Venetian merchants, whom chance had brought to Bokhara, followed a Mongol ambassador sent by Houlogou to Kublai Khan. They remained many years in China and Tartary, returned with letters from the great Khan to the Pope, and afterwards went back to the Khan, taking with them the son of one of their number, the celebrated Marco Polo, and once more left the court of Kublai Khan to return to Venice. Travels of this nature were not less frequent in the following century. It may well be supposed that those travels of which the memory is preserved, form but a small part of those which were undertaken; and there were in those days many more people who were able to perform those long journeys than to write accounts of them. Many of those adventurers must have remained and died in the countries they went to visit. Others returned home as obscure as before, but having their imaginations full of the things they had seen, relating them in their families, with much exaggeration, no doubt; but leaving behind them, among many ridiculous fables, useful recollections and traditions capable of bearing fruit. Thus, in Germany, Italy, and Florence, in the monasteries, among the nobility, and even down to the lowest classes of society, there were deposited many precious seeds, destined to bud at a somewhat later period. All these unknown travellers, *carrying the arts of their own country into distant regions, brought back other pieces of knowledge not less precious, and, without being aware of it, made exchanges more advantageous than those of commerce.* By these means, not only the traffic in the silks, porcelain, and other commodities of Hindustan, became more extensive and practicable, and new paths were opened to commercial industry and enterprise; but, what was more valuable still, foreign manners, unknown nations, extraordinary productions, presented themselves in abundance to the mind of Europeans, which, since the fall of the Roman empire, had been confined within too narrow a circle. Men began to attach some importance to the most beautiful, the most populous, and the most anciently civilised, of the four quarters of the world. They began to study the arts and the languages of the nations by whom it was inhabited; and there was even an intention of establishing a professorship of the Tartar language in the university of Paris. The accounts of travellers, strange and exaggerated indeed, but soon discussed and cleared up, diffused more correct and varied notions of those distant regions. The world seemed to open, as it were, towards the east; geography made an immense stride; and ardour for discovery became the new form assumed by the European spirit of adventure. The idea of another hemisphere, when our own came to be better known, no longer seemed an improbable paradox; and it was when in search of the Zipangu of Marco Polo, that Christopher Columbus discovered the New World."

Bartholomew Diaz sailed past the Cape of Good Hope, which he called Cabo Tormentosa, from the storms with which he was assailed; and Vasco de Gama, sailing in his track, landed on the western coast of the peninsula of Hindustan. The nations of Europe rushed to share with the Portuguese the advantages of the newly discovered channel of commerce. "A total change ensued when the Europeans had discovered a way to the East Indies round Africa. Europe no longer received the commodities required through the accustomed channel of central Asia, but obtained them direct from the southern coasts of that continent, (particularly those of Hindustan,) which from that time necessarily became the principal seats of commerce. In consequence, a large proportion of the internal commerce of the country became attracted to the situations frequented by the European fleets, which were thus rendered the marts for the productions required in the west. Nevertheless, the commerce of the interior continued to maintain itself, as long as the throne of the Persians and Mongols was occupied by princes who, with the love of conquest, possessed some relish for the arts of peace, and sufficient power to assure the safety of individuals within their empire. The iron despotism of the Turks, the anarchy of Persia, and the lawless inroads of the Afghans and Mahrattas, on the north of Hindustan, first caused the almost utter ruin of the commerce of central Asia, and converted into deserts the flourishing countries on the banks of the Euphrates and Indus; where the ruins of what were once roy[illegible]ities are the only records of their former magnificence."

This introductory view will enable the reader better to follow a sketch of the rise and progress of the English power in India, with other collateral subjects, which we propose introducing from time to time.

DEATHS OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

Several men of science have died in a scientific manner. Haller, the poet, philosopher, and physician, beheld his end approach with the utmost composure. He kept feeling his pulse to the last moment, and when he found that life was almost gone, he turned to his brother physician, observing, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and almost instantly expired. The same remarkable circumstance had occurred to the great Harvey; he kept making observations on the state of his pulse when life was drawing to its close, "as if," says Dr. Wilson, in the oration spoken a few days after the event, "that he who had taught us the beginning of life, might himself, at his departing from it, become acquainted with those of death."—*D'Israeli, Curiosities of Literature.*

* Heeren's Researches.

VICIOUS PLEASURES.

Centries or wooden frames are put under the arches of a bridge to remain no longer than till the latter are consolidated. Even so, pleasures are the devil's scaffolding to build a habit upon;—that formed and steady, the pleasures are sent for fire-wood, and the hell begins in this life.—*Omniana*, 342.

A HINT TO PUNSTERS.

Let not thy laughter handsell thy own jest, lest whilst thou laugh at it others laugh at *thee*, neither tell it often to the same hearers, lest thou be thought forgetful or barren. There is no sweetness in a cabbage twice sod, or a tale twice told.—*Quarles' Enchyridion.*

IGNORANCE THE GREATEST OF ALL INFIRMITIES.

So long as thou art ignorant be not ashamed to learn; he that is so fondly modest not to acknowledge his own defects of knowledge shall in time be so fondly impudent as to justify his own ignorance. Ignorance is the greatest of all infirmities, and, justified, the greatest of all follies. —*Quarles.*

MAGAZINE DAY.

Magazine day is a sort of monthly era in the history of a London bookseller. The orders for the forthcoming Numbers of the various periodicals which he is in the habit of receiving for some days previously, keep it constantly in his mind's eye; and when it does arrive, the great contest among the trade is, who shall be able to supply their customers earliest. Magazine day can only be said fairly to commence about half past nine o'clock, and before twelve you will see the various periodicals in the windows of every retail bookseller throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis. Perhaps in no other instance, that of newspapers alone excepted, is an article so rapidly circulated over town as periodical literature on that day.—*Travels in Town, by the Author of "Random Recollections."*

FEMALE ATTACHMENT.

Women are formed for attachment. Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained it and knows how to deserve it. But that very keenness of sensibility, which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of your highest enjoyment, may grow to bitterness and wormwood if you fail to attend to it, or abuse it.

WISDOM.

Wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out. 'Tis a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best. 'Tis a sack posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. But then, lastly, 'tis a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm.—*Swift.*

CONVERSATION.

The art of conversation is a rare acquirement, for it is an acquirement of great care and skill, as well as of native faculty; and they who have genius, knowledge, and eloquence, very frequently want it.—*Sir E. Brydges' Recollections.*

AN AMERICAN QUACK'S LOGIC.

Of the great "Brandreth Pills," there is said to go forth weekly from his central depôt, a ton weight. Such undoubting confidence in their efficacy was a mystery to us, till we met incidentally with the logical demonstration with which they go wrapt up, and in which they are doubtless swallowed. It is as follows:—"What is it that we call the constitution? Is not the constitution that which constitutes? and that which constitutes is the blood. There is then but one disease—impurity of blood. Now does not Nature, when she wishes to become purified, put her elements into commotion? It is the principle of commotion, then, that purifies. Ought not man then to copy Nature? And do not the Brandreth Pills take away the bad humours from the blood, and leave the good? *Certainly they do.* (! !) Pill, price 25 Cents the box." Such is the precious logic by which the uneducated reasoning mind of the multitude is governed by state quacks as well as medical ones. The nostrums of both are of the same stamp, false logic.—*New York Review.*

A PLEASANT MEMENTO MORI.

Luther, after he had successfully opposed the pope, and was admired by all the world as the invincible champion of the true Christian faith, not long before his death, sent a fair glass to his friend Dr. Jonas Glass, and therewith the following verses:—

> "Dat vitrum Vitro Jonæ vitrum ipse Lutherus,
> Se similem ut fragili noscat uterque vitro."
> "Luther a glass, to Jonas Glass, a glass doth send,
> That both may know ourselves to be but glass, my friend."
>
> *Luth. Colloq.*

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING.

Memory indiscriminately loaded is a very foolish thing; and knowledge wrongly applied is, perhaps, worse than ignorance. No one ought to learn more than he can digest, for instead of augmenting what he already knew, it will only confound it. A little correct knowledge is better than a multitudinous mass of loose ideas and inaccurate facts.—*Sir Egerton Brydges' Recollections of Foreign Travel.*

VALUE OF LITERARY LABOUR.

Sterne, when he had finished his first and second volume of Tristram Shandy, offered them to a bookseller at York for fifty pounds, but was refused; he came to town with his MSS., and he and Robert Dodsley agreed in a manner of which neither repented. The Rosciad, with all its merits, lay for a considerable time in a dormant state, till Churchill and his publisher became impatient, and almost hopeless of success. Burn's Justice was disposed of by its author, who was weary of soliciting booksellers to purchase the MS., for a trifle, and which now yields an annual income. Collins burnt his odes before the door of his publisher.

A BRACE OF AMBASSADORS.

Each having an individual will to consult, character to establish, and interest to promote, you may as well look for unanimity and concord between two lovers with one mistress, two dogs with one bone, or two naked rogues with one pair of breeches.—*Knickerbocker.*

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

He was a wise man that said "Delay hath undone many for the other world: Haste hath undone more for this. Time well managed saves all in both." *Tempus mea possessio, tempus ager est*—time is my wealth, time is the field I cultivate, was the admirable motto of an ancient sage.—*Lloyd's State Works.*

LIFE.

Life is divided into three terms: that which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future.

NAPOLEON'S AMBITION.

There is something as great in Napoleon's struggles after a defeat, as in his exultation after victory. The same wearing ambition, the same consciousness that he was never made for the restraints of ordinary laws, strike one as the absorbing feelings of his soul. He could not, and he would not, descend to the level of common men. Amid the snows of the north, which had become the winding sheet of half his army, he could not help meditating schemes of conquest and of government. Nothing short of the sceptre of Europe would satisfy him. This all-grasping thirst for empire, which prompted him to many a triumph, proved now the very cause of his downfall. On his return from Russia he might with ease have settled down, the Emperor of France, and sat securely, by amusing the full-grown children of that mercurial nation by fetes, and reviews, and swelling epithets. But this was no fame. He must make another dash at Europe. He did so, and, like a too-daring eagle, he was smitten by the thunderbolt, and pinned to a desert rock.—*Fraser's Magazine*

UP AND DOWN.

The Cardinal de Richelieu, when increasing every day in power, met, coming down the steps of the Louvre, the Duke d'Espernon, who had formerly been the principal favourite of the king. "What news above there, my lord duke?" asked he. "None," answered the other, "except you are coming up and I am going down."

VALUE OF TIME.

The difference of rising every morning at six and eight, in the course of forty years amounts to upwards of 29,000, hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-six days, six hours, so that it is just the same as if ten years of life were to be added, of which we might command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds or the despatch of business.

EATING.

Every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and, not content with eating all day long, "twice it slays the slain," and eats its dinner o'er again. A whale swallows ten millions of living shrimps at a draught; a nursling canary bird eats its own bulk in a day; and a caterpillar eats five hundred times its weight before it lies down to rise a butterfly. The mite and the maggot eat the very world in which they live—they nestle and build in their roast beef; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and a whale is not subject to sciatica. Nor does Captain Lyon inform us that an Esquimaux is troubled with the tooth-ache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal, and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal lasts as long as his meat. But if eating is to produce diseases, which of all the nosology would be absent from the carcase of Captain Cochrane's Siberian friend, who ate forty pounds of meat, with twenty of rice porridge, at a sitting?

SORROW.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant grief, and is remedied by exercise and motion.—*Johnson.*

ALLEVIATION OF SORROW.

To deep sorrow, and the constant presence of the ghost of past injustice, how pleasant is the distraction of the images of crowded cities, and gentle occupation.—*Sir E. Brydges' Recollections.*

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THE BRITISH NAVY.

THIRD ARTICLE.—CLASSIFICATION, WAGES, MESSING OF THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF A SEVENTY-FOUR GUN SHIP.

"Hearts of oak are our ships,
Jolly tars are our men."

THE total number of persons comprising the crew, or complement, (as it is called,) of a seventy-four gun ship, amount, in time of war, to 650; in peace, the company is one hundred less; the reduction being made in the number of seamen: the officers and petty officers in each class are the same in peace and war.

The following is the classification, with the rate of pay to each. We shall specify their particular duties hereafter.

	£	s.	d.	
1 Captain	£46	0	8	per month.
6 Lieutenants*	9	4	0	—
1 Master	11	10	0	—
1 Chaplain	12	5	4	—
1 Surgeon †	14	0	0	—
1 Purser	7	0	0	—
1 Naval Instructor ‡	4	14	0	—

The captain maintains an establishment of his own: all the officers included in the above enumeration, together with the officers of royal marines, are called "Wardroom Officers," and they mess in the centre of a room so styled, on each side of which are their respective cabins for sleeping.

	£	s.	d.	
1 Gunner	£6	4	8	per month.
1 Boatswain	6	4	8	—
1 Carpenter §	6	4	8	—

These are called the "Warrant Officers:" each has a separate cabin in the fore-part of the ship, in the neighbourhood of his store-room, and each has a boy to attend upon him.

Sixteen mates and midshipmen, in whatever proportion the captain may desire, but generally as follows:

	£	s.	d.	
12 Mates	£3	18	8	per month.
4 Midshipmen	2	8	0	—
1 Second Master	5	9	4	—
2 Master's Assistants	3	11	0	—
5 Volunteers of the first class	1	2	0	—
2 Assistant Surgeons	9	4	0	—
1 Clerk	4	6	4	—

These are called the "Gentlemen;" and they either mess together in the gun-room, ‖ or in two divisions, in berths (rooms) on each side of the orlop-deck, ¶ in that part called the "cockpit."

* The first or senior lieutenant, if he has held that rank seven years has 11*l.* 10*s.* per month. When a commander is on board, his pay is 23*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.* per month.

† When the surgeon has served six years in that rank, he obtains an increase of pay of 1*s.* per day up to ten years; from ten to twenty years, he has 14*s.* per day; and after twenty years' service, 18*s.* per day.

‡ The naval instructor has, besides, a bounty of 30*l.*, and 5*l.* per annum from each of his pupils, which is deducted from their pay.

§ The carpenter is allowed 7*s.* per month additional for tools.

‖ The gun-room is situated under the ward-room, and the ward-room under the captain's cabin, which is under the poop. These are tiers (or floors) of rooms lighted from the stern windows and side-ports.

¶ The orlop deck is immediately beneath the lower tier of guns, and appropriated to the stowage of the cables, and also to various store-rooms. To that portion known as the cockpit the men wounded in battle are carried to the surgeon. In the midshipman's berth, on the left-hand side of

	£	s.	d.	
1 Seaman's Schoolmaster	£2	8	0	per month.
1 Master at Arms	2	8	0	—
1 Ship's Cook	2	13	6	—
2 Ship's Corporals	2	3	0	—
1 Captain's Coxswain	2	3	0	—
9 Quarter Masters	2	3	0	—
3 Gunner's Mates	2	3	0	—
6 Boatswain's Mates	2	3	0	—
3 Captains of the Forecastle	2	3	0	—
1 Captain of the Hold	2	3	0	—
1 Coxswain of the Launch	2	3	0	—
1 Sail-maker	2	8	0	—
1 Rope maker	2	8	0	—
2 Carpenter's Mates *	2	8	0	—
1 Caulker	2	8	0	—
1 Armourer	2	8	0	—

The above are called "First-class Petty Officers before the Mast." They mess indiscriminately amongst the crew, with the exception of the first three, who have a screened birth on the lower deck.

	£	s.	d.	
3 Captains of the Foretop	£1	19	0	per month.
3 Captains of the Maintop	1	19	0	—
3 Captains of the Mast	1	19	0	—
3 Captains of the After-guard	1	19	0	—
1 Yeoman of the Signals	1	19	0	—
1 Coxswain of the Pinnace	1	19	0	—
1 Sailmaker's Mate	1	19	0	—
1 Caulker's Mate	2	3	0	—
2 Armourer's Mates	2	3	0	—
1 Cooper	2	3	0	—

The above are called "Second-class Petty Officers."

	£	s.	d.	
20 Gunner's Crew	£1	16	0	per month.
11 Carpenter's Crew	1	16	0	—
2 Sailmaker's Crew	1	16	0	—
2 Cooper's Crew	1	16	0	—
3 Yeomen of Store-rooms	1	14	0	—
2 Cook's Mates	1	6	0	—
1 Barber	1	6	0	—
1 Purser's Steward	1	14	0	—
1 Captain's Steward	1	14	0	—
1 Captain's Cook	1	14	0	—
1 Ward-room Steward	1	14	0	—
1 Ward-room Cook	1	14	0	—
1 Steward's Mate	1	3	0	—
10 Boys of the first Class	0	14	3	—
14 Boys of the second Class	0	12	9	—

To these (including 125 marines) are added as many sailors as will make up the number of the crew to 650. The sailors are rated able, ordinary, or landmen, according to their ability. The able seamen, denominated A.B.'s, have 34*s.* per month, and are qualified to perform every part of a seaman's duty. The ordinaries are half seamen, who do not profess to steer, heave the lead, &c.; their pay is 26*s.* per month: and the landmen are persons who have only been a trip or two to sea, and not reared as mariners; their pay being 23*s.* per month. It is usual, however, for ships of this rate to carry considerably more boys than the number specified in the scale, particularly boys of the first class, from seventeen to twenty years of age; as they grow up, they are rated landmen,

H. M. S. Victory, (called the larboard berth.) the heroic Nelson breathed his last at Trafalgar. The spot (as well as that on which he fell) denoted by a brass mark on the quarter-deck, is eagerly inquired after by the visitors to that ship at Portsmouth.

* The carpenter's mates have 7*s.* per month additional for tools.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

and afterwards ordinaries; but few attain to the rating of A.B. who have not been brought up to the sea from childhood.

There is no limitation as to the number of sailors in each class, so, of course, every commander endeavours to obtain as great a proportion of A.B.'s as possible; and upon his success in this respect depends the question of whether the ship is well or ill manned.

It is by no means necessary, however, that the whole of a ship's crew shall be able seamen, because many of the duties can be performed very well by ordinaries, and even landmen. Boys are objectionable in ships of war, because the navy is not a good school to train them to seamanship; while they increase the number, and are equally expensive to maintain, (the only saving being in the difference of wages,) they add but little to the physical strength of the crew.

The party of marines consist of

	£	s.	d.	
1 Captain *	£14	14	0	per month.
1 First Lieutenant †	9	2	0	—
1 Second Lieutenant	7	7	0	—
3 Serjeants ‡	2	0	1	—
3 Corporals §	1	7	5	—
2 Fifers	1	3	4	—
114 Privates ‖	0	19	5	—

The officers, warrant officers, young gentlemen, some of the petty officers, and the marines, are got together within a few days after the pendant is hoisted; the seamen are entered as they present themselves on board, and also at the rendezvous on Tower-hill, in London, which is always open for the reception of seamen who volunteer for a particular ship or for general service ¶. Sometimes houses are also opened in the large seaports; but this is rarely necessary, except when an increase is made to the number of men employed; for the generality of seamen, when discharged from one ship, find their way to another, preferring the treatment and comforts of the naval service to the usage they encounter in merchant vessels.

When a volunteer presents himself, he is questioned by the commanding officer as to his qualifications in seamanship. If he has served his apprenticeship in the regular manner, he is at once presumed to be quite capable of an able seaman's duty, and obtains the rating of A.B. Good men generally stipulate, however, for petty officers' ratings; but these are reserved as long as possible, for the rigging of the ship affords sufficient test by which to determine who are the best entitled to them.

If a man has served in the navy before, he produces his certificate, of which the following is the form; and by this his character and capability are ascertained.

NAME. *Benj. Backstay.*		Date of Entry in the Service. 1830.				His first Ship. *Revenge.*		No. in her. *Don't know.*	
Ship's Name.	No.	Rating.	Entry.	Discharge.	Year.	Month.	Day.	Conduct	Captain's Signature.
Revenge	*Don't know.*	*Ordin.*	1830	*Jan.* 1833					*Capt. Hillier Mackey*
Portland	193	*A. B.*	30 *May*, 1834	30 *May*, 1837	3			*Good*	*D. Price.*
Snake	76	*A. B.*	17 *June*, 1837	17 *July*, 1838	1	1		*Very good*	*Alexander Milne.*

* If a brevet major, 17*l.* 10*s.* per month.

† After seven years, 10*l* 10*s.* per month.

‡ Colour serjeants, 2*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.* per month.

§ After fourteen years' service, 1*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.* per month; and (if enlisted prior to 14th January, 1823,) from seven to fourteen years, 1*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.* per month.

‖ After fourteen years' service, 1*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.*; and (if enlisted prior to January 24, 1823,) from seven to fourteen years, 1*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.*

¶ Men who enter for general service are available for any ship or station whereon required.

Sufficient space is left upon this certificate (which is of doubled parchment, and inclosed in a tin case) to enter the names of any other ships in which the man has served; and an inspection of the above will show that the items respecting *Revenge* have been taken from his oral testimony. In fact, at the period of his service in that ship, these forms (which were introduced not long since, by the late Vice-Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm,) did not exist.

The reverse of the certificate contains a very minute description of the man's person; such as age, stature, complexion, colour of hair and eyes, marks, wounds or scars; also his place of birth and usual residence; and if he has been discharged or invalided on account of any complaint or physical defect, such cause is noted thereon.

When the officer has satisfied himself as to the man's character and ability, he is handed over to the surgeon, by whom he is required to strip, in order that he might undergo a minute inspection as to his physical condition. If any defects, however trifling, appear, or if he is more than forty-five years of age, he is at once rejected; but if passed by the doctor, he is entered on the books, and the clerk takes charge of his certificate, which is returned to him, filled up with the date of his servitude and the character he has acquired—such as "good," "very good," "excellent," &c., —attested by his captain, and when discharged.

Seamen, owing to their habitual carelessness, very often lose their certificates; in which case, on giving them new ones, it is usual to take down their statement as to the ships they have already served in. As a register is made from the ship's books of every man's service, and preserved in the archives of the proper department at Somerset House, his claim for pension does not suffer by the loss of his certificate.

As soon as a candidate is accepted, he is placed in the starboard or larboard watch, and some station in the ship assigned him. He is at liberty to choose his own messmates, and the messes are formed of parties of twelve in each. Having made his choice, he can only change his mess once a month. This regulation is necessary to prevent trouble and confusion in the distribution of provisions. It is desirable that one or more of the petty officers should belong to each mess, but the selection of messmates is seldom interfered with by the officers. The mess tables are placed between the guns on the lower deck; the marines occupying those next the gun-room. The seamen's tables are from thence forward.

In most vessels of the class we are describing, the whole of those enumerated as the "Gentlemen" mess together in the gun-room. They usually elect the clerk, or one of the oldest of the mates, "caterer;" and, the ship's allowance of provisions being ample, a small contribution in aid thereof enables them to support a very good table, little inferior indeed to that of the ward-room. The usual subscription is about 25*s.* per month,* and this is applied to procure the necessary cooking utensils, crockery, glass, &c. &c., as well as vegetables, poultry, white sugar, condiments, and various other articles not included in the ship's allowance. The midshipmen are not permitted to carry live stock to sea, and therefore must put up with salt meat, except in harbour; but in every other respect a provident caterer will manage, with the above subscription, to maintain a comfortable mess. The oldsters, such as the mates, second master, assistant surgeons, and some of the midshipmen, take their allowance of grog and wine, and also appropriate the youngsters' share, assuring them it is not good for their health.

* In some ships the mess subscription is more, and there is always an entrance (generally five pounds,) which is returned to a member leaving to join another ship.

In harbour, it is also usual for these oldsters to drink their wine, which they are enabled to procure free of duty. They have a steady man appointed to act as steward; and he has a cook, and perhaps a marine, to assist him. The meals in the gun-room are served at the same time as the ship's company generally; the hour of breakfast being eight o'clock, dinner at noon.

The "Officers" mess in the ward-room, and maintain a greater profusion and variety on their mess-table, at sea particularly, owing to their being permitted to carry live stock—sheep, pigs, and poultry. The subscription is generally about 45s. per month,* but this is independent of wine, which is supplied duty free. Members of the ward-room mess have the option of taking their wine or not; the allowance to those who do is half a bottle, and if they require an extra quantity, it is charged to such as remain at table at a regulated price.

One, sometimes two, gentlemen from the gun-room are invited daily to dinner in the ward-room, and the guest is always placed at the left hand of the president, and treated with marked attention. In harbour, to avoid the inconvenience of having strangers continually on board, one day in the week (generally Thursday) is set apart for the purpose; and on this day strangers from the shore or from other ships are invited, and better fare than ordinary provided. The purser or one of the marine officers is generally appointed caterer of the ward-room mess; and the usual dinner-hour at sea is two or half-past two o'clock, when the members are assembled by the drum and fife to the tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England." Naval messes cannot make a display equal to the messes of regiments; because not only are the officers subject to constant changes, but the ships are kept in commission and the members held together for comparatively short periods. For these reasons no great expense can be incurred for linen, glass, china, table ornaments, or plate; the profusion of which, accumulated for years in military messes, gives to the establishments an appearance not inferior to what the wealthiest of our nobility can display. In ships of war, every officer is expected to provide a couple of silver spoons and forks, and these form the whole of the mess plate; each member also furnishes a clean table-cloth in his turn, and this is the amount of the mess-table linen. It would be desirable that some other articles of plate, &c. should be furnished by the government, such being the case in foreign navies, the officers paying a trifle for the use of them; for a handsome display has a very great effect on foreigners, and in this respect our ships suffer in comparison with those of rival nations.

We have alluded to a subscription for wine, which is necessary, notwithstanding that each person on board is allowed a portion of wine, spirits, or beer, described in the scheme; but the ship's allowance is never produced at the ward-room table: that, with other articles of provisions not drawn from the purser, being paid for at a regulated price, and the assets thrown into the mess-fund. In fact, any person on board is at liberty to leave whatever portion of his allowance he thinks proper undrawn, and receive payment in lieu.

There is another matter in which naval messes suffer in comparison with the military. By long-established regulation, the officers of the navy and army are allowed their wine duty-free. When the article is purchased from a wine-merchant, he becomes entitled to the drawback, upon the production of an officer's certificate: but this practice was found to be attended with inconvenience on shore, and some years back, his late Majesty, George the Fourth, assigned a certain sum per annum to each regimental mess, and to the engineers, artillery, and marines, in compensation for the duty, which from thenceforth was paid, as is usual with the public, in the purchase of their wine. This allowance is a liberal one; it considerably exceeds the duty of all wine consumed, and the excess makes a handsome item in addition to the mess-fund. Moreover, as many regiments are serving abroad, where no duties exist upon wine, the whole of the allowance is so appropriated. It is strange that this indulgence has not been extended to naval officers, more particularly as they labour under other disadvantages which do not apply to their military brethren; the captain particularly, who, by the customs of the service, maintains at his individual expense a table for the reception of several of his officers every day; whilst the colonel of a regiment has no such obligation, his mess expenses being little more than the youngest ensign's.

In our next we shall describe the routine of the captain's establishment.

* Entrance ten guineas, returned as in the gun-room mess.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT bird in beauty, flight, or song
Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
For whim or pleasure change:
He was not one but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The blackbird, oracle of spring,
When flow'd his moral lay;
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play.

The humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The raven, in the tempest's gloom,
The halcyon, in the calm.

In "Auld Kirk Alloway," the owl,
At witching time of night;
By "Bonnie Doon," the earliest fowl
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Bannockburn the bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train.

The woodlark, in his mournful hours;
The goldfinch, in his mirth;
The thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth.

The swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused,—no falcon, in the chase,
Could, like his satire, kill.

The linnet, in simplicity,
In tenderness the dove;
But more than all besides was he
The nightingale in love!

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
That bird of paradise!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE SHIPWRECKED COASTER.

Who can stand before His cold ?
Psalm cxlvii. 17.

THERE are few classes of men more exposed to hardships and disaster, than those employed in the coasting trade of New England, particularly in the winter season. So great are their risks of property and life, at that time of the year, that it is the custom of many to dismantle their vessels and relinquish their employment till the spring; although they can poorly afford this period of cessation from labour, and consequent loss of income. Among those engaged in conveying fuel from the forests of Plymouth and Sandwich to the Boston market, there are some who continue their business through the winter. But they incur great hazards, and sometimes meet with most disastrous issues. One of these events it is my present purpose to relate. The particulars I have ascertained from eye-witnesses of a part of the scene; and from one who was a personal partaker of the whole.

In the winter of 1826-7, the weather was uncommonly severe for some weeks, during which the land was covered with snow, and the shores were encased in ice. It was a boisterous, cold and gloomy season. From my dwelling-house there was a plain view of the little harbour of Sandwich, in which the few vessels employed in the business before named, shelter themselves, and receive their lading of wood to be conveyed to Boston. Some of these were already dismantled for the winter; others were laden, and had been waiting a relaxation of the weather, in order to effect a passage. In that region a period of severe cold is commonly succeeded by rain. The north-west wind which brings "the cold out of the north," gives place to a wind from a southerly point, which comes loaded with a copious vapour, and pours it down like a deluge. It so took place on the occasion to which I refer. Rain from the south-east had continued for two or three days, accompanied with tempestuous wind and occasional thunders and lightnings. It had dissolved much of the snow; but had filled the roads and low and level places with water. The ground, being hard frozen, retained the water on its surface; and this, with the remaining snow half dissolved, rendered the aspect of nature cheerless, and the moving from place to place uncomfortable. About noon, on the sixteenth of January, the rain ceased, and the weather being comparatively warmer than it had been, gave some prospect of a few days in which business might be done.

In the afternoon of that day, perceiving that there were some dry places on which the foot might be safely set, I embraced the opportunity to walk forth; glad to inhale the fresh air and meet the faces of men, after having been so long confined by the weather. The wind was comparatively soft, but gusty; the air was loaded with vapours, and, in the higher regions, clouds of all shapes and varying densities, were seen rolling over each other in different directions, as if obeying no guidance of the wind, but pursuing each an inward impulse of its own.

While doubting, for a moment, which way to walk, I beheld, on an eminence, not far distant, a solitary individual, with his face towards the harbour, seeming to be deeply intent on something there taking place. An impulse of curiosity moved me to approach him, when I discovered him to be an old experienced master in the coasting trade.

I accosted him in the customary style of salutation, but he answered me not a word. His eye was intently following the motions of a small schooner, loaded with wood, which was slowly moving toward the mouth of the harbour. My own eye pursued the motion of his, till the Almira (the schooner's name) had rounded the point, forming the west side of the harbour, and hoisting her sails, stood towards the north. As soon as he saw this, he lifted his hands, and exclaimed, "He has gone out of this harbour, and he will never come into it again!" I remarked that the wind was southerly, and of course fair. But he paid no attention to the remark. He again lifted his hands, repeated his exclamation, and, with a sorrowful countenance, departed.

I stood awhile observing the progress of the schooner. It was not very rapid. The wind was vacillating, and shifting round about her, as if uncertain in what direction to establish itself; and the vessel seemed as if conscious of the uncertainty of the wind, and therefore, undecided as to the position of her sails and rudder.

The master of the Almira was Josiah Ellis, a man of between fifty and sixty years of age. He was one whose gigantic frame seemed able to abide the fiercest "pelting of the pitiless storm." He had so often encountered the violence of the elements, and had so often conquered them by the simple energy of a vigorous constitution, that he took little care to guard himself against them. Reckless of what was to come, if he were sufficiently clad and armed for the present state of winds and seas, he thought not of what might be their condition, or his necessities for meeting them to-morrow. When, therefore, he felt a southerly wind and a favouring tide, he launched out for his voyage, with no crew but himself, his son Josiah, and John Smith, a seaman; little regardful that winter was still at its depth, and that an hour might produce the most perilous changes.

Thus prepared and manned, the Almira held on her way with a slow progress for several hours. The wind was changeful, but continued to blow from the southerly quarter, till they had passed Monimet Point, a jutting headland about twelve miles from Sandwich harbour, which makes out from the south-easterly side of Plymouth, some miles into the sea. It is a high rocky promontory, dangerous to approach; which interferes so much with the passage of vessels from Sandwich to Boston, that, while compelled to avoid it, they yet go as near to it as safety will admit. Beyond this, on its north-westerly side, is a bay, at the bottom of which is Plymouth harbour; a safe place when you are once within it; but so guarded with narrow isthmuses on the north and south as to render the entrance difficult, and, in tempestuous weather, dangerous. They passed Monimet Point about ten o'clock, and, having Plymouth light for a landmark, were working slowly across the outer part of the bay; but under the discouragements of a dark night, a murky atmosphere, "a sky foul with clouds," and a wind so varying, that no dependence could be placed on it for a moment. For some hours, they seemed to make no progress; and were rather waiting in hope for some change, than fearing one. The master himself was at the helm, Smith was walking to and fro upon the deck, occasionally adjusting a rope, or altering the position of a sail, and the younger Ellis had lain down on a bench in the cabin. Suddenly the master's voice was heard, calling all hands in haste. His little crew hurried towards him, and looking towards the north-west they saw a clear, bright, and cold sky, about half up from the horizon; the clouds were hastening away towards the south-east, as if to avoid some fearful enemy, and new stars were appearing at each successive moment in the northern and western region of the heavens.

Beautiful as this sight was, in the present circumstances it was only appalling. It indicated a rapid change to severe cold, the consequences of which must be terrible. All was immediately bustle and agitation with the scanty crew. The first impulse was to run into Plymouth for shelter. But unfortunately that harbour lay directly in the eye of the wind, and there was little encouragement that they could make their way into it. They tacked once or twice, in hopes to attain the entrance, but having little sea-room, and the wind becoming every moment more violent, and the cold more severe, they were constantly foiled; till in one of the sudden motions of the vessel, coming with disadvantage to the wind, the main boom was wrenched from the mast. The halyards were immediately let go, and the mainsail came down, crashing and crackling as it fell, for it had already been converted to a sheet of ice. To furl it, or even to gather it up, was impossible. It lay a cumbrous ruin on the deck, and partly in the sea; a burden and a hindrance on all their subsequent operations.

Their next resource was to lay the vessel to the wind. This they effected by bracing their frozen fore-sail fore and aft, and loosing the jib. It was not in their power to haul it down. Its motion in the wind soon cracked its covering of ice, and in so doing, rent the substance of the sail itself. It was subsequently torn in pieces. The vessel now obeyed her helm, came up to the wind, and so remained.

While engaged in these operations, the anxious seamen had little opportunity to observe the heavens. But when they now looked up, behold, the whole sky was swept clear of clouds, as if by magic! The stars shone with unusual brilliancy. The moon had risen before the change of the wind, but had been invisible on account of the density of the clouds. She now appeared in nearly full-orbed lustre. But moon and stars seemed to unite in shedding that stern brightness which silvers an ice rock, and appears to increase its coldness. The brightness of the heavens was like the light of the countenance of a hard philosopher's un-

gracious deity,—clear, serene, and chilling cold. They turned towards the wind, and it breathed upon their faces cuttingly severe, charged not only with the coldness of the region whence it came, but also with the frozen moisture of the atmosphere, already converted into needles of ice.

From the care of their vessel, they began to look to that of their persons. They had been wet with the moisture of the air, in the earlier part of the night, and drenched with the spray which the waves had dashed over them during their various labours. This was now congealed upon them. Their hair and garments were hung with icicles, or stiffened with frost, and they felt the nearer approach of that stern power which chills and freezes the heart. But, in looking for proper defences against this adversary of life, it was ascertained that the master had taken with him no garments, but such as were suited for the softer weather in which he had sailed. The outer garments of the son had been laid on the deck, and, in the confusion of the night, had gone overboard. Smith, likewise, had forgotten precaution, and was wholly unprovided against a time like this. So that here were three men, in a small schooner, with most of their sails useless encumbrances, spars and rigging covered with ice, themselves half frozen, exposed to the severest rigours of a winter's sky and winter's sea, and void of all clothing, save such as was suited for moderate weather on the land.

In this emergency, they sought the cabin, and with much difficulty succeeded in lighting a fire; over which they hovered till vital warmth was in some measure restored. On returning to the deck, they found their perils fearfully increasing. The dampness and the spray which had stiffened and loaded their hair and garments, had in like manner congealed in great quantities about the rigging, and on the deck, and over the sails. The spray, as it dashed over the vessel, froze wherever it struck; several inches of ice had gathered on deck, small ropes had assumed the appearance of cables, and the folds of the shattered mainsail were nearly filled. The danger was imminent, that the accumulating weight of the ice would sink the schooner; yet all means of relieving her from the increasing load were utterly out of their power.

It being now impossible either to proceed on the voyage, or to gain shelter in Plymouth, there was no alternative but to endeavour to get back to their own harbour. It was difficult to make the heavy and encumbered vessel yield to her helm. As to starting a rope, the accumulated ice rendered it impossible. Nevertheless, by persevering effort, they got her about; and as wind and tide set together that way, they cleared Monimet Point, and came round into Barnstaple Bay once more. They were now but a few miles from their own homes. Even in the moonlight, as they floated along, they could discern the land adjacent to the master's dwelling-house; and they earnestly longed for the day, in hopes that some of their friends might discover their condition, and send them relief. It was a long, perilous, and wearisome night. The cold continued increasing every hour. The men were so chilled by it, and so overcome with exertion, that, after they had rounded the last-named point, they could make but little effort for preserving their ship. They beheld the ice accumulate upon the deck, the rigging, and sails; they felt the vessel becoming more and more unmanageable, and their own danger growing more imminent every moment; yet were wholly unable to avert the peril, or hinder the increase of its cause. It was with them,

> 'As if the dead should feel
> The icy worm around them steal,
> And shudder as the reptiles creep,
> To revel o'er their rotting sleep;
> Without the power to scare away
> The cold consumers of their clay.'

Morning at last began to dawn. But in its first grey twilight they could only perceive that they had been swept by the land they desired, the home they loved. Yet not so far but that, in the dim distance, they could see a smoke from their chimney top, reminding them of the dear objects of their affections, from whom they were thus fearfully separated, and between whose condition and their own so dreadful a contrast existed. They looked between themselves and the shore, saw the impossibility of receiving assistance from their friends; and abandoning their vessel to fate, sought only to save themselves from perishing of cold.

Their last remaining sail had now yielded to the violence of the blast, and its accumulated burden of ice. It hung in shattered and heavy remnants from the mast. The vessel, left to its own guidance, turned nearly broadside to the wind, and floated rapidly along, as if seeking the spot on which it might be wrecked. They passed the three harbours of Sandwich, that of Barnstaple and Yarmouth, either of which would have afforded them safe shelter, could they have entered it. But to direct their course was impossible. With hearts more and more chilled as they drifted by these places of refuge, which they could see, but could not reach, they floated onward to their fate.

From a portion of the town of Dennis, there makes out northerly into the sea a reef of rocks. On the westerly side of this, there is a sandy beach, on which a vessel of tolerable strength might be cast without being destroyed; on the easterly side there is a cove, having a similar shore, which is a safe harbour from a north-west wind. But the reef itself is dangerous.

In the early part of the day, January seventeenth, an inhabitant of Dennis beheld from an eminence this ill-fated schooner, floating down the bay, broadside towards the wind; her sails dismantled, covered with ice, gleaming like a spectre in the cold beams of a winter's morning. He raised an alarm and hastened to the shore, where he was shortly joined by such of the inhabitants as the sudden emergency allowed to collect. Many were seamen themselves; they knew the dangers and the hearts of seamen, and were desirous to render such assistance as they might.

The strange vessel was seen rapidly approaching the reef of rocks, before named. She was so near, that those on land could look on board, but they saw no man. They could perceive nothing but the frozen mass of the disordered sails; the ropes encrusted with ice, to thrice their proper size, and objects so mingled in confusion, and so heaped over with ice, that even experienced eyes could not distinguish whether these were frozen human beings, or the common fixtures on a vessel's deck. Thinking, however, that there might be living men on board, who, if they could be roused, might change the direction of the schooner, so as to avoid the approaching death shock, they raised a shout, clear, shrill, and alarming. Whether it was heard they knew not. But very soon, the three men emerged from the cabin, and exhibited themselves on deck; shivering, half clad, meeting at every step a dashing spray, frozen ere it fell, and exposed to a cutting wind, as if they were

> ——— all naked feeling, and raw life.'

'Put up your helm,' exclaimed an aged master, 'make sail, and round the rocks; there's a safe harbour on the leeward side.' Lest his words might not be heard, he addressed himself to their eyes; and by repeated motions, wavings, signs, and signals, well known to seamen, warned them of the instant danger, and pointed the direction in which they might avoid it. No movement on board was seen in consequence of this direction and these signals. Ellis and his two men felt that such effort would be unavailing, and did not even attempt it.

It was a moment of thrilling interest to both spectators and sufferers. The difference of a few rods, on either side, would have carried the vessel to safety and preserved the lives of the men. The straight-forward course led to instant destruction. Yet that straight-forward course the schooner, with seeming obstinacy, pursued, as if drawn by mysterious fascination; and hurried toward the rocks by a kind of invincible desire. Near and more near she came, with her encumbered bulk, till she was lifted as a dead mass on a powerful wave, and thrown at full length upon the fatal ledge.

The men on board, when they felt the rising of their vessel for her last fatal plunge, clung instinctively to such fixtures as they could grasp, and in solemn silence waited the event. In silence they endured the shock of her striking; felt themselves covered not now with spray, but with the partially frozen substance of the waves themselves, which made a highway across the deck, filled the cabin, and left them no place of retreat, but the small portion of the quarter abaft the binnacle, and a little space forward near the windlass. To the former place they retreated, as soon as they recovered from the shock, and there they stood, drenched, shivering, and ready to perish; expecting at every moment the fabric under their feet to dissolve; and feeling their powers of life becoming less and less adequate to sustain the increasing intensity of cold.

'We will make an effort to save them;' said the agonised spectators of the scene. A boat was procured, and manned by a hardy crew, resolved to risk their lives for the salvation of their imperilled, although unknown fellow men. The surf ran heavy, and was composed of that kind of ice-thickened substance, called technically *sludge*; a substance much like floating snow. Through this she

was shoved with great effort, by men who waded deep into the semi-fluid mass for the purpose. But scarcely had she reached the outer edge of the surf, when a refluent sea conquered and filled her. Fortunately, she had not gone so far, but that a long and slender warp, cast from the shore, reached one of the men. He caught it and attached it to the boat, which was drawn back to land by their friends, and no lives were lost.

They on the wreck had gazed with soul-absorbing interest on this attempt at their rescue. They witnessed its failure, and their hearts died within them. One of them was soon after seen to go forward and sit down on the windlass. 'Rise, rise, and stir yourself,' exclaimed many voices at once. They had not read the maxim of Dr. Solander, concerning people exposed to severe cold: 'He that sits down will sleep, and he that sleeps will wake no more.' They knew this truth by the sterner teachings of the experience of associates of their own, and by the sayings of their fathers, whose wisdom they revered. Hence their exclamation to him who had taken his seat. It was Smith. He rose not, however, at their call, and they said mournfully, one to another, 'he will never rise again.' He did not. In truth, in a little while he was so encrusted with ice, that they could not distinguish the human form from other equally disguised objects that lay around it; and when afterwards they got on board the body was gone. It had been washed away, no one knew when, nor has it ever been known that the sea has given up this dead.

The father and son now stood alone. The only shelter they could obtain from the icy wind and drenching sea, was by occasionally screening themselves on the lee side of the low binnacle. But there they experienced so soon the commencement of the deadly torpor, that they ceased making use of this refuge, and only sought to keep themselves in motion. But resolution, struggling against a disposition of nature, fails at last. The father was seen to go forward and seat himself as Smith had done before. Again the warning cry was raised, and again it was disregarded. 'We will save him yet,' it was exclaimed by the sympathising spectators. The boat was again manned, and again launched, and reached beyond the surf in safety. But to get on board the wreck was utterly impossible. They came so near that they could speak to the younger Ellis, and hear his voice in reply. But such was the violence of winds and waves dashing on the rocks and over the wreck, that they could approach no nearer. They were compelled to turn about, leaving the father to sleep the sleep of death, with scarce a hope that the son could be saved. But they encouraged him to persevere in his efforts to keep from falling asleep. They told him that the rising tide would probably lift the vessel from her present position and bring her where they could come on board: that they would keep a constant watch, and embrace the first practicable means for his deliverance. He heard them, saw them depart, and with a sad heart took his station on the cabin stairs, where, standing knee-deep in the half frozen water that filled the cabin, he could in some measure screen his thin-clad form from the cold wind. But here he twice detected himself in falling asleep, and left the dangerous post; preferring to expose himself to the bleak wind on the quarter rather than sit down beneath a shelter and die. There he made it his object to keep himself in motion, and the people, when they saw him in danger of relinquishing this only means of preservation, shouted, and moved and stirred him to new effort.

It took place as the seamen had predicted. The rising tide lifted the vessel from her dangerous position, and brought her on to a sand, where the people with much effort got on board, about four o'clock in the afternoon. They found young Ellis on the quarter-deck holding on to the tiller ropes. He had become too much exhausted to continue his life-preserving movements, and the stillness of an apparently last sleep had been for some time stealing over him. His hands were frozen to the ropes which they grasped, his feet and ankles were encrusted with ice, and he was so far gone that he was scarce conscious of the presence of his deliverers.

Their moving him roused him a little. Yet he said nothing, till, as they bore him by his father's body, he muttered, 'There lies my poor father,' and relapsed into a stupor, from which he only awaked after he had been conveyed on shore, and customary means were employed for his restoration. Through the humane attention of the inhabitants, he was restored, but with the ultimate loss of the extremities of his hands, and his feet. He still survives, a useful citizen, notwithstanding these mutilations. But the memory of that fearful night and day is fresh in his mind. It taught him, in truth, the inefficiency of human strength, when matched against the elements of nature; and made manifest, likewise, the value of that kindness of man to man, which leads him to watch and labour, and expose even his life, for the shipwrecked stranger: to minister to his wants, and nurse his weakness, and safely restore him to his family and friends. A child of their own could not have been more kindly or carefully attended than he was, nor more liberally provided for, by the humane people among whom he was cast. I doubt not there is a recompense for them, with Him who hath said, 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

Reader, I know not what interest you may take in my simple narrative, but I have given you a *true* account of the SHIPWRECKED COASTER.

MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, one of the most amiable and useful writers of her time, was born at Belfast, in Ireland, on the 25th of July, 1758. She lost her father the year after her birth, but, by the care of a worthy and affectionate mother, her infant years, and those of her brother and sister, were watched over with great solicitude, and, in lack of fortune, she brought them up in the opinion that a good education is the best patrimony. When Elizabeth was but six years of age, circumstances arose which led to a dismemberment of the family, and she was put under the care of an uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, at a retired estate near Stirling, in Scotland. Mr. Marshall is described by Mrs. Hamilton as a man to whom might well be applied what Burns said of an Ayrshire friend, that he held his patent of nobility direct from Almighty God,—one whose sentiments would have done honour to the most exalted station. With these excellent people Elizabeth spent two years in Stirlingshire, where she acquired habits of hardihood and enterprise, readily joining in fording the *burns* in summer, and sliding over them in winter; her preceptress, Mrs. Marshall, following the opinion of Dugald Stewart, that, "when nature is allowed free scope, the curiosity during early youth is alive to every external object and to every external occurrence. Whenever a child contracts a dislike for those amusements suited to its age, the best of all education is lost, which nature has prepared amidst the active sports and hazardous adventures of childhood. It is from these alone that we can acquire, not only that force of character which is suited to the more arduous situations of life, but that complete and prompt command of attention to things external, without which the highest endowments of the understanding, however they may fit a man for the solitary speculations of the closet, are but of little use in the practice of affairs, or for enabling him to profit by his personal experience:"—a passage which Mrs. Hamilton often quoted in reference to her own happy childhood.

Under Mrs. Marshall she became an adept in reading.* "In books she soon discovered a substitute even for a playmate: her first hero was Wallace, with whom she became enamoured, by learning to recite Blind Harry's lays. Two or three of Shakspeare's plays came in her way; the History of England followed. She happened to meet with Ogilvie's translation of Homer's Iliad, and soon learned to idolise Achilles, and almost to dream of Hector." At eight she was put to a school in the town of Stirling, where she learnt writing, geography, and the use of the globes. Her assiduity delighted her master, (Mr. Manson,) who, in a poem written forty years after, reverted with pride to the period when Elizabeth Hamilton had been his pupil. In her ninth year she lost her mother, and in after-life she thus writes of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall:—"By this worthy couple I was adopted, and educated with a care and tenderness that has been seldom equalled. No child ever spent so happy a life; nor, indeed, have I ever met with anything at all resembling the way in which we lived, except the description given by Rousseau of Wolmar's farm and vintage."

In her thirteenth year she left school, and returned to her aunt's. At this time an intimate of the family had taken some pains to shake her religious principles. The sceptical arguments were new to her and attractive; but she found it difficult to believe that her aunt had been the dupe of error. To solve the doubt, she determined to study the Bible by stealth, and decide

* Miss Benger's Memoirs; from which, and an article in the Monthly Magazine for 1816, the substance of this is principally taken.

the question by her own unbiassed judgment. The result was a conviction that the moral precepts and doctrines of Christianity were too pure to have been promulgated by an impostor. To the example still more than the precepts of her excellent friends she always referred the formation of her moral and religious sentiments.

Miss Hamilton was now allowed to spend some months in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and she had an introduction to Dr. Mayne, who was then giving lectures on experimental philosophy; and a correspondence was commenced, in which the lecturer undertook to direct the studies of his youthful pupil. Of this period of her life she often regretted that she had not devoted to classical or scientific pursuits the time unprofitably wasted in music.

After a visit from her brother, who was five years older, a mutual correspondence was established, which she acknowledged soon became to her a *second* education: her opportunities, she allowed, were superior to what is usually allotted to her sex and station, since she had learned to *think*.

Like many solitary *thinkers*, Miss Hamilton was irresistibly impelled to become a writer. She had recourse to her pen by stealth, but accident divulged her secret. On an excursion to the Highlands, she had kept a journal for her aunt's amusement, and the MS. coming into the hands of one of the party, in the warmth of his admiration he sent it to a provincial Magazine. At this early stage of her life she had also tried, what most young thinkers try, especially if their natures are sensitive, to *make* poetry.

In 1780 she lost her aunt, to which she always adverted as the first sorrow of her life. She continued, however, with her uncle, and fulfilled the domestic superintendence of his house; and for six years she scarcely ever ventured from the solitude of their country residence.

In 1785 Miss Hamilton's first voluntary contribution to the press was the Paper No. 46 of the "Lounger;" and of the same date is a sportive poem called "Anticipation." In 1788 she first visited London, with her brother. In this metropolis she soon discovered all the charms of novelty and congeniality; and it was here, perhaps, that she first became conscious of her own mental strength. In the summer of the same year her uncle died. Two years afterwards she had the happiness of procuring the friendship of the celebrated Dr. Gregory, who became her adviser in literary pursuits and chosen friend for thirty years.

It was a remarkable characteristic of Miss Hamilton, that, whatever place or family she visited, she always acquired in it a new friend. "She gave her suffrage to merit; her sympathy was yielded to misfortune; and, whilst she admitted to her confidence the worthy, or selected for intimacy the cultivated, she delighted to foster unprotected talent, to animate the lambent flame of hope, and to refresh the neglected germs that were withering in dreary desolation."

In 1792 Miss Hamilton lost her brother, a promising young officer attached to the East-India Company's service, and the translator of the "Hedaya." This for some time produced great dejection; and, in the retirement of Sunning, in Berkshire, she composed her first work, the "Hindoo Rajah;" in composing which she not only recalled the ideas she had acquired from her brother's conversation, but portrayed his character, and commemorated his talents and virtues. She submitted it to Mrs. Gregory, with this note:—"I am afraid," she observes, "to inquire what you will say to my black baby: I had no sooner given it out of my hands than I passed sentence of condemnation on it myself, and was almost ashamed at having exposed it even to your eye; but there is one thing of which I must beg leave to assure you, and that is, I have so little of authorship about me, that there is no occasion for the smallest degree of delicacy in pointing out its defects, or indeed in condemning *in toto* any child of my brain, towards whom I am so unnatural a parent that I have hitherto seen them smothered without remorse. That which has been done by my own diffidence will be still more easily accomplished when aided by the judgment of a friend:—on you, then, my dear madam, it will depend whether my poor Rajah shall sleep in peace on his native mountains, or expose himself to the dangers of criticism by a trip to England. If you think him too weak to stand the dangers of the voyage, he shall never move a step farther." It was published in 1796, and she reluctantly put her name to the work.

Under the encouraging approbation of Dr. Gregory, her next essay was "The Modern Philosopher," which she wrote while on a visit in Gloucestershire. This rural residence she thus describes:—"Mrs. Radcliffe would here find enough of scenery without the *moon*. I have never seen any place that united more beauties. Inclosed in a woody dingle, it appears from the hills above to be secluded from the world; but it nevertheless commands a view of the rich vale of Evesham below, of the Malvern hills and distant Welsh mountains, and of the Severn till it is united with the ocean. All this we enjoy in peace; for we have no carriage-road within a mile of the house, and I have hitherto seen but one visitor." "The Modern Philosopher" was very popular. It is an exposure of those whose theory and practice differ, and points out the difficulty of applying high-flown principles to the ordinary but necessary concerns of life. It passed through two editions in 1800. To give effect to the humour of the work, it was of importance that it should be published anonymously; but the author observes, with that ingenuousness which was native to her mind, "I would not on any account publish anonymously anything which I should either be ashamed of or afraid to own." Its success led to her acknowledgment of it; the credit of which had been gratuitously conferred on two or three celebrated writers: it was a passport to fame and distinction. In the "Modern Philosopher" the alliance of morals and politics was carefully disclaimed, and consequently aristocrats and democrats agreed to laugh. Of the positive good resulting from her work the author received a most pleasing testimony, in a letter from a young woman, evidently of superior talents, who confessed that she had detected herself in Bridgetina, and instantly abjured the follies and absurdities which created the resemblance.

Miss Hamilton's next work was "Letters on Education," the first volume of which appeared in 1801, and procured for the author the acquaintance and correspondence of many celebrated individuals, and among others of Dugald Stewart. From the spring of 1802 till the autumn of 1803, Miss Hamilton, and her sister Mrs. Blake, made a tour of Wales, the Lakes of Westmoreland, and Scotland. From Llangollen she proceeded to Liverpool, where she participated in the hospitality of Dr. Currie, whom she ever after spoke of with enthusiasm. Whilst at the Lakes, Bishop Watson became her intimate acquaintance; and of this distinguished prelate she thus writes to Mrs. Gregory: "We are more and more delighted with the Bishop's conversation, which is always a first-rate feast; the sentiments are always so just, and expressed with so much energy, yet without the least degree of dogmatism: he is always cheerful, even sometimes playful, but never without dignity; in short, he is a man of a million, whom I shall ever consider it a happiness to have known." While amongst the Lakes, she prepared the materials for the Memoirs of Agrippina, (which exhibits in a small compass a correct epitome of Roman laws, customs, and manners,) and is considered a valuable addition to English school classics.

The sisters proceeded to Edinburgh, where they acquired the friendship of Miss Edgeworth; which was afterwards maintained with mutual cordiality, attachment, and affection.

Soon after the publication of "Agrippina," in 1804, George III. in acknowledgment of her exertions in the cause of religion and virtue, conferred on her a pension; the prime minister paying a spontaneous tribute to her talents, which enhanced the value of the gift. On her return to England, she became the neighbour of her friends, Dr. and Mrs. Gregory, at West Ham, in Essex; and composed a volume of "Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman," published in 1806, which had a most favourable reception. Miss Hamilton had lately resided for six months in the family of this nobleman, and directed the education of his children, who had been deprived of their mother. From this time she chose to be designated Mrs. Hamilton.

Her return to Edinburgh was cordially greeted by her friends, and in the society of the partners of her youth she was again at home. On this occasion she composed the pleasing song of "My ain Fireside;" the second stanza of which most happily describes her feelings:

> "Ance mair (Gude be praised) round my ain heartsome ingle,
> Wi' the friends o' my youth I may cordially mingle;
> Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
> I may laugh when I'm merry, or sigh when I'm sad;
> Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
> But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer;
> Oh! the best road to happiness ever I tried,
> Was the road brought me home to my ain fireside.'

At this period Mrs. Hamilton, in conjunction with several ladies, established a Female House of Industry in Edinburgh, and composed a little work, "Exercises on Religious Knowledge," on a plan which obliges the pupil to prove, by answers to be given in her own words, her attention and her conception of the instruction given by the teacher. This book, which had the approbation of Bishop Sandford and the Rev. Mr. Alison, was first published in 1809.

The most popular of Mrs. Hamilton's works was that on which she bestowed least consideration. This was the "Cottagers of Glenburnie;" and it was not without some diffidence on the part of the publisher that it went to press. Its success was universal: it was a favourite in all the three kingdoms. A cheap edition was also printed for circulation among the peasantry of Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland; and even the wild genius of the mountains confessed the influence of good sense and the importance of domestic economy. "I canna be fash'd," became a popular phrase, and the name of Mrs. M'Clarty resounded in the polished circles of fashion and of elegance. "Glenburnie" might be called a tale in the manner of Wilkie: it is a faithful representation of human nature in general, as well as local manners and customs. The maxims of economy and industry,—the principles of truth, justice, family affection, and religion, which it inculcates by striking examples, and by exquisite strokes of pathos mixed with humour,—are independent of all local peculiarity of manner or language, and operate upon the feelings of every class of readers.

With simple and uniform habits, Mrs. Hamilton had never to complain of a dull or monotonous existence. Such was the relish for her society, that her private levee was attended by the most brilliant persons in Edinburgh. Of anecdote she was inexhaustible, and in narrative she dramatised with such effect that she almost personated those whom she described. Her "Cottagers of Glenburnie" is a lasting monument of the interest she took in the bettering the condition of the poor. Perhaps few books have been more extensively useful.

In 1812, her health being impaired, she removed to Bath, where, becoming convalescent, she had printed "Popular Essays on the Elementary Principles of the Human Mind." Although Mrs. Hamilton never lost her relish for works of humour and imagination, she had, during the last six years of her life, a decided preference for works of a higher order. Dugald Stewart, Paley, and Alison, had been the companions of her private hours. In 1815 she published her last work, a small volume, intitled "Hints addressed to the Patrons and Directors of Public Schools," recommending a partial adoption of the plan introduced into Switzerland by Pestalozzi.

Her delicate health, and several bereavements in her family, induced her to remove from Edinburgh (where she had lived for some time) to England, and she had travelled as far as Harrogate, when her last illness overtook her; and at this watering-place she expired July 23, 1816, in the sixtieth year of her age.

Mrs. Hamilton kept a private journal for twenty-seven years, which consisted of a series of papers composed with a view to assist the writer in the exercise of self-examination, which she considered as the basis of moral and religious improvement. It is dated from 1788, and concluded 1815. This journal, with her correspondence, is published along with Miss Benger's Memoirs of her, in two vols., Longman and Co. 1818.

Her early friend, Hector M'Neil, Esq., the poet of Stirling, who had watched over her childhood, pays the following tribute to her memory, which he himself did not survive to see printed:—"In all my intercourse with the world, I never knew one with a finer mind, a warmer heart, a clearer head, or a sounder understanding; and, perhaps, were we to particularise the most prominent feature in Mrs. Hamilton's intellectual character, we might select the two last mentioned as the most remarkable. Such was the clearness of her conceptions, and such the quickness of her discrimination, that she seldom or never hesitated a moment to give her opinion decidedly on any subject introduced; and, what is equally remarkable, seldom or never were her opinions erroneous. Such is the result of my observations on one I knew above forty years, during which she continued to rise in my estimation. In her death I have sustained a loss which I have reason to think I never can repair; but, while my heart bleeds at the thought, it ceases not to glow at the remembrance of her virtues."

WAR AND PEACE.*

WAR is a parricide, having madman and murderer written indelibly on his forehead. Such is the faith of that great number who believe in the progressive advancement of man. Therefore do they rejoice in whatever, in the present day, makes for PEACE. The steam-boat, ploughing the Atlantic, is an apostle of peace; the rail-road, with its flying train, cries out for peace; the printing machine utters many sounds, but it joins in a peaceful chorus. A deep persuasion is sinking into all men's hearts that peace is the world's chief good,—the great medium through which other good must be transmitted. The merchant at his desk, and the mechanic at his toil, are asking why men should any longer carry fire and sword into each other's dominions; and from a high place has it recently been uttered, that "a quarrel based on the mere ground of national animosity appears so revolting to the notions of good sense and charity prevalent in the civilised world, that the parties who feel such a passion the most strongly, and indulge it the most openly, are at great pains to class themselves under any denomination but those which would correctly designate their objects and feelings.†"

So far so well: but let us not, in common phrase, "halloo before we are out of the wood." A time is doubtless coming when there shall be "abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth;" and this hope warms the heart of the Christian and the philanthropist. But, though neither prophets nor prophets' sons, we may safely affirm that war has not yet finished its work on the earth. Christianity is yet far too unequally diffused; nations are far too unequally civilized, to forbid the fear that tremendous war may not again rage over the world. We may yet have to pass through a flood of war to a higher state of civilization; the elements of society may yet have to be purified by a hurricane. In such a state of things, is it the duty of Britain to spike her guns and dismantle her ships, and to preach the great doctrine of an entire forbearance? Is it her duty to trust her interests and her wealth, and whatever civilization she may have gathered together, to the hope that her quiescence will teach other nations the grand lesson of Christian charity; and that, as she looks around with folded arms on the world at large, all nations will be so struck with the moral spectacle, as to see in her attitude a noble exemplification of the song which was sung, "Peace on earth and good will towards men!"

In truth, War has such a villanous aspect, that even the good which he has done is beginning to be denied to him. But let us not be ungrateful. Cain was made a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth: nevertheless, a mark was set on his forehead, lest any finding him should kill him. War is Cain's eldest child, and is marked with his father's brand; but, though we should drive him out, and make him a fugitive on the earth, we must not forget that he has built for us a synagogue. We cannot tell why WAR has been suffered to exist among men, and to be their chief pastime for six thousand years, any more than we can tell why evil came to have its origin. But, seeing that War has existed, and probably will continue to exist for some time yet to come, we can at least extract good out of its mischief, and point out the benefits as well as the miseries that have resulted. Comparatively small as is man's advancement, but for WAR he would probably be far behind what he is now. The noblest geniuses, whose productions have in all ages tended to the advancement of the race, have expended their powers on war. Some of the loftiest minds that the world ever saw have

* Travels through the United Kingdom, for promoting the Cause of Peace on Earth and Good Will towards Men. By George Pilkington, late Captain in the Corps of Royal Engineers. London, 1839.

† Lord Durham's Report on Canada.

had their energies roused and developed by war. War, in the production of shields, spears, armour of all sorts, projectile engines, building of castles, towers, and walls, has sharpened all the inventive faculties of men. What a glorious thing is an English ship of war, built by mathematics, navigated by the stars, defended by valour, and managed by skill! War has organised kingdoms, diffused science and the arts, extended commerce, and enlarged the mind of man; has broken the bonds of bigotry, has set the oppressed free, and developed new forms of government, to carry on the grand experiment of the gradual progress of the race. "Happy the nation whose annals are tiresome!" is a well-known quotation, and in some respects a true one: but blot out from the scroll of history—that is, history as it has been written,—all that relates to war, and we should have no annals at all! All might be summed up in a few sentences, as brief as those which occur in the Book of Judges, between the record of the actions of such champions as Samson and Barak, and Gideon and Jephthah, when we are quietly told—"And the land had rest fourscore years,"—"And the country was in quietness forty years."

We can easily conceive that a generous mind, glancing over the past history of the race, and looking only at the *evils* of war, might be led to consider man as a sort of wild beast, whose ferocity might be checked, but could not be tamed. But such a way of reading history is very unprofitable. Let us for a moment make the experiment. Was there war in the "World before the Flood?" We are not expressly told that there was; but, being told that "the earth was full of violence," we may conclude so: and accordingly James Montgomery, in his poem, assumes that such was the fact, and describes to us

> "The hordes of Cain by giant chieftains led,"

who carry war to the gates of Paradise, and

> "Full, in the spirit of their father, came
> To waste their brethren's land with sword and flame."

When did war commence after the Deluge? We do not know: perhaps soon after the "confusion of tongues;" for the first recorded act of warfare—that which ensued in the captivity of Lot, and his subsequent rescue by Abraham,—is introduced as a common occurrence. This was a mere predatory act of warfare, such as is carried on at the present day by the Toorkomans, when they attack a caravan or a village, and return encumbered with captives and spoil. Of the same character were the assaults by which Job lost his camels, his oxen, and his asses, and had his servants slain by "the edge of the sword."

But change the scene! Mark this tumultuary host, coming forth from the bosom of the old world of civilization, pursued by a regularly organised military force—"six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt, and captains over every one of them." The terrified fugitives, whose spirit had been broken by their abject slavery, and encumbered by their baggage, and their wives and their little ones, cry out in despair; the waters permit them to pass over on dry land. Now they can hearken more calmly to the roll of the chariot wheels, and to the tramp of the advancing footmen: the disciplined body also ventures between the watery walls, and a shout of triumph is heard from the shore—"Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea: his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea."

The same people who had fled in terror from Egypt, now make terror to precede them as they advance upon Canaan. During their wanderings in the wilderness, something of a warlike spirit had been infused into them: they encamped in regular order, they marched as an army, in battalions, with their banners; they were animated by the sound of the trumpet; and they were accustomed to hardship and fatigue. Yet it was hard to sustain this spirit; for every now and again would the old Egyptian bondage re-appear: the terror-stricken spies told their countrymen how they were but as grasshoppers in the sight of the gigantic Canaanites; and the cowardly congregation said one to another, "Let us make a captain, and return to Egypt." Yet the Canaanites, devoted to judicial punishment for their abominable vices, shrank before the Israelites; and we are told that whole nations emigrated, and that in Numidia pillars might be seen, bearing the inscription, "We are the Canaanites who fled before the robber Joshua."

We might pursue this through all the great periods of history, from the supposed siege of Troy down to the battle of Waterloo. Nebuchadnezzar overthrowing Jerusalem; Cyrus taking Babylon; Cambyses destroying the monuments of Egypt; Xerxes lashing and chaining the waters, that his vast host might see the madness of their master; the great scenes of Grecian story,—Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis; the tremendous struggles between Carthage and Rome; Alexander the Great, foretold by the symbol of "the he-goat, who moved over the face of the whole earth, and touched not the ground," and who died at the early age of thirty-two, having been permitted for twelve years to thin the numbers of the human race; the wars of Julius Cæsar; the awful fall of Jerusalem; Attila, *Flagellum Dei*, "the scourge of God," making proud Rome to dread his wrath, and proclaiming that "the grass never grew on the spot where his horse had trod;" the disastrous scenes of our own early history, and the destructive descents of the "sea-kings;" the Saracenic conquests, and the Norman conquest; the wars of the Roses, and the wars of the Mongols; Ghengis Khan laying waste in four years what five centuries have not repaired, and boasting that the exact account of the slain in his various expeditions was four millions, three hundred and forty-seven thousand persons; Timur sacrificing, in like manner, millions, and sacking cities, under the character of a reformer, and for the establishment of peace and order; the tremendous sacrifice of life in the Crusades, and in our own wars between France and England; and, last, the meteoric career of Napoleon, expiring in the blaze of Moscow and the smoke of Waterloo. What would the consideration of all these scenes teach us, if we looked upon them solely with a view to the *horrors* of war? We should turn away with a sickening feeling: man would appear to us one of the most pitiable of God's creatures, and history a roll written within and without, and full of mourning, and lamentation, and woe.

But it is extremely short-sighted to look upon war in such a light. He who framed us what we are, has overruled war, and made it like the schoolmaster's rod, the means of punishment and improvement. Like the dead carcass of Samson's lion, "out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Why do our hearts throb as we read the war-song, or hear the war-trumpet? Why do we follow with breathless interest that bold imagination which carries war into heaven itself, and arms the celestial host? And why does Christianity borrow metaphors and similes from war, and exhort the Christian to take the shield of faith, and to clothe himself with the whole armour of God? The reason is plain. War is assumed to be a struggle between right and wrong—a contention between evil and good—the encroaching spirit of destruction met and resisted by the preserving and progressive spirit of improvement. All war whatever, the meanest, the cruellest, the most wanton, that ever outraged human nature, shelters itself under some plea of this nature—some plea of punishment for injury, some plea of deliverance from actual or protection from threatened suffering, or some delusive pretence of extending the power and glory, and consequently the supposed *happiness*, of individuals or nations. When

war is not coloured by some such pretence, it ceases to be war, and becomes simple robbery or piracy.

What, then, some reader may exclaim, you *justify* war! No, by no means. But you contend that it is a necessary evil? It is an *evil*, unquestionably; whether it has been *necessary* or not (taking it as a whole, instead of looking at isolated instances,) is beyond our ken. War has existed through all the past history of our race, and all that we can say of it is what Arrian said of Alexander the Great—"It is my opinion that such a man, who was like no other mortal, would never have been born without a special Providence." War would never, we are assured, have been permitted to exist if its objects had been wholly destructive or wholly useless; and though war, like slavery, is opposed to the genius and spirit of Christianity, there seems to be no reason why one nation, willing to act on Christian principles, should abandon itself to the mercies of another which refuses to recognise the influence of the same pacific principles. In no case does Christianity call upon us to abandon our natural and social positions, or to give up our rights as men, because of our privileges as Christians; and he who, in his individual capacity, may so exemplify the spirit of meekness as, when smitten on the right cheek, to turn to the smiter the other also, may yet, as a member of the state, be found on the field of battle or on the quarter-deck, and bravely, if need be, lay his body in the path of an advancing enemy.

These remarks are the result of reading "Travels through the United Kingdom, in promoting the Cause of Peace on Earth and Good Will towards Men," by George Pilkington, formerly a captain in the corps of Royal Engineers. The author is, we are persuaded, a good and honest-minded man; and his enthusiasm in his cause is very strong. Now, we honour enthusiasm in a good man: when combined with sound judgment, it is a most inspiring and wonder-working thing. But though Mr. Pilkington is apparently an enthusiastic and a single-minded man, he supplies abundant proof that his enthusiasm and his honest intentions are but little tempered by sound judgment; and, as he is tolerably well known, by means of his lectures, in various towns of the United Kingdom, we have taken up his book, as being within the scope of the "LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and not without interest to its readers.

Be it known, then, to such as are not acquainted with the author, that Mr. Pilkington is an Irishman, and was formerly in the military service, having attained the rank of captain in the Royal Engineers. He brought charges of peculation against a general officer: a court-martial was held, by which the general was ordered to refund the money, and to be reprimanded; but Captain Pilkington was dismissed the service, for having brought a number of charges against a superior officer, of which only one was borne out by evidence. Afterwards he received the appointment of civil engineer to the colony of Sierra Leone, which ill health compelled him to resign. He then went on a trading voyage, suffered shipwreck, came through a variety of adventures, mixed with hardship; acted as lecturer to the Anti-Slavery Society; and ultimately began, on his own responsibility, and depending on the contributions of the charitable, to lecture on War, contending, wherever he went, that defensive war is unchristian, and therefore morally forbidden.

Far mightier causes than Mr. Pilkington's lectures must be at work to stop the breakings out of war. He has, however, excited a good deal of interest, of which the following is a pleasing and characteristic specimen. At Tamworth, he says, "where I occupied the Town Hall, I was most vehemently opposed by three respectable individuals, a lawyer, a wholesale tea-dealer, and a classical tutor. At the close of my lecture, a more formal discussion took place, which lasted about an hour." Afterwards, at Birmingham, "I met the Roman Catholic priest of Tamworth in the street. He had attended my lecture in that town, and entered earnestly into the spirit of it; but having left the upper end of the Hall before the close of the discussion, he had not since had an opportunity of seeing me. He now seemed rejoiced, and in the fulness of his heart, he with a genuine full-toned Irish brogue, said,

"'Tis I that am glad to see you—how do you find yourself after your labour?'

"'Very well; I have been lecturing every day since I saw you.'

"'Am I not ashamed of my Tamworth townsmen for behaving so uncourteously to a stranger! I was anxious to have congratulated you on your success in the discussion; but I went to the end of the room where your noisy opponents stood, in order to remonstrate with them; and when the argument closed, I was obliged to move with the crowd, so that I lost sight of you. But what a noble pair of lungs you must have! Was I not astonished, when, after having spoken for two hours, you continued the discussion for another hour, as fresh as a daisy? Will you come and take a glass of wine with me?'

"'No, I thank you, I drink nothing but water.

"'Oh! then, do you belong to the Temperance Society?'

"'Yes.'

"'But sure they only prohibit you from taking whiskey.'

"'True, but I always like to be on the advance guard—for the human family must be led both by precept and example.'

"'That is very well; but with all your exertion a little wine or porter would do you good.'

"'If I had any ailment which required such a remedy, I would not hesitate to take a dose of wine or porter: but I am thankful to say that I am in very good health.'

"'But sure the Scriptures say that you must not be always drinking water!'

"I, of course, did not subscribe to his good-natured commentary; and finding that he could not persuade me to take some wine at his expense, he reverted to the subject of my lecture, and seemed earnestly to desire, that all Christians should adopt the principles it held forth."

On another occasion, Mr. Pilkington was engaged in debate, on the top of a coach, with a passenger, whom he terms "a fighting Christian; that is, one who follows Christ in peace, so long as nobody quarrels with him." "My opponent," he says, "now perceived that in all cases man was strictly prohibited from engaging in killing his fellow-man by his own will; nevertheless, unwilling to yield to the principle that we should die rather than kill, he had recourse to practice, and accordingly asked, 'What would you do with the Irish?'

"'As with all other men—apply the remedy, 'overcome evil with good.'

"'Ah, sir, the more good you do for them, the more you may do; those fellows would never be satisfied.'

"'That, at least, would keep our hands in; and we are required to obey without regard to results.'

"'But, if we dealt thus with them, they would take possession of our country, and force their religion upon us.'

'His direction, overcome evil with good, must be sufficient for all emergencies; and He would not have given the command without the power to execute.'

"'Ah, sir, I am persuaded they are such a race of savages, that nothing but powder and ball will keep them in order.'

"'You are not aware that it is an Irishman that speaks to you.'

"He blushed, and seemed very much confused, whilst saying,

'I, of course, did not refer to individuals, but to the nation in general.'"

Lecturing at Chatham, Mr. Pilkington tells us, that "a number of military officers, as well as men, were present, and listened with great patience and attention—an example at once consistent with good sense, and worthy of their station as members of polished society. This meeting took place at an hotel, where it was announced that I would lecture again in the Baptist chapel. I accordingly returned in a few days, and found it filled with about a thousand persons, amongst whom I observed many of the officers who had been present upon the preceding occasion. In the middle of this lecture, some person imprudently called out, 'Fire!' The consternation that ensued was alarming; I endeavoured to encourage the people by sitting quietly on the cushion of the pulpit, but in vain; seven hundred rushed out at once. It was, indeed, a matter of thankfulness that no accident occurred.

"This reminded me of a similar occurrence which took place at Dewsbury. In the course of my lecture I was stating that some thousand tons of human and horse bones were imported into Great Grimsby, in Lincolnshire, from the plains of Leipsic and Waterloo, and ground into manure. I remarked thereon that we are not satisfied in engaging others to fight for us, but after their souls are hurried before the bar of judgment, we take their pulverized bones to manure our lands, and eat the vegetables rendered luxuriant and delicious by the essential oil extracted from the dead bodies of our fellow-men. At this moment, one, who, I afterwards heard, was subject to fits, being overcome by the heat of the place, uttered two or three sepulchral groans. The alarm, thus produced, was as if all the skeletons of our slaughtered soldiery were seen stalking through the windows; many of my affrighted auditors shrieked, and many, both male and female, rushed to the door. One respectable young lady, following the example of others, vaulted from the seat over the side of the pew, because, in her haste, she could not open the door."

Mr. Pilkington went over to Ireland, and his lectures on peace and temperance were, on the whole, very well received, in the various towns he visited. In Dublin, he went to visit the scenes of his childhood; and meeting with an old lady who had known his family, she remarked, amongst other conversation, "Your father was a very benevolent man—everybody loved him; he was always doing good. But sure your step-mother was a very proud woman, at least everybody said so. But oh! how like your father you are!—sure, I remember you when you were this height—what a beautiful boy you were—oh! but time has made a great change in you, I would hardly have known you. I always observed that the handsomest children grew up the ugliest men."

Here we part with Mr. Pilkington. Whatever differences of opinion there may be between us, we wish, as cordially as he does, that "War may cease unto the ends of the earth."

SHAKSPEARE, A STUDY FOR DIVINES.

"Dr. Sharpe was the rector of St. Giles's, and was both a very pious man and one of the most popular preachers of the age, who had a most peculiar talent of reading his sermons with much life and zeal." So far Bishop Burnet; to which Onslow, the Speaker, adds this note:—"Sharpe was a great reader of Shakspeare. Dr. Magnay, who had married his daughter, told me he used to recommend to young divines the reading of the Scriptures and Shakspeare; and Dr. Lisle, Bishop of Norwich, who had been chaplain at Lambeth to Archbishop Wake, told me that it was often related there that Sharpe should say, that 'the Bible and Shakspeare made him Archbishop of York.'"

THE REDUCED FAMILY.

Genteel, poor families, reduced to poverty by sudden and recent misfortunes, occupy the least enviable position of any of the numerous classes of which society is composed. We say *recent*—because otherwise they become so entirely incorporated and assimilated with the class on which they have been thrown back, that no distinguishing traits or features remain visible to awaken our sympathies.

The picture, then, which we would point out for contemplation and commiseration is, that of such a family struggling to maintain an appearance before the eye of the world worthy of their former state, but sorely at variance with their present means. Such attempts as these may be called foolish, and by those who have more wisdom than feeling they may be considered as the offspring of vanity; but *we* would not be disposed to give them so harsh a name. As we are no casuists ourselves, however, we leave the adjustment of this point to those who are, and content ourselves with saying, that for our own parts, we never look on such melancholy attempts as those we speak of, or think of the condition of those who make them, but with unmingled feelings of kindness and compassion.

Particularly do we sympathise with such a family when it contains one or more young adult females. Modest, accomplished girls they are, but oh! pitiful, most pitiful is the contrast between their poverty-stricken home, their poor, thin raiment thrown on their sylph-like forms with an affecting aim at gentility, and the lady-like manners, the pure and beautiful style of language, and the elegant carriage, of their fair but unfortunate wearers. With the spirit of former days still strong within them, and still fondly clinging, with a hold which they must soon forego, to that status in society from which poverty would tear them, the reduced family contrive to continue to reside in a house of rather genteel appearance externally; but few except themselves know the dreadful struggle they have to keep such a house as this over their heads, and fewer still know of the misery that is within it, or the wretched shifts to which its inmates are driven to make out a livelihood.

Although, however, the house is of rather a genteel appearance in itself, it is yet, very often, in a populous neighbourhood, and for their selection of such a residence there are two principal reasons. The first is, that houses so situated are generally lower rented. The second is, a consciousness of their inability to keep up appearances with an aristocratic neighbourhood in any of the essentials of respectable housekeeping; for it would be impossible to conceal many trivialities from the prying eyes of those who, being in comfortable circumstances themselves, quickly observe indications of an opposite state in others. The reduced family shun this humiliation, and seek a vicinity where the elegances and refinements and luxuries of genteel life are less known, and less regarded. But if the reduced family avoid one evil they encounter another, perhaps still less easy to bear. They cannot altogether conceal from the neighbourhood that poverty is in the house. In despite of all the family's efforts to maintain appearances, their condition becomes known, and often has the blush been called into poor Miss Louisa's pale but beautiful cheek, by the rude remarks spoken out that she might hear them as she passed. Modestly she trips, or rather steals along; for her steps are stealthy, her deportment meek; indicating a painful and oppressive sense of her changed condition and prospects. Poor Louisa's appearance is still genteel, and this of itself is enough to excite spleen, but there is yet another provocative. By toiling night and day with her needle, Louisa has contrived to purchase a new scarf, and this thrown gracefully around her has raised the hue and cry of envy and uncharitableness.

We have said that Louisa is subjected to all this. So she is, but she is not alone in this species of suffering. Her sisters are equally persecuted. The blight falls, and with equally withering effects, on Miss Harriet and Miss Sophia, and equally keenly do they feel it. Even little modest Anne, who would not harm the meanest thing that lives, is subjected to this torture, and often, also, has the blush been called into her little innocent cheek, and the tear into her gentle but brilliant eye, by vulgar unfeeling slatterns. Often in her innocence and simplicity has she expressed her wonder to her mother, while the tears were streaming down her cheeks, and her little heart was like to burst; for she is yet too young to observe the caution of her elder sister. On these occasions her mother sighs heavily, kisses away the little girl's tears, and bids her pay no attention to the idle remarks of idle people, and adds, "My child, say nothing of this to your poor father: it would only grieve him."

The girls of this unfortunate family have all received the elements of a first-rate education, and, in the case of the two eldest, that education was completed before the misfortune befel them which reduced them to their present poverty. They, therefore, had looked confidently forward to such a settlement in the world as their superior accomplishments and their position in society entitled them to. Suitors they once had: many who fanned them with the soft breath of flattery, but, one by one, have they all departed, and departed, too, by the slow, torturing, humiliating process of gradually widening the intervals of their visits, and offering the most frivolous excuses, until they had rendered even this unnecessary by returning no more.

The girls sometimes meet these mushroom admirers in the streets, and frequently in situations where the latter cannot avoid coming in contact with them, but they always endeavour to escape, and the ladies feel a momentary sense of humiliation; but pride comes to their aid, and they return the constrained and hollow salutation with a dignified manner. Still, these rencontres are painful to the sensitive minds of the poor girls, rendered doubly sensitive by their misfortunes.

It is an affecting sight to see these amiable accomplished young ladies, now assembled around one little table in one mean-looking paltry apartment, labouring with that needle to earn their bread, nay, not only their own bread but that of their parents, and their younger sisters and brothers. There is an air of sad cheerfulness seated on their countenances. Gentle, mild, and resigned, are they all. But the poverty that presses on them is great. They who once had splendid wardrobes can now with great difficulty command even such trifles as a pair of new gloves or a cap; and in the case of the two younger ones, their best apparel is now so faded and gone that they cannot appear in the streets unless their scanty and decayed dress be eked out by some of their elder sisters' better-conditioned gear. The girls love each other with the most tender affection, and each is more anxious to deck out her sister than herself.

Early and late, as you may perceive by the pale waxen hue of their countenances, do they toil for the support of the family, yet all their toil scarcely produces the means of a meagre subsistence. Their table, which was wont to be so abundantly spread, now boasts but the scantiest, and often the meanest fare. Yet for this they care nothing, as the merest and plainest trifle will now, as indeed it always did even in their best days, satisfy their wants. It is, however, a striking and melancholy memento of their fallen condition. Still, neither are they discontented nor unhappy. The house still rings with their melodious voices, singing the songs of their happier days; and in the correct and scientific manner in which these songs are sung the listener at once recognises the effects of a superior education. All the girls, especially the two eldest, play delightfully on both piano and harp, and they once possessed handsome instruments. Their father was in arrears for the rent, and the instruments were sold, and sold at half their value, to satisfy the landlord; and thus, piece-meal, has the whole of their ornamental furniture gone from time to time for the last few years.

The father entertained once the most brilliant prospects for his two boys, and the education he gave them was calculated to adapt them for almost any situation they could be called upon to fill, and the lads themselves felt a full consciousness of the advantages they possessed, and fully participated also in their father's high hopes regarding their future fortunes. Grievous, therefore, was the disappointment, and sad the feelings of both father and sons, when it was found necessary, in order to eke out the scanty income, to allow one of them to go behind the counter of a druggist, and the other that of a haberdasher. Too young to think of calling philosophy to their aid, or to reason themselves into submission to their destiny, the proud boys' hearts were like to burst when the humble employment was proposed to them, until habit had reconciled them to their lot, and perhaps shown them the folly of their pride. They still struggle to maintain their pretensions to superior consideration, and more especially do they struggle after this distinction in the article of dress. But the boys will be the makers of their own fortunes yet, and the humiliations to which they are now subject will prove a hard, yet a wholesome lesson.

The father is a highly respectable-looking elderly man, but his countenance is care-worn and melancholy. He still dresses genteelly, however, although his coat certainly appears to be rather the worse for the wear, but it is carefully brushed; and his neckcloth is at once remarkably clean and neatly put on. His grave countenance, his stately form, and his grey locks, prematurely grey, render his appearance highly prepossessing and gentlemanlike. His friends say, however, that they remark a great change upon him for the worse within the last four or five years. He is failing fast, and no wonder he should, for he has had much to distress him; and when he looks on his unprovided children, and thinks how different is their condition from what he once hoped it should be, the old man wishes himself in his grave. He rarely goes abroad now, and never into the city; for he dislikes to revisit the scenes of his prosperity, or to meet the friends and acquaintance of his better days. When he does go out, it is to take a solitary walk of a mile or two into the country, where he may be occasionally met, and appearing to be half interested in the scenery around him, and half absorbed in melancholy reflection.

At home he has become a little peevish and cross-tempered. In the days of his prosperity he was all kindness, all good-humour, and urbanity. An angry word then scarcely crossed his lips, a frown seldom marred his countenance, but misfortune has soured his temper, and sickened him of the world. His affectionate family make every allowance for the old man's weakness, and not only never resent his little hasty ebullitions of anger, but always endeavour to soothe and allay the irritability which occasions them, and he is not insensible to the kindness; for he often apologises for the rudeness of a hasty expression the moment he has uttered it, and if it is to one of his daughters he draws her towards him and imprints a kiss upon her forehead, a tear glistens in his eye, and he bids her never mind the unguarded language of a cross old man. His daughter on these occasions makes no reply, she cannot, her heart is too full, but she flings her arms around his neck and sobs.

The mistress of this fallen house, again, is a tall, genteel, lady-looking person. She evidently was once beautiful, but her beauty has long since faded away, not so much from the encroachments of age as from the pressure of misfortune. Her countenance, too, like her husband's, is grave and melancholy, yet is there much to admire in these elegant features, and in the dark eye whose brilliancy affliction could not altogether quench. The whole countenance is eminently impressive, and calculated to command respect.

Like her husband, she still dresses well, and it is most pleasant to look upon her even in these the days of her poverty. Her plain, clean, frilled, close cap, white as the driven snow, and her flowing silk gown, one of the remnants of more prosperous times, deck out a figure of more than ordinary dignity, a dignity which is not a little improved (indicative of decaying physical powers though it be) by a pair of slender tortoise-shell spectacles. Her manner is calm, solemn, and deliberate; but there is nothing of austerity in it, nothing repulsive. On the contrary, it is gentle, kind, and affable. She is evidently a woman of education, her language and deportment bespeak it; and the apartment in which she at this moment sits exhibits some beautiful specimens of her attainments in the accomplishment of drawing; executed in the days of her youth, when she feared no evils, when no approaching misery was anticipated.

But the shifts to which this unfortunate family are often driven to procure even the means of subsistence, ay, even these, for they are reduced indeed, is, perhaps after all, the most melancholy part of the picture. More than once has Louisa been seen, under the cloud of night, disguised in an old cloak and bonnet, stealing up to the pawnbroker's to procure something wherewith to put off the morrow, or perhaps to furnish the long-delayed meal of the day. She hesitates and lingers about the entrance to the pawnbroker's before she can muster courage enough to go in, yet this courage, perhaps, she would never find, did she not also watch the opportunity when the place was clear of applicants. Never, poor girl, does she leave that place but in tears, for it is only when the trial is past, when agitation and anxiety have given way to reflection, that she feels fully impressed with the degrading nature of her errand. This expedient, however, and all others of a similar kind, are carefully concealed from the unfortunate father. He knows nothing of them, or, at least, he is saved the pain of hearing them discussed.

His table is always furnished if not plentifully at least comfortably, and he does not inquire whence or how it has been procured. He is afraid to ask, for although he does not *know* he *guesses* the source and the means. Poor decayed family!

Our object in sketching these will have been accomplished, if any of our readers, in danger of falling into such a condition, have been inspired with a feeling of MORAL COURAGE to burst their trammels, and *boldly to face the world.*

A LONDON POLICE OFFICE.

In endeavouring to obtain the usual assistance to enable a poor boy to return to his parish in Liverpool, I was directed by the overseer to put him in charge of the police, as the only means suitable to his case, to obtain an order from the sitting magistrate directing the parish officers to send him to his home. This, with the boy's consent, I accordingly did; and accompanied him, whilst yet in custody, to the magistrate's office, Hatton Garden. On arrival, I passed, whilst following the young prisoner, through groups of policemen, who were standing in the doorway and dark passages. At length I arrived in the outer room: here my feelings were shocked on hearing the chief of this lower apartment vociferate authoritative directions, intermixed with cursing and swearing, whilst similar oaths were continually uttered in the buzz and din of official converse, consequent on his orders, among the subordinates. When I pressed through the crowd, the gloomy appearance of the filthy floor, greasy walls, cobwebbed ceiling, and dirty windows, seemed to be so perfectly in keeping with their gross expressions, that I fancied myself in some lower abode: nor did this imagination want heightening, when, in waiting for my turn, I observed so many parties of male and female pickpockets and rioters, who remained, as they arrived, in distinct divisions, each in charge of its respective district policeman. I was some time detained here, and not a little shocked at the unconcernedness with which, in business-like style, the police were conducting some to trial and some to punishment. At length I and my young pauper were summoned into the judgment-hall. On entering, I could not fail to notice that it was not surpassed in dirtiness and filth by the room which I had just left; and, although the official inmates were few, their superiority over those of the outer chamber was more discernible. The bench, above which was placed the royal arms, covered with dust, was elevated as high as the ceiling permitted: on either side of it were magistrates' chairs; and, in front of the whole, a long narrow table, like a counter. On the bench sat the principal magistrate, a person of immense corpulence; his substantial countenance, being thrown into shade by the only light which passed through the dirty windows at his back, without doubt must have rendered him an object of terror to the criminal. Below the level of the bench sat clerks at a small table taking notes, while others were engaged swearing the witnesses as they entered. One of these advanced to meet me with a quick step, evidently anxious to save time, and without any ceremony presented me a New Testament, saying, "You shall well and truly swear on the —"

"I will not swear at all."

Starting, he quickly turned to the magistrate, and sharply said, "Here's a man won't swear, sir!"

"Come up here," said the magistrate, in a deep and hollow tone.

I mounted the steps in front of the counter, and he thus continued, "Why—won't—you—swear?"

"Because I am a Christian."

"Are you a Quaker?"

"No."

"Why—won't—you—swear?"

"Because I conscientiously believe that a Christian ought not to do so; for our Lord said, 'Swear not at all.'"

"Will you affirm?"

"I will."

"Say on, then."

As neither they nor I knew how to affirm, they took my evidence at once.—*Pilkington's Adventures.*

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

These ensigns, which are commonly supposed to be peculiar to European nations, were customary among the Saracens. Joinville, a French Nobleman, who accompanied St. Louis on his unfortunate expedition to Egypt, bears witness, with many others, to this fact. He says, speaking of the Saracen chieftain, or Soldan,—'This *Sacedon* chief of the Turks was held to be the most able and courageous of all the Infidels. He bore on his banners the arms of the Emperor, who had made him a knight. His banner had several bends, on one of which he bore the same arms with the Sultan of Aleppo, and on another bend on the side, were the arms of the Sultan of Babylon."—*Johnes's Joinville.*

AN ARMENIAN MARRIAGE.*

During a residence of some length at Constantinople, my acquaintance with the Turkish language enabled me to gratify the natural curiosity of my disposition. Before I had been there a fortnight, I had already an extensive acquaintance, and very shortly I found myself admitted to the familiar society of several families.

It was on the 9th December, 1837, that an Armenian banker called on me, to carry me with him to assist at the marriage of one of his countrymen. We entered his *caicque*, a kind of boat peculiar to the port of Constantinople, elegant in form, and very light and swift, but not very commodious. We passed up the *Golden Horn*, and directed our course towards *Hasse-Keai*, at the bottom of the port of Constantinople, and passed under the recently erected bridge connecting *Galata* with Constantinople. We left behind us, on our left hand, the mosque of the Sultana Valide; the magnificent mosque of the great Solyman; and the *Fanal*, a low and obscure suburb, the residence of the Greeks: on our right hand, the Arsenal, the public baths, and the beautiful mounds where the mortal remains of the Mussulmen repose beneath the green shade of the cypress. We landed near the barracks of the artillerymen, near the house of the bridegroom. Here I was received with a politeness and cordiality that affected me, and with honours which confused me. Pipes, sweetmeats, and coffee, were handed down; then, all wrapped in long pelisses, we reposed upon the cushions of the divan, whilst waiting the arrival of other guests. "We are all brothers, we are all children of Christ," was a phrase frequently repeated to me.

We shortly took our places at table: the repast was not long, but agreeable and delicate; just midway between the scrambling dinners of the Orientals and the formal meals of Europe. We each had knives and forks, but we all carved from the same dish. As soon as dinner was over, all hastened from the restraint of a chair, which is as hateful to an Armenian as to a Turk, and sought the comfort of the divan and chibouk. The presence of a Frank served to break the ordinary silence which is the general accompaniment of the pipe. All these Armenian bankers, usually so grave and quiet, became most merciless questioners. Many were the queries put to me upon the customs and institutions of Europe, upon our treatment of women; on the best means of making and preserving a fortune; on the different commodities of life; on the various productions, the fruits, and the quality of bread and of water in Europe. I answered all these questions as well as I could, and with the more pleasure as my national pride was gratified whilst doing so; and I had it also in my power to remove, or at least to weaken, many prejudices, especially regarding the place which women occupy in our families and in society.

After a well-occupied evening, we all lay down on mattrasses spread on the floor in the Turkish fashion, but nevertheless forming comfortable and even elegant couches. The pillows and counterpanes are ornamented with lace and embroidery rarely met with in Europe. The breakfast in the morning was a repetition of the dinner of the previous evening. There were, however, some additional guests, and it was accompanied by music and singing. Five musicians (among whom an old Greek, the Paganini of Constantinople, was pointed out to me) were seated on the carpet in one corner of the room, and composed the orchestra. Two of the musicians sang, accompanying themselves on the guitar; there were also two violins and a flute. Even with a knowledge of the words of the song, it was impossible to distinguish a single syllable, the artist rested so long upon each letter, as it were, drawling out his nasal tones. The airs are sometimes melodious, but monotonous, and quite destitute of rhythm and harmony. The music, however, appeared to give great delight to some of the bankers, who, being either richer or better judges than the other guests, encored their favourite airs and liberally rewarded the musicians. An air on the violin, executed by the famous Miron, gave them the greatest delight; every time he prolonged for a full minute a harsh quivering tone on the treble string of his three-stringed violin, they held their sides with laughter. After amusing us in

* Translated from the "Revue de Paris."

this manner, the musicians removed to the women's apartment, where probably the same scene was enacted.

Some of the most noted among the Armenian clergy were present at this breakfast. Soon after it was over, we ascended into the principal room of the house, where the benediction of the nuptial garments was to take place. The Armenian clergy displayed great magnificence in this ceremony. The richness and splendour of the pontifical costumes was very remarkable. At least twenty boys, from twelve to sixteen, performed the duties of choristers. Their voices were generally sweet and pure. This music was of a different character from that we had heard before; the rhythm could be distinguished, and the parts were in harmony.

When this ceremony was over, we embarked in a boat, to go to the residence of the bride, where similar entertainments to those we had been engaged in had been going on. She lived at Fanal,—that is to say, on the shore opposite the Golden Horn. I was in the same boat as the bridegroom, who appeared alternately agitated by hope and fear, and took no pains to conceal his emotions. He had never either seen or conversed with his bride. These marriages in the dark seem strange to us; but when we consider the insignificant part played by an Eastern woman in society, our surprise is lessened; and, in spite of all, celibacy is much less common among the Orientals than with us, and they marry much earlier. The Mussulman is occupied all day abroad, and does not return home till the evening, and even that time is frequently spent in the society of his friends: if he goes out to see them, his wife is either left at home, or on her arrival separated from him; she is never in his company, except in the harem, and all he requires from her is conjugal fidelity and attention to her maternal duties. As to the first, he relies upon the complete seclusion in which she is kept; and as to the second, what mother does not love her child? How different is it with us: our wives are continually with us; they take part in our pleasures, and frequently in our business; we require so much from them, that it is not surprising if we often hesitate for a long time to contract a cornexion so complete and intimate.

A great many relations and friends were assembled at the house of the bride's father, in the same manner that there had been at the bridegroom's. The court of the Areopagus could not have presented a graver and more imposing aspect than this assembly of Armenians, arrayed in their dark flowing robes, and close black fur caps, sitting cross-legged on the sofas surrounding the apartment, beneath the shadow of the undulating clouds sent up from their pipes. After the delay of an hour spent in preparations, the benediction of the garments of the bride was performed in nearly the same manner as had taken place with those of the bridegroom. She was then dressed in the women's apartment, and soon after we saw her come forth accompanied by the relations of the bridegroom who had come with us to take her away. She was covered with a long veil, composed of strips or ribands of gilt paper, which reached to her feet, and not only prevented her from being seen, but herself from being able to see her way; in consequence, she was obliged to walk so slowly that it took her more than a quarter of an hour to traverse a little garden to reach the boat which waited for her. Are this temporary blindness, and the veil which envelopes the bride, meant as emblems of resignation and modesty, or are they only intended to cover maidenly shame? As she passed, a shower of small pieces of money was scattered over her, a symbol of the abundance and happiness presumed to be in store for her.

We again crossed the sea, and then the men on foot, and the women in a carriage drawn by oxen, repaired to the church where the union was to be consecrated. Before describing this ceremony, I ought to mention a very characteristic circumstance. The young bride had scarcely disembarked, when a servant came up, who with a mysterious air spoke a few words to the bridegroom's brother, who then held a short conversation in a whisper with the principal guests. I inquired the meaning of all this of my companion, who had never quitted me for a moment, and with an almost overwhelming politeness had made a point of introducing me to every one of his friends. He told me that the colonel of the artillery, Ali Bey, had sent during our absence to say that although they had the permission of the seraskier-pacha for celebrating the feast with music and other entertainments, he would not permit its continuance if they did not give him a *Baksheesh* (a present), and I was surprised to find that this demand was complied with. I have since learned that it was impossible to refuse, for these haughty mendicants have been known in such a case to seize the bridegroom and throw him into prison. It is to be hoped that such a state of things will soon be but matter of history, and will never again be revived.

When we reached the church, I seated myself, cross-legged like the rest, on the rich carpets which covered the pavement. The schismatic Armenians, who resemble the Turks in their manners much more than their orthodox brethren, seem to have extended this imitation of their masters even into their churches. The profusion of carpets and the vast number of lamps, are common to both Armenian churches and the temples of Islamism. After long prayers and chantings, the mass was begun: it was seven o'clock in the evening, but as the ancient division of the days is still followed in the East, as, for instance, Sunday evening with us is the beginning of Monday with them, the day ending with sunset as is observed by the Jews in all countries, the service was designated as *matins*. The church was of a very elegant form, and the dome, which was freshly painted and shining with varnish, reflected the lights of the wax candles and lamps. The incense which rose around us was almost overpowering. Young children bearing wax tapers paraded round the gallery of the dome, chanting all the time; others, below, bore discs of silver, hung round with little bells, on the end of long gilt sticks, which they shook from time to time, and by that signal increased or diminished the loudness of the song. At the moment of the sacramental invocation, calling upon God to manifest himself in the elements, on the altar, a veil hid the officiating priest and the acolytes from the sight of the faithful, and the children in the gallery grouped themselves immediately opposite the altar, and raised their voices in a slow and sweet-toned strain. Their young heads, standing out in relief from the clouds depicted on the dome, appeared like a choir of celestial spirits.

The young pair, kneeling face to face, were occupied in prayer, whilst expecting the nuptial benediction, with one attendant circumstance at which I was very much struck. For a considerable time the priest held the crucifix immediately over their heads bowed nearly together. What lessons may not be learnt by that imposition of the redeeming cross!

The bride remained covered with the nuptial veil, throughout the whole course of these ceremonies, and it was not until she arrived at her husband's house, that she was unveiled to him in the presence of some of the nearest relations of both sexes. I had it in my power to have assisted at this ceremony, but I apprehended that by so doing I might have infringed upon etiquette, and discretion imposed a curb on my curiosity. I knew that she was young and handsome;—probably one of those clear and fair complexions and large dark eyes which characterise the Armenians, and are expressive of purity and peace of mind: those eyes are rarely animated by aught but simplicity of character and benevolence of soul. The daughters of Armenia are certainly the most charming of their sex among the inhabitants of Constantinople.

The dinner which followed was more abundant and longer than that of the preceding evening, the orchestra was more noisy, and the company more numerous, but everything was conducted in the same manner. The men passed the night in smoking and taking coffee; the women in nearly the same way; some Greek ladies alone began a dance, a kind of circular movement, without cadence or character. A sleeping apartment was offered to me; and after the fatigues of so busy a day, I was very glad of the opportunity of the privacy, in which I could recall the impressions which the scenes I had witnessed had made upon me. The chief of the Armenian nation, whose good sense and intelligence, as well as his very attentive politeness, had interested me much during the whole day, was the only person besides myself who was permitted to retreat and take "French leave." The rest of the party passed a sleepless night.

It is not strange that I had difficulty in composing myself to sleep, but that grave and sad ideas visited me may appear so. It is true, that, from my windows I could see the minarets and imperial tombs of the Mosque of Eyoub; but this fine, gilded, enamelled asylum of the inhabitants of the seraglio, of those unknown princes who pass but from one tomb to another, has nothing in its aspect which inspires melancholy. To adorn the dead is the practice of the East; and after seeing all her cities and high places, our first reflection is that the dead are better lodged than the living, and the beasts are better used than the men.

Sleep came at last; it was unbroken till I was roused by the report of the cannon, which announced to Constantinople the anniversary of the birth of Mohammed.

INFLUENCE OF HABITS.

The whole character may be said to be comprehended in the term *habits;* so that it is not so far from being true, that "man is a bundle of habits." Suppose you were compelled to wear an iron collar about your neck through life, or a chain upon your ankle; would it not be a burden every day and hour of your existence? You rise in the morning a prisoner to your chain; you lie down at night, weary with the burden; and you groan the more deeply, as you reflect that there is no shaking it off. But even this would be no more intolerable to bear than many of the habits of men; nor would it be more difficult to be shaken off.

Habits are easily formed—especially such as are bad; and what to-day seems to be a small affair, will soon become fixed, and hold you with the strength of a cable. That same cable, you will recollect, is formed by spinning and twisting one thread at a time; but, when once completed, the proudest ship turns her head towards it, and acknowledges her subjection to its power.

Habits of some kind will be formed by every student. He will have a particular course in which his time, his employments, his thoughts and feelings, will run. Good or bad, these habits soon become a part of himself, and a kind of second nature. Who does not know, that the old man, who has occupied a particular corner of the old fire-place in the old house for sixty years, may be rendered wretched by a change? Who has not read of the release of the aged prisoner of the Bastile, who entreated that he might again return to his gloomy dungeon, because his habits, there formed, were so strong, that his nature threatened to sink under the attempt to break them up? You will probably find no man of forty, who has not habits which he laments; which mar his usefulness, but which are so interwoven with his very being, that he cannot break through them, at least he has not the courage to try. I am expecting you will form habits. Indeed, I wish you to do so. He must be a poor character, indeed, who lives so extempore as not to have habits of his own. But what I wish is, that you form those habits which are correct, and such as will every day and hour add to your happiness and usefulness. If a man were to be told that he must use the axe, which he now selects, through life, would he not be careful in selecting one of the right proportions and temper? If told that he must wear the same clothing through life, would he not be anxious as to the quality and kind? But these, in the cases supposed, would be of no more importance than is the selection of habits in which the soul shall act. You might as well place the body in a strait-jacket, and expect it to perform, with ease, and comfort, and promptness, the various duties of the body, as to throw the soul into the habits of some men, and then expect it will accomplish anything great or good.

Do not fear to undertake to form *any* habit which is desirable; for it *can* be formed, and that with more ease than you may at first suppose. *Let the same thing, or the same duty, return at the same time every day, and it will soon become pleasant.* No matter if it be irksome at first; but how irksome soever it may be, only let it return periodically, every day, and that without any interruption for a time, and it will become a positive pleasure. In this way all our habits are formed. The student who can with ease now sit down, and hold his mind down to his studies nine or ten hours a day, would find the labourer, or the man accustomed to active habits, sinking under it, should he attempt to do the same thing. I have seen a man sit down at the table spread with luxury, and eat his sailor's biscuit with relish, and without a desire for any other food. His health had compelled him thus to live, till it had become a pleasant habit of diet. Previous to this, however, he had been rather noted for being an epicure. "I once attended a prisoner," says an excellent man, "of some distinction, in one of the prisons of the metropolis, ill of a typhus fever, whose apartments were gloomy in the extreme, and surrounded with horrors; yet this prisoner assured me afterwards, that, upon his release, he quitted them with a degree of reluctance; *custom* had reconciled him to the twilight admitted through the thick-barred grate, to the filthy spots and patches of his plastered walls, to the hardness of his bed, and even to confinement."

I shall specify habits which, in my view, are very desirable to the student, and, at the same time, endeavour to give specific directions how to form them.

1. *Have a plan laid beforehand for every day.*

These plans ought to be maturely formed the evening previous, and, on rising in the morning, again looked at, and immediately entered upon. It is astonishing how much more we accomplish in a single day, (and of what else is life made up?) by having the plan previously marked out. It is so in everything. This morning a man was digging a path through a deep snow-bank. It was almost insupportably cold, and he seemed to make but little head-way, though he worked as if upon a wager. At length, getting out of breath, he paused, and marked out the width of the path with his shovel, then marked out the width of each shovel-full, and consequently the amount of snow at each throw of the shovel. In fifteen minutes, he had done more, and it was done neater and easier, that in thirty minutes previous, when working without a plan. It is of little consequence by what we illustrate, if we make a thing clear, and impress it upon the mind. I have found, in my own experience, as much difference in the labours of two days, when working with, or without a plan, as, at least, one-half, without having the satisfaction, in the latter case, of knowing what I have done.

Experience will tell any man, that he is most successful in his own pursuits, when he is most careful as to method. A man of my acquaintance has a small slate, which hangs at his study-table. On that he generally finds, in the morning, his work for the day written down; and in the evening he reviews it, sees if he has omitted any thing, and, if so, chides himself that all is not done. —*Todd's Student's Manual.*

IMMORTALITY OF THOUGHT.

Fearful indeed is the responsibility which rests upon each one in the formation of the characters of those around him! a responsibility, too, from which none can escape, not even the weakest. Every one to whom God has granted the liberty of speech—nay every one to whom is given the power of conveying even a single idea to the mind of another, may contribute in some degree to modify his character. Look how much the whole complexion of the soul may be changed by the operation of a single thought. Its influence ceases not as the sound of our voice dies away. In the mind of him to whom it is imparted it often long afterwards "lives and moves." Neither does it stand there isolated and alone. Perhaps it touches some secret spring, and awakens a train of reflections, of which he who first gave it birth never dreamed. By the principle of association, another thought, which seems naturally to arise from it, is called into being, and then another from this, until they flow on in long succession to end we know not where. Sometimes the sentiment thus lightly imparted in conversation, which was forgotten at once by the speaker, has remained in the mind of him who heard it, recurring to his memory again and again, through a length of years. How powerful an effect then may a single sentence produce in modulating character! and who would carelessly take the responsibility of fixing in the mind of another that thought, which is to link to itself such important results?

What a striking hypothesis, by the way, is that of Coleridge—connected with his curious history of the German servant-girl, familiar, no doubt, to our readers—that no thoughts which have once entered into the mind ever perish—that, instead of passing away, as we are accustomed to believe, or being utterly blotted out, they are only for a time concealed and buried beneath more recent impressions—that they are inscribed upon the imperishable tablet of the memory, there to remain for ever; like those buried cities of Italy, safe and uninjured, though their very existence was forgotten. Every one's experience furnishes at least something analogous in confirmation of this idea. How often do thoughts, which for years have slumbered, again suddenly flash upon us in all their force, we know not how, or whence! The words of an old song—the incidents of our childhood—the feelings which then influenced us, but which had for years perished from the memory, suddenly awake from their silence, and sweep back over the soul. There is fearful solemnity in the thought, that in our unguarded moments of social intercourse, we may fix in the minds of others thoughts and influences which we would not wish to remain there for ever, especially if we follow out the suggestion referred to—that this is the mysterious record implanted within man, which is one day to give with unerring certainty the long history of his life, at that day when *the thoughts* of all hearts shall be called into judgment—nothing lost—nothing forgotten.—*New York Review.*

ARABIAN SYMPATHY.

"Weary and faint from the fatigue of our journey," says Lieutenant Wellsted, in his Travels in Arabia, "in order to enjoy the freshness of the evening breeze, I had spread my carpet beneath a tree. An Arab, passing by, paused to gaze upon me, and touched by my condition and the melancholy which was depicted in my countenance, he proffered the salutation of peace, pointed to the crystal stream which, sparkling, held its course at my feet, and said, 'Look, friend; for running water maketh the heart glad.' With his hands folded over his breast, that mute but most graceful of Eastern salutations, he bowed and passed on. I was in a situation to estimate sympathy; and so much of that feeling was exhibited in the manner of this son of the desert, that I have never since recurred to the incident, trifling as it is, without emotion."

SPEECH.

"Speech is morning to the mind; it spreads the beauteous images abroad, which else lie furled and clouded in the soul."—*Nat. Lee.*

CARRION CROWS AND YOUNG DUCKLINGS.

In 1815, I fully satisfied myself of the inordinate partiality of the carrion crow for young aquatic poultry. The cook had in her custody a brood of ten ducklings, which had been hatched about a fortnight. Unobserved by anybody, I put the old duck and her young ones into a pond, nearly three hundred yards from a high fir-tree in which a carrion crow had built its nest: it contained five young ones almost fledged. I took my station on the bridge, about one hundred yards from the tree. Nine times the parent crows flew to the pond, and brought back a duckling each time to their young. I saved a tenth victim by timely interference. When a young brood is attacked by an enemy, the old duck does nothing to defend it. In lieu of putting herself betwixt it and danger, as the dunghill fowl would do, she opens her mouth, and shoots obliquely through the water, beating it with her wings. During these useless movements, the invader secures his prey with impunity.—*Waterton.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

Youth beholds happiness gleaming in the prospect. Age looks back on the happiness of youth; and, instead of hopes, seeks its enjoyment in the recollections of hope.—*Omniana.*

RETRIBUTION.

By the sun, and its rising brightness;
By the moon when she followeth him;
By the day when it sheweth his splendour:
By the night, when it covereth him with darkness;
By the heaven, and Him who built it;
By the earth, and Him who spread it forth;
By the soul and Him who completely formed it,
And inspired into the same its faculty of distinguishing,
And power of choosing wickedness and piety;
Now is he, who hath purified the same, happy;
But he, who hath corrupted the same, miserable.

Koran.

CARBONIZED TREE.

A tree in a complete state of carbonization has been found at Guadaloupe, buried in the midst of volcanic substances. There was no vestige of leaves; it was broken seven feet below the first branches, and the fracture resembled that of trees destroyed by a hurricane; it was at intervals surrounded by a parchment-like, cylindrical substance, the colour of a dead leaf, which was the remainder of a vegetable, called in that country the "burning liana," which is as succulent as the cactus, and which, being suddenly exposed to a violent heat, lost its aqueous particles without the entire destruction of its bark. The whole was found in a stratum of red puzzolanum mixed with pumice. The charcoal to which it was reduced, was the same as that used for domestic purposes, except that a slight smell of coal was exhaled from it during combustion. Six different strata lay above this tree; the uppermost, of vegetable earth, proved the antiquity of the whole, and this, combined with the distance from the present active volcano, makes it probable that the eruption which covered it proceeded from the Huelmont group, of which the Caraibe forms the principal summit.—*Athenæum.*

AN INCONVENIENT LIKENESS.

A respectable young man was tried for a highway robbery committed at Bethnal Green, in which neighbourhood both he and the prosecutor resided. The prosecutor swore positively that the prisoner was the man who robbed him of his watch. The counsel for the prisoner called a genteel young woman, to whom the prisoner paid his addresses, who gave evidence which proved a complete *alibi*. The prosecutor was then ordered out of court, and in the interval another young man, of the name of Greenwood, who awaited his trial on a capital charge of felony, was introduced and placed by the side of the prisoner. The prosecutor was again put up into the witness-box, and addressed thus: 'Remember, sir, the life of this young man depends upon your reply to the question I am about to put, Will you swear again that the young man at the bar is the person who assaulted and robbed you?' The witness turned his head towards the dock, when, beholding two men so nearly alike, he became petrified with astonishment, dropped his hat, and was speechless for a time, but at length declined swearing to either. The young man was of course acquitted. Greenwood was tried for another offence, and executed; and a few hours before his death acknowledged that he had committed the robbery with which the other was charged.—*Wills, on Circumstantial Evidence.*

POETIC DESCRIPTION OF THE DEVONSHIRE CLIMATE.

The west wind always brings wet weather,
The east wind wet and cold together;
The south wind surely brings us rain,
The north wind blows it back again;
If the sun in red should set,
The next day surely will be wet;
If the sun should set in gray,
The next will be a rainy day.

THE DUMB MADE TO SPEAK.

"In the time of Huzrut Moossa, (the prophet Moses,) there was an old woman, a widow, whose years exceeded a hundred, and she had been long dumb from very age; but she still insisted on guiding her family, and kept all her children, who amounted to forty or fifty, locked up in cages in her house, so that they could not go out and enjoy themselves. Weary, at length, of their confinement, they applied to Moses, and besought him to pray to God to have their old mother removed, that they might have their turn of enjoyment. 'That can be done,' replied Moses; 'but say, shall I not rather offer her the choice of another husband?' The children scoffed at this idea; but the old woman, in whose presence this passed, got into a furious passion, and her tongue, which had been still for years, got into play at the very mention of another husband. 'You wretched wretches!' she exclaimed, 'would you interfere with the favour of the prophet of God towards me, and prevent me from enjoying the good he offers?'"—*J. B. Fraser.*

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

"I have lived," says the indefatigable Dr. Clarke, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'Too many irons in the fire' conveys an abominable falsehood; you cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going."

OLD FABLE.

Mr. Paravey writes, that a rabbinical fable is preserved in the work of Basnage, in which mention is made of the samir worm, used for polishing the stones of the Temple of Jerusalem without noise, when Solomon caused the construction of this edifice. All this, says M. Paravey, seems to be explained by the fact observed by M. Ehrenberg, that certain tripolis are almost entirely composed of the siliceous coverings of infusoria.

CLOCK AT VERSAILLES.

Preparations have been made at Versailles to replace the clock of the king's death, in the court called the Cour de Marbre. This clock has no mechanism, and has only one hand, which is placed at the precise moment of the death of the last king of France, and which does not move during the whole of his successor's reign. This custom dates from the time of Louis XIII.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Some years since, the prisoner population, compared with the free, was as thirty to one; but at present in Van Diemen's Land it is as six to one. This is easily accounted for: there are very few marriages between prisoners, whereas it is otherwise with those who enjoy freedom; and it is also well known that marriages in these colonies are for the most part very prolific, so that every year the disproportion between the two classes becomes greater. —*Hobart Town Courier.*

DREAMS.

For the most part our speeches in the day time cause our phantasy to work upon the like in our sleep: as a dog dreams of a hare, so do men on such subjects they thought on last. For that cause when Ptolemy, king of Egypt, had posed the seventy interpreters in order, and asked the nineteenth man, what would make one sleep quietly in the night; he told him, the best way was to have divine and celestial meditations, and to use honest actions in the day time.—*Burton's Anat. of Mel.*

PREVENTION OF FIRE.

M. Letellier proposes, in a memoir presented to the French Academy of Sciences, to steep vegetable substances, such as paper, linen, &c., in a concentrated solution of glass formed of four parts of potash and one of silex, in order to render them less liable to take fire.

A SHOWMAN'S PROCLAMATION.

The following proclamation of a showman was taken verbatim as he cried it through the streets:—"Will be shown at the Town Hall, Tavistock, at the hours of seven, eight, and nine, to the nobility and gentry, what is called in the French language phantasmagory, in the English, magic lantern. All sorts of birds, beasts, reptiles, and pantomimes, 'specially the forked lightning seen in many parts of England, but chiefly in the East and West Ingies; also what we are, and what we *is* to be—namely, death as large as any living being, six foot high, with an hour-glass in his hand; and everything instructing and amusing to all ages and societies, both the old and the juvenile. I hope you will all come. If you cannot all come as many as can come; and nobody can say it a'nt worth seeing, except he says it agin' his conscience. Boys and girls for the sum of one penny. Their honest working parents for the sum of twopence. Gentlemen and ladies, sixpence each. God save u' all."—*Mrs. Bray's Letters.*

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CHEERFULNESS.

An Italian monk, having been once asked how it happened that he at all times, in the cold of winter as well as in the heat of summer, looked so cheerful, while most of his brethren of the same monastery appeared addicted to a temperament quite the reverse, answered, that whenever he found himself at all disposed to be gloomy, he looked out of his little window towards the sky, or upon the earth, and his heart was at once filled with emotions of the most unqualified happiness. If it were morning, he beheld the sun, round which myriads of nations—not only those dwelling upon our planet, but those placed also upon the other spheres belonging to our system,—were moving in the enjoyment of the one great central source of light. Nor were they the nations of men merely in whose felicity he rejoiced. He felt that there was not a bird in the air, nor a gnat in the sunbeams,—not a quadruped in the forest, nor a lily in the field, nor a fish in the deep,—that did not more or less exult in the return of the day. Why should he not share in their joy?

If it were night, and sadness knocked at the door of his solitary cell, again he looked to the heavens, and in vain attempted to count the new suns and worlds through which he was journeying with the planet upon which it was his destiny to be fixed for a while. He thought of the hosts of intelligent creatures for whose benefit those glorious lights were created. He felt that, however humble he was, however limited the sphere of his duties, he was one of those to whom the care of the Great Parent of all extended. His bosom swelled with the hymn of praise which those multitudinous legions were raising towards the fountain of life and light. His feelings bounded beyond the thresholds of time; his soul passed for the moment into those regions of space where years, or days, or hours were unknown; his mind overflowed with love,—that absorbing, seraphic, ever increasing love, which no temporal object can ever excite. He then turned to the traveller who had interrogated him, and said, "You may think me a visionary, perhaps; but, after all, I would not give these my dreams—if dreams they be—for all the realities of that which is usually called life. These are the sources of my cheerfulness. They help me in the performance of my various duties. They enable me to look upon the necessary evils of human existence as so many trifling occurrences not worthy of notice, at least, not worthy of a tear; and, if I feel happy in my heart, I cannot help showing it in my countenance."

The stranger acknowledged that he had never heard more wisdom accumulated in a few words than in those which had just reached his ear from the smiling lips of the Italian monk, whose cheek, though bronzed by many a summer sun, still glowed with the vigour of a healthy constitution. In truth, the cultivation of cheerfulness is the secret of health of the highest and the most uniform order. It is, moreover, in itself a virtue well entitled to a place amongst those which are called the cardinal. It fits the mind for study, for conflict, for command or obedience; it enables the body to sustain fatigue; and the person in whose bosom it usually resides has more power to make those around him happy, than the king whose forehead frowns beneath the weight of the most splendid crown.

I have a pet phrase, which I use so often that my friends turn it into a subject of ridicule. An event happens, (not a very pleasant one, perhaps,) and, though it concerns my own welfare, I am very little disposed to grieve about it. My wife wonders at my imperturbability, and asks why I do not lament it? I ask in my turn, "*cui bono?*" This is my great resource, my talismanic temple of refuge. Can grief mend the matter? Can dull, downcast looks,—can a failing heart,—can an impatient temper, fit me for bearing up against a misfortune which has really occurred? If it has occurred, it is already passing away. If it only be approaching, who knows but it may by other events be turned aside altogether? and then my fears (if fears I entertain) are so much of merry existence absolutely and most unnecessarily spoiled. If the calamity has come and gone, *cui bono* to recall it, and to turn it around on all sides for the critical examination of a gloomy habit of mind? My *cui bono* may be laughed at, but nevertheless there is more of philosophy in the phrase, and if I may presume to add of sound religion, too, than in many ponderous volumes of sermons which I could name.

> "Ever against eating cares
> Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
> Married to immortal verse,
> Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
> In notes, with many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
> With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
> The melting voice through mazes running,
> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony."

I cannot, however, claim originality for my *cui bono.* I borrowed it of an old man, who deserved to be a brother of the Italian monk already mentioned. He had, however, seen more of the world than the anchorite, and he was never unprepared to find a subject of consolation for persons in every station. "You are unmarried," he would say—"well, you are freed from the cares of children—the perplexities of household affairs—the peril of having drawn something else than a prize from the lottery of matrimony. It will cost you but a little industry to make a competency; enjoy it by sharing it with your friends. Keep a clear conscience, and all will be well with you." "You are poor—be it so, does wealth produce happiness? I know a man who possesses more money than he can ever spend, unless he chooses absolutely to throw it into the sea. He has a splendid mansion in town—a beautiful villa in the country—an elegant woman for his wife, and a numerous and lovely family. Yet he is not happy, though he boasts of having no want. But you have, I said to him, the greatest of wants—you want a *want.* This was literally the fact. He had nothing to desire, so far as temporal affairs were concerned. He had retired from business, and was without any regular occupation adequate to engage the energies of his mind. We were walking through his grounds on a fine spring morning. I stopped him to observe a company of gnats who were divided into sets of tens or twelves, and dancing in regular figures. They seemed, short as

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

was the time they were doomed to live, in the enjoyment of perfect bliss. These creatures, said I, have each of them a want, they are full of a love that seeks reciprocity; and while they are in pursuit of the favourite object, what can equal their activity, their happiness? The moment that want is satisfied, they perish.

"One man," continued my aged friend, "is less prosperous in his profession than his neighbour. But look at his children, you see none more blessed with talent. They learn with such a surprising facility that it is delightful to teach them. They form for the fire-side a source of unmixed gratitude, a consolation for all the ills of life. Another had amassed great wealth for his children, but they have all gone from his side, carried away by some contagion or an hereditary disease. Well—they have gone to prepare his way to a better world—to alienate him betimes from an excessive love for this life; and it is in his power to remove the despair of the unprovided widow—to dry the tear of the orphan. The peasant, who is below the reach of care, is often the gayest of the gay for that very reason. In short, let us but act upon the impression that there is scarcely a position in life without its means of cheerfulness, and if we only take the trouble to adopt them, we shall be amply rewarded for our labour."

A PARAGRAPH FOR DRUNKARDS.—HOW TO FACE AN ENEMY.

Henry Parker, at the age of seventeen, was, by the death of his master, left alone in the world to gain a livelihood as a shoemaker. He shouldered his kit, and went from house to house making up the farmers' leather, and mending the children's shoes. At length a good old man, pleased with Henry's industry and steady habits, offered him a small building as a shop. Here Henry applied himself to work with persevering industry and untiring ardour. Early in the morning he was whistling over his work, and his hammer was often heard till the "noon of night." He thus obtained a good reputation, and some of this world's goods. He soon married a virtuous female, whose kind disposition added new joys to his existence, and whose busy neatness rendered pleasant and comfortable their little tenement. Time passed smoothly on; they were blessed with the smiling pledges of their affection, and in a few years Henry was the possessor of a neat little cottage and a piece of land. This they improved, and it soon became the abode of plenty and joy. But Henry began to relax in his conduct, and would occasionally walk down to an alehouse in the neighbourhood. This soon became a habit, and the habit imperceptibly grew upon him, until (to the grief of all who knew him) he became a constant lounger about the alehouse and skittle-ground, and, going on from bad to worse, he became an habitual drunkard. The inevitable consequences soon followed: he got into debt, and his creditors soon took possession of all he had. His poor wife used all the arts of persuasion to reclaim him, and she could not think of using him harshly: she loved him even in his degradation, for he had always been kind to her. Many an earnest petition did she prefer to Heaven for his reformation, and often did she endeavour to work upon his paternal feelings. Over and over again he promised to reform, and at last was as good as his word, for he was induced to stay away from the alehouse for three days together. His anxious wife began to cherish a hope of returning happiness; but a sudden cloud one day for a moment damped her joy, "Betsey," said he, as he rose from his work, "give me that bottle." These words pierced her very heart, and seemed to sound the knell of all her cherished hopes; but she could not disobey him. He went out with his bottle, had it filled at the alehouse, and, on returning home, placed it in the window immediately before him. "Now," said he, "I can face an enemy." With a resolution fixed upon overcoming his pernicious habits, he went earnestly to work, always having the bottle before him, but never again touched it. Again he began to thrive, and in a few years he was once more the owner of his former delightful residence; his children grew up, and are now respectable members of society. Old age came upon Henry, and he always kept the bottle in the window where he had first put it; and often, when his head was silvered over with age, he would refer to his bottle, and thank God that he had been able to overcome the vice of drunkenness. He never permitted it to be removed from that window while he lived, and there it remained until after he had been consigned to his narrow home.—*Chest. Gaz.*

THE LUMBERERS OF AMERICA.

The following interesting description of the "processes of the lumber business," as carried on in Maine, is from the *North American Review*. Maine, as our readers are aware, is the most easterly of the United States, adjoining the British province of New Brunswick—the great timber district of America. The business of procuring the timber for exportation, is called *lumbering* or logging.

"When a lumberer has concluded to log on a particular tract, the first step is to go with a part of his hands, and select suitable situations for building his camps. In making this selection, his object is to be as near as possible to the best clumps of timber he intends to haul, and to the streams into which he intends to haul it. He then proceeds to build his camps, and to cut out and clear out his principal roads. The camps are built of logs, being a kind of log houses. They are made about three feet high on one side, and eight or nine on the other, with a roof slanting one way. The roof is made of shingles, split out of green wood, and laid upon rafters. The door is made of such boards as can be manufactured out of a log with an axe. Against the tallest side of the camp is built the chimney; the back being formed by the wall of the camp, and the sides made by green logs, piled up for jams, about eight feet apart. The chimney seldom rises above the roof of the camp; though some, who are nice in their architectural notions, sometimes carry it up two or three feet higher. It is obvious, from the construction, that nothing but the greenness of the timber prevents the camp from being burnt up immediately. Yet the great fires that are kept up, make but little impression, in the course of the winter, upon the back or sides of the chimney. A case, however, happened within a year or two, where a camp took fire in the night, and was consumed, and the lumberers in it were burnt to death. Probably the shingle roof had become dry, in which case a spark would kindle it, and the flames would spread over it in a moment.

"Parallel to the lower side of the building, and about six feet from it, a stick of timber runs on the ground across the camp. The space between this and the lower wall is appropriated to the bedding; the stick of timber serving to confine it in its place. The bedding consists of a layer of hemlock boughs spread upon the ground, and covered with such old quilts and blankets as the tenants can bring away from their homes. The men camp down together, with their heads to the lower wall and their feet towards the fire. Before going to bed, they replenish their fire; some two or more of them being employed in putting on such logs, as with their handspikes they can manage to pile into the chimney. As the walls of the building are not very tight, the cool air plays freely round the head of the sleeper, making a difference of temperature between the head and the feet not altogether agreeable to one unused to sleep in camps. A rough bench and table complete the furniture of the establishment. A camp very similar, though not so large in its dimensions, is built near for the oxen. On the top of this the hay is piled up, giving it some warmth, while it is convenient for feeding.

"A large logging concern will require a number of camps, which will be distributed over the tract, so as best to accommodate the timber. One camp serves generally for one or two teams. A *team*, in ordinary logging parlance, expresses, not only the set of four or six oxen that draw the logs, but likewise a gang of men employed to tend them. It takes from three or four to seven or eight men, to keep one team employed; one man being employed in driving the cattle, and the others in cutting down the trees, cutting them into logs, barking them, and cutting and clearing the way to each tree. The number of hands required, depends upon the distance to be hauled inversely. That is, most hands are required when the distance is shortest; because the oxen, returning more frequently, require their loads to be prepared more expeditiously.

"Having built their camps, or while building them, the main roads are to be cut out. These run from the camps to the landing places, or some stream of sufficient size to float down the logs on the spring freshet. Other roads are cut to other clumps of timber. They are made by cutting and clearing away the underbrush, and such trees and old logs as may be in the way, to a sufficient width for the team of oxen, with the bob sled and timber on it, to pass conveniently. The bob sled is made to carry one end of the timber only, the other drags upon the ground; and the bark is chipped off, that the log may slip along more easily.

"The teams proceed to the woods when the first snows come, with the hands who are not already there, and the supplies. The

supplies consist principally of pork and flour for the men, and Indian meal for the oxen. Some beans, tea, and molasses, are added. Formerly hogsheads of rum were considered indispensable, and I have before me a bill of supplies for a logging concern of three teams in 1827-28, in which I find one hundred and eighty gallons of rum charged. But of late, very few respectable lumberers take any spirits with them. And the logging business is consequently carried on with much more method, economy, and profit. The pork and flour must be of the best quality. Lumberers are seldom content to take any of an inferior sort; and even now, when flour is twelve dollars a barrel, they are not to be satisfied with the coarser bread stuffs.

"Hay is procured as near to the camps as possible. But as most of the timber lands are remote from settlements, it is generally necessary to haul it a considerable distance. And as it must be purchased of the nearest settlers, they are enabled to obtain very high prices. From twelve to twenty dollars per ton is usually paid. When the expense of hauling it to the camp is added, the whole cost is frequently as high as thirty dollars a ton, and sometimes much higher. Owners of timber lands at a distance from settlements, may make a great saving, by clearing up a piece of their land, and raising their own hay.

"Some one of the hands, who has not so much efficiency in getting timber, as skill in kneading bread and frying pork, is appointed to the office of cook. Salt pork, flour, bread, and tea, constitute the regular routine of the meals, varied sometimes with salt fish or salt beef. Potatoes are used when they can be had. Now and then, perhaps, when the snow is deep, they catch a deer, and live on venison.

"The men are employed, through the day, in cutting the timber and driving the teams. In the evening some take care of the oxen; some cut wood for the fire; then they amuse themselves with stories and singing, or in other ways, until they feel inclined to turn in upon the universal bed. On Sundays the employer claims no control over their time, beyond the taking care of the cattle, the fire, and the cooking. On this day, they do their washing and mending; some employ themselves besides, in seeking timber, and some in hunting partridges; whilst some remain in the camp and read the Bible.

"They remain in the woods from the commencement of sledding, some time in December, until some time in March; in the course of which month, their labours are usually brought to a close, either by the snow's getting too shallow or too deep. If there are heavy thaws, the snow runs off, not leaving enough to make good hauling. If, on the other hand, it gets to be four or five feet deep, the oxen cannot break through it, to make the path which it is necessary to form, in order to get at each individual tree. The men and teams then leave the woods. Sometimes one or two remain, to be at hand when the streams open. I know one, who last winter stayed by himself in the woods, fifteen or twenty miles from the nearest habitation, for the space of twenty-eight days; during which time he earned 203 dollars by getting in timber with his axe alone, being allowed for it at the same rate per thousand that the lumberers were, in getting it in with their teams.' He found some berths in the banks of the stream, where all that was necessary was to fell the tree so that it should fall directly upon the water, and there cut it into logs to be ready for running.

"When the streams are opened, and there is a sufficient freshet to float the timber, another gang, called 'river drivers,' take charge of it. It is their business to start it from the banks, and follow it down the river, clearing off what lodges against rocks, pursuing and bringing back the sticks that run wild among the bushes and trees, that cover the low lands adjoining the river, and breaking up jams that form in narrow and shallow places. A *jam* is caused by obstacles in the river catching some of the sticks, which in their turn catch others coming down, and so the mass increases until a solid dam is formed, which entirely stops up the river, and prevents the further passage of any logs. These dams are most frequently formed at the top of some fall. And it is often a service that requires much skill and boldness, and is attended with much danger, to break them up. The persons who undertake it must go on to the mass of logs, work some out with their pickpoles, cut some to pieces, attach ropes to others to be hauled out by the hands on shore, and they must be on the alert to watch the moment of the starting of the timber, and exercise all their activity to get clear of it, before they are carried off in its tumultuous rush.

"Some weeks, more or less, according to the distance, spent in this way, brings the timber to the neighbourhood of the saw mills. A short distance above Oldtown, on the Penobscot, there is a boom established, extending across the river, for the purpose of stopping all the logs that come down. It is made by a floating chain of logs connected by iron links, and supported at suitable distances by solid piers built in the river; without this it would be impossible to stop a large part of the logs, and they would be carried on the freshet down the river, and out to sea. The boom is owned by an individual who derives a large profit from the boomage, which is thirty-five cents per thousand on all logs coming into it. The boom cost the present owner about 40,000 dollars. He has offered it for sale for 45,000 dollars. It is said the net income from it last year, was 15,000 dollars.

"Here all the logs that come down the Penobscot, are collected in one immense mass, covering many acres, where is intermingled the property of all the owners of timber lands, in all the broad region that is watered by the Penobscot and its branches, from the east line of Canada above Moosehead Lake, on the one side, to the west line of New Brunswick, on the other. Here the timber remains, till the logs can be sorted out for each owner, and rafted together to be floated to the mills or other places below. *Rafting* is the connecting the logs together by cordage, which is secured by pins driven into each log, forming them into bands, like the ranks of a regiment. This operation is performed by the owner of the boom. The ownership of the timber is ascertained by the marks which have been chopped into each log before it left the woods; each owner having a mark, or combination of marks, of his own. When the boom is full, only the logs lowest down can be got at, and the proprietors of other logs must wait weeks, sometimes months, before they can get them out, to their great inconvenience and damage.

"After the logs are rafted, and out of the boom, a great part of them are lodged for convenience, in a place called Pen Cove, which is a large and secure basin in the river, about two miles below the boom. From this cove they can be taken out as they are wanted for the mills below. While in the boom, and at other places on the river, they are liable to great loss from plunderers. The owners or drivers of logs will frequently smuggle all that come in their way, without regard to marks. The owners or conductors of some of the mills on the river are said to be not above encouraging and practising this species of piracy. Indeed timber, in all its stages, seems to be considered a fair object for plunderers, from the petty pilferer who steals into the woods, fells a tree, cuts it into shingles and carries it out on his back, to the comparatively rich owner of thousands of dollars.

"When the logs have been sawn at the mills, there is another rafting of the boards, which are floated down the river to Bangor, to be embarked on board the coasters for Boston. In this process they are subject to much injury, first by the mode of catching them as they come from the mill sluices, the rafters making use of a picaroon, or pole with a spike in the end of it, which is repeatedly and unmercifully driven into the boards, taking out perhaps a piece at each time; secondly, by the holes made by the pins driven into the boards in rafting; and thirdly, by the rocks and rapids and shallows in the river, breaking the rafts to pieces, and splitting up the boards as they descend. These inconveniences will be partly remedied by the railroad now in operation, unless other inconveniences in the use of it should be found to overbalance them.

"The kinds of timber brought down our rivers are pine, spruce, hemlock, ash, birch, maple, cedar, and hackmatack. Far the greater part of it is pine. The lumberers make about six kinds of pine; though they do not agree exactly in the classification, or in the use of some of the names. The most common division is into pumpkin pine, timber pine, sapling, bull sapling,* Norway, and yellow or pitch pine. The pumpkin pine stands pre-eminent in the affections of the lumberers, because it is the largest tree, and makes fine large clear boards. They are soft and of a yellowish cast. The timber pine and saplings are the most common. The former is generally preferred, as being larger and more likely to be sound. Yet the saplings are said to make the harder and more durable boards. The common sapling grows in low lands, generally very thick, but is apt to be much of it rotten. The bull sappling is larger and sounder, grows on higher land, and mixed with hard wood. The Norway pine † is a much harder kind of timber than the others. It is seldom sawed into boards, though it makes excellent floor boards. But it is generally hewed into square timber. In the provinces it bears a

* All the kinds here named, with the exception of the two last, are varieties of white pine.

† This pine is called also red pine, from the colour of its bark.

higher price than the others. There is not much of it brought to market, and it is not very abundant in the woods. The yellow pine is very scarce, if to be found at all in that region.

"We will conclude with some remarks upon the different modes of operating, made use of by owners of timber. These are three. One is, for the owner to hire his men by the month, procure teams, and furnish them with equipments and supplies. A second is, to agree with some one or more individuals to cut and haul the timber, or cut, haul, and run it, at a certain price per thousand feet. The third way is to sell the *stumpage* outright; that is, to sell the timber standing.

"The first mode is seldom adopted, unless the owner of the timber is likewise a lumberer, and intends to superintend the business himself. The second mode is very common. It is considered the most saving to the owners, because the lumberer has no inducement to select the best timber, and leave all that is not of the first quality; to cut down trees and take a log, and leave others to rot that are not quite so good, but which may be well worth hauling. Its inconveniences are, that as the object of the lumberer is to get as large a quantity as possible, he will take trees that are not worth as much as the cost of getting them to market, and which, besides being of little value themselves, render the whole lot less saleable by the bad appearance they give it. The owner too is subject to all the losses that may happen, in running the logs down the river. Very frequently he is obliged to make one contract to have the timber cut and hauled to the landing places, and another to have it run down; for the river drivers are a distinct class from the lumberers. Most of them are indeed lumberers, but it is but a small part of the lumberers that are river drivers. A great part of the lumberers are farmers who must be on their farms at the season of driving, and therefore cannot undertake anything but the cutting and hauling. They are paid for the number of thousand feet they deposit at the landing places; and the logs being surveyed, or sealed, as they are hauled, their object is to get as many thousand as possible on the landing places; while the river drivers may be very careless about getting them all down, and the owner may never receive nearly the quantity he has paid for cutting and hauling. In operating in this mode, the owner usually furnishes the supplies, provisions, &c.; and the lumberer procures the teams and hires the men. The owner commonly does not bind himself to pay, before the logs get to market; and he frequently makes a contract for his supplies on the same condition, in which case he has to pay from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. more for his goods, than he would dealing on cash or common credit. Sometimes, when there is no freshet, the logs do not get down until the second year; and then the trader and lumberer both suffer for want of their pay.

"The third mode is the simplest and easiest for the owner. He avoids all trouble of furnishing supplies, of watching the timber on the river, and of looking out for a market. But he must have a man of some capital to deal with, as he furnishes his own teams and supplies, and pays his men, receiving very heavy advances. The purchaser of it has no interest to cut the timber savingly, and he sometimes makes dreadful havock among the trees, leaving a great deal of valuable stuff on the ground to rot. And if he selects only the best trees in a berth, much of the timber left standing may be lost, because no one will afterwards want to go into that berth, from which all the best trees have been culled. It is common now, in all large concerns, for the owner to employ a man to pass the winter in the camps, living alternately at one or another, for the purpose of scaling the logs, keeping a correct account of them, and seeing that the timber is cut according to the contract. But, after all, there is always found to be a considerable difference between timber cut by the thousand, and that which is cut on stumpage.

"Each mode has its troubles. But we think that owners at a distance will manage their concerns with least vexation by selling the stumpage, provided that they have honest men to deal with."

MECHANICS AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.*

MR. CLAXTON is what we may term a mechanic of the *right sort*, —a self-taught man, who, having helped himself through life, wishes all his brother mechanics to do the same. He accordingly sets great value on self-instruction, and certainly we have no wish to depreciate it; for whatever may be the defects incident to the education of a self-taught man, he usually exhibits a force of character, which enables him frequently to outstrip his competitors. Working men, too, must usually be self-taught: for, obliged as they are to commence earning a subsistence early in life, much that they acquire must be obtained in time taken from their brief moments of relaxation, when the tired body and mind naturally shrink from anything in the nature of mental exertion. This must still continue to be the case to a large extent, even though the present generation, to use Mr. Claxton's phrase, "lives in clover," as compared with the past.

Mr. Claxton tells us that he was "born in the year 1790, about a hundred miles from London, and one mile from a small market town." His father was a day-labourer; and he himself took care of a flock of sheep, and afterwards worked "in a garden for supplying the market, till I was near thirteen, when I was apprenticed. My father gave me the choice of being a carpenter or a whitesmith. I chose the latter; and have continued in that business, or kindred branches, now over thirty years. I was to serve seven years for certain weekly wages, and ten pounds were to be added at the end of the term, if I was thought to deserve it." He passed his apprenticeship creditably, picking up information as he could; and, having a strong partiality for mechanical pursuits, by trying his hand in making ingenious toys and gimcracks. When he had served out his time, his master gave him ten pounds, and inquired what he should do with himself. "'Go to London, sir,' answered I, for I had made up my mind. 'Well, Tim,' said he, 'keep your right hand forward, and you will do well enough;' and he gave me a hearty farewell."

"I reached this great city in April, 1810. From the circumstance of having lived in a rural district, I had then never seen so much as a steam-engine, or heard a lecture on anything, or read a book connected with the arts and sciences, save what I have mentioned, and a poor Geography borrowed for a short time. The reader will bear these things in mind. He must make allowances for the generation of mechanics of that day, which are not to be taken for those of this. A man, or a boy, then, might possibly talk with some plausibility of the lack of opportunities. Nothing had then been done to cheapen, and circulate, and simplify useful knowledge for the mass of the people. There were no Mechanics' Institutions—no popular libraries or reading rooms—no lectures which we operatives could get at, or understand if we did."

"I was," continues Mr. Claxton, "just twenty-five years of age, when I saw for the first time a course of lectures announced. It was on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry. The talk about pneumatics, hydrodynamics, &c., was of course all Greek to me; but looking farther down, I found notices of experiments to be made on engines, and so on, and so I bought a ticket, and attended the first lecture. This pleased me so much that I took notes, and also drew sketches of the apparatus. Going home, I sat up very late to write out all I could remember of the lecture; and here my juvenile practice helped me again, even the tiresome copying I used to do for my father. So I went on, from October 1815 till the next April. Then I got a book on Natural Philosophy, and followed the subject up, for there's nothing, I found, like '*striking while the iron is hot*.' Then I made various articles to try experiments with, which my mechanical practice rendered easy work. I went to a second course, and then to others given by other persons. Finally, I applied for admission to a Philosophical Society; but, alas! one wanted friends at court in those days. Never discouraged, however, what should I do in such a case? Let any mechanic of this generation imagine himself living twenty years ago, and consider. 'Why,' thought I, 'I am *a mechanic*, and though that is the very reason why I wish to be admitted, and why I should be, it is the very reason also, why I am not.' It is clear, then, the mechanics must look to themselves, and to each other. Well, a number of us having talked it over, I wrote a circular, dated June 21th, 1817, (it was well I could write one,) got it printed, and sent it round town." This was six years before the London Mechanics' Institution was formed.

The result was, that a small society was formed, called the Mechanical Institution, which existed about three years, from 1817 to 1820. Mr. Claxton acted as secretary. In the last-mentioned year he went to St. Petersburg, being employed to erect gas-works in a large building, used for the transaction of the military business of the Russian government. Here he remained three years. In 1823 he left Russia for Boston, United States, and engaged to work in a machine-shop at a cotton factory, situated something less than thirty miles from Boston, where he was engaged till 1826, and took a leading part in a society for reading and mutual instruction, which was in existence before he arrived. On his

* Hints to Mechanics, on Self-Education and Mutual Instruction. By TIMOTHY CLAXTON. London: Taylor and Walton, 1839.

return to Boston, he joined in promoting the formation of the Boston Mechanics' Institution.

Mr. Claxton's object in telling his story, is to give, from his own personal experience, a practical illustration of the utility of knowledge to a working man; and thus to lend force to his exhortations. "The great majority of my fellow-craftsmen," he says, "have had at least a sufficient inkling of information and self-culture to *begin* to relish their sweets and realise their good." He wishes them to go on. "The mechanics," he adds, "have found out that they *are* ignoramuses; and that while there is no reason on earth why they should continue to be so, there is every reason why they should *not*: and this is a great point gained—it is half the victory. Hence, among other things, the improved character and amazing cheapness of popular books. Hence the magazines, and papers, and reading rooms, and people's libraries, and societies of useful knowledge, and similar institutions. The people have waked up, and there is a demand, an outcry, a market for these things."

Mr. Claxton is much interested in Mechanics' Institutions. He gives a sketch of their origin; and has been at pains to collect information for a tabular list of institutions throughout the country. He thinks, however, that there is room for improvement, not merely in the numbers of these institutions, but in their practical working and character. His table gives the names of twenty such associations in London, and nearly sixty in the provinces, besides the names of forty-eight towns where similar societies exist, but respecting which he had not obtained particular information.

EXPLANATION OF THE FOLLOWING TABLE.

Col. 1.—This mark (o) denotes the possession of a separate hall or building. Information of a date prior to 1838 is denoted thus—(1836).
.. 2.—Date when established.
. 3.—Number of Members of all Classes.
.. 4.—Annual Subscription of Ordinary Members. In many cases the payments are made Quarterly. Females, Minors, and Students, generally pay less, and Proprietors and Honorary Members in some cases pay more than Ordinary Members.
.. 5.—Number of Vols. in the Library. Ex. L.—Extensive Library.
.. 6.—Lecture Evenings. M. Tu. W. Th. F. &c. stand for Week-days; Occa. for Occasionally; and Al. M. for Alternate Mondays, &c. The Lectures commence in London at Eight or Half-past Eight o'Clock; and in the Country from Half-past Seven to Eight.

London and Vicinity.	Estab.	Mem.	Sub.	Vols.	Lectures.
			s. d.		
oLondon Institution, *Finsbury-circus* (The members are all Shareholders.)	1807	960	30 0	40000	Twice a Week.
oLondon Mechanics' Institution, ... 29, *Southampton-build. Chancery-la.*	1823	1100	24 0	7000	W. & F.
oAldersgate-street Institution	1825	1000	42 0	7000	Wed.
oWestern Lit. and Sci. Institution, .. 47, *Leicester-square.*	1825	500	42 0	7000	Thurs.
oEastern Lit. and Sci. Institution, .. 88, *Hackney-road.*	1825	250	21 0	1700	Tues.
oMarylebone Lit. and Sci. Institution, 17, *Edward-street, Portman-square.*	1832	550	42 0	1500	Mon.
oIslington Lit. and Sci. Society	1833	430	42 0	3300	Thurs.
Rahere-st. Mutual Instruction Soc... 73, *Rahere-street, Goswell-road.*	1834	40	6 0	200	Wed.
Lion-street Mutual Instruction Soc.. *Lion-st. Chap. New Kent-rd. Southw.*	1835	[illegible]	4 0	40	Thurs.
Milton Institution, ... *Milton-street, City.*	1836	[illegible]	20 0	600	Mon.
Botanical Society of London, ... 75, *Newman-street, Oxford-street*	1836	100	21 0	200	1st & 3rd Friday.
Tower-street Mutual Instruction Soc. 16, *Great Tower-street, City.*	1836	60	4 0	800	Mon.
oWestminster Lit. Sci. and Mec. Inst. 6 & 7, *Gt. Smith-st. Westminster.*	1837	395	24 0	3000	Thurs.
St. Pancras Lit. and Sci. Institution, *Colosseum House, New-road.*	1837	90	20 0	300	Tues.
Poplar Institution, ... *East-India-road.*	1837	102	20 0	....	Tues.
Society for promoting Practical Design *Saville House*, 6, *Leicester-square.*	1837	200	21 0	....	Tues.
Young Men's Rel. & Intel. Improv. Soc. *Hinde-st. Chapel, Manchester-sq.*	1838	38	1 0	None	Tues.
South London Mutual Instruction Soc. 74, *Blackman-street, Borough.*	1838	30	8 0	70	Mon.
Pestalozzian Association, ... *Worship-square.*	1838	30	6 0	200	Mon.
Maze-Pond Mutual Instruction Soc. *Maze-pond Chapel, Southwark.*	1838	[illegible]	4 0	None	Al. W.

Provincial Institutions.	Estab.	Mem.	Sub.	Vols.	Lectures.
			s. d.		
Barnsley Mechanics' Institution	....	152	20 0	....	Occa.
Bath Mechanics' Institution	1825	350	10 0	1900	Occa.
Birmingham Mechanics' Inst. (1836)	1825	300	....	1000	Occa.
Bolton-le-Moors Mec. Inst. (1836)....	1825	224	...	1600	....
Bradford Mechanics' Institution	1832	541	10 0	2506	Occa.
Brentford Mechanics' Institution ..	1835	256	8 0	627	Fortnight
Bungay Lyceum ...., ..	1838	....	4 0	100	Occa.
Bury St. Edmund's Mechanics' Inst.	1824	110	10 0	830	Occa.
Colchester Mechanics' Institution ..	1833	142	8 0	600	Fortnight
oCoventry Mechanics' Inst. (1836) ..	....	300	10 0	3000	Weekly
Deptford Mec. Inst. (Revived 1838).	1825	60	16 0	160	Tuesd.
oDerby Mechanics' Institution	1825	500	10 0	2200	Occa.
Devonport Mechanics' Inst. (1837) ..	1825	130	....	3000	Weekly
Dewsbury Mechanics' Institution ..	1825	20	....	146	Occa.
Edinburgh School of Arts (1836)	1821	451	12 0	Ex. L.	....
Gateshead Mechanics' Institution ..	1836	250	10 0	1200	Occa.
oGlasgow Mec. Class, Anderson's Inst.	1800	250	10 0	2072	Tw. a Wk.
oGlasgow Mechanics' Institution	1823	800	21 0	4000	M. T. W. Th. & F.
Greenwich Soc. for Useful Knowledge	1837	170	10 0	400	Tu.—Th.
Halifax Mechanics' Institution	....	417	8 0	....	Occa.
Hammersmith Lit. Sci. & Mec. Inst.	1837	250	10 0	500	Frid.
oHuddersfield Philosophical Society	....	310	10 0	1200	Weekly
oHull Mechanics' Institution (1837)..	1825	500	8 0	1700	Weekly
oIpswich Mechanics' Inst (1837)	1825	330	....	5000	Alt. Mon.
oKeighley Mechanics' Institution ..	1825	119	8 8	896	Occa.
Leeds Mechanics' Institution..	1825	260	10 0	1270	Occa.
Lewes Mechanics' Institution	1825	189	....	1450	Occa.
oLiverpool Mechanics' Institution ..	1825	2286	21 0	Ex. L.	W. & S.
Lynn Mec. Lit. and Sci. Institution..	1827	170	12 0	Ex. L.	Occa.
oManchester Mechanics' Institution	1825	1392	20 0	4400	M. & F.
oManchester Athenæum	1836	1159	30 0	3134	Weekly
Newcastle upon Tyne Mec. Inst. (1837)	1824	791	12 0	Ex. L.	Weekly
Norwich Mechanics' Institution	1825	146	10 0	1400	Alt. Tu.
Otley Mechanics' Institution.......	....	80	5 0	....	Occa.
Peterborough Mechanics' Institution	1831	110	8 0	570	Occa.
oPlymouth Mechanics' Institution ..	1825	150	13 0	1000	Wedn.
—— Treville-st. Mut. Ins. Soc.	1833	6	6 0	....	Weekly
Portsmouth Mechanics' Institution..	1825	70	6 0	400	Weekly
oPotteries (Staff.) Mec. Inst. (1836) ..	1826	260	10 0	1000	Fortnight
Pudsey Mechanics' Institution	....	61	6 0	371	Occa.
Ripon Mechanics' Institution	1831	50	10 0	300	Occa.
Sheffield Mechanics' Library (1836)..	1824	671	6 0	4215	. .
Sheffield Mechanics' Institution	1832	352	8 0	2506	Occa.
Sherborne Institution	1835	100	6 0	400	Occa.
oSouthampton Mechanics' Institution	1830	328	8 0	900	Wedn.
Stirling School of Arts (1836)........	1826	281	4 0	1000	Occa.
Sudbury Mechanics' Institution . ..	1834	72	8 0	508	Occa.
Tiverton Reading Society	•1838	28	10 0	. ..	....
Todmorden Mechanics' Institution..	....	129	12 0	390	Occa.
oWinchester Mechanics' Institution	1835	122	13 0	435	Occa.
Windsor Mechanics' Institution ..	1835	174	8 8	300	Fortnight
Woodbridge Lit. and Mec. Institution	1836	200	10 0	2000	Fortnight
Woolwich Institution	1838	200	12 0	300	Alt. Mon.
Yeadon Mechanics' Institution......	....	42	6 0	....	Occa.
oYork Inst. of Pop. Sci. and Lit. ...	1827	202	10 0	1419	Tuesd.

"The particulars given with the list of institutions have been nearly all made up from recent official returns furnished for the purpose. Lectures are delivered in the winter season only, except in a few instances in London and other large towns. The classes, however, in many cases pursue their studies the whole year; and their numbers vary, in different institutions, from one or two classes to a dozen or more, as is the case with the London Mechanics' Institution. It is becoming now a prevailing opinion that the efficiency of the whole system depends very much upon these classes, or evening schools, as they are sometimes called. In fact, the "Union of Mechanics' Institutions" in the West Riding of Yorkshire, acting upon this principle, are devising means for employing suitable persons to reside among them for the purpose of instructing the classes, and also suitable lecturers for the institutions. "The Central Committee" is located at Leeds, of which Mr. Thomas Plint, of that town, is the secretary.

"Some persons may ridicule the insertion of so small an institution as the Plymouth Treville-street Society, because they know not the spirit of this *little band*, and the good which this, as well as many other small societies, are doing.

"There are many institutions for popular improvement, of various grades, in the principal towns, besides those named in the table, and others in various parts of the country, of which our information is only sufficient to give the localities of a small number."

A TRIP FROM NICE TO GENOA.

The town of Nice is situated just within the boundary of the kingdom of Sardinia. We arrived there late one night, and the next day proving beautifully fair, induced a young French gentleman, with whom we were travelling, to hire a felucca, or little boat, to take us to Genoa, we being a party of five. The boat was soon procured, and, the wind being extremely favourable, we set sail.

The first day saw us to San Remo; and, I think, I never enjoyed any scenery so much as I did that which we this day witnessed. The first town we passed after leaving Nice was Villa Franca, where the small harbour is defended on the one side by a long tongue of land, and a jetty on the other. The next place of any importance was Monaco, the coast of the bay between which place and Mentone is very rocky and picturesque; the sea is beautifully blue and very clear; and the bright shore, smiling in the sunshine of an Italian sky, had an enchanting effect. We passed under the walls of Vintimiglia, with its curious bridge and battlements, most truly Italian; the white fortifications and towers forming a striking contrast with the black mountain on the opposite side of the river. The little village of Ego, adorned with luxuriant palm-trees, next presented itself to view. These were perfect novelties both to the young Frenchman and to me; for we neither of us had imagined that this kind of tree could grow in the open ground in Europe. The Florentines, too, who were with us, were astonished, not indeed at the palm-trees, but at us: they wondered where we could have been brought up. One of the young ladies remarked, that we should see hundreds at Florence and Rome; but this is not the case,—a few poor solitary things, which truly look as though they were not natives of the soil, may indeed be met with.

As I have before mentioned, St. Remo received us for the night, where the inn was indeed most wretched. The young Florentines, who had been complaining all day, now grumbled worse than ever. The best room in the house, poor as it was, was assigned to them. The night was cold, and the wind, which had been fresh all day, now blew in gusts, as if a storm were approaching. We sat down to a miserable supper, by the light of a very indifferent lamp, which was mounted on a brass stand, and furnished with roker, snuffers, extinguisher, and tweezers, but which, with all our ingenuity, we could hardly get to burn. The Florentines now began to tell their beads; but their devotions were sadly broken in upon by exclamations of "We shall have a most violent storm!" and "How shall we proceed to-morrow?" The young Frenchman soon answered this question, by saying "We'll see when to-morrow comes." The theatre formed the next theme on which to converse, and a grand festa which was then near at hand; and the two poor ladies were sorely afraid they would not reach Genoa time enough to see it.

The following morning proved fair, but the wind was still howling; and the question was, were we to remain at San Remo, procure a carriage, or proceed in our boat? The boat was at length decided upon, and, about two hours after daybreak, we set sail with a rough sea and a high wind. We soon reached San Steffano, which is an extremely picturesque little town, with its elegant church and painted tower. The bold and commanding town of Porto Maurizio next presented itself; after passing which we reached Oneglia. The storm had much increased, and the rain fell thick and fast, insomuch that it was deemed wisest and best to make for shore. We landed at Oneglia; and I need hardly state how glad I was to find myself once more on terra firma. Not so the Florentines: they persisted in proceeding; and the poor French gentleman, who really wished to do the best for all parties, finding that he could not, by force of any argument, prevail, was obliged to leave them;—so, leaping ashore, he proceeded to join me, and I was not sorry to find that he had parted company with his troublesome and complaining companions.

We soon reached an inn; from the upper windows of which we obtained a view over the sea, tossed and agitated by the roaring tempest; the sky was dark and overcast, and the wind boisterous in the extreme. My friend pulled a small telescope from his pocket, by the aid of which we were able to discern the boat, now riding on the top of a wave, and now lost to our eyes till the next wave brought it once more to view. "Why did not the sailors refuse to proceed?" said I, while my friend was gazing on the weather-beaten and unfortunate vessel. "They did at first," he replied; "but, just as you were landing, the elder ladies presented one of the fellows with a purse containing a few pieces of gold, saying, 'We shall certainly reach Genoa to-night or early to-morrow morning, in time for the festa, with this fair wind; and there's something for your honest exertions; so make for sea as soon as this cowardly Frenchman is ashore.'" "What a couple of simpletons!" thought I. But our conversation was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of mine host, who inquired whether we intended staying here all night, and what we should choose for dinner? This last inquiry was soon answered, and a very good meal laid before us, to cheer us after our rough morning's sail. Dinner being over, my friend sallied out to see if he could meet with a return vetturino, to take us to Genoa, or if there were any persons similarly situated as ourselves. The landlord informed us that, as the scenery between this town and that of Albenga was exceedingly beautiful, persons travelling by vetturino for pleasure generally contrived to sleep at Oneglia, so that they might enjoy the scenery under the influence of a bright morning sun. The afternoon was spent in settling with a vetturino; and in the evening we enjoyed a most delightful walk, passing through a fragrant orange-grove, on our way to the sea-shore. The silver moon was brightly shining on the dark waters; the sky, after the storm, being exceedingly clear and intensely blue; the tops of the snowy mountains, just discoverable in the soft moonlight, completed this lovely landscape.

The next day's journey was a long, though anything but a tedious one; the weather was beautifully fine, and the scenery of the Bay of Genoa, which we this day witnessed, is perhaps some of the finest and most magnificent that is to be met with in bella Italia. We left Oneglia early, even before sunrise; but, since the first few miles of the road traverses a country which has nothing very remarkably beautiful, the want of light was not felt. Soon after daybreak, however, we arrived at the Capo delle Mellè; and, having turned the promontory, one of the most charming views that I ever beheld presented itself. The road winds down a hill, on which grew some most luxuriant olive-trees; and their blueish foliage well contrasted with that of another tree, whose name I forget, the leaves of which were of a bright and lively green; the perfume from the orange-trees and the myrtles, now in blossom (and which here grow wild) scented the balmy air. On the sea-shore stood two most picturesque little towns, but which, when we entered them, we found to be dreadfully dirty: like most villages on this coast, they had an extremely foreign appearance. Off the land a little island upraised its head above the surf, crowned by the ruins of an ancient lighthouse. Ridges of cliffs stretched far out into the sea, and were lost in extreme distance; and the beauty of the whole scene, which quite baffles description, was much enhanced by the clear Italian sky and sea.

Having passed the curious old city of Albenga, the three towers of whose cathedral we descried from some distance, we reached Finali to dinner. This last-mentioned town is situated at the foot of a very steep hill, from the summit of which the town appears, as it were, directly beneath you. While the horses were resting, we paid a visit to the cathedral, which is an exceedingly beautiful edifice, rich in precious marbles and frescoes: and we both of us thought the hour well spent. Dinner occupied half an hour more, after which we started for Savona.

We had not long left Finali before we arrived at a turn in the road, which brought us directly under some magnificent cliffs, rising abruptly from out of the bosom of the ocean to the height of many hundred feet. We soon began to ascend, and in a short time passed under a tunnel, when the vetturino pointed out to us that part of the coast on which stands proud Genoa. Leaving the cliffs behind us, another beautiful little bay presented itself to

view, with the picturesque villages of Nori and Vado, and their ruined battlements on the heights. The scene which we now witnessed was very similar to that which had so pleased us in the morning; but the bay is more contracted, the trees fewer; the sun, too, was nearly set: the battered and time-worn fortifications, nevertheless, added an interest to the landscape. It grew dark ere we reached Savona, imbedded in its mulberry-groves; so that, on arriving, we had time for little else but to get our suppers and go to bed. The rooms at our inn were clean and comfortable, which for Italy is rather extraordinary; and the cast-iron bedsteads, with their snow-white curtains, displayed the taste of the host or hostess, who seemed a very agreeable, pleasant couple. The next day saw us at Genoa; and, the evening proving very fine, my friend proposed that we should go to the theatre, where we saw some very good acting.

We stayed at Genoa two days, during which time we were able to visit many of the churches and palaces of the nobility; but it is not my intention to give a list or catalogue of all the different paintings, &c. in the various picture-galleries and rooms of every one or any of the palaces;—my description must be very brief, and rather general than particular. There are, nevertheless, four things in Genoa which I must not altogether pass over in silence;—the first of these is a Portia, by Guido, in the Durazzo palace, which has a great deal of soul and feeling in it, and is extremely beautiful: she is represented about to swallow the hot coals. The next and only other painting I shall mention is the altar-piece in the church of St. Stephen, depicting the martyrdom of that saint, which is the work of two artists; the upper part from the pencil of Raffaelle, and the lower part, executed by Giulio Romano, does not disgrace the work of his great predecessor. The third thing I shall mention is the hall of the Palazzo Ciro, which is one of the most gorgeous spectacles I have ever witnessed; being completely covered with gilding, lapis lazuli, marble, costly looking glasses, &c., with a fresco on the ceiling, the place is more like a fairy palace or a work of magic, than a habitation for man. The last wonder is perhaps the most astonishing of anything that I have described,—viz. the Emerald Vase in the cathedral; to see which alone it is worth coming to Genoa. This is not shown without an order, which our guide procured for us. Its size and dimensions will best speak its praise: it is made of one solid piece of emerald, is of an hexagonal form, and measures from corner to corner fifteen inches, and is four deep. There is one detraction, and that is a great one; it is sorely broken. Napoleon took it to Paris, and it returned not as it went.—But I have left myself little or no room to describe the town.

Genoa at first sight would seem a city of kings; but this impression soon wears away, particularly after you have traversed its many narrow and dirty streets, which are infinitely more plentiful than broad ones. The Strade Nuova, Nuovissima, and Balbi, are certainly magnificent streets, and reminded me not a little of High-street, Oxford; though I hardly think the Genoese palaces can be compared to the English colleges; the architecture being inferior, though the buildings are more massive and substantial,—many of them, indeed, much more resemble prisons than noblemen's mansions. Those most worthy of attention are the Durazzo palace, which contains perhaps some of the most interesting paintings; and the Brignole palace, which has the largest collection. I might also mention the Vicini, the Spinola, and the Queen's; the last of which is remarkable for the tastefulness of the furniture. The Palazzo Reale we did not see, as the King was then at Genoa. The great hall at the Hotel de Ville is a noble room, and several of the churches are well worth a visit; among the number I would just name the Chiesa di S. Annunziata (which is rich in costly marbles), and the cathedral.

Yet, though the principal streets and edifices are very magnificent, Genoa has many drawbacks, and the town, take it as a whole, must, notwithstanding all its grandeur, be called a dirty place. Its harbour is the admiration of all visitors, and may fairly be considered the first in Italy: the port of Naples does not nearly come up to it; Ancona is, I should think, the second. The view from the lighthouse is very extensive; and the traveller may obtain a very good notion of the manner in which the town is built from the sea.

Genoa in former days triumphed over most of the cities of Italy; as proof whereof, the chains of Pisa may be seen hanging, dangling down, as trophies over one of the gates. In the afternoon of the second day, we went to the Dorian palace, where we noticed a statue of Andrea Doria, who, be it remembered, was the most renowned hero of Genoa.

PARAGUAY AND THE DICTATOR FRANCIA.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We concluded our former notice on this subject with an account of Mr. J. P. Robertson's first interview with Francia; and it is our purpose now to give a brief sketch of the progress of that extraordinary man.

It will be recollected that Francia had retired in disgust from the junta in whom the government was vested, and had occupied himself, whilst in apparent seclusion, in secretly fomenting discontents with the government and distrust in its members, who in fact were none of them at all fitted for the responsible offices they filled. The secret of Francia's success seems to be, that he really was the only man in the country possessed of sufficient energy and steadiness of character to control a people for the first time, since they had been a fixed society, possessed of liberty: the secret of the violent line of conduct he has pursued appears to be the absurd estimate he had made of the requisites of a supreme governor. He had heard of the brief, decisive, and peremptory manner in which Napoleon was wont to give his orders, and in this, he conceived, lay the great secret of command; forgetting that the extended information and clear judgment which dictated the commands of that surprising man were not possessed by himself; but the obstinacy, or it may be firmness, of his disposition, and the pride which was natural to him and increased daily by the indulgence of his ambition, prevented him from ever changing his course, though he knew himself to be in the wrong. There is no reason to doubt the soundness of the views which led him to consider it impossible that Paraguay could be governed in peace, save by one man possessed of supreme power. The people were not as a body possessed of either knowledge or national virtue sufficient to enable them to govern themselves; the example of the other Spanish colonies, Peru in particular, where the inhabitants have for years been cutting each other's throats, and lately threatened a general massacre of all foreigners, prove that Francia was so far right. But the course he has pursued shows that this apology for his arbitrary conduct, made whilst his authority was yet unsettled, was but a specious pretence, and that he who professed so great a regard for his country cared only for the gratification of an insane passion, the possession of unbounded power: this he obtained, and seemed to delight in assuring himself of the fact by wantonly exerting it in the most cruel manner, and then exultingly looked round to see who would question the will of the great dictator. What a melancholy spectacle of human nature! Ambition has generally been characterised by some noble traits; the men most celebrated for the indulgence of this passion have sought to be admired as well as dreaded, and, when they have acted meanly, have had the grace to be ashamed of it. But what has been the ambition of Francia? What fame, but that of a cold-blooded and intensely selfish man, has he obtained abroad? what, except terror and deadly hate, has he excited at home? No one ennobling act has brightened the dark course of his murderous path.

When Francia at length emerged from his retirement, he found himself enabled to dictate to his colleagues, who were distrusted, whilst he himself was looked upon as the only man who could calm the dissensions of the state. His abilities were confessedly of a superior rank, and his strict integrity caused great reliance to be placed on him. It may cause some surprise to hear that the man who could act so iniquitous a part in the indulgence of his ambition could ever have been remarkable for integrity; but such is the fact, and he distinguished himself in his profession by such an exercise of this noble quality as would have done honour to a Roman.

The junta was speedily dissolved, and the government was then lodged in two consuls, Francia being one. His colleague was quite unable to cope with him, and Francia in effect possessed all the power; but this did not satisfy him, he was determined to rule alone. Having reason to apprehend some opposition in Assumption, especially from the old Spaniards, he contrived a scheme which completely answered his expectation. Pretending a desire to ascertain the sense of the whole people in the amplest manner, he summoned a congress of a *thousand* members. In such an assembly discussion was impossible. One half at least of the members could not understand a word of the proceedings; for they spoke nothing but Guarini, the language of the Indians. In such a tumult, Francia found it easy to overcome his adversaries: he was elected dictator for three years, and his first act was to dissolve the congress. This was in 1814.

Francia, who had assiduously attended to the raising, equipping,

and maintaining a standing body of troops, during his consulship, made it his first object, when he became dictator, to establish this main instrument of his power. He himself attended to the minutest details, even to the fit of each individual uniform and the due repair of each musket. His soldiers were his sole dependence.

He took all his measures gradually, and many were deceived by his conduct, which at first appeared actuated only by the caution and firmness necessary to establish the infant state. He introduced various improvements, and, though all his actions were performed in the most arbitrary manner, yet that might have been borne, since public good was the result. For instance, he determined on paving the city; he sent orders to private quarries for the stone necessary, which was worked by the country people, pressed into the service by his orders; and the inhabitants of the houses in the city were compelled each to pave the portion of the street before his own door, at his own expense. Thus he accomplished his purpose without expending a farthing of the national treasure; and this he called good economy.

The society of Paraguay had heretofore been divided into three parts, distinguished by birth. The old Spaniards, born in Spain, had always enjoyed greater liberty, and in general had possessed more wealth, than any others; they occupied all, or almost all, public offices; they were the acknowledged aristocracy of the state. Their children, of pure Spanish blood, held a second rank, and were seldom permitted to hold office. The third rank, the offspring of whites and natives, including all who were tinged with native blood, were held inferior, under the old Spanish regime. Francia himself was of the latter class: his father was, according to his own account, a Frenchman, according to others, a Portuguese; his mother, a Creole.

In the contemplation of the plan which he had from the first proposed to himself, Francia, influenced probably by national feeling, desired to get rid of "the old Spaniards," as being the class whose fidelity to the new government was most to be doubted; yet these men possessed the greatest wealth of any in the land, and the commerce, restricted as it had been, was chiefly in their hands. He feared them and their influence; and to this may be attributed his ultimate measure of closing up the country, and destroying its commerce totally, forcing the inhabitants to rely solely on themselves for their supplies.

Under various pretences, and often under no pretence at all, he began to restrict the liberty of commerce by continually closing the port, and suffering neither native nor foreigner to enter or depart. It would frequently happen that he suddenly declared the port to be open, merchants hastened to load their vessels, but before they could take their departure, the port would be closed again; the vessels had to be unloaded, and the goods rotted in the warehouses. The natural consequence was, that commerce was gradually destroyed; and as a finishing stroke Francia at length shut himself and his country up entirely by prohibiting all intercourse whatever, except on very rare occurrences when he himself needed foreign supplies.

He probably thought that by these means he should drive out the old Spaniards, but although sinking into ruin they still held by their ancient homes, and did not dare even to murmur. Discontents were not confined to them alone, for all classes suffered equally; Francia knew well that he was driving them to resistance, but he took measures to prevent it. He established so complete a system of espionage throughout the whole society, that no one dared to whisper the dictator's name even in the solitude of his own chamber. If he conceived the slightest suspicion of any unfortunate, the victim was hurried off, and without form of trial loaded with irons and immured in the public prison, or, what was worse, to the state dungeons, where numbers of the best men of the country miserably perished. "The public prison was a large building one hundred feet square, destined to receive inmates of every class save and except political delinquents. The court attached to the prison had an area of about twelve thousand feet; and in each dingy, suffocating apartment, there were crowded together from thirty to forty human beings. There was not room in these apartments to accommodate, outstretched upon the floor, so many wretched inmates; and those who could not find room to rest there, were suspended in small hammocks, hung one over another." "The state dungeons are small, damp, vaulted dungeons, of such contracted dimensions, that to maintain an upright posture in them is impossible, except under the centre of the arch. Here it is, that loaded with irons, with a sentinel continually in view, bereft of every comfort, left without the means of ablution, and under a positive prohibition to shave, pare their nails, or cut their hair; here, in silence, solitude, and despair, the victims of the dictator's vengeance, and often of his mere displeasure or caprice, are constrained to pass a life to which death would be a thousand times preferable. * * * Entombed alive,—cut off from all human intercourse and sympathy,—he drags on a hated and loathsome existence, till, stricken to the soul by anguish, or a victim to disease, or in the convulsions of madness, he yields to Him who gave it, a soul into which the iron has so deeply entered as to make him receive, as the best of boons at the hands of his God, a release from his earthly woe. Thus died my friend and companion Gomez; thus died my friend Dr. Savala; thus died Padre Maiz; thus died the old Governor, General Velasco; and thus died his faithful butler. Thus died Machain; and thus, or on the banquillo, perished almost every kind and simple-hearted friend I ever had in Assumption." The banquillo is a low stool or form, on which, in a sitting posture, delinquents are shot. The mode in which Francia exercised this instrument of his tyranny is best illustrated by a short anecdote.

"When Francia proceeded to annihilate or debase the monastic orders," (he seized upon their revenues,) "he converted into barracks some of their monasteries. On this occasion an old Spaniard, called El Pelado, was so imprudent as to give loose to the following remark: 'The Franciscans have gone to-day; but who can tell that Francia's turn to go may not be to-morrow?' By some busy and malicious informer this short, but fatal speech, was conveyed to the ears of the dictator. He summoned El Pelado to his presence, and addressed him in these terribly emphatic words:—'As to when it may be *my* turn to go I am not aware; but this I know, *that you shall* go before me.' Next morning El Pelado was brought to the banquillo, placed not far from Francia's window; and the dictator delivered, with his own hands, to three soldiers, the three ball-cartridges with which the unfortunate man was to be shot. The aim was not effectual, and the executioners were ordered to dispatch him with their bayonets. Upon the whole of this scene of barbarity and blood, Francia looked from his window, being not distant more than thirty yards from the place of slaughter. * * * Of all such executions, too, Francia was an exulting spectator; nor were the bodies which had been consigned to death in the morning, ever permitted to be removed till the evening. At frequent intervals, during the day, the dictator came to his window, and stood gazing on them as if to glut his eyes with the work of murder, and minister fiendish satisfaction to his revenge, by the view of the mangled carcasses of those whom, upon alleged enmity, he had thus made to lick the dust."

In 1814, Francia, when the three years of his dictatorship expired, procured his election as perpetual dictator, and took the title of Supremo. His tyranny became more oppressive as his power became more firmly established; and at length, notwithstanding all his precautions, a conspiracy against him was actually formed, and its execution was fixed for Good Friday, 1820. It was betrayed, and now all his fury broke out. His prisons were crowded, the banquillo was drenched with gore; he erected what he called "a chamber of truth," where by means of the old buccaneers' mode of torture, a leather strap tied round the head and then twisted till the pain became insufferable, he obtained whatever evidence he pleased. Numbers were banished to a vile unhealthy establishment called Tevego, which he had long before established and used as a place of hopeless exile for the unhappy Paraguayans. In 1821, he imprisoned all the old Spaniards whom he had not been able to charge with any crime, and kept them in confinement for eighteen months, when he liberated the survivors (for many died in confinement), obliging them, however, to pay heavy ransoms from the relics of their ruined fortunes. He had now completely crushed the country; the elements for revolt were annihilated, chiefly by the destruction of the moral feelings by his system of espionage; no man could trust another: and from one of the most open-hearted, free-spirited people in the world, the Paraguayans were reduced to the rank of crouching terrified slaves. He now prohibited all intercourse whatever with Assumption, and ordered that the little traffic which he was obliged occasionally to permit, should be carried on through Corrientes, where all goods intended for Paraguay are landed, and thence transported across the Parana to Neembecu, beyond which no foreigner is permitted to pass. Several foreigners, Englishmen and others, who were in Paraguay, were detained there for several years, till at length they were liberated through the intervention of the British Consul at Buenos Ayres, Sir Woodbine Parish.

Thus has Francia lived for years—a dreaded solitary tyrant. Fearing assassination, he suffers no one to approach within a

hundred yards when he is abroad; and when he grants an interview, the visiter must approach with his hands hanging down at his sides, lest he should use concealed weapons, and must stop at the prescribed distance. He has not a single friend or confidant even among his soldiers, and he dares not even smoke the cigars prepared for him by his own sister, before he has unrolled every leaf to make sure that it is not poisoned. Such is the picture of this wretched victim of ambition. He is now an old man, at least eighty years of age, and must in the course of nature soon be called to render a fearful account.

Our readers may naturally be curious to know how Messrs. Robertson escaped the fangs of the dictator, to which we reply that they were *fortunately banished* the country in time. We had purposed in the present article to give a short detail of their progress and adventures, and also to notice the country and productions of Paraguay, but our limits forbid us; and although we wish to avoid giving our readers too much of one dish, yet so much still remains to be said, that we shall be under the necessity of again reverting to "Paraguay."

A LAWYER'S CLERK'S TALE.

WITH one of my schoolfellows, whose father was clerk to an eminent barrister, I paid occasional visits to the courts in Westminster Hall. I was with him, also, one day at the bar of the House of Lords during the arguing of an appeal case. We were not unfrequently, likewise, in the Old Bailey during the sessions. From thenceforward my imagination was filled with nothing but a vision of wigs and gowns. Many a time have I astounded an Old Bailey jury, badgered a witness in the Common Pleas, and even broken jokes with "my lords" the judges. I have been hand and glove with the Lord Chancellor himself, and (for my imagination exercised its ubiquitous privilege, and flew as it pleased between common law and equity,) I have leaned familiarly over the bar of the House of Lords, addressing the woolsack and empty benches on some intricate case on which I had been retained with a fee of a thousand guineas.

My decision was made—my profession was chosen—I should be a lawyer. My father, a plain, hard-working man, learned the decision with a kind of contemptuous carelessness, but finding me persist, it made him somewhat uneasy. Once on a time, he said, he had done a little business with lawyers himself, and had found them a precious pack of scoundrels. He hated lawyers cordially, and he had a reason for it. The reason was this. He had fancied that he had a claim to a property which wanted an owner, and he had spent some trifle of money in trying to establish his claim. But other and much nearer claimants than he had started up, and from that time he never could forgive the lawyers. We seldom heard the story when he was sober: but when he came home tipsy (which, to do him justice, was not frequently,) we were sure to get the whole history and mystery of this property, and perhaps it was but the second edition for that evening, if he had got any auditors in the parlour of the Rose and Crown. My mother used to call him an old fool, and desire him to go to bed, which he would do very good-humouredly, but as he sank to sleep he still kept muttering about how the lawyers had cheated him of his property.

My father resisted my inclination to be a lawyer; he would far rather, he said, see me at some *honest* trade. With my mother I had more success; I told her I had a turn and a taste for the law, and she believed that I had; I affirmed that I would rise in the law, and she believed that I would. I at last caught my father's consent by a manœuvre, which had some cunning in it and some real enthusiasm. He was harping one evening on the old string of his property, when I exclaimed that if *I* were but a barrister, I would drag the unlawful holders of the property through every court in the kingdom, and compel them to disgorge—perhaps if I *were* a barrister, father might have the property to keep him in his old age. He looked at me for a moment; then taking his pipe out of his mouth, and laying it on the table, he vowed that I *should* be a lawyer.

But *how* to become a lawyer was now the consideration. At last my mother bethought her of a very distant relation who was a clerk in an attorney's office—the result of her application to him was, that I was taken into the office, and the attorney promised that if I proved as sharp and apt as I looked *he* would take care of me.

About a year afterwards a young barrister, who had just taken possession of his chambers, and was beginning to get some business, proposed to me that I should become his clerk. I jumped at the proposal. The attorney, however, was somewhat offended by my leaving him, and spoke disparagingly of my ability. There was no engagement, however, and the barrister had conceived a fancy for me. Therefore did I become the barrister's clerk.

Now was I happy! I had surmounted one obstacle; and if I could but accomplish the task of *eating* my way through an Inn of Court, *I* might become a barrister, and have, one day, a clerk and chambers to myself. My employer was well connected, (what *can* a professional man do in London without a good connexion?) and besides, he was one of those persons who in common life are known as lucky individuals. Almost everything he took in hand succeeded with him. There was a buoyancy about him, combined with almost perfect suavity of manner, and a large portion of cleverness, which carried him swimmingly. He never knew what it was to fear or doubt the possibility of his success in life, and therefore he was equally free from the hesitation of a timid nature, and the bullying forwardness of a vulgar one. The word *gentleman* sums up his character. He knew his own position, kept it, never went under it or over it, and, as a natural consequence, was able to allow to others full deference and acknowledgment, without the fear that he was thereby detracting from himself. He was, indeed, a kind-hearted, open, candid gentleman!

Business flowed in upon him. No Jew in disposition, he raised my salary as he filled my time with work—as *his* fees increased, so did mine. By the time I had shot up from the shape and thoughts of a mere youth into the look and consequence of a young man, I was in the receipt of an income of about 200*l*. yearly, and it promised to increase still more. My employer would undoubtedly rise in his profession, and I would rise with him. He might become attorney-general—he might be made a judge! My prospects were far better than that of many a briefless barrister; I scorned to desert my employer, and abandoned all thoughts of anything but being his clerk for life. "Well, Bill," said my father, one day, as I handed him some money to pay up arrears of rent—there was a tear in his glistening eye—"I was wrong, and you was right, when you wanted to be a lawyer!" My mother would sit and look at me, while gratification and pride lighted up her face—or she would smile as my sister pulled the ring off my little finger, and placed it on her own, or my younger brother examined the texture of the silver watch-guard, that, like an alderman's chain, decorated my person. I was the great man of the family, and grew great in my own estimation. A bed-room was carefully assigned me—my father brushed my boots and shoes, nor would he allow any one else to do it. One night, I took him to the gallery of the House of Commons. Though fond of a bit of political discussion, especially in his favourite parlour at the Rose and Crown, his attention was riveted, not on the speaker or his wig, or the clerks at the table with their wigs, or the mace, or the members, but on the sergeant-at-arms, and the messengers of the House. He was getting tired, he said, of hard work, and he "would just like to be one of them chaps," to sit and hear the speeches, and have nothing to do but order the folks in the strangers' gallery to sit down and be quiet. I promised to use all *my* influence to get him put on the list, and no doubt he would be appointed in due course!

Time wore on; my money was as plentiful, or more so, as ever; and I became, not a dissipated, but a gay, thoughtless young fellow. I ventured, now and then, into the pit at the opera, occasionally treated my sisters (my mother would never go) to a box at the play, and when "master and I" went on circuit, I drank my wine "like a gentleman." About this time, I was smitten by the charms of a pretty, affectionate girl, (she is, thank goodness, if not *as* pretty, at least as affectionate as ever she was,) and—we married! Who blames me? My employer was glad to hear of my marriage. He said that he would repose greater confidence in me than ever, that he felt he had a greater hold upon me than he had before, that, in fact, I had "given hostages to fortune." I told all this to my wife, and though she did not exactly understand what giving hostages to fortune meant, she thought it must mean something very complimentary, considered my employer a very fine gentleman, wondered he did not take a wife himself, but concluded that he had not yet met with the one that was destined for him.

I look back to the first two years of my married life as one does to a pleasant vision, which seems to float indistinctly in the memory. They were spent in one round of thoughtless happiness. We never dreamed of saving any money, as we might have done. My absences on circuit were at first a source of annoyance, but she became used to them, and they were amply made up by our

"junkettings" and "goings-on" during the "long vacation." My wife *is* an excellent creature; but *all* (say, if not *all*, the greater portion) of young London folks are fond of "seeing some life"—ay, and many of the older folks too. So we ran to Vauxhall, and Astley's, visited the theatres, had supper parties, and sometimes a dinner party, and took excursions into the country. A couple of children was but a trifling check upon the buoyancy of our out-of-door habits. We kept, of course, a servant; and "mother" came of an evening, to take care of the young ones when we went out.

My employer suddenly sickened and died. A brain fever cut him off in the flower of his manhood—at the very time when he could exclaim, "It is well with me, and it is well with the world!" I was too much stunned to feel the sorrow I have since felt. Besides, his relations called on me to wind up his affairs. I did so; and, in a few months, the chambers where I had spent some busy and some pleasant hours, were taken possession of by another barrister and another clerk. Truly, man dies, but society lives. The death of a man in the prime of life, and in active business, is just as if one threw a stone into the ocean: it causes an agitation and a swell in the neighbourhood for a moment, and then the surface is the same as ever!

I could have got a situation immediately afterwards. But the salary offered was very small; and I had received fifty pounds from my late employer's relations, as an acknowledgment of my services. So, scorning to "shelf" myself, as I called it, I resolved to wait till something worth my acceptance presented itself. I do not know how it was, but I spent three or four busy months idling about. I waited on this person and that person; spoke of my capabilities and my wants; tried for two or three situations, and began to feel what I had never properly felt before, that the fraternity I belong to, like that of our employers, is a numerous one—their name is Legion, for they are many.

One day, in the street, I met a barrister who had been one of the personal friends of my late employer. "Oh, Turner," he said, "I wanted to see you—come with me." I went with him to the chambers of a well-known conveyancer. After being duly introduced, I was desired to wait, and the kind barrister, doubtless thinking he had effectually served me, went away. Some time afterwards, I was called into the sanctum. "Well, Mr. Turner—Turner is, I think, your name, is it not?" said he, in a voice that made me think him as musty and precise as an old title-deed. I bowed. "With whom did you say you were last, Mr. Turner?" I mentioned the name. "Ah! poor fellow, he died as he was getting into a very good business,—did he not, Mr. Turner?" I replied, of course, in the affirmative. "But you were with a conveyancer before you were with him, were you not, Mr. Turner?" I said, No—but that I was sure I would soon get into the routine of the business. "Ah! well, I am busy now, Mr. Turner, but leave me your address, and I will send for you when I want you." I pulled out my card, which the conveyancer told me to put down on the table. Next day the situation was filled up, but not by me.

I next applied for the head clerkship in an attorney's office, but the attorney wanted an *experienced* man, and I was amongst the rejected candidates. I heard one night of a vacancy in a barrister's clerkship, and was waiting at the chambers next morning before the barrister appeared himself, amongst half-a-dozen young men, who mutually guessed each other's purpose—but the barrister had been suited the night before. The question began to occur to me—what can I do? Here was I, the father of a family, a grown member of an overstocked profession, and all I can really do to earn my family's subsistence is the copying of legal documents—an *art* that a boy of fourteen can perform as well as a man of forty. Yet, forsooth! my shabby gentility must be kept up—dig I cannot, and to beg I am ashamed. In the first impulse of the moment, I resolved to sell off all that I had, and emigrate to the Backwoods of Canada. And pray, said I to myself, as I cooled a little, what *can* you do in the Backwoods of Canada? You can neither handle the axe, nor the saw, nor the hammer; hardly know how to plant a cabbage—and can barely tell the difference between wheat and oats!

My father had been ailing, and was at last called away, and I, heretofore the great man of the family, could do nothing towards laying him in his quiet grave. A brother, by trade a blacksmith, one whom I had ridiculed for the awkward homeliness of his manners, and whom I have more than once avoided in the street, defrayed the expenses of the funeral, and, being unmarried, charged himself with the maintenance of my mother. Yes, the tables were turned. Yet even amid the bitterness of heart which every thing was calculated to give me, I have seen me turn out on a solitary walk, and dreaming about a fortune being left me by some unlooked-for and mysterious means; and how, when I got it, I would astonish, dazzle, or at least command the respect of some who were looking coldly or contemptuously on me. And at this time another baby was born to me, and my awkward brother called, in his greasy jacket, and put a sovereign into its little hand—we had only a few coppers, not amounting to a sixpence, in the house, before we received the welcome gold coin.

My wife suggested that I should try something *out* of the law, if I could not get something to do *in* it. What can I do out of the law, I asked. "Bless my heart!" she exclaimed, with more vehemence than she was in the habit of using, "London is a *large* place!" Some farther conversation followed; we grew warm; she accused me of being a useless, incapable fellow, who, when one mode of subsistence failed, could not turn himself with facility to another. I retorted, that she was idle, and might do something herself towards the maintenance of the family, (what a cruel insult towards a woman with two young children and a baby, and she, too, whom I had taught never to do anything but attend to the children!)—high words followed, I stormed, she wept and upbraided, we mutually wished we had never been married, and at last, in a furious passion, I rushed out of the house.

I had parted with the silver chain, as well as some other ornaments previously, but the ring kept its place on my little finger. This I now took off, sold for a few shillings, and went and got drunk, like a mean-spirited hound, with the money. Staggering about the streets, and covered with mud from a fall, I was met by the kind barrister, who had not lost his interest in me, and who, but for the circumstance of his having an excellent clerk, would have taken me. He was accompanied by another barrister, who had just discharged his clerk for drunkenness and embezzlement, and the empty place had been reserved for me—it was a very good one. They both knew me, both spoke to me, and I answered them with a hiccuping bravado, which, as I learned next morning, under a head-ache and a heart-ache, lost me the situation.

The next night was one of the dreariest I ever spent in my life. I slipped out while my wife was asleep, and began to ramble about the streets to cool the fever of body and mind. "London is indeed a large place," thought I. There are hundreds in it, ay, thousands, who, if they knew my condition, would pour a sufficiency for the present distress into the lap of my family—yet a bold, bad, begging-letter impostor, by working on the feelings of the charitable, can sometimes gather pounds while I am destitute of pence. And there are hundreds of situations, requiring no greater ability than what I possess, which supply what I would term affluence to their possessors, while I am wandering about like a vagabond, no man offering me aught to do. But the previous night's adventure came back to my recollection, and I knew I was solacing myself with a lie. It was a bitter night of murmuring, repining, self-accusation, and reproach of the arrangements of Providence. I forgot how much of my present condition was owing to my own wilful misspending of the time of my youth, and the money acquired in a comfortable situation.

During that night's ramble, I saw two or three destitute creatures, men and boys, wandering the streets like myself, and a young lad, who was sitting huddled up on the steps of a door, told me his story, which, if it was not true, was told in a very truth-like way. It was a pitiable story of destitution, and made me ashamed of my want of spirit. There was a penny in my pocket, remaining from my previous night's debauch; I gave it to him with hearty good will, and returning home, found my wife up, and weeping at the alarming thought of my having abandoned her, but determined, as she said with great spirit, to "scrub her nails off" to earn a subsistence for herself and the children.

I now thought of trying for a situation in the Post Office. Accordingly, I set to work—got up a memorial, and had it signed by a number who knew me, and by a number who did not—and sent letters along with it to the Postmaster-General and the Secretary. My hopes rose high about the success of this scheme, for the letters were nicely written, nicely folded, and nicely sealed. I allowed at least ten days for an answer, and did not become impatient till the third week. Then I began to sit each morning at the window, watching the postman, and biting my nails as he passed. The oldness of the maxim has not abated one jot of its truth, that, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The third week passed, and the fourth, and no answer came. In the fifth week, unable to bear the agony of suspense, I sent a note, entreating an answer, and gently hinting that my application might have been overlooked

in the hurry of business. A few days afterwards I got an answer, and broke the official seal with a trembling hand and a beating heart. The inclosure was a note, intimating, in dry, but civil terms, that my application had been laid before the Postmaster-General, but that his list was so full as to prevent all possibility of any hope of employment being held out to me.

Next day I got, by what appeared almost a mere chance, the situation of clerk to a barrister, with a salary of 50*l*. a year. I had been offered the same sum, with a chance of picking up some fees, immediately after my former employer died, but I was too saucy at that time to take it. Now, however, the tone of my spirit was lowered a little. My new employer had scarcely any business, and but small chance of augmenting it—for though not lacking ability, he wanted the "turn"—the manner, or what you choose to call it, which helps a man along in the crowded walks of the law. But I had not been long with him, when he began to throw out hints about his prospects, and his connexions. He was very well connected, and was industriously grubbing about for the roots of an official appointment. He distinctly gave me to understand that he should provide for me as soon as he was provided for himself. I dare say he would have fulfilled his promise, *if* nothing had intervened. I was serviceable to him; and though a considerable amount of pride still subsisted in my heart, I brought myself to act as a valet, as well as a clerk, to a man who I could not but see was proud, poor, mean, and ungenerous. After two years' service with him, he got an appointment in one of the colonies, and having one or two relations to provide for, I could not be considered in his "arrangements." He had not the courage or the honesty to tell me the real cause, but said that my family was the obstacle in the way.

I now longed for an opportunity to "cut" the law, and would have given all I ever had in the world to any man who would have endowed me with a faculty of earning my family's subsistence different from that of copying a legal document, and making a flourish at the bottom of the page. A little shop was to be let in my neighbourhood—a kind of compound shop, in which the goods sold came under the class of huckster and green-grocer. I knew nothing about buying and selling: but better late than never, thought I, and I resolved to make the experiment. The price of fixtures and good-will was only thirty pounds, but where was I to get thirty pounds? My worthy blacksmith brother came to my aid. He lent me a few pounds he had saved, and he borrowed a few more; my old friend the barrister, who had long before become reconciled to me, and who had learned that I was not an habitual drunkard, presented me with ten pounds; and one way or another I raised the thirty pounds, though with a desperate struggle. So I entered on the possession of my little shop; and it required a good laughing face to hide the scantiness of the stock, and the awkwardness of my motions. My wife, indeed, has served me excellently well; only for her handy cleverness the shop would have been shut up long ago. We are doing pretty well in it, not making a fortune, but eking out a livelihood. Meantime I have got another situation with a Chancery barrister, in which I do not get more than about 18*s*. a week, but where the work is light, and I do not require to go out of town. My wife attends to the shop during the day, and at night too: but if the custom of the shop should increase, so as to enable us to maintain our family by it, I will "cut" the law altogether; and acting on my father's maxim, bring up my children to "honest" trades, instead of learning them a shabby gentility, which may make them more helpless in a great city than a Spitalfields or a Paisley weaver.

FORETHOUGHT AND INDEPENDENCE.

In connexion with industry, children should be taught to take care of property. They should find that labour is the source of property, and that property, carefully preserved and diligently improved, rapidly accumulates. This may be done in such a way as not to excite a mercenary spirit, but to stimulate a spirit of honest independence. Let them see that comfort and respectability are the result of honest industry and perseverance; accustom them to raise their standard of the comforts and decencies of life higher than that of the filthy half-furnished hovels in which, perhaps, some of them have passed their infancy; show them the neat, clean, and well-built cottage which is occupied by some industrious couple, who have only their own labour and its results on which to depend; tell them how their prosperity began—perhaps in some childish act of industry and frugality,—the produce turned round and round, each time upon a larger scale, until they were able to maintain themselves, and have gradually risen to that state of comfort and sufficiency which they now enjoy.

JOHN LAW OF LAURISTON, AND THE MISSISSIPPI SYSTEM.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In pursuance of the plan devised by Mr. Law, and noticed in a former paper, a commercial company was erected in August, 1717, by letters patent, under the name of the Company of the West. The whole province of Louisiana was granted to them; and this country being watered throughout its whole extent by the great river Mississippi, the subsequent operations of the company came to be known under the general title of The Mississippi System. This company was divided into 200,000 actions, or shares, of 500 livres each, to be paid in *billets d'état*. These were in such discredit, from the bad payment of interest, that 500 livres nominal value were not worth more than 150 or 160 in the market. The company took them at their full value, and became creditors of the King to the amount of 100 millions of livres, the interest of which was fixed at four per cent.

Of this Company of the West, Mr. Law (who had now advanced so high in the Regent's favour, that the whole ministerial power was reckoned to be divided among him, the Abbé Du Bois, minister for foreign affairs, and M. d'Argenson, keeper of the seals,) was named director-general. The actions were eagerly sought after; Louisiana having been represented as a region abounding in gold and silver, of a fertile soil, capable of every sort of cultivation. Such was the rage for speculation, that the unimproved parts of that country were sold for 30,000 livres the square league, at which rate many purchased to the extent of 600,000 livres; vigorous preparations were made for fitting out vessels, to transport thither labourers and workmen of every kind; and the demand for *billets d'état*, in order to purchase shares, occasioned the former to rise to their full nominal value.

The farm of tobacco, the charter and effects of the Senegal Company, and the exclusive privilege of trading to the East Indies, China, and the South Seas, together with the possessions and effects belonging to the China and India Companies, were made over to the new company, on condition of paying the lawful debts of these companies, now dissolved. The Company of the West assumed on this occasion the title of the Company of the Indies. Fifty thousand new shares were ordered to be constituted, rated at 550 livres each, payable in coin, to be employed partly in satisfying the creditors of the old companies, and partly in building vessels and in other preparations for carrying on the trade. The price of actions quickly rose to one thousand livres; the hopes of the public being raised by the favourable prospects of possessing a very lucrative branch of commerce.

On the 25th July, 1719, the Mint was made over to the Company of the Indies, for a consideration of fifty millions of livres, to be paid to the King within fifteen months; and fifty thousand new shares, rated at one thousand livres each, were directed to be issued, in order to raise that sum. On the 27th August following, the Regent took the great farms out of the hands of the farmers-general, and made over the lease to the Company of the Indies, on their agreeing to pay 3,500,000 livres additional rent for them; thus relieving the people from the exactions of that powerful body, under whose management the taxes became quite intolerable,—not so much from their own weight as the oppressive mode of levying them. On the 31st of the same month, the Company obtained the general receipt of other branches of the King's revenue. When they had acquired all these grants, and had thus concentred in themselves the whole foreign trade and possessions of France, and the collection and management of all the royal revenues of that kingdom, they promised an annual dividend of two hundred livres on every share; the consequence of which was, that the price of actions instantly rose in the market to five thousand livres; the public ran upon the last creation of fifty thousand with such eagerness, that nearly double the requisite sum was subscribed for, and the greatest interest was exerted, and every stratagem put in practice, to secure places in that subscription.

The Company now came under an obligation to lend the King, in order that he might pay off his creditors, the sum of 1500 millions of livres, at the rate of three per cent. per annum; and to this rate the interest of the 100 millions formerly lent to his Majesty (in *billets d'état*) was also reduced: the King, consequently, had to pay them in all forty-eight millions a year. To raise this sum of 1500 millions, there were, in the months of September and October, 1719, 300,000 new actions created; the subscriptions for which were fixed at five thousand livres each. The actions were thus brought to the full number of 600,000 (but

24,000 more were fabricated on the 4th of October, 1719, by the private orders of the Regent, but afterwards suppressed); and, to answer the dividends upon these, the Company had, according to some, the following annual revenue, viz.

Interest paid by the King to the Company,	48,000,000
Profits upon the Great Farms . .	15,000,000
Ditto upon the Mint	4,000,000
Ditto upon the farm of Tobacco . .	2,000,000
Ditto upon the general receipt of Taxes .	1,500,000
Ditto upon their Trade . . .	10,000,000

—making a total of 80,500,000 livres, open to be improved by the extension of their commerce abroad, and by a good administration at home. Other writers on the subject, however, computed the annual revenue of this great Company at no less than 131 millions, viz. 48 millions from the King,

39 millions profits upon the Farms, the Mint, and the receipt of Taxes; and

44 millions profits upon their Trade:

in which case they could well afford a dividend of even more than two hundred livres on every share.

The cupidity which these prospects of immense profit in some measure, but principally the prodigious fortunes acquired by the original proprietors, excited among all ranks, was such as no nation had ever witnessed. A universal infatuation for the acquisition of shares in the India Company now seemed to occupy the whole kingdom, from the lowest of the people up to magistrates, prelates, and princes. This infatuation, of which at the present day we can scarcely form a conception, increased in proportion to the difficulty of succeeding in that view; for the whole 300,000 actions of the last fabrication being, by a particular agreement, kept up, in order to be sold to the Regent (who had also got possession of 100,000 of those formerly issued), no more than 200,000 remained in the hands of the public; and only a part thereof, quite inadequate to the demand, was now brought to market. The frenzy prevailed so far, that the whole nation, clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen, princes, nay even ladies, who had or could procure money for that purpose, turned stock-jobbers, outbidding each other with such avidity that, in November 1719, the price of shares rose, after some fluctuations, to above ten thousand livres each; more than sixty times the sum they originally sold for, when the discredit of the *billets d'état* is taken into the account.

M. de la Mothe and the Abbe Terasson, two of the ablest scholars in France, conversing together on the madness of the Mississippi adventurers, congratulated themselves on their superiority over all weaknesses of that nature, and indulged themselves in ridiculing the folly of the votaries of the fickle goddess. But it so happened that they met, not long afterwards, face to face in the rue Quinquempoix*: at first, they endeavoured to avoid each other, but, finding that impracticable, put the best look possible on the matter, rallied each other, and separated in order to make the most advantageous bargains they could. The courtiers, according to their usual custom of following implicitly the royal example, engaged so deeply in this business, that it was said only five persons of that description (the Maréchaux de Villeroi and de Villars, the Ducs de St. Simon and de la Rochefoucault, and the Chancellor) had kept free from the contagion. The Maréchal Duc de Richelieu relates that those who did not embark in the Missisippi scheme were looked upon as no better than cowards or fools.

In consequence of a murder which took place in the rue Quinquempoix, the stock-market was first transferred to the Place Vendôme, and business was carried on in tents pitched in the area to the gardens of the Hotel Soissons; where and afterwards business was transacted in tents pitched among the trees, which tents the brokers were obliged to make use of.

The situation of France in November 1719 is thus described by a contemporary writer:—"The bank-notes were just so much real value which credit and confidence had created in favour of the state. Upon their appearance, Plenty immediately displayed herself through all the towns and all the country; she relieved our citizens and labourers from the oppression of debts which indigence had obliged them to contract; she enabled the King to liberate himself from great part of his debts, and to make over to his subjects more than fifty-two millions of livres of taxes, which had been imposed in the years preceding 1719; and more than thirty-five millions of other duties extinguished during the regency. This plenty sunk the rate of interest; crushed the usurer; carried the value of lands up to eighty or one hundred years' purchase; raised up stately edifices, both in town and country; repaired the old houses which were falling to ruin; improved the soil; gave an additional relish to every fruit produced by the earth. Plenty recalled those citizens whom misery had forced to seek their livelihood abroad. In a word, riches flowed in from every quarter: gold, silver, precious stones, ornaments of every kind which contribute to luxury and magnificence, came to us from every country in Europe. Whether these prodigies or marvellous effects were produced by art, by confidence, by fear, or by whim, they produced all these realities which the ancient administration neve could have produced. Thus far the system has produced nothing but good: everything was commendable and worthy of admiration."*

Mr. Law was perfectly idolised by the people, who looked upon him in no way inferior to the King and Regent; the mob being accustomed to cry out, whenever he appeared in public, "Long live Mr. Law!" He made a public profession (with his son and daughter) of his conversion to the catholic faith; and, every obstacle being now removed, he was, on the 5th January, 1720, declared comptroller-general of the finances of France.

Thus the admiring world beheld an obscure foreigner, by the mere force of extraordinary genius and abilities, rise, in the course of a few months, from a private condition to the high station of prime minister to the politest nation of Europe, which he governed for some time with almost absolute power. It must be mentioned to his honour, that he voluntarily gave up the whole perquisites, as well as the salary annexed to his office; and he was so little addicted to luxury and extravagance as to take care that the most regular order and strictest propriety should be observed in the management of his household; while at the same time his dress was remarkable for its plainness and simplicity.

The credit of the Bank was now at its acmé, but fears began to be entertained by those behind the scenes. A constant drain of specie from the bank was going on, caused chiefly by hoarding and remittances abroad, and the immense quantities of plate manufactured for the rich Mississippians. Several edicts were in consequence issued, limiting the payment in specie; and at length a decree was issued, on the 27th February, 1720, prohibiting individuals from having in their possession more than five hundred livres in specie. The Royal Bank and the Company were incorporated together, and the issue of notes was pushed to an enormous extent, for the payment of the public creditors. On the 1st of May, 1720, notes to the amount of 2000 millions of livres were in circulation, whilst the whole specie in the kingdom, at the equitable rate of sixty-five livres to the marc, was estimated at only one half that amount. It was now debated in council whether it were not necessary to equalise the value of the notes and the specie; a proposal which was strongly opposed by Law, who urged the absolute necessity of suffering matters to remain as they were. Although he well knew that the issues had been excessive, and far beyond what a healthy state of circulation required, he knew that the credit of the Bank and Company was well founded, and that any interference would ruin every thing. His advice was disregarded. An arbitrary and dishonest edict was issued, after a long discussion upon the question whether the shares should be depreciated or the nominal value of the coin raised. The shares of the Company were reduced from 8000 livres to 5000 livres, by gradations of 500 livres a month; and the bank-notes, by like gradations, were reduced one half.

It is needless to say what was the effect of this measure, which was a barefaced robbery of the people, and was particularly iniquitous. Popular commotions ensued, which were with difficulty quieted. The Bank stopped payment, under pretence of examining into certain alleged frauds. Various efforts were made to restore public confidence, but in vain. At length the affairs of the Bank and Company were arranged, but in such a manner as to cause the ruin of thousands, and to relieve the King from about forty millions of livres, which were justly due to public creditors.

Such was the end of the Missisippi system, which was a great attempt, originated by a powerful mind, to establish a sound paper currency in France; and which, but for the arbitrary interference of a despotic government, would have made Law, its author, to be regarded as a benefactor, instead of being cursed as a destroyer.

The great farms, Mint, and Royal Revenues were taken out of

* A little dirty street where the stock-jobbing was carried on.

* Réflexions Politiques sur la Finance et le Commerce; par M. du Tot. tom. ii. 3[illegible].

the hands of the Company, who were thus reduced to a mere trading body, and continued to flourish for a long time.

The people being extremely irritated against Law, attributing to him all the evils they suffered, he obtained permission from the Regent to quit France, and left the kingdom on the 14th or 15th of December, 1720, accompanied by his son. Lady Catherine Law remained in Paris, under the protection of the Duke de Vendôme, until she had discharged all her husband's debts. After travelling through Italy he went to England, where he was very well received. For some time he entertained hopes of recovering part of the property which he possessed in France, both in land and in shares of the India Company; but the whole was confiscated, and he never recovered any part of it. The Regent entertained an idea at one time of recalling Law; but at his death this scheme was no longer thought of, and the pension which Law had hitherto received from the French government was no longer paid. He was thus thrown into such difficulties that he determined to leave England, which he accordingly did in 1725, and fixed his residence at Venice; where he died, in a state but little removed from indigence, on the 21st May, 1729, in the fifty-eighth year of his age; and he lies buried in one of the churches in that city, where a monument to his memory is yet to be seen.

Mr. Law married Lady Catherine Knollys, third daughter of Nicholas Earl of Banbury, who died in 1747; by whom he had a son, John Law, a cornet of the regiment of Nassau Friesland, who died of the small-pox at Maestricht, February 1734, aged about thirty-one, and unmarried; and a daughter, Mary Catherine Law, who married, 4th July, 1734, her first cousin, William Viscount Wallingford, major in the first troop of Horse Guards, eldest son of Charles fourth Earl of Banbury. She died a widow, at her house in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, 14th October, 1790.

THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, scientific men were perplexed and startled by the occasional ideas which resulted from a consideration of the phenomena presented in the crust of the earth. Now and again a powerful mind would obtain a glimpse of some of the truths which geology teaches: but all was darkness and confusion, for the sciences of chemistry and astronomy were only in progress of formation, and until they were shaped and established, the science of geology could make little progress. It was, however, generally believed, that the fossil shells and other organic remains found everywhere, even on the tops of mountains, were proofs of the general prevalence of the deluge; it was said that the interior of the earth was a vast abyss of water; that the "breaking up of the fountains of the great deep" was a disruption of the crust which enclosed this abyss; and that, when the waters abated, they retired into this abyss once more. "Whiston, who was better versed in physical science than any of his contemporaries, introduced, in addition, the notion of extraneous force; he brought a comet to envelop the earth in its misty tail, to cause violent rains, to raise vast tides in the internal abyss, and thus effectually destroy the external crust of the planet." Sober-minded Christians, who considered that the Bible taught that the earth was only about six thousand years old, were offended by theories or opinions which were thrown out from time to time impugning their belief; and, in the language of Cowper, they indignantly asked,

> "If He who made it, and revealed its date
> To Moses, were mistaken in its age?"

But, towards the end of last century, light began to illuminate the darkness: Smith, in England, established the fundamental truth of geology, that there were distinct periods in the formation of the crust of the earth, each period being marked by its peculiar organic remains; and Cuvier, in France, may be said to have breathed life into the dry bones, clothed them with flesh and muscle, and showed us wonderful creatures of all kinds, who swam, and flew, and walked, in ages long prior to the existence of man. Geology at once rose into the rank of a science, worthy of the ardent devotion of minds of the first order.

What object, it was asked, is apparent in this existence of the earth, with its animals and vegetables, so long prior to the existence of man, the lord of creation? If no object had been apparent, it would not invalidate the fact. But the question has been beautifully and eloquently answered. The crust of the earth has been long in preparation for the existence of man; the tremendous convulsions it has undergone have all a visible reason; they gave to the earth its mountains and valleys, and rendered its rich treasures accessible; forests engulfed in ages long gone by have been converted into coal for the comfort and advantage of men; and in the rich deposites which England has of this and other minerals, we may infer the superintendence of a MIND which prepared not merely the earth for the human race, but a small portion of that earth for the habitation of a small portion of the race, who were intended to play an important part in the civilisation of their fellow-men. Geology, as well as astronomy, supplies us with striking and astonishing proofs of His existence, who "throned in His own unfathomable essence, fills all space and all time, and without beginning and without end, unites in His wondrous Being the extremes of eternity."

All who believe in the Bible as a Divine revelation, believe that the narrative of the creation in the first chapter of Genesis, was written under the direction of the same MIND that thus watched over the early history of the world; and poor, indeed, would be the spirit of the man who, even in the very act of denying the account to be a revelation, did not, at least, admit the beautiful brevity and simplicity of this most ancient narrative. "The geology of Moses has come down to us out of a period of remote antiquity before the light of human science arose: for, to suppose that it was borrowed from or possessed by any other people than the remarkable race to which Moses himself belonged, involves us on all hands in the most inextricable difficulties and palpable absurdities. Of that race it has been long since justly remarked, that while in religion they were men, in human learning and science they were children; and if we find in their records any system of an extensive and difficult science, we know that they did not obtain it by the regular processes of observation and induction, which, in the hands of European philosophers, have led to a high degree of perfection in many sciences. . . . It is very possible that Moses had no geological knowledge beyond the order of time in the creation which his history exhibits. It is very probable that fossil and entombed organized remains and fragmentary rocks, and indeed most of the facts which geology has developed, were unknown to him; and that, as he told a story for mankind at large, he told it in the same spirit and with the same understanding with which it has been commonly received."

But how are we to reconcile what *we* know of geology with the narrative of the creation, as delivered to us by Moses? Geology leads us to conjecture that *perhaps* the original state of the materials of our globe was that of gaseous expansion—a nebulous body, similar, probably, to the nebulæ observed in the heavens. "Of the original state of the materials of our planet, as first formed by the Creator, we know nothing. It is, however, in the highest degree improbable, that the innumerable crystals of so many different substances and forms, which we find in the earth, were originally created as we now see them. Crystallisation, by natural laws, is constantly going on around us, and we can, at pleasure, form crystals of many substances; in some cases, we produce those that never have been discovered in nature, and in others we can surpass them in size and beauty. Although, as already remarked, it is possible that crystals might have been the first forms of mineral matter, it is in the highest degree improbable; it is far more reasonable and philosophical to admit, that wherever we find a crystal in the earth, it has been formed by the laws of crystallisation operating upon the crude materials; and there is no reason to doubt that we could always imitate natural crystals, provided we could command the powers and circumstances which operated in the original crystallisation of mineral bodies. In all the geological epochs, after the primitive, there is decisive evidence of the great mechanical changes* operating first on the primitive rocks, to produce the materials for the derivative rocks, which often exhibit unquestionable proofs of mechanical destruction and mechanical formation; in a word, of changes from the pristine state of the materials in the primitive rocks, greater than crystallisation implies in relation to the constituent or integrant particles, which we may presume to have been originally created.

"As to the proximate causes of crystallisation among minerals, it can be referred only to two agents, heat and solution. The only powers with which we are acquainted, that are at all equal to the effect, are water and fire, aided by various acid, alkaline, saline, and other energetic and chemical agents, which, in large quantities, we now find actually entering into the constitution of the rocks, and which were, therefore, originally provided in the grand storehouse of created materials.

"The solution theory, once almost universally prevalent, has

"* Among the primitive rocks, mechanical force is exhibited in fractures, elevations, &c."

now given way to the igneous, which, not stopping with actual or extinct volcanoes, or with trap, porphyry, or pitchstone, has taken possession of the granite mountains, and of the very centre of the earth. It undoubtedly explains with great felicity the appearances of granite veins, and of many other phenomena, although neither the igneous nor any other theory has explained every feature of the planet.

"It is allowed by nearly all geologists, that the ocean has for a long time occupied all countries. It is now evident, also, that ignition and fusion have always existed in the earth on a great scale, and this is admitted by all, whether they believe in the fusion of the central nucleus or not. Internal fire still prevails to a great extent in the interior of our planet, and its effects appear to have been the greatest, and the most extensive, in the earliest periods. Volcanic mountains and islands are known to have risen, even in modern times, from the bosom of the ocean, and islands are still existing, where in former ages the sea raged uncontrolled. The sub-marine volcanoes also occasionally project flames, smoke, and red-hot stones, through the ocean, and thus inform us, that water cannot always subdue fire; that even now, there are strata at the bottom of the sea, where exteme ignition and extreme hydrostatic pressure operate conjointly upon the firm materials; and that both, aided by the principal chemical agents which we know to exist in the constitution of our globe, may unite to produce results of which our trifling experiments can give us but a feeble conception. An attempt, for instance, to dissolve granite by boiling it in water, is just as rational as an attempt to melt it in a common fire; neither experiment can possibly succeed; but the former would not prove that granite was never dissolved, nor the latter, that granite was never melted; because, the circumstances which may have operated in the interior of the earth are not under our control, and our experiments are, therefore, nugatory.

"The earliest condition of the surface of the planet appears to have been that of a dark abyss of waters, of unknown depth and continuance, which repressed the deep-seated forces of internal fires.

"The structure of the crust of the planet affords decisive evidence of a long series of events, in relation both to the formation of rocks, and to the creation and succession of organized bodies, of which many of them contain such astonishing quantities.

"Time and order of time, event, succession, and revolution, are plainly recorded in the earth; and sacred history expressly states that the events involved both time and order of time.

"Geology cannot decide on the amount of time, but it assures us that there was enough to cover all the events connected with the formation of the mineral masses, and with the succession of the generations of living beings, whose remains are found preserved in the strata."

* * * *

"The question then recurs—How can the amount of time be found, consistently with the Mosaic history? for the order of time is the same. The solution of this difficulty has been attempted in the following modes:

"1. *The present earth was formed from the ruins and fragments of an earlier world, rearranged and set in order during the six days of the creation.*

"This explanation has been given by men of powerful minds, strongly impressed with the overwhelming evidence which the earth presents of innumerable events, and of progressive development through successive ages. It therefore honestly meets the difficulty, and fully grants the necessity of allowing sufficient time for the series of geological formations. It is, however, unsatisfactory; because it does not provide at all for the regular succession of entombed animal and vegetable races, and for the progressive consolidation, often in long-continued tranquillity, of the strata which are formed around the organic bodies, and also for the numerous alternations and repetitious of these strata, frequently, as in the coal-fields, in a regular order. All this demands time, and seasons of protracted repose, interrupted indeed by occasional elevations, subsidences, and other convulsions and catastrophes. In order that the solution above stated may prove satisfactory, it is necessary that the earth should be, what it actually is not, a confused pile of ruins, not only of loose fragments, such as are now found on its surface, but they must be consolidated, to form all its mountains and strata. Ruins, the mountains and strata do, indeed, in many places, contain, but they form only a portion of a vast structure, in which ruins have no part.

"The earth is unlike Memphis, Thebes, Persepolis, Babylon, Balbec or Palmyra, which present merely confused and mutilated masses of colossal and beautiful architecture, answering no purpose, except to gratify curiosity, and to awaken a sublime and pathetic moral feeling;—it is, rather, like modern Rome, replete indeed with the ruins of the ancient city, in part re-arranged for purposes of utility and ornament, but also covered by the regular and perfect constructions of subsequent centuries.

"This theory, if it provide at all for the primitive rocks, must assign their crystallization and consolidation to a period of indefinite geological antiquity, and it must also admit that they have undergone more recent modifications, particularly in being upheaved by subterranean force, and thus elevating, not only themselves, but the superincumbent strata.

"The hypothesis has, however, great merit, inasmuch as it admits, in the long-gone-by ages, of just such events and successions as geology has proved to have taken place; but it adds a general catastrophe, which has not happened, and it implies a reconstruction of the crust of the planet, entirely out of its own ruins, a supposition which is inconsistent with the state of facts.

"2. *The present crust of the planet has been regularly formed between the first creation 'in the beginning,'* and the commencement of the first day.*

"It appears to be admitted by critics, that the period alluded to in the first verse of Genesis, 'in the beginning,' is not necessarily connected with the first day. It may, therefore, be regarded as standing by itself, and as it is not limited, it admits of any extension backward in time which the facts may require.

"By asserting that there was a beginning, it is declared that the world is not eternal, and the declaration that God made the heavens and the earth, is a bar, equally, against atheism and materialism. The world was, therefore, made *in time* by the omnipotent Creator.

"The creation of the planet, was, no doubt, instantaneous, as regards the materials; but the arrangement, at least of the crust, was gradual. As a subject either of moral or physical contemplation, we can say nothing better, than that it was the good pleasure of God that this world should be called into existence; but, it was also his pleasure, that the arrangement, by which it was to become a fit habitation for man, should be progressive.

"This is in strict analogy with the regular course of things in the physical, moral, and intellectual world. Everything except God has a beginning, and everything else is progressive. The human mind, the bodily powers, the inception and growth of the animal and vegetable races, the seasons, seed-time, and harvest, science and arts, wealth, civilization, national power, and character, and a thousand things more, evince that progression is stamped upon everything, and that nothing reaches its perfection by a single leap.

"The gradual preparation of this planet for its ultimate destination, presents, therefore, no anomaly, and need not excite our surprise.

"It is of no importance to us, whether our home was in a course of preparation, during days or ages, for the moral dispensations of God to man could not begin until his creation.

"The abyss of waters, which existed at an early unknown period before the time of the final arrangement of the surface, which preceded the creation of man, and continued, we may suppose, for an unlimited time, is just such a state of things, in coincidence with the operation of internal fire, as is demanded for the formation of the central rocks, and for their elevation, as far as facts may justify us in supposing that it took place so early.

"The supposition now before us is equally consistent with both the igneous and aqueous theory of the earth; and, indeed, it would be impossible to account for the appearance of things, without the conjoined agency of internal fire, and of an incumbent ocean; the latter repressing the expansive and explosive power of the former, causing its heat greatly to accumulate, even to the fusion of the most refractory materials; preventing the escape of gaseous matter, as, for instance, of carbonic acid gas from the limestones, and by its pressure and slow cooling, from the small conducting power of water, preventing melted rocks from assuming the appearance of volcanic cinders, slags, scoriæ, and other inflated masses.

"The incumbent ocean is, therefore, indispensable to the correct deductions of the theoretical geologist, even if he believe in the igneous origin of the primitive rocks; still more, if he attribute these rocks to dissolving agencies.

"With these views, then, the historical record happily agrees, and geology has no quarrel with the sacred history.

* "'*Of old* hast thou laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands.' Ps. cii. 25. 'And thou, Lord, *in the beginning*, hast laid the foundation of the earth.' Heb. i. 10."

"During the period when this dark abyss of waters prevailed, the earth was without form, and void; or better, as Hebricians say —'the earth was invisible and unfurnished;' we may presume that then the early operations of geological formation and arrangement began, by producing the fundamental rocks, and thus providing materials for all the derivative strata, which, in the course of their consolidation, were destined to embosom such an endless diversity of extraneous contents.

"This theory, then, is satisfactory as far as it goes: like the one previously discussed, it fairly recognises and encounters the real difficulty in the case, and it would be quite sufficient to reconcile geology and the Mosaic history, as usually understood, did not the latter assign particular events to each of the successive periods called days; the most important of these events are, the first emergence of the mountains, and the creation of organized and living beings. It seems necessary, therefore, to embrace the days in the series of geological periods; and the difficulties of our subject will not be removed, unless we can show that there is time enough included in those periods called days, to cover the organic creation, and the formation of the rocks, in which the remains of these bodies are contained.

"3. *The days of the creation were periods of time of indefinite length.*"

The illustration of this view will require a separate article.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Lady Anne Barnard, who died in 1825, sister to the late Earl of Balcarras, and wife to Sir Andrew Barnard, wrote the charming song of *Auld Robin Gray.* A quarto tract, edited by the Ariosto of the North, "and circulated among the members of the Bannatyne club," contains the original ballad, as corrected by Lady Anne, and two continuations by the same authoress; while the introduction consists almost entirely of a very interesting letter from her to the Editor, dated July, 1823; part of which I take the liberty of inserting here:—"Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond: ——, who died before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did: I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me:—'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea,—and broken her father's arm,—made her mother fall sick,—and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! help me to one!' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside and among our neighbours, *Auld Robin Gray* was always called for. I was pleased with the approbation it met with; but such was my *dread* of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret. Meantime, little as this matter seems worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. *Auld Robin Gray* was either a very ancient ballad composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter and no curiosity at all! I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary of the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of 'the ballet of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing dogs under my windows. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in obscurity."—*From Specimens of British Poetesses, by A. Dyer.*

WOMAN.

Place the white man on Afric's coast,
  Whose swarthy sons in blood delight;
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
  And paint their very demons white:
There, while the sterner sex disdains
  To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
  And weep for those she cannot heal!
Hers is warm pity's sacred glow;
  From all her stores she bears a part,
And bids the spring of hope reflow
  That languished in the fainting heart.
"What, though so pale his haggard face,
  So sunk and sad his looks," she cries;
"And far unlike our nobler race,
  With crisped locks and rolling eyes?
Yet misery marks him of our kind;
  We see him lost, alone, afraid;
And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
  Pronounce him man, and ask our aid.
Perhaps, in some far distant shore
  There are who in these forms delight;
Whose milky features please them more,
  Than ours of jet, thus burnished bright.
Of such may be his weeping wife,
  Such children for their sire may call;
And if we spare his ebbing life,
  Our kindness may preserve them all!"
Thus her compassion woman shows;
  Beneath the Line her acts are these:
Nor the wide waste of Lapland snows
  Can her warm flow of pity freeze.
"From some far land the stranger comes,
  Where joys like ours are never found;
Let's soothe him in *our* happy homes,
  Where freedom sits with plenty crowned.
'Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
  To see the famished stranger fed,
To milk for him the mother deer,
  To smooth for him the furry bed.
The Powers above our Lapland bless
  With good no other people know;
To enlarge the joys that we possess,
  By feeling those that we bestow!"
Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
  Where wandering man may trace his kind,
Wherever want and grief retreat,
  In woman they compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
  And dictates mercy to the mind.
Man may the sterner virtues know,
  Determined justice, truth severe:
But female hearts with pity glow,
  And woman holds affliction dear.
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
  And suffering vice compels her tear;
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
  And bid life's fairer views appear.
To woman's gentle kind we owe
  What comforts and delights us here:
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
  Our care they soothe, our age they cheer.

Crabbe.

ALCHYMY.

The first authentic event in the history of Alchymy is the persecution by Diocletian, A.D. 290, who caused a diligent inquiry to be made for all the ancient books which treated of the admirable art of making gold and silver, and without pity committed them to the flames.—*Gibbon.*

CHARITY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

There is some reason to believe that great numbers of infants, who, according to the inhuman practice of the times, had been exposed by their parents, were frequently rescued from death, baptised, educated, and maintained, by the piety of the Christians, and at the expense of the public treasure.—*Gibbon.*

CUSTOM IN THE KINGDOM OF COMANIA.

In the country of the Comains, when a great and powerful prince died, on his decease an immense grave was made, and the dead person most richly adorned, was seated in a magnificent chair within the grave, and the finest horse he had possessed, together with one of his officers, were let down alive into the grave. The officer, before he descended, took leave of the king and the other great personages present, when the king gave to him a large quantity of gold and silver coin, which he placed in a scarf round his neck, the king making him promise that on his arrival in the other world he would restore to him the money, which he faithfully engaged to do. After this, the king gave to him a letter addressed to the first of their monarchs, in which he told him that the bearer of it had well and faithfully served him, and on that account entreated he would properly reward him. When this was done, the grave was filled up over the corpse, the living officer, and the horse, and covered with planks well nailed together. Before night, there was a considerable *mound of stones* piled over the grave in memory of those whom they had interred.—*Joinville.*

BRITISH AGRICULTURE.

Agriculture appears so early as A.D. 359 to have been in a very flourishing state in Britain, as Julian built 600 vessels capable of containing together 120,000 quarters, which made several voyages exporting corn from Britain to relieve the famine in Gaul and Germany.—*Gibbon.*

THE PRETENDER.

This title was first given to her brother by queen Anne, after the expedition under Forbin in February 1708, which was frustrated by Byng. She had seemed not unwilling to countenance any attempt for his succession, but took fright at an attempt *during her life.*—*Burnet.*

ANECDOTE OF ELWES.

"I asked Fox if he remembered the miser Elwes in the House of Commons? 'Perfectly; and that question reminds me of a curious incident which one day befell that strange being. In my younger days we often went to the House in full dress, on nights, for example, when we were any of us going to the opera. Bankes, on an occasion of this kind, was seated next Elwes, who was leaning his head forward just at the moment when Bankes rose hastily to leave his seat, and the hilt of his sword happening to come in contact with the miser's wig, which he had probably picked off some scare crow, it was unconsciously borne away by Bankes, who walked in his stately way down the House, followed by Elwes full of anxiety to regain his treasure. The House was in a roar of merriment, and for a moment Bankes looked about him wondering exceedingly what had happened. The explanation was truly amusing, when he became conscious of the sword-hilt which he had acquired.'"—*Wilberforce's Journal.*

A FRENCH CANADIAN.

The little hamlet opposite to Detroit is called Richmond. I was sitting there to-day on the grassy bank above the river, resting in the shade of a tree when an old French Canadian stopped near me to arrange something about his cart. We entered forthwith into conversation; and though I had some difficulty in making out his *patois*, he understood my French, and we got on very well. If you would see the two extremes of manner brought into near comparison, you should turn from a Yankee store-keeper to a French Canadian! It was quite curious to find in this remote region such a perfect specimen of an old-fashioned Norman peasant—all bows, courtesy, and good-humour. He was carrying a cart-load of cherries to Sandwich, and when I begged for a ride, the little old man bowed and smiled, and poured forth a voluble speech, in which the words *enchanté! honneur!* and *madame!* were all I could understand; but these were enough. I mounted the cart, seated myself in an old chair surrounded with baskets heaped with ripe cherries, lovely as those of Shenstone—

> "Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
> And must be bought, though penury betide!"

For his cart-load of cherries my old man expected a sum not exceeding two shillings.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

VALUE OF PROVISIONS IN THE REIGN OF HENRY I.

In Henry I.'s reign (1100-35) wheat to make bread for one hundred men one day, was valued at one shilling; one sheep at four-pence; one hide (twenty acres) of land was taxed at one shilling a year, and there being 244,400 hides south of the Humber, this tax amounted to 12,220*l.*—*Chronology.*

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY LOVE.

> Love which is here a care,
> That wit and will doth mar,
> Uncertain truce, and a most certain war;
> A shrill tempestuous wind,
> Which doth disturb the mind,
> And like wild waves all our designs commove;
> Among those powers above,
> Which see their Maker's face,
> It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
> A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest,
> Eternal joy, which nothing can molest.
>
> *Drummond of Hawthornden*

DISSIMULATION.

Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us into contempt. The path of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, we are left entangled in our own snare.—*Blair.*

SIR RICHARD COLT HOARE.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare, the owner of the beautiful domain of Stourhead, in Wiltshire, who died May 19, 1838, aged eighty, was the author of many valuable historical and topographical works, and more especially of the history of his native county, presenting so numerous and such splendid funereal and other monuments of the primitive inhabitants of Great Britain, which he investigated with a perseverance and success unrivalled by any other antiquary. The early possession of an ample fortune, and of all the luxuries of his noble residence, seem to have stimulated rather than checked, the more ardent pursuit of those favourite studies which occupied his almost exclusive attention for more than fifty years of his life; and he was at all times, both by his co-operation and patronage, ready to aid other labourers in the same field which he had himself cultivated with so much success and industry.

Sir Richard Hoare was a very voluminous original author, and on a great variety of subjects. He printed a catalogue of his unique collection of books relating to the history and topography of Italy, the whole of which he presented to the British Museum, to which he was, on other occasions, a liberal benefactor. He likewise published editions of many of our ancient chronicles; and it is only to be lamented that one who has contributed under so many forms to our knowledge of antiquity, and who presents so many claims to the grateful commemoration of the friends of literature and the arts, should have been influenced so much, and so frequently, by the very unhappy ambition of which some well-known and distinguished literary bodies of our own time have set so unworthy an example, of giving an artificial value to their publications, by the extreme smallness of the number of copies which they allow to be printed or circulated; thus defeating the very objects of that great invention whose triumphs were pretended to be the very groundwork of their association.—*Farewell Address of the Duke of Sussex.*

GENIUS.

Genius is a sort of oracle which stands between us and many of the mysteries of nature, and forms the communicating link. He who attempts to mimic it becomes odious and absurd by his presumptuous affectation.—*Sir Egerton Brydges' Recollections.*

Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as in like manner imagination may have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower.—*Coleridge, Table Talk.*

GUESSING.

Guessing used to be considered exclusively a *Yankee* privilege, but it seems the Long Islanders consider themselves privileged to guess also. A tavern-keeper on that island advertises a fat hog, to be guessed for at one dollar a guess—the person guessing nearest the weight of the animal to be entitled to it.—*New York Paper.*

GOOD NATURE.

The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shews that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offences, it shews that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shews that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash.—*Novum Organum.*

THE INFINITE.

The Infinite we cannot understand, and therefore we have no clear idea of a universe—of a God! The attempt to supply this defect by earthly images and allegories sinks us only into superstition. Worship the Infinite! and though thou canst not see him, yet His working is everywhere!—*Knebel.*

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THE BRITISH NAVY.

FOURTH ARTICLE.—THE CAPTAIN'S ESTABLISHMENT. FITTING OUT.

> "The stately ship, with all her daring band,
> To skilful Albert owned the chief command:
> Though trained in boisterous elements, his mind
> Was yet by soft humanity refined."—FALCONER.

DURING the time the ship is fitting in harbour, the captain invariably resides on shore. Last war, it was the custom for captains to take up their quarters at the Crown at Portsmouth; the lieutenants patronised the Fountain, the next hotel in rank; and the "gentlemen" delighted in the Blue Posts, a house of inferior pretensions, but where they were under less restraint. The latter inn is called by the seamen the "Blue Posteses," and in order to a more particular description, they add, "where the midshipmen leave their chesteses, to pay for their breakfasteses."

All this applies however to old times, for now the "gentlemen" are really such; and we only hope that with their gentility they may still retain the reckless daring spirit that distinguished their predecessors, to whose freaks on shore the term was not quite so applicable.

The old adage of "birds of a feather," nevertheless, still applies to naval officers, more perhaps than to any other class of men, for they continue to maintain the distinctions of rank on shore or afloat, the different grades associating together, generally to the exclusion of those next in dignity; and although this observance may be somewhat relaxed in time of peace, when so many young men of family abound in the navy, it is, on the whole, as all experience proves, a good custom to keep up a certain degree of restraint, and thus prevent too great a familiarity amongst classes in a service where implicit obedience is exacted, and a rigid discipline of necessity maintained.

The lieutenants and the midshipmen still patronise the hotels alluded to, in their visits on shore, some of the most aristocratic perhaps not condescending to anything below a private room at the Crown; but now the captain generally lives in hired apartments, where he entertains two or three of his officers occasionally, his regular establishment not being formed until he takes up his residence on board.

This alteration has been produced by a necessity for economy. In war, when the captain shared one eighth part of every capture, it was a poor prize indeed that would not give him a few hundred pounds, and his luck was bad if he did not occasionally fall in with something better. At present, not only is his share of prize-money greatly diminished, but the chance of making it is *nil*, and he cannot calculate on any extra emolument beyond his net pay, described in the scale, unless he is sometimes fortunate enough to be employed in the conveyance of treasure.*

The extent of the establishment which the captain thinks proper to maintain, either on shore or afloat, will therefore depend on the means he possesses beyond his pay, in the shape of private income. The pay itself is scarcely equal to the lowest establishment that can be formed: but all are impressed with the necessity of upholding the dignity of their rank and station, and many we fear make grievous sacrifices for the purpose. The respect of the crew is of course enhanced towards those whom they perceive the captain honour with an invitation to his table, and therefore it is usual for him to invite every officer in his turn, except the "warrants," who are not considered in the rank of gentlemen, being raised to their stations from common seamen, and generally not of the most polished behaviour.

Under the present circumstances, therefore, there is no inducement for a captain to accept the command of a ship, to the injury of his private fortune, or the probability of involving himself in debt, were it not that the regulations of the navy require an officer to serve six years in peace, or three years in war, in command of a ship, before he is eligible to be promoted to a flag—that is, to the next step in rank, a rear-admiral. Should he attain by seniority to the head of the list of captains, (and this he must do if he lives, whether employed or unemployed), he will be passed over in a flag promotion, if short of the required term of service, even by a single day; and cases have occurred of late years when the rule has been most rigidly exercised, even in the case of distinguished officers. He is consigned to what is called a retired list, to which, under the name of "yellow admirals," some disgrace was formerly attached, because the persons so consigned were considered as incapables or objectionables; it is so no longer, however: and amongst the retired admirals, may be found some who, as lieutenants and commanders, and even as captains, were distinguished for gallant exploits, although they have not served long enough in the latter rank to bring them within the regulation for flag promotion.

To return from this digression. Every morning at half-past eight, the captain's gig (a light boat having four or six oars) leaves the ship, with one of the young gentlemen—a volunteer of the first class, who reaches the captain's lodgings about nine o'clock, presents the surgeon's and other reports, and is ready to execute commands or to take the chief on board his own or any other ship. The youngster is generally invited to breakfast, and the captain, if not otherwise engaged, avails himself of this opportunity to question him as to his proficiency, and the progress he has made at school, &c.; by this means he forms an opinion of what may be expected from him, at the same time that he instils some good advice for his future guidance. If particularly recommended to his care, the captain will also enquire after his friends, and probably devote more than ordinary attention to his interests.

* By Royal Proclamation, dated June 23, 1831, the conveyance of treasure is paid for as follows. Between any two ports not more than six hundred leagues apart, for the crown ½ per cent.; for private parties ¾ per cent. in peace, and 1 per cent. in war. Between two ports when the distance does not exceed two thousand leagues, for the crown 1 per cent.; for private parties 1¼ per cent. in peace, and 1½ per cent. in war. Any distance exceed- ousand leagues, for the crown 1 per cent.; for private parties 1½ per cent. in peace, and 2 per cent. in war. The captain incurs the obligation and risk of safe delivery and making good deficiencies, but not of insurance from the elements, or the enemy; and the proceeds of freight are divided into four parts. If the admiral commanding on the station, to whose squadron the ship belongs, wishes to partake in the advantages, he must also partake in the risk. In that case, one fourth goes to his share, two fourths to the captain, and the remaining fourth to Greenwich Hospital. If the admiral declines, then the captain has three fourths, but in all cases one fourth goes to Greenwich Hospital.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

In the mean time, the coxswain of the gig repairs to the Post-office for letters and newspapers, and the captain, after dismissing his young aide-de-camp with orders to wait to take him on board, or to return without him, proceeds to the admiral's office, where he meets the lieutenant, who has brought on shore the report of progress in fitting, a document which the port admiral requires daily; and having signed this and other papers, looked over the orders, received his official letters, obtained an audience of the commander-in-chief or of his secretary, according to the occasion, he repairs to the dock-yard to overlook the equipment of his ship, going on under the special direction of the first lieutenant. The officer having copied any new order that the admiral may have issued, repairs on board, or to the dock-yard, or wherever his services are required, and this is the routine that occurs every morning whilst the ship is in port.

During the time a ship remains in harbour any severe cases of illness or accident are sent to the naval hospital, and there the captain visits the patients occasionally, to see that they are properly attended to, or, truly speaking, to make a show of doing so; for he has no authority there, neither does he assume any, as everything is provided under the inspection of the proper officers: such marks of attention have, however, a wonderful effect upon seamen, and it should be the policy of the captain to win the regard and esteem of his crew, and to encourage good behaviour by kindness, as well as to deter bad conduct by a rigorous but not harsh discipline. His crew should be considered by him as his children, and very much of their comfort depends upon his disposition, and the manner which he adopts, and obliges his officers to exercise towards them.

Although the captain interferes but little in fitting the ship, and then only in quiet consultation with his first lieutenant, his presence occasionally is desirable, and his influence sometimes necessary, to expedite matters by reference to the superintendant of the dock-yard; for should difficulties arise and expedition be required, he makes the proper representations to remove obstructions.

The captain usually makes the rounds of every part of the dock-yard and gun-wharf, wherein the ship's furniture is preparing, in the course of the day; and what with deciding on the many matters referred to him, holding surveys, &c., his time is fully occupied. He generally visits the hulk also; and when men are put in the report, as it is called, on complaint of some crime or neglect, he minutely investigates the charge against them, examines the witnesses brought forward to substantiate and rebut it—in fact, takes every means to ascertain the truth, and to come to a just decision, either for acquittal, or corporal or other punishment; but if corporal, it is never carried into effect until the next day.

We shall take another occasion to describe the manner in which this and every other matter is performed on board the ship; at present we may briefly remark, that, under the regulations, no men can be punished until the form of investigation is gone through, and twenty-four hours elapsed, to afford the captain due time for reflection and consideration, as to the nature and amount of the punishment to be inflicted; neither can a petty officer be flogged for a first offence, without sentence of a court-martial. His punishment is disrating to a common seaman, in the first instance; but if he repeats the crime, the captain can then flog him at the gangway.

Meanwhile, constant progress is making in the equipment, and when the heaviest articles are got on board, which is generally the case at the end of a month, the ship is hauled out of the basin, either alongside the dock-yard wharf, or at once to her hulk, where the remainder of the work proceeds more rapidly, as no time is now lost by the parties going to and fro. Still, it is necessary that boats should be daily despatched to the dock-yard, &c. for articles required, but the sea stores of rope, &c. are not taken in until all the rigging is completed, lest some should be appropriated in harbour, and a deficiency arise at sea when it cannot be replaced.

After the lapse of another week or two, the standing rigging of the ship is completed; that, and the yards, are then covered with a mixture of coal-tar, boiled in salt water, so as to produce a jet black appearance, and the ship is painted inside and out; the dock-yard people, such as joiners, &c. &c., who, up to this time, have been working on board, are then got rid of, the guns are received on board, and the coins and carriages marked by spirit-level, so as to point out when each piece is in a horizontal position, from which the degrees of elevation and depression may afterwards be calculated; and everything being ready, the men are passed over from the hulk to the ship, which is then hauled off, and takes up separate moorings in the harbour. The hulk being thoroughly cleared, is delivered up to the master attendant's charge.

The running rigging is now rove, the square-sails are next bent (tied) to the yards, sheeted home and hoisted—that is, distended; and allowance being made for stretching in the bolt-rope—that is, the rope which surrounds the canvas,—a minute investigation takes place, to ascertain that each fits well, and any necessary alteration is made, not only in the sails in use, but the store sails to replace them. The jibs and stay-sails are also hoisted for the same purpose, and the yards braced each way to prove that everything is in its place and works freely. Provisions and stores for sea are now continually arriving, and the ship assumes the appearance of a regular man-of-war.

During the whole time a ship is in harbour, either when fitting, or for any purpose of repair, the crew are indulged with as much time on shore—or liberty as they call it—as they can reasonably desire. In most cases the whole of one watch—that is half the crew—are permitted to go on shore every evening after work; the condition being that they return next morning sober, and should they fail in this, their leave is stopped. The refusal of leave was one of the greatest grievances of which the seamen complained during the war, but as they were then pressed, and took every opportunity to desert, this indulgence could not be permitted, and the withholding it was one of the many evils which impressment carried in its train: for it became necessary to admit women on board in vast numbers, without scrutiny as to whether they were married or not, and the reader may suppose how such a system operated upon the real wives, mothers, and sisters of seamen, when they beheld their husbands, sons, or brothers, torn away and consigned to a society where their minds would be corrupted, and their affections estranged if not lost to them for ever. This evil—and it was a dreadful one—is now at an end; none but the undoubted wives of seamen, and those only in small numbers and of respectable characters, are ever permitted to come on board, and the men have as much liberty as they desire to go on shore. As seamen seldom have money at this period, however, and are only entitled to two months' pay in advance before going to sea, out of which they are expected to provide clothes, they cannot, therefore, contrive to "raise the wind" for those frolics which, when they have "cash galore," they delight to indulge in; they do not therefore require leave very often.

The ship now takes her turn for guard, and performs all the duties of vessels that are ready for sea, or nearly so, called "sea-going ships." At daylight a *revellie* is played by the drummer

and fifer, varied by tunes on the bugle, if there is a bugler on board, and the sentries discharge their muskets in concert with the gun from the admiral's ship; the top-gallant and royal yards are *swayed* up and crossed at eight o'clock, sent down at sunset, and at eight o' clock in the winter, and nine in the summer, the *revellie* is beat again, the sentries discharge their muskets, and re-load for the night. The guard is taken each day in rotation by the ships in harbour, by signal from the "Flag" at eight o'clock in the morning, when the ship taking up the duty hoists a union jack at the mizen, and one of the lieutenants examines all vessels that arrive during the next twenty-four hours, rowing about the harbour from sunset to sunrise, reporting all these vessels, whether in commission or ordinary, whose sentries or look-out men do not hail the approach of his boat. It is the duty of this officer to carry his report to the admiral's office the following morning.

Every Sunday the men are mustered at divisions, and inspected by the captain; after which they are either taken on shore, and marched in procession to church, accompanied by their officers, or divine service is performed on board; during which a pendant is hoisted at the mizen peak, to denote that prayers are going forward, and no boat is permitted or indeed attempts to come alongside when this signal is exhibited, unless on some special business that cannot be delayed.

It is a very beautiful and impressive sight to witness the performance of divine service on board a ship of war, and mark the attention with which our hardy tars regard the ceremony, more particularly when the chaplain suits his discourse—as he always should do—to the comprehension of his congregation. Sailors are supposed to be an unthinking careless class of persons by those who only witness their gambols on shore, free from restraint, and often excited by drink. On board, their conduct, particularly during religious ceremonies, is most decorous and feeling, and quite as respectable as may be met with in any congregation in the kingdom.

Such of the men as take frequent leave, adopt many schemes and devices to raise the wind for money to spend; the publicans and Jews are willing enough to credit them up to the extent of their two months' advance, which they know will be paid before the ship leaves the port, but that is but a small sum in comparison to the wants of the majority. Scarcely a ship therefore leaves the port wherein she fits, but the crew are many hundreds, if not thousands, of pounds, in debt to the inhabitants. Their charges are high, but we must admit that the risk is great—not only of the seaman's return, but his inclination to pay when he has the means. With the full knowledge of this, the Lords of the Admiralty generally arrange that the ship shall be paid off in the same port wherein she was commissioned, and as the men have then three years' wages to receive in a lump, they are quite able and generally willing to discharge their old obligations.

The officers are frequent visitors to the shore; the theatres, evening parties, &c. are the attractions for them, and a boat is generally kept waiting until a late hour for such as return on board to sleep. In well-regulated ships, boats are in attendance at fixed hours for parties going and returning, generally to suit the dinner hours; for wanting this provision, the first lieutenant is continually pestered (particularly by the marine officers, who have much leisure time) for the means of going or sending for some one from the shore.

We will suppose at length that the crew is completed, the stores and provisions in, the stock of the officers (except the live stock, which is never taken on board till the last) provided, and the ship reported ready to go to Spithead, where she generally remains a few days to put things to rights, and that she only waits for orders; the orders arrive, and we shall next carry the ship to that anchorage, and also introduce our readers to a naval court martial before proceeding to sea.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

"Too strict attention to rules for the preservation of health," says Rochefoucauld, "is a very wearisome disease;" and in this instance the sententious Frenchman expresses the general opinion —so far as that is indicated by the practice—of mankind. The value of good health is universally admitted, but comparatively few persons give themselves any trouble to secure it; seeming to regard the necessity for unceasing care and attention as a greater affliction than occasional attacks of disease, or even than general ill-health: nor, in many cases, has the example of those who have in this respect differed from the majority of men, been such as to diminish the force of this feeling, or to show the wisdom of an opposite course of conduct. Who has not heard and read of men who, free from necessity for bodily labour, and possessing little energy of mind, have passed their time in observing their own sensations, watching all their variations with closest care, until the habit became insensible; and whose imagination, acting upon this narrow circle of ideas, has filled them with unfounded apprehensions, and at length, by means of the mysterious sympathies which exist between the mind and the body, has actually produced the evils which were at first mere figments of a disordered brain? But because some men, not rightly comprehending either the object of their endeavours or the means of attaining it, and unfavourably circumstanced for its realisation, have defeated themselves by the excess of care which they took to secure success, it is assuredly most absurd to conclude that the safest plan is to make no exertion whatever, and thus to leave a matter of vital importance to the mercy of fortuitous events. Ridiculous as this seems when plainly stated, it has nevertheless been almost universally done. While years of labour and study are devoted to the acquisition of a knowledge of the arts necessary to our subsistence, or to the accumulation of wealth, how seldom is the smallest attention bestowed upon the means of preserving health!—health, which is essential to the enjoyment of our acquisitions, and without which all external advantages are comparatively worthless. When this subject is better and more generally understood, the communication of a knowledge of the principles of hygiène will form an essential part of the education of the young; for no parent, who clearly perceived the immense advantages of such knowledge, would fail to make every exertion to secure it for his children.

Here may be noticed the objections of two sets of persons, who, though for very different reasons, disapprove of popular expositions of the laws by which health is governed:—the one, because they imagine the common sense or instinct of men is sufficient to enable them to take care of their health, without any assistance from rules; the other, from a fear that the knowledge thus acquired may lead many to invade the province of the physician. Against the innumerable proofs which every day affords of the incorrectness of the former opinion, such persons fortify themselves by one or two cases, which they assume to be on their side of the question; and these they adduce on every occasion, as a conclusive refutation of whatever may be alleged on the other. The instance most frequently and triumphantly referred to is that of old Parr, who, though destitute of all knowledge derived from books, yet prolonged his life in health and vigour to the great age of 152 years. But the history of that renowned old man is a striking proof of the value of rules. He has himself recorded that he strictly observed a certain regimen, to which he attributed his freedom from disease and his long life; and the soundness of which is proved by modern physiology. It does not follow, however, that because Parr, by observation and experience, arrived independently at correct conclusions, that every one can do so: all are not gifted with such sagacity as he possessed; nor, even if it were possible, would it be advisable to reject the assistance of science: little progress would the world make if this plan were adopted in other matters. But, as an able writer has remarked, men never trust to unaided common sense in those points in which they possess the knowledge of a system of rules. The man who should attempt to navigate a ship, or build a house, under the guidance of common sense alone, would be regarded as insane, not only by the sailor or architect, but by everybody else;* and assuredly the fact, that the plan of committing the care of the health to this favourite faculty is so generally entertained, proves only how little is known respecting the animal economy.

The other class referred to is chiefly composed of professional men, who, feelingly alive to the dangers attending the use of even the most simple remedies in the hands of non-medical persons, and

* Whately's "Elements of Logic." Preface.

fearful that a knowledge, however slight, of physiology, and of the causes of disease, would embolden many to assume the office of physicians, denounce all attempts to popularise those subjects. We cannot but think such apprehensions unfounded, and that the diffusion of the knowledge in question would be attended with diametrically opposite results. For who is it that places his reliance for the cure of disease on the impudent and ignorant quack, or on the well-meaning though not less ignorant friend? Not, assuredly, the man who has learned how delicate are the organs, and how easily deranged the functions of his body, and who knows that symptoms, apparently identical, frequently arise from very different causes; but he to whom health and sickness are mysteries, about which he can exercise no judgment or discrimination, and who therefore is duped by every impostor who promises him health and long life. To nothing else but ignorance of the principles of hygiène is attributable the ease with which unprincipled empirics have at all times deluded the multitude with their gross absurdities, which they have not seldom palmed off even upon the better educated in other respects; and which a very small amount of the requisite knowledge would have sufficed to expose. The objections of medical men above mentioned are now disappearing, and some of the brightest ornaments of the profession have not thought it derogatory to attempt to enlighten their fellow-creatures on the means of preserving their health.

In endeavouring to aid them in this important object, we would especially address ourselves to *women*. On them is devolved not only the care of their own health, but, in a great measure, of that of infants and the young also; a heavy responsibility, to enable them to support which scarcely anything has yet been done. Nay, it has been held a departure from the proper province of the female sex to acquire the knowledge necessary for the due performance of this trust. "Women," says Dr. Southwood Smith, "are the earliest teachers; they must be nurses: they can be neither, without the risk of doing incalculable mischief, unless they have some understanding of the subjects about to be treated of" (the physical and mental constitution of man). "On these grounds I rest their *obligation* to study them; and I look upon that notion of delicacy which would exclude them from knowledge calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to open, exalt, and purify their minds, and to fit them for the performance of their duties, as alike degrading to those to whom it affects to show respect, and debasing to the mind that entertains it." *

The science of hygiène is commonly supposed to relate exclusively to the well-being of the body; and hence it holds a much lower place in public estimation than it deserves. The mighty influence of the body on the mind and disposition, especially in infancy, giving to it an important share in the formation of character, has been elaborately expounded by several philosophical physiologists (among whom, Cabanis claims distinguished mention); but is comparatively unknown beyond the medical profession. Yet, without some acquaintance with this subject, even the most careful parent or instructor is sure to make frequent mistakes in the training of the young;—mistakes, the consequences of which may be to pervert the faculties and corrupt the feelings of all exposed to their influence. A knowledge of this science, and of its relations with moral science, ought therefore to form an essential item in the qualifications of all who undertake the charge of the young, whether as parents or teachers.

The subjects above alluded to are too extensive, and some of them too abstruse, to be more than incidentally and briefly noticed in our pages. We can only indicate the principal points, and refer our readers to the sources of more complete information. In a work of this kind, we are necessarily confined to the consideration of those branches only of the subject which are of the most direct and obvious importance, and which may most readily be expounded in a popular form.

We are convinced that mere precept, however good the authority on which it rests may be regarded, is never so well obeyed as when its reasonableness and propriety are made known. Accordingly, there can be no doubt that a knowledge of the principles of physiology, on the part of the patient, renders him much more ready to comply with the directions of his medical adviser, with whom it enables him in many cases usefully to co-operate. Dr. S. Smith, indeed, mentions this fact as a strong argument in favour of the diffusion of the knowledge in question. Few persons would willingly act so as to injure themselves, and we hope to make it appear that the adoption of the advice we propose to give from time to time will conduce to human happiness.

* "Philosophy of Health," p. 10.

CHARACTERS OF FIVE GREAT MEN.

Thinly, very thinly, were great men sown in my remembrance. I can pretend to have seen but five. The Duke of Cumberland, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Mansfield, Lord Granville, and Mr. Pitt. I have expatiated on all their characters separately; and yet I am inclined to say a few words more in the light of comparison. It is by setting the same characters in different oppositions and points of view, that nearer acquaintance with them may be struck out.

Lord Granville was most a genius of the five; he conceived, knew, expressed whatever he pleased. The state of Europe, and the state of literature, were equally familiar to him. His eloquence was rapid, and flowed from a source of wit, grandeur, and knowledge. So far premeditated, he allowed no reflection to chasten it. It was entertaining, it was sublime, it was hyperbole, it was ridiculous, according as the profusion of ideas crowded from him. He embraced systems like a legislator, but was capable of none of the detail of a magistrate. Sir Robert Walpole was much the reverse: he knew mankind, not their writings; he consulted their interests, not their systems; he intended their happiness, not their grandeur. Whatever was beyond common sense he disregarded.

Lord Mansfield, without the elevation of Lord Granville, had great powers of eloquence. It was a most accurate understanding, and yet capable of shining in whatever it was applied to. He was as free from vice as Pitt, more unaffected, and formed to convince even when Pitt had dazzled.

The Duke of Cumberland had most expressive sense, but with that connexion betweeen sense and sensibility, that you must mortify his pride before you could call out the radiance of his understanding. Being placed at the head of armies without the shortest apprenticeship, no wonder he miscarried. It is cruel to have no other master than one's own faults.

Pitt's was an unfinished greatness. Considering how much of it depended on his words, one may almost call his an artificial greatness; but his passion for fame, and the grandeur of his ideas, compensated for his defects. He aspired to redeem the honour of his country, and to place it in a point of giving law to nations. His ambition was to be the most illustrious man of the first nation in Europe; and he thought that the eminence of glory could not be sullied, by the steps to it being passed irregularly. He wished to aggrandize Britain in general; but thought not of obliging or benefiting individuals.

Lord Granville, you loved till you knew him—Sir Robert Walpole the more you knew him.—You would have loved the Duke, if you had not feared him.—Pitt liked the dignity of despotism, Lord Mansfield the reality; yet the latter would have served the cause of power without sharing in it. Pitt would have set the world free, if he might command it. Lord Granville would have preferred doing right, if he had not thought it more convenient to do wrong. Sir Robert Walpole meant to serve mankind, though he knew how little they deserved it; and this principle is at once the most meritorious in itself and to the world.

Lord Orford's Memoirs.

ANECDOTE OF LORD ST. VINCENT.

Lord St. Vincent, during his anxious command, passed many sleepless hours in the night, and generally rose between two and three o'clock in the morning; his usual hour of retiring at that time being eight o'clock P.M. One night, feeling very restless, he rang his bell, and ordered the officer of the watch to his bed-side. The officer was Lieutenant Cashman, a fine rough unlettered sailor, of the true breed.—"What sort of a night, sir?" "A very fine night, my lord."—"Nothing stirring? no strangers in sight?" "No, my lord."—"Nothing to do on deck?" "No, my lord?" —"Then you may take a book, and read to me. Any book—it don't signify—take the Admiralty Statutes." Cashman handed out the huge quarto, and having placed the lantern with which he was furnished to visit the ship on the table before him, sat down in his watch-coat, and read a part of those Acts of Parliament out of which our naval code is formed; Acts which, I will venture to say, he never heard of before, and I am sure never looked at again.

Lord St. Vincent, in telling the story, used to say, "Sir, I thought I should have suffocated myself; I was forced to keep my head so long under the bed-clothes, to conceal my laughter at the manner in which he stumbled and hobbled through his task. And well he might, with a horn lantern and a farthing candle."

Brenton's Life of St. Vincent.

THE CHIEF DUTY OF WOMAN.

"What a miserable thing it is to be a woman!" was lately the exclamation of an amiable but high-spirited lady. She had been admirably educated by indulgent parents, and taught accomplishments beyond her station in life. Now, being married to a worthy man, of moderate income, and having a family of young children, the little elegances and accomplishments and *romance* of youth had to be laid aside, and duties of a plain and sober cast claimed incessant attention. Her husband was out all day—he had to hurry off in the morning, and often came home tired and worn-out late at night. She herself, of a buoyant disposition, passionately fond of society and public meetings, and who had, *when free*, been an active member of more than one "Ladies' Committee," was now, as she expressed it, tied up like a dog to its kennel. The piano was untouched, unless now and then the little girl, standing on tiptoe, contrived to give it a jarring *thrum;* the sketch-book was a sealed book; her own sense of domestic duty led her to practise economy, as far as it could be carried; she loved her husband, and had every reason, she said, to be perfectly happy: yet old recollections would revive, and feeling as if she were now reduced to the capacity of being merely a nurse of children, she exclaimed pettishly, "What a miserable thing it is to be a woman!"

This is an old complaint of the ladies, and is amusingly enough put forward in a tract, published exactly a century ago (1739) under the title of "Woman not inferior to Man; or a short and modest Vindication of the natural Right of the Fair Sex to a perfect equality of power, dignity, and esteem, with the Men. By Sophia, a person of quality." The reputed fair authoress says, "Was every individual man to divulge his thoughts of our sex, they would all be found unanimous in thinking that we are made only for them, and only fit to nurse children in their tender years, to mind household affairs, and to obey, serve, and please our masters,—that is, themselves, forsooth! All this is mighty fine, and amongst a seraglio of slaves could not but sound mighty big from a Mussulman's mouth. . . . To stoop to some regard for the strutting things is not enough; to humour them more than we could children, with any tolerable decency, is too little; they must be served, forsooth! Pretty creatures indeed!"

Sophia, however, takes a just view of the importance of one of the chief duties of women. "It is too well known," she says, "to be dissembled, that the office of nursing children is held by the men in a despicable light, as something low and degrading: whereas, had they Nature for their guide, they would not need to be told, that there is no employment in a commonwealth which deserves more honour, or greater thanks and rewards. Let it but be considered, what are the advantages accruing to mankind from it, and its merit must stand immediately confessed. Nay, I know not whether it may not appear to render women deserving the first places in civil society. . . . How largely are they rewarded who succeed in taming a tiger, an elephant, or such-like animals; and shall women be neglected for spending years in the taming that fiercer animal, *man?*"

To an active-minded woman, who occasionally *thinks*, the burdens, pains, and duties of life must occasionally appear to be very unequally divided; and when left to her own reflections, man will at times seem, if not a savage, at least a very selfish animal. The "march of intellect" has not hitherto done women much good in this respect. *Their* mental faculties have received a wrong direction; they share in that *ascending* spirit which mental stimulus communicates; they receive what is called a fine, or an accomplished education, are made sensitive, sympathetic, and delicate; and go through life struggling to maintain a balance in the equivocal half-lady half-servile position of a governess, or they sink into an ordinary marriage, with perhaps a decided distaste for the mere dull routine, as it seems, of a small domestic establishment. This appears to us to be one of the evils of our state of society, which is both serious and large in amount. Ignorance is bad: but ignorant—that is, comparatively ignorant—women have generally a hardy healthy cast of mind, which our modern system of female education is calculated greatly to impair. There is nothing more delightful than to meet, in the ordinary walks of life, with a woman of sound good sense, whose conversation and manner show that her mind has been well educated, and stored with useful and ornamental knowledge. But we are constrained to say, that this is a rarer case, than to meet with a feeble or an affected creature, whose only use of an "accomplished education" is alternately to shine and murmur.

"There is one class of duties," says Mrs. Sandford, "which, as it went out with our grandmothers, is now considered quite obsolete. We wonder, indeed, how these venerable ladies could be so familiar with the pantry, and yet never soil their petticoats; how they could preside over the culinary department, and be adepts in every domestic art, and yet be still as stately as their ruffles or brocade. Ladies were in those days accountable for every dish; they smiled with conscious triumph when the sauce was praised; they made currant wine and raspberry vinegar; and their cupboards were stored with expressed juices and ingenious confections. But now there is something inelegant that attaches to the *ménage*. It is associated with making puddings or mending stockings, or scolding servants. A good housewife is a good sort of bustling person, who has always a good dinner and a clean house; who jingles a bunch of keys, and gasps for an opportunity of replenishing your plate."

That men and women were intended, in one sense, to be on an equality, seems evident, both from nature and Scripture; and married men, who sometimes exhibit a very commendable propriety in their general conduct, are frequently grossly selfish in leaving to their wives all the burden, all the restraints, and all the *dulness*, of a family and of home. "God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him: male and female created he them." Population tables show that there is scarcely any disproportion in the births of males and females, thus bringing the sanction of nature to scripture, and demonstrating that though polygamy existed by permission in Old Testament times, it is against a natural rule. Heeren advances the position, that the great moral, social, and intellectual superiority of European nations over the Eastern, is owing to the simple fact of the non-prevalence of polygamy. There appears to be great truth in this. Wherever woman stands on an equal footing with man, there man himself rises, and society improves. Woman, in the East, has no social consideration. Indirect influence she has, of course—for even amongst coarse-minded, unintellectual savages, where she is compelled to perform all the drudgery, woman has influence—but this is exercised in a way which neither improves individuals nor society.

But while women were thus intended to be man's social and domestic equals, the life and ornament of his society, they were never intended to be his *intellectual* equals; and that education which attempts to force this equality will only defeat itself, and injure its objects. We must prop ourselves here with an opinion. The author of "Home Education" says, "Every day, in society, we may meet with women equal to, or surpassing men in intelligence; but if male and female minds, of apparently equal intelligence, are brought into comparison, very few instances will occur in which the latter are not far inferior to the former in power." "Some allowance," he adds, "ought, as I am inclined to think, to be made in the culture of the female mind for what I would not call an organic difference of structure, if I could find a term nearer to my meaning, and not so liable to misconstruction."

To this we cordially subscribe; and the intellectual difference, thus pointed out, at once directs attention to the character and object of female education. Home should be the sphere to which the female mind should ever be directed. Let the females of a nation fulfil, in intelligent spirit and truth, the duties of home, and there is little fear of its men. In all ages the Women of England have exercised a powerful, social, and domestic influ-

ence. With us the fireside virtues have ever been reverenced This, therefore, is to be taken into account in the history of our rise and progress as a nation; and far distant be the day when a false system of education, or a vain straining after intellectual pre-eminence, shall lead them to quit their stronghold, and make them dissatisfied unless they can spend their time in the public view, fluttering and promenading, like butterflies in a summer's sun!

Guizot, in his History of Civilisation in Europe, dates the origin of the influence of woman from the feudal system. He draws a picture of a feudal castle, on a hill, at the foot of which lies its village of serfs. The lord of this establishment can maintain no familiarity with his dependants; he can scarcely have any equal companionship, unless when engaged in war and hunting. "The chief, however violent and brutal his out-door exercises, must habitually return into the bosom of his family. He there finds his wife and children, and scarcely any but them; they alone are his constant companions; they alone divide his sorrows and soften his joys; they alone are interested in all that concerns him. It could not but happen, in such circumstances, that domestic life must have acquired a vast influence; nor is there any lack of proofs that it did so. Was it not in the bosom of the feudal family that the importance of women, that the value of the wife and mother, at last made itself known? In none of the ancient communities—not merely speaking of those in which the spirit of family never existed, but in those in which it existed most powerfully; say, for example, in the patriarchal system —in none of these did women ever attain to anything like the place which they acquired in Europe under the feudal system. It is to the progress, to the preponderance, of domestic manners in the feudal halls and castles, that they owe this change, this improvement in their condition. The cause of this has been sought for in the peculiar manners of the ancient Germans; in a national respect which they are said to have borne, in the midst of their forests, to the female sex. Upon a single phrase of Tacitus, Germanic patriotism has founded a high degree of superiority—of primitive and ineffable purity of manners, in the relations between the two sexes among the Germans. Pure chimeras! Phrases like this of Tacitus—sentiments and customs analogous to those of the Germans of old, are found in the narratives of a host of writers, who have seen, or inquired into, the manners of savage and barbarous tribes. There is nothing primitive, nothing peculiar, to a certain race in this matter."

Now, with all deference to this great master of philosophical history, we *do* think that there is something "peculiar to a certain race in this matter;" and in England, at least, his theory of the origin of the influence of woman will not hold. Not to go so far back as Boadicea, and the ancient Britons, we find that the condition of women in early Saxon times was, on the whole, very favourable. In old illuminations they are represented as sitting at table with the men; they are scarcely, if ever, exhibited as taking a part in the labours of the field; they appear to have been almost exclusively occupied within doors; and their names are poetically expressive—Adeleve, the noble wife; Wynfreda, the peace of man; Deorwyn, dear to man; Deorswythe, very dear; Winnefride, a winner or gainer of peace.

The feudal system was perfected in England after the Norman conquest; and we have abundant proof, during the long period from William the Conqueror to Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth, that the influence of French customs on the court and nobility, while they polished the manners of the ladies, deteriorated their morals. The Reformation elevated female character, though the process was apparently interrupted by the gross buffoonery of the court of James I. The civil wars tended to develop the strength and single-mindedness of woman, when sustained by religion: of this we have noble examples in the respective Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, and Mrs. Hutchinson. But the Restoration cast once more a blight over female character, as far as the influence of the court extended.

With this exception, the characteristic of the women of England, from the earliest period down to our own day, has ever been that of fulfilling the domestic relations of life with zeal, strictness, and fidelity. Pope, in uttering a sarcasm, paid them a compliment, when he said, "most women have no character at all." The sarcasm was aimed at that class of triflers, who formed the fashionable world with which Pope was chiefly acquainted: but when applied generally, it is so far true, that the great bulk of women have no *character*—that is, no distinctive peculiarities of mind, to make them stand out in relief; and this very want of *character* is their great excellence, and that which fits them to shine in the domestic circle. Characteristic women are often troublesome companions; and a female requires much good sense to balance mental peculiarities, or intellectual cleverness.

We conclude with an illustration taken from the vegetable kingdom. The Banyan tree (*Ficus Indica*) is a native of most parts of India; and we are told that "if the seeds drop in the axils of the palmyra tree, the roots grow downwards, embracing the trunk in their descent; by degrees they envelop every part except the top, whence, in very old specimens, the leaves and head of the palmyra tree are seen emerging from the trunk of the banyan tree, as if they grew from it. The Hindoos regard such cases with reverence, and call them a holy marriage, instituted by Providence. The banyan tree, covering with its trunks a sufficient space of ground to shelter a regiment of cavalry, and used as a natural canopy for great public meetings, has been so often described by writers on India, as to have become familiar to the reader. The branches spread to a great extent, dropping their roots here and there, which, as soon as they reach the ground, rapidly increase in size, till they become as large as, and similar to, the parent trunk; by which means, the quantity of ground they cover is almost incredible."

Our readers, we trust, require no application of this illustration. To our minds it is a beautiful exemplification of that intimate union and mutual protection and dependence which constitute the roots of human society, and which we fear the stimulating character of modern female education tends in some degree to injure. But as we have probably given enough of our *prose*, let us part with a nice little bit of Moore's *poetry*:—

TO MY MOTHER.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

DISCOVERY OF PETRA.

DURING the reign of Sultan Moezz Aibek, the first discovery of the city of Petra appears to have been made. A revolt was raised by the Baharite Mamelukes in Cairo; but Aibek gained possession of the leader's person, put him to death, and had his head flung into the midst of the insurgents: they were thrown into confusion, and sought safety in flight. Twelve of the Baharite Mamelukes, in their flight, became entangled in the desert called *Tib-beni-Israel* (the waste of the Israelites), and wandered about at random for five days. On the sixth, they perceived at a distance certain ruins, of a greenish colour, towards which they directed their course. They found a large city, with walls and gates, wholly built of green marble. They traversed the interior, whose streets and houses were buried in sand. The vessels and vestments which they found crumbled into dust when touched. In one vase, which appeared to have belonged to a cloth-merchant, they found nine pieces of gold, on each of which was impressed the figure of an antelope, surrounded by an inscription in Hebrew letters. The Mamelukes having excavated one spot, came to a solid pavement, which they lifted up: they found a fountain cold as snow, of which they drank greedily. Having travelled all the night, they met a troop of Arabs, by whom they were conducted to Karak: there they presented the coins to the money-changers, one of whom declared that "these pieces were struck in the time of Moses."

History of the Mameluke Sultans.

MAGNANIMITY, OR THE ADOPTED SON.

AN OLD ITALIAN STORY.

LIVIA, a noble lady of the city of Forli, had an only son, named Scipio, adorned with every accomplishment, and warmly attached to his mother. He was enamoured of a beautiful lady who was sought by many suitors, and amongst these a young man, whom Scipio, the favoured lover, accidentally encountered. They quarrelled, and fought, and the son of the widow received a wound of which he expired soon after. The homicide was instantly pursued by the officers of justice, and, seeing the door of Livia's mansion standing open, sought refuge in the apartment of the mother of Scipio, and implored her protection. She granted his request, and concealed him. Suddenly the door opened, and the corpse of her beloved son was brought into the room. The unfortunate mother burst into loud lamentations, and was rendered so insensible by grief, that she did not perceive the officers searching for, and discovering the murderer, whom she had taken under her protection. When she saw him brought in fettered, her affection for her son was subdued by her sense of honour. She denied his having been the cause of her son's death; but the young man, seeing the certainty of death before him, made the last effort, and, in moving accents, implored the forgiveness of the mother of his enemy; offering to replace the loss she had sustained, and in every respect to become her son, promising the most dutiful and filial affection. Notwithstanding her arms clung to the dead body of her murdered child, she was moved by the speech of the murderer; and, after a struggle of maternal affection and pity for the young man, the latter gained the ascendancy, and she not only forgave the homicide, but adopted him as a son. But the magistrate of the city was a rigid executor of justice, and though he admired the eloquence of the youth, and the compassion of the mother, he ordered the culprit to be imprisoned, and executed the following day; nor could the reasons of Livia, who represented herself as the person most deeply injured, and who conjured him not to deprive her of an adopted son, who would console her for the one she had lost, move him from his resolution. Prospero Colonna, the lord of the city, was fortunately present, to whom she represented her case, and prevailed. The young man was pardoned, and for many years, under the adopted name of Scipio, consoled the afflicted Livia by the most assiduous filial affection. Upon her death-bed she took the most tender leave of him, and left him all her property. Her memory was honoured by a monument, upon which was recorded her noble treatment of the homicide, and his filial regret at her departure.

THE BLIND SECRETARY OF THE GLOUCESTER SABBATH SCHOOLS.

"I ARRIVED in Gloucester in time to breakfast with a friend who kindly undertook to obtain the assistance of some active person who would be likely to forward my purpose of addressing the children; and he accordingly sent for a young man, who, although blind, was nevertheless a very efficient secretary of the Sabbath schools, and highly respected.

"This interesting young man soon arrived: he appeared to be about twenty-eight years of age; his eyes were beautifully black, and so clear, that I could not have supposed they wanted the faculty of vision: but it was so—he had been deprived of sight for nine years. Notwithstanding this disability, he undertook his task with promptitude; and, taking me by the arm, directed me to lead him down the main street, where, with surprising accuracy, he brought me to the house of one of the superintendants. Afterwards, in like manner, having instructed me to conduct him to various parts of the town, he made all the arrangements for a general meeting of schools on the following Sabbath, and for lectures on other evenings.

"I was, at first, so careful of my blind guide, that I walked slowly; but he begged that I would push boldly forward, as we had much work before us; at the same time assuring me, that all he required was care, lest he should be jostled by some inadvertent passenger. I inquired how he managed to do the duties of secretary. He answered, that he only went through the routine, and obtained the assistance of an amanuensis; that he kept possession of the books, and retained the contents in his memory."—*Pilkington's Adventures.*

A GLANCE AT RUSSIA*.

PUBLIC attention, especially since the affair of the "Vixen," has been greatly attracted by the proceedings of Russia; her progress, which had been disregarded, her moral force, which had perhaps been undervalued, have become objects of attention, and every addition to the knowledge we already possess of her policy and resources, is very valuable. Many people of the present day fondly persuade themselves that true wisdom, that is Christianity, for the terms are synonymous, has already so strong a hold on the minds of men, as to render it very unlikely, almost morally impossible, that Europe should again plunge into war. Despite the quarrels in Portugal and Spain, they hold the civilized world at large as too far advanced in knowledge to be guilty of the great folly of general warfare, and to a certain extent we agree in this opinion. We hold it to be a moral and political truth, that war is an evil; that no success, not even the possession of a disputed territory, can compensate for its mischiefs; but we hold it also to be a moral and political truth, that the nation who does not early oppose aggression, and take all wise precautions against the opportunity of attack, is aiding the folly of those whose ambition inclines them to disturb the tranquillity of nations, and the general improvement and progress of the human mind, which steadily proceeds in peaceful times, but is necessarily stayed—nay, prevented, thrown back, by war. These feelings make us look with very anxious eyes upon Russia, which is a country so different in the constitution of its society from any other European state, as to render it difficult to form a correct judgment of its real power. Hence any authentic information regarding it is of great value, for if it be the unhappy fate of Europe to be again plunged into general war, a rupture between England and Russia will in all probability be the commencement of a terrible strife, the result of which, however it may be terminated, must necessarily check the course of moral culture which is now so beneficially going forward throughout the world, and penetrates even to its remotest parts.

Mr. Bremner travelled from Petersburg to Odessa, making a long detour for the purpose of visiting the fair at Nishnei-Novgorod, the great annual mart for the interchange of European and Asiatic merchandise. In the course of this journey, and in his sojourn in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa, he had very ample opportunity of gaining the information which he has communicated to his countrymen in two very pleasant and instructive volumes. His description of the personal character of the Emperor will be read with interest. In the peculiarly constituted society of Russia, where the people are divided into two classes, nobles and *slaves*, and wanting all the moral energy which can only exist in union with a third class, the court takes a prominent part, and leads the way, either to vice or virtue, as it may be. "Nicholas is the third son of the unfortunate Paul, and succeeded to the throne on the death of Alexander, in consequence of some arrangement made by that Emperor for the exclusion of his second brother Constantine, who was still alive. Alexander has been much blamed for sanctioning an arrangement directly subversive of those very principles of legitimacy for which he had made so many sacrifices throughout his long reign; but in Russia it was no new thing to pass over the direct heir, in favour of one better able to govern: for the greatest Emperor who ever reigned over it, Peter the Great himself, was called to the throne in the same way; Fœdor having named him his successor, to the exclusion of Ivan, the rightful heir, who, from weakness of intellect, was deemed incapable of governing. In both cases demonstrations were made in favour of the disinherited. Ivan was for some time regarded as sovereign by one party, but soon gave way to his more energetic brother; and Constantine was proclaimed at Warsaw, as well as supported by a revolt of a portion of the guard, and by the populace of St. Petersburg. The energy displayed by Nicholas in subduing the rebellion has continued to characterise the whole of his conduct ever since. There is nothing, however, either in the attainments or measures of the Tzar, to justify his admirers in holding him up as a man of extraordinary, nay, almost superhuman talent. That he possesses restless activity of mind and body—and in a degree, which in a monarch may not unnaturally be mistaken for genius—no one will deny; but we have never discovered in him any other qualities that entitle him to be considered as much above the

* Excursions in the Interior of Russia, by ROBERT BREMNER, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo, 1839. Colburn, London.

ordinary average of human character, and certainly none that can entitle him to be pronounced, as he has sometimes been, the greatest genius, the master spirit of our age. His most prominent qualities, we should say, are decision and firmness; quickness in devising expedients to meet the unforeseen emergency of the moment, and steadiness in enforcing them. Next to these, is the excess of his passion for reducing everything to military uniformity. This propensity degenerates almost to a weakness: it is his great aim to give the whole empire the appearance of an encampment. This passion is so well known that the very children in the streets are made to affect the air military, strutting about in a white cap with a red band *à-l'empereur*. On entering a school, the boys and girls rise in files, to salute you after the military fashion, and march out as if wheeling to the sound of fife and drum. In the very prisons a dash of the corporal's discipline is visible; and even in the hospitals, you would say the old nurses ape the imperial guard. The emperor's private habits and general style of living are extremely simple, and the delight which he takes in the society of his children is boundless. Those who have seen the imperial family in their private moments, when free from the constraint of pomp and ceremony to which princes are slaves before the world, speak of them in terms of rapture. An English gentleman who was honoured with many opportunities of entering the august circle, says that more happiness, more affection, more simplicity, it would be impossible to conceive. The unconstrained and innocent amusement of their evenings, contrasted delightfully with the notions usually formed of imperial family scenes. In short, from all that he beheld, it appeared that a kinder husband or a better father than Nicholas, does not exist." "In person the Emperor is tall and well made. Few men of his height (six feet two inches), display such grace and freedom of carriage. In fact his appearance is so superior, that many have bestowed upon him the wise and not easily disputed compliment of being the 'handsomest man in Europe.' Being one of the best horsemen of the time, he is never seen to more advantage than when mounted on his favourite steed. Accustomed to command, and to see his commands obeyed with crouching submission, he has acquired the air and mien of majesty more completely than any sovereign of the age. His eye has a singular power: its fierce glance can awe the turbulent, and, it is said, has disarmed the assassin. His manners, however, are far from those of the despot; nothing can be more winning than his attentions where he wishes to please. No man ever seemed to possess more strongly the power of removing, from those who have access to him, the prejudices which may have been previously entertained against him. The Russians, it is said, see little of his fascinating powers; towards them he dare not be familiar, without exciting jealousies which would be fatal to the empire. It is on strangers, passing visitors, that he lavishes his amiability, for with them it can be done without danger, and he is too anxious to stand well with the rest of Europe to allow a foreigner to leave him under an unfavourable impression. Never was even imperial flattery more successful in attaining its aim: the raptures with which his condescension, his frankness, his courtesy, are spoken of by all who come near him, would indicate that it is not merely the *emperor* but the *man* who triumphs." An amusing anecdote is related of the *conversion* of a French *liberal* and political writer, by the talent of the Emperor, but we have not space to insert it.

Mr. Bremner is of opinion that Nicholas has long meditated and still intends to carry his arms to India, and attack England in her Eastern possessions: a scheme which he considers impracticable, even with the large resources which the emperor can command. But the immense preparations of Russia, both naval and military, has also excited suspicion that she contemplates war, and war against England. Mr. Bremner took pains to procure accurate information concerning the real force of the Russian Baltic fleet, and he gives the following statement:—

1 Three-decker	of	120 guns.
3 Three-deckers	of	110
7 Ships	of	84
9 Ships	of	74

in all thirty heavy line of battle ships (not forty-five, as has been erroneously stated). To these, however, must be added,

1 Razee	of	56 guns.
3 Frigates	of	52
18 Ditto	of	44

besides corvettes and small craft; the whole manned by a force of 33,000 men. The Russian fleet in the Black Sea at the present moment (Jan. 1839), amounts to sixteen ships of the line, which it is said will be further strengthened in the course of the ensuing summer, by the addition of other ships now building. It being customary in Russia to begin the training of the crew of a new ship the moment her keel is laid, the ships last referred to will be ready for sea as soon as they are launched. * * * There are several vessels of very considerable size on the Caspian, and more are in rapid progress at the building yards recently established at very favourable points. The last item to be added is her steamboats, which, in such seas as Russia will have to fight upon, will be of the utmost service to her in case of a war. Including those on the Caspian and the sea of Azoff, she has now at least sixty steamboats of one kind or other."

Turn we now from these warlike details to the more pleasing prospect of industrious commerce. We will fly with our author to the great fair of Nishnei-Novgorod; and after plunging through the deep sloughs into which the turf roads are cut by the multitude of passengers (for beyond Moscow there are no made roads whatever) we reach the city, which stands on a fine triangular height at the junction of the Okka and Volga, in 56° 19′ 40″ north latitude, and 61° 40′ 34″ east longitude. The fair is not held in the town, but "across the Okka, on a low almost inundated flat, exposed to the waters of both these rivers, lies a scene of bustle and activity unparalleled in Europe. A vast town of shops, laid out in regular streets, with churches, hospitals, barracks, and theatres, now tenanted by more than a hundred thousand souls, but in a few weeks to be as dead and silent as the forests we have been surveying: for when the fair is over, not a creature will be seen out of the town, on the spot which is now swarming with human beings. Yet these shops are not the frail structures of canvas and rope with which the idea of a fair is associated in other countries. They are regular houses, built of the most substantial materials, and are generally one story high, with large shops in the front part, and sleeping-rooms for the merchant and his servants behind. Sewers, and other means of maintaining cleanliness and health, are provided more extensively even than in the regular towns of Russia.

"The business of the fair is of such importance that the governor of the province, the representative of the emperor himself, takes up his residence in it during the greater part of the autumn. There is a large and handsome palace built for him in the centre, accommodating a train of secretaries and clerks numerous enough to manage the revenues of a kingdom. Strong posts of military are planted all round to keep down rioting, and the cossack policemen are always on the alert against thieves, who notwithstanding, continue to reap a good harvest from the unwary.

"Immediately on leaving the bridge, the fair-ground begins. This part is always crowded with labourers looking out for employment, and cossacks planted among them to maintain order. Then come lines of temporary booths, displaying objects of inferior value for the lower classes, such as beads, trinkets, and some articles of dress, especially caps. Of these last a great variety is displayed—round turbans of short curly wool from Astracan (here called crimmels, because the best is furnished by the lamb of the large-tailed sheep imported from Crim Tartary) —high black Kirghis bonnets made of wool resembling hair—and flat gold-figured cowls from Kasan. These booths stand in front of coffee, or rather tea-rooms, laid out with little tables, and eating-houses large enough for two or three hundred to dine in with comfort, and at any price, from two pence to two pounds.

"First advances a white-faced flat-nosed merchant from Archangel, come here with his furs. He is followed by a bronzed long-ear'd Chinese, who has got rid of his tea, and is now moving towards the city, to learn something of European life before setting out on his many months' journey home. Next come a pair of Tartars from the Five Mountains, followed by a youth whose regular features speak of Circassian blood. Those with muslins on their arms, and bundles on their backs, are Tartar pedlars. Cossacks who have brought hides from the Ukraine, are gazing in wonder on their brethren who have come with caviar from the Akhtuba. Those who follow, by their flowing robes and dark hair, must be from Persia; to them the Russians owe their perfumes. The man in difficulty about his passport is a Kujur from Astrabad, applying for aid to a Turcoman from the northern bank of the Gourgan. The wild-looking Bashkir from the Ural has his thoughts among the hives of his cottage, to which he would fain be back; and the stalwart Kuzzilbash from Orenburg looks as if he would gladly bear him company, for he would rather be listening to the scream of his eagle in the chase than to the roar of this sea of tongues.

"Glancing in another direction, yonder simpering Greek from Moldavia, with the rosary in his fingers, is in treaty with a Kalmuck as wild as the horses he was bred amongst. Here comes a Truchman craving payment from his neighbour Ghilan (of Western Persia), and a thoughtless Bucharian is greeting some Agriskhan acquaintance (sprung of the mixed blood of Hindoos and Tartars). Nogaïs are mingling with Kirghisians, and drapers from Paris are bargaining for the shawls of Cashmere with a member of some Asiatic tribe of unpronounceable name. Jews from Brody are settling accounts with Turks from Trebizond; and a costume-painter from Berlin is walking arm-in-arm with the player from St. Petersburg who is to perform Hamlet in the evening.

"In short, cotton merchants from Manchester, jewellers from Augsburg, watchmakers from Neufchâtel, wine-merchants from Frankfort, leech-buyers from Hamburgh, grocers from Königsberg, amber dealers from Memel, pipe-makers from Dresden, and furriers from Warsaw, help to make up a crowd the most motley and most singular that the wonder-working genius of commerce ever drew together."

"The spot on which the fair is held is undoubtedly the fittest to be found in Europe for such a purpose. The two rivers at whose junction it stands not only rank among the largest in our division of the globe, but are both of them navigable to a great distance, and one, in particular, is of importance in a commercial point of view, from its being now, by canals, in communication both with the north of Europe and with some of the finest provinces of Asia. Great as is the quantity of goods transported by land, it bears no proportion to the cargoes conveyed by the countless armament, already alluded to, floating on every side; most of them hulks, averaging from forty to one hundred tons burden, besides the steam-boats and ships of greater size on the Volga. Compared with all this, the extent of shipping was most trifling when the fair was first planted here. But of the many proofs that can be brought in favour of the new site, none is more striking than that furnished by the great increase in the business of the fair. Not many years ago the sales at Makarieff did not exceed the value of fifty millions of roubles; now, as we have seen, even by the official valuation, it is much more than double. The sales, even in 1832, an unfavourable year, were valued at 123,000,000 of which 89,500,000 were for goods belonging to European Russia, 16,700,000 for Asiatic goods, and 17,000,000 for foreign articles."

One word more on the state of Russian manufactures, and we take our leave of Mr. Bremner.

"Where *are* these boasted manufactures of Russia? We traversed it from north to south in search of them; but our search was fruitless. There are, undeniably, many establishments of industry, but they are on the most limited scale. Those in the large cities are not fit to supply the wants of half the population around them; and even those in the smaller towns do not suffice for the demands of the neighbourhood. The highest of their cloth manufactories, for instance, produces only coarse stuffs, worn by none but the poorer classes, who have never made use of English goods, and who therefore, let them wear what they may, can never be reckoned among our lost customers.

"The only tenure which England has of the Russians, or of other foreign nations, as purchasers of her manufactures, lies in the superiority of the goods she produces. Not one of these nations will buy a single web from us—nor do we see why they should—after the day when they can procure as good and as cheap an article at home. That the Russian manufacturer, however, is not likely to be soon in a condition to drive us even from his own market, far less from that of any other state, the slightest acquaintance with that country will very satisfactorily show. In no part of it did we see many articles of native manufacture that would be worn by any person above the lowest rank. Even the finest of the goods which we saw at Nishnei—the best place that a stranger can visit in order to know what Russian manufacturers can produce—were rude and clumsy. Those which we afterwards saw at Toula must be described in the same terms; and, lastly, all that we have now seen produced by the high-sounding 'manufactories' of Odessa are, if possible, of still meaner character. In short, all that we saw of the products of Russian looms, confirmed us in the belief, that England has no more reason to fear that she will be driven from the market by them, than she has to fear that the cotton spinners of Manchester, and the cloth-weavers of Huddersfield, are to be ruined by the formidable rivalry of the linsey-wolsey of the thrifty housewives of the Scottish Highlands, and the honest homespun of Cumberland."

THE FUR CLOAK.

A REMINISCENCE.

It was in the winter of 1805, that I was dining at Mr. Jefferson's, when, soon after leaving the table, I was seized with an ague, and obliged to leave the charming circle that collected in the drawing-room.

Mr. Jefferson, with almost paternal kindness, insisted on wrapping me in his *fur cloak*, which, while it completely shielded me from the night air, had the more powerful effect of conquering my shiverings, by exciting my imagination.

"Strange!" thought I, "that I, an obscure individual in America, should be wrapped in the same mantle that once enveloped the Czar of Russia—that was afterwards long worn by the patriot hero of Poland, and now belongs to one of the greatest men alive! I wish the *cloak* could speak and tell me something of each of its possessors. Of the insane despot, to whom it originally belonged, it could tell me of no act of his life half so good as the one by which the cloak was transferred to the good Kosciusko."

This brave man, inspired by an inherent and inextinguishable love of liberty, had, when a mere youth, forsaken his native country—the luxuries of wealth, and the allurements of pleasure, to enlist and fight in our cause. Many were the privations he endured and the dangers he encountered for the sake of that righteous cause to which his whole life was devoted. To a courage the most unshrinking and a spirit the most daring, he added a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, almost feminine, and a refinement of taste which led him, amidst the ruggedness and hardships of a camp, to cultivate the gentle arts of peace. The daring soldier in the field of battle, was the tender and sentimental companion of virtuous women; the ornament of the drawing-room, and the favourite of the domestic circle.

Even in garrison, the pursuits of a simple and refined taste were not neglected. At the fort of West Point, where his regiment was long beleaguered by the British forces, we are still led to a spot amidst the rocks, called Kosciusko's Garden. There, on the high and rocky banks of the Hudson, he amused his leisure moments in cultivating flowers. Nature had supplied no soil for their growth, but, with indefatigable toil and inexhaustible patience, he supplied the deficiency of Nature. The spot he had chosen was inaccessible to vehicles of any kind, and he carried the soil himself in baskets and deposited it in the recesses of the rocks.

There, morning and evening, leaving the coarse merriment and sensual pleasures of the camp, he tended his flowers; or giving himself up to the stillness of solitude, would sit on some projecting rock and watch the majestic stream that flowed at his feet, or the clouds that floated over his head.

Who that could then have looked on the slight and tender youth, the pretty boy, for so small and delicate were his form and features, that he seemed little more; who that looked on him, hanging with delight over a bed of flowers, would have recognized in him the commander of armies, the hero of his nation? How lovely is the union of greatness and goodness! It was the blending of these qualities that made Kosciusko as beloved as he was admired, and kindled in other bosoms a portion of that enthusiasm which glowed in his own. Yes, even I, then a young and thoughtless girl, felt the power of that enthusiasm, which inspired a nation of freemen, and collected thousands round the standard of this patriot soldier.

For days and weeks have I sat, with increasing delight, beside his couch, and listened to the stories of his battles and hair-breadth escapes, of his successes and defeats, his triumph and his captivity, one day a conqueror, the next a prisoner.

Though more than thirty years have since passed, I can still see him, as I saw him then, pale, emaciated, wounded; his almost fragile form reclined upon a couch, supported by pillows, with a little table drawn close beside him, on which he leaned his elbow, supporting his head on his hand; that wounded head around which he wore a bandage of black riband, instead of the laurel wreath he had so nobly won. But the indelible scar, which that bandage covered, was the seal of glory.

The little table was covered with books, pens, pencils; with letters from numerous friends, and tributary verses from every European nation. With what delight did I avail myself of his permission to examine all these things, and how kindly did he indulge my youthful curiosity in reading to me many of these effusions of friendship, admiration, and love; yes, love, for I remember well, that one of the letters was from a lady, who had loved him when a volunteer in our army. It began thus:

"By what title shall I address thee, oh being still too dear and

too well remembered! shall I call thee the defender of thy country? oh, no, it is too awful. Hero of liberty? it is too high. Noble Pole? oh! that speaks of another and far distant country; what then shall I call thee, that will bring to recollection the days of past years? I will call thee Kosciusko! other names may need titles, but this is itself the highest title. *This*, indelibly engraven on my heart, will brightly shine in the pages of history. Welcome, then Kosciusko, welcome to the country that reveres, and to the heart that adores you!"

Such, or nearly such, were the glowing words of this impassioned letter; they were so accordant with the girlish romance of my disposition, that they made an ineffaceable impression on my memory. Perhaps—nay, certainly, he ought not to have shown this letter. But, after all, heroes are but men; and he had, alas! too many of the weaknesses of poor human nature, and I cannot deny that vanity was one. I recollect, too, some very beautiful verses sent him by Miss Porter, the distinguished novelist; but they came not from her heart, and therefore did not reach mine. They were complimentary verses, in praise of the patriot and hero. *Hero!*—how different were my ideas of the person of a hero, from that of Kosciusko.

From my childhood his name had been familiar to my ear, and I had heard of his youthful achievements in defence of our liberty. At the time of his return to our country, his fame had preceded his arrival. His bold enterprises,—his patient endurance,—his invincible courage,—his unyielding firmness, and his ardent patriotism, were the daily theme of private circles and public journals, and when he landed on our shores he was welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm, and crowds eagerly ran to catch a glimpse of one of their earliest defenders.

When he arrived in the little town in which I lived, and became an inmate of the house of one of my relations, I felt emotions it is impossible to describe. My young imagination embodied this "apostle of liberty" (as he was sometimes called) in a form grand, imposing, and venerable; with a figure as commanding as that of our own Washington, and a countenance far more expressive. My fancy pictured him forth with noble features, large penetrating eyes, and an air of loftiness and grandeur. When I was led up to his couch, and saw a diminutive and feeble old man, with a pale face, turned-up nose, little blue eyes, and thin, light-coloured hair, I could not at first believe that it really was the renowned KOSCIUSKO; and for a time my enthusiasm was entirely extinguished, for there was nothing about him to counteract the effect produced by his appearance, and I must own I never recovered those feelings which his fame had inspired—feelings excited by moral grandeur. His manners and conversation were as little imposing as his person and countenance. I continually endeavoured, by recalling his great actions to mind, to rekindle my enthusiasm. I never succeeded:—nothing he said, or looked, assisted the illusion; no, not even when he described the conflicts in which he had been engaged, could I realise that the pale, feeble, little man, whom I looked upon, was the commander of armies, and the idol of his country. But a tenderer sentiment soon took the place of this high-wrought enthusiasm; for, when he talked of his sufferings, his bosom cares, and anxieties,—his high hopes and his deep despair,—it was impossible to listen and not to feel a deep interest and tender sympathy.

His mild countenance, soft voice, and gentle manners, were in harmony with such details.

In our little town, there were few who thought of approaching *the great man*, and he was left in comparative solitude; at least, to the quiet of the domestic circle of our family.

I was a romantic girl, a young enthusiast, and much indulged. I soon found a low seat beside his couch, on which I every day passed many hours. He loved to talk of himself, and perhaps perceived no one listened to him with so eager and untiring an attention as I did. Who is there insensible to the pleasure of exciting strong emotion, deep interest, and tender sympathy? Some there are, and I think he was one, who felt peculiar pleasure in awakening these emotions in the artless and unsophisticated mind of youth, where they are blended with strong curiosity and astonishment.

My fixed gaze, tearful eyes, and glowing face, so clearly evinced the interest I took in his conversation, that no doubt it led him into details he would not otherwise have given. I have forgotten few of these details, and could fill a volume, were I to write all I remember; but at present will only repeat the account he gave me of the manner in which he became possessed of the *Fur Cloak*, though the incidents connected with his defeat, following the battle in which he was made prisoner, and his feelings on the occasion, are so interesting, that I can scarcely omit them. But these are matters of history.

"I expected," said he, "on my arrival at St. Petersburg, to be thrown into a dungeon, and loaded with chains; but no such thing. Catharine, though an embittered, was not a cruel enemy. I had fought only for the liberty of my country, and, although she wished to destroy that liberty, she respected its defender.

"The confinement to which she consigned me was rigorous in the extreme; but I was allowed every comfort compatible with the security of my person and prevention of any intercourse with society.

"My apartment was large and commodious, my table well spread; and books, materials for writing, drawing, and painting, amply supplied.

"Could I for one moment have forgotten my poor, bleeding, and enslaved country, I could have been almost happy. But my country in chains, and struggling for freedom, was a thought never absent from my mind, and produced a restlessness and impatience scarcely to be endured. Imagine a mother hearing the cries of a child in agony, forcibly withheld from running to its assistance, and you may then imagine my feelings. I sometimes thought that, in a dark dungeon, and chained to the ground, I could have endured confinement with less impatience than in my spacious and lightsome apartment, which wore the semblance and breathed the air of liberty, while I was, in fact, as much enchained as if loaded with fetters. I was not indeed fettered with iron chains, but, what was more intolerable, with the eternal presence of men,—by men on whose sympathies I might have worked, had time allowed me. But this was a contingence, against which my sagacious as well as powerful enemy had securely guarded.

"During the eighteen months I was confined at St. Petersburg, I never, for two hours successively, saw the same face. The guard stationed in my apartment was changed every hour. Compute how many hours there are in eighteen months, and you will know how many strange faces I looked upon during the time of my imprisonment. Never for one moment was I left alone!

"Escape was impossible. After a time this conviction brought with it more composure, and I could read, write, and draw: the latter talent was the source of much amusement, and in the creations of my pencil I found a substitute for those of nature. Yes, the flowers grew under my hand,—the landscape was lit with sunshine and smiled in verdure; and at times I felt emotions of pleasure, similar, if not equal, to those which living flowers and real landscapes could give. And sometimes, too, I would recover the presence of those I loved;—I would trace their features, and draw eyes that seemed to look at me, and lips that seemed to speak.

"Thus did I seek to beguile the weary monotony of my confinement. But more heavy and more weary was each succeeding day, and there were moments when I felt such disgust in life that I was tempted to destroy it; yet, loathing life, I lived; for against hope I hoped.

"One day, awakening from a sleep into which I had fallen, on opening my eyes, I saw a stranger sitting on the foot of my couch, earnestly regarding me. I started up with, I suppose, a look of alarm, for the stranger said to me, 'Be not alarmed; I bring you good tidings—your inexorable enemy is dead. Catharine died this morning;—you are free.'

"'Free!' I exclaimed, 'impossible.'

"'Not impossible,' he answered. 'I am Paul; and I tell you, you are free.'

"After the first emotions of joy and surprise had subsided, the Emperor told me I was at liberty to leave St. Petersburg, and to go to any country I pleased, Poland excepted. He offered me any sum of money I should desire. I declined receiving more than was sufficient to defray my expenses to London, and from thence to America. When he found I would not take the heavy purse he earnestly pressed on me, he took from his shoulders a rich *fur cloak* he wore, and, throwing it over mine—'Wear this for my sake,' said the Emperor."

On leaving this country for Europe, Kosciusko left this cloak with his revered friend, Jefferson.

APPETITE.

APPETITE is a relish bestowed upon the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat; while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like.—*Tin Trumpet.*

READING AND BOOKS.

To have the mind vigorous, you must refresh it, and strengthen it, by a continued contact with the mighty dead who have gone away, but left their imperishable thoughts behind them. We want to have the mind continually expanding, and creating new thoughts, or at least feeding itself upon manly thoughts. The food is to the blood, which circulates through your veins, what reading is to the mind; and the mind that does not *love* to read, may despair of ever doing much in the world of mind which it would affect. You can no more be the "full man" whom Bacon describes, without reading, than you can be vigorous and healthy without any new nourishment. It would be no more reasonable to suppose it, in the expressive and beautiful language of Porter, "than to suppose that the Mississipi might roll on its flood of waters to the ocean, though all its tributary streams were cut off, and it were replenished only by the occasional drops from the clouds." Some will read works of the imagination, or what is called the light literature of the day, while that which embraces solid thought is irksome. The Bishop of Winchester (Hoadley) said that he could never look into Butler's Analogy without having his head ache—a book which Queen Caroline told Mr. Sale, she read every day at breakfast. Young people are apt—and to this students are continually tempted—to read only for amusement. Pope says, that, from fourteen to twenty, he read for amusement alone; from twenty to twenty-seven, for improvement and instruction; that in the former period, he wanted only to *know*, and in the second, endeavoured to *judge*.

The object of reading may be divided into several branches. The student reads for relaxation from more severe studies; he is thus refreshed, and his spirits are revived. He reads for facts in the history and experience of his species, as they lived and acted under different circumstances. From these facts he draws conclusions; his views are enlarged, his judgment corrected, and the experience of former ages, and of all times, becomes his own. He reads, chiefly, probably, for information; to store up knowledge for future use; and he wishes to classify and arrange it, that it may be ready at his call. He reads for the sake of style,—to learn how a strong, nervous, or beautiful writer expresses himself. The spirit of a writer to whom the world has bowed in homage, and the dress in which the spirit stands arrayed, is the object at which he must anxiously look.

It is obvious, then, that, in attaining any of these ends, except, perhaps, that of amusement, *reading should be performed very slowly and deliberately*. You will usually, and, indeed, almost invariably, find that those who read a great multitude of books, have but little knowledge that is of any value. A large library has justly been denominated a learned luxury—not elegance—much less utility. A celebrated French author was laughed at on account of the poverty of his library. "Ah," replied he, "when I want a book, I make it!" Rapid readers generally are very desultory; and a man may read much, and know but very little. "The *helluo librorum* and the true scholar are two very different characters." One who has a deep insight into the nature of man, says that he never felt afraid to meet a man who has a large library. It is the man who has but few books, and who thinks much, whose mind is the best furnished for intellectual operations. It will not be pretended, however, that there are not many exceptions to this remark. But, with a student, in the morning of life, there are no exceptions. If he would improve by his reading, it must be very deliberate. Can a stomach receive any amount or kind of food, hastily thrown into it, and reduce it, and from it extract nourishment for the body? Not for any length of time. Neither can the mind any easier digest that which is rapidly brought before it. Seneca has the same idea in his own simple, beautiful language—"Distrahit animum librorum multitudo;—Fastidientis stomachi multa degustare, quæ ubi varia sunt et diversa, inquinant, non alunt."

It is by no means certain that the ancients had not a great compensation for the fewness of their books, in the thoroughness with which they were compelled to study them. A book must all be copied with the pen, to be owned; and he who transcribed a book for the sake of owning it, would be likely to understand it. Before the art of printing, books were so scarce, that ambassadors were sent from France to Rome, to beg a copy of Cicero de Oratore, and Quintilian's Institutes, &c., because a copy of these works was not to be found in all France. Albert, abbot of Gemblours, with incredible labour and expense, collected a library of one hundred and fifty volumes, including everything; and this was considered a wonder indeed. In 1494, the library of the Bishop of Winchester contained parts of seventeen books on various subjects; and, on his borrowing a Bible from the convent of St. Swithin, he had to give a heavy bond, drawn up with great solemnity, that he would return it uninjured. If any one gave a book to a convent or a monastery, it conferred everlasting salvation upon him, and he offered it upon the altar of God. The convent of Rochester every year pronounced an irrevocable damnation on him who should dare steal or conceal a Latin translation of Aristotle, or even obliterate a title. When a book was purchased, it was an affair of such consequence, that persons of distinction were called together as witnesses. Previous to the year 1300, the library of Oxford consisted only of a few tracts, which were carefully locked up in a small chest, or else chained, lest they should escape; and at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the royal library of France contained only four classics, with a few devotional works. So great was the privilege of owning a book, that one of their books on natural history contained a picture, representing the Deity as resting on the Sabbath, with a book in his hand, in the act of reading! It was probably no better in earlier times. Knowledge was scattered to the four winds, and truth was hidden in a well. Lycurgus and Pythagoras were obliged to travel into Egypt, Persia, and India, in order to understand the doctrine of the metempsychosis. Solon and Plato had to go to Egypt for what they knew. Herodotus and Strabo were obliged to travel to collect their history, and to construct their geography as they travelled. Few men pretended to own a library, and he was accounted truly favoured who owned half a dozen volumes. And yet, with all this scarcity of books, there were in those days scholars who greatly surpassed us. We cannot write poetry like Homer, nor history like Thucydides. We have not the pen which Aristotle and Plato held, nor the eloquence with which Demosthenes thrilled. They surpassed us in painting and in sculpture. Their books were but few. But those were read, as Horace says, *ten* times—"decies repetita placebunt." Their own resources were tasked to the utmost, and he who could not draw from his own fountain, in vain sought for neighbours, from whose wells he could borrow.—*Todd's Student's Manual.*

DR. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, of Boston, in the state of Massachusetts, in America, was born at Salem, in the same state, in 1773. He was removed from school at the age of ten years, to assist his father in his trade as a cooper, and was indebted for all his subsequent acquisitions, including the Latin and some modern languages, and a profound knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, entirely to his own exertions, unaided by any instruction whatever. He became afterwards a clerk to a ship-chandler, where his taste for astronomy first showed itself, and was sufficiently advanced to enable him to master the rules for the calculation of a lunar eclipse; and his subsequent occupation as supercargo in a merchant-vessel sailing from Salem to the East Indies, led naturally to the further development of his early tastes, by the active and assiduous study of those departments of that great and comprehensive science which are most immediately subservient to the purposes of navigation. It was owing to the reputation which he had thus acquired for his great knowledge of nautical astronomy that he was employed by the booksellers to revise several successive editions of Hamilton Moore's Practical Navigator, which he afterwards replaced by an original work on the same subject, remarkable for the clearness and conciseness of its rules, for its numerous and comprehensive tables, (the greatest part of which he had himself re-calculated and re-framed,) and for its perfectly practical character as a manual of navigation. This work, which has been republished in this country, has been for many years almost exclusively used in the United States of America.

Dr. Bowditch, having been early elected a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston, commenced the publication of a series of communications in the Memoirs of that Society, which speedily established his reputation as one of the first astronomers and mathematicians of America, and attracted likewise the favourable notice of men of science in Europe.

During the last twenty years of his life, Dr. Bowditch was employed as the acting president of an Insurance Company at Salem, and latterly also as actuary of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, at Boston: the income which he derived from these employments, and from the savings of former years, enabled him to abandon all other and more absorbing engagements, and to devote his leisure hours entirely to scientific pursuits. In 1815 he began his great work, the translation of the "Mécanique Céleste" of Laplace; the fourth and last volume of which was not quite completed at the time of his death. The

American Academy, over which he presided for many years, at a very early period of the progress of this very extensive and costly undertaking, very liberally offered to defray the expense of printing it; but he preferred to publish it from his own very limited means, and to dedicate it as a splendid and durable monument of his own labours and of the state of science in his own country. He died in March 1838, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, after a life of singular usefulness and most laborious exertion, in the full enjoyment of every honour which his grateful countrymen in every part of America could pay to so distinguished a fellow-citizen.

Dr. Bowditch's translation of the great work of Laplace is a production of much labour, and of no ordinary merit. Every person who is acquainted with the original must be aware of the great number of steps in the demonstrations which are left unsupplied, in many cases comprehending the entire processes which connect the enunciation of the propositions with the conclusions; and the constant reference which is made, both tacit and expressed, to results and principles, both analytical and mechanical, which are coextensive with the entire range of known mathematical science: but, in Dr. Bowditch's very elaborate commentary, every deficient step is supplied,—every suppressed demonstration is introduced,—every reference explained and illustrated; and a work which the labours of an ordinary life could hardly master is rendered accessible to every reader who is acquainted with the principles of the differential and integral calculus, and in possession of even an elementary knowledge of statistical and dynamical principles.

When we consider the circumstances of Dr. Bowditch's early life,—the obstacles which opposed his progress,—the steady perseverance with which he overcame them,—and the courage with which he ventured to expose the mysterious treasures of that sealed book which had hitherto only been approached by those whose way had been cleared for them by a systematic and regular mathematical education, we shall be fully justified in pronouncing him to have been a most remarkable example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and well worthy of the enthusiastic respect and admiration of his countrymen, whose triumphs in the field of practical science have fully equalled, if not surpassed, the noblest works of the ancient world.—*Farewell Address of the Duke of Sussex.*

MRS. BLACKWELL;

AN INSTANCE OF FEMALE GENIUS AND INDUSTRY.

ALEXANDER BLACKWELL was a native of Aberdeen: the date of his birth cannot be positively stated, but may be supposed to have taken place about the year 1700. Having clandestinely married a young woman of his native town, he was obliged to leave the place, and with his wife came up to London; where his first employment was that of corrector of the press to Mr. Wilkins, an eminent printer. He afterwards was enabled to set up as a printer on his own account, in a large house in the Strand; but the fact of his not having served a regular apprenticeship to his business becoming known, an action was brought against him; the unsuccessful defence of which ruined him, and one of his creditors threw him into jail. In this emergency, the genius of his wife prompted the means of assistance. She happened to possess a taste for drawing flowers, and the acknowledged want of a good Herbal at that time (1735) suggested to her the means of exerting her talent in a manner advantageous to herself. She hired a house near the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, in order to be able to procure the necessary flowers and plants in a fresh state, as she had occasion for them; and not only made drawings of the flowers, but also engraved them on copper, and coloured the prints with her own hands. Her husband added the Latin names of the plants, with a short account of their principal characters and uses, chiefly taken, by permission, from Miller's "Botanicum Officinale." The first volume of the work appeared in 1737, in large folio, containing 252 plates, each of which is occupied by one distinct flower or plant. The second volume, completing the number of plates to 500, appeared in 1739. The drawings are in general faithful; the style of the engravings, though hard, is fully on a level with those of the same age; and as a laborious work, executed in the short space of four years by the unassisted industry of one woman, its accomplishment raises our wonder, and our admiration no less of the perseverance and assiduity of the author, than of her genius. Happily these qualities procured her the notice and patronage of many persons of rank and character, and likewise of many scientific men; and, on the completion of the first volume, Mrs. Blackwell was permitted to present a copy of it, in person, to the College of Physicians, who made her a handsome present, and gave a testimonial, under the hands of the president and council of the institution, characterising her work as "most useful," and recommending it to the public. By the profits of her labours she was now enabled to release her husband from his confinement, besides having supported herself during her employment upon the work.

Mr. Blackwell resided for some time at Chelsea with his wife; after which he was employed by the Duke of Chandos, in superintending some agricultural operations at Cannons. At this time he published a work on agriculture, which was productive of great benefit to him; for the Swedish ambassador, having transmitted a copy to his court, was directed to engage the author, if possible, to go to Stockholm. This engagement Blackwell accepted, leaving his wife and child in England for the present, and was received in the kindest manner at the court of Sweden, lodged in the house of the prime minister, and allowed a pension. The King of Sweden happening soon after to be taken dangerously ill, Blackwell was permitted to prescribe for him, and fortunately effected a cure. This caused him to be appointed one of the King's physicians, with the title of doctor, although it does not appear that he ever had taken a degree in medicine. While thus comfortably situated, he sent his wife several sums of money; and she was on the point of sailing to join him at Stockholm, when his prospects were at once ruined, and his life sacrificed. Having been accustomed in England to the free utterance of his sentiments, which were warm in defence of the principles of civil liberty, he was probably not sufficiently guarded in his expressions under an arbitrary monarch; or, perhaps, like all those who have risen rapidly to court favour and opulence, he might have malicious enemies, ready to misconstrue or misinterpret his expressions: as a stranger, a native of another country, this is the more probable. However it may be, he was apprehended on suspicion of being connected with a plot which had been formed by one Count Tessin, for overturning the constitution of the kingdom, and altering the line of succession. The application of torture forced from him an acknowledgment of guilt, which, however, it is difficult to believe in: and this instance adds another to the numerous cases in which fear, agony, or mental alienation, have overcome respect for truth,—perhaps, prevented the victim from recognising it. At any rate, there appears to have been no motive for Blackwell's joining in a conspiracy against his benefactor; and it is scarcely likely that, had he been really implicated, he would, just at this moment, have sent for his wife and child to join him at Stockholm. He was tried before a royal commission, and sentenced to be beheaded; with other aggravations of his punishment, which were not, however, inflicted. In the course of his trial, some imputations were thrown upon the King of Great Britain, which, in conjunction with other circumstances, caused the recal of the British ambassador from Stockholm.

Blackwell was executed July 29, 1747. On the scaffold, he protested his innocence, pointing out, as corroborative of his assertions, the want of all motive for engaging in a plot against the government. Happening to lay his head wrong upon the block, he remarked good-humouredly that, as this was the first experiment, no wonder that he required a little instruction.

The date of Mrs. Blackwell's death is not ascertained: her work was afterwards republished on the Continent.

COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

COMMON-PLACE people are content to walk for life in the rut made by their predecessors, long after it has become so deep that they cannot see to the right or left. This keeps them in ignorance and darkness, but it saves them the trouble of thinking or acting for themselves.—*Tin Trumpet.*

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.

The vast island—or rather continent—of Australia, is, in many respects, one of the most important of British colonial possessions. It stands completely isolated, as it were, both physically and morally. The owners of the soil are few in number, compared with the extent of surface; few obstacles are presented by them to the spread of colonization, while they afford a fair field for an experiment on aborigines, conducted on Christian and rational principles. There is no neighbouring power to watch and control—no mixture of different races of colonists, to create apprehensions of an explosion. The entire country seems freely open to British enterprise and emigration: while, on its eastern, western, and southern coasts, three distinct experiments of colonization, conducted on distinct principles, are in progress. Two of them, New South Wales, and Western Australia, have manifested their characters by their fruit—Southern Australia is only begun.

When emigration to British America and the United States was the "rage," abundance of books of travels and "Emigrants' Guides," appeared; and now that the tide is setting towards Australia, there is no lack of works to stimulate emigrating zeal, or to direct the intending emigrant. We have "South Australia in 1837-8," by Robert Gouger, Esq.; "Six Months in South Australia," by T. H. James, Esq.; the "Land of Promise," by "One who is going;" and a "Hand-Book for Australian Emigrants," by Samuel Butler, Esq., whom, judging from his preface, we may term "one who has gone." This is all right enough. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." One publication may be written in too glowing a style; another, perhaps by a disappointed man, may be cold and depreciating; while a third may be dictated from purely interested motives—an advertisement written large. But surely the truth can be elicited by comparison; and shame would it be, if in this age of rapid communication and abundant publication, any delusion should gain a general hold on the public mind, or that hundreds of emigrants should quit their native shores, to live and die in misery and disappointed hope.

There is one thing which all the Guide-books and Hand-books that can be written, cannot do for a man—to decide for him whether *he himself* is a fit subject for emigration. We read about a fine soil, a mild climate, abundance of land, and capital prospects; and perhaps, somewhat tired or disgusted by temporary circumstances, we fancy we should like to "try our luck" far away from our present annoyances or inconveniences. A man who emigrates in this hap-hazard way *may* succeed: but he is turning emigration into a kind of lottery. He who emigrates in the right spirit, is one who does not start away, from pique, or impatience, or any temporary annoyance, but who coolly calculates and compares his chances and probabilities. Such a man thinks for himself, and for his family too; and if he is determined to *work* as well as *think*, and is able to work, there is every reasonable ground to think that he will succeed, if success is within the range of probability and possibility.

Mr. Butler has produced a very readable "Hand-Book for Australian Emigrants," though he has left an opening for an imputation on his judgment, by the extravagant manner in which he praises the penal colony of New South Wales. His book commences with the following general description of Australia:—

"Australia, or New Holland, is situated in the Pacific Ocean, and forms the largest island in the world. Lying between 9 degrees and 38 degrees of south latitude, and 112 degrees and 153 degrees of east longitude, it forms an extent of land, which, from its geographical position, and its natural productions, abounds in interest both to the philosophical inquirer, and to all who wish to make it the place of their residence. It extends 2000 miles from north to south, and about 2,600 from east to west, cut near its centre by the tropic of Capricorn,—its northern portion is included in the Torrid zone, but all its southern region enjoys the salubrious climate of the Temperate belt.

"It has been divided into three principal parts, discovered at different periods, each possessed of a different history, but all of them having been employed for the purposes of colonization by the over-crowded population of the Old World. It consists of New South Wales, or Eastern Australia, on the east; South Australia, in the centre; and the Swan River settlement, or Western Australia, on the west of its extra-tropical range.

"New Holland was discovered by Don Pedro Fernando de Quiros, a Spanish nobleman, in 1609. He appears to have made the land in the vicinity of Torres Straits, and named it Australia of the Holy Spirit; but it afterwards received the name of New Holland, from the number of Dutch navigators by whom it was visited, and whose voyages, if not earlier made, seem either to have been the earliest recorded, or the most generally made known. The Spanish monarch, at the time, was too much occupied with the splendid acquisitions made to his foreign dominions by the genius of Columbus, to attend to the progress of eastern discovery, and additional portions of this region of the globe were successively made known by the spirit of commercial enterprise, or the good fortune of individuals. The correct and indefatigable Dampier was the first English navigator by whom the coast of New Holland was visited. He received his naval education among the buccaneers of America, and in a cruise against the Spaniards, he doubled Cape Horn, from the east stretched towards the equator, fell in with this continental island, made an accurate survey of its shores, which, on his return to England, he presented to earl Pembroke, and which gained him the patronage of William III.

"But the illustrious Cook was the first who gave the most extensive information, and dispelled many illusions, regarding this extensive region, during his first and his third voyages in 1770 and 1777. Previous to this, the eastern coast was almost entirely unexplored, but by him there was made known the existence of a vast island, almost equal in extent to the whole continent of Europe. Since that time it has engaged much of the attention of the British government and people. Many experiments have been tried, and with varied success, until the tide of public approval has turned so entirely in its favour, that even the wealth and the comforts of home, the length of the voyage, and the distance of the scene, are held as nothing when compared with the health and the independence of Australia.

"Occupying a position considerably nearer to the south of the equator than England is to the north, the climate is consequently both warmer in summer and milder in winter than with us. The most remarkable feature, attested by the report of all who have visited it, is the great uniformity of the temperature throughout almost the whole extent. It is not varied to a high degree even at different seasons of the year, nor liable to sudden transitions from cold to heat. So much is this the case, that invalids from India are now conveyed there instead of being subjected to a tedious voyage to Europe, or a laborious over-land journey to the valleys of the Himmaleh. This peculiarity arises in great measure from the large proportion which sea bears to land in the southern hemisphere; on this account the temperature of places, at the same distance from the different tropics, north and south, is cooler in the latter than in the former; 35° in the one having been found by observation to correspond with 37° and 38° of the other. For eight months in the year the weather is mild and unbroken. The sky is seldom clouded, and although refreshing showers frequently fall, it is subject to none of the periodical rains which deluge the torrid zone. The sun looks down during two-thirds of his annual course in unveiled beauty from the northern heavens, and for the remainder the frost is so slight as but to require the kindling of a fire for the purposes of great warmth, morning and evening; while, in Sydney, snow has been so seldom seen as to have endowed it with the name of white rain.

"While this is the general characteristic, it must only be understood as the average of the whole, not as liable to no exception at any precise period, or at any particular place, which would of itself form one of the strangest exceptions to the economy of nature in every other portion of the earth's surface, that has ever been presented to the observation of man. The heat is greater in the interior than on the sea-coast during summer, and the cold more intense in winter. At Paramatta, the thermometer rises 10° higher in summer, and falls the same number lower in winter, than at Sydney. But this is only at noon in summer, when the coolness of morning and evening again restores the balance; and in winter, the contrast arises from the more than European mildness of the one place, rather than from the excessive cold of the other.

"These statements are made with more immediate reference to New South Wales, although applicable to the whole island. But in South Australia especially, the atmosphere is pure, dry, and elastic; even when the hot winds blow, which come periodically four times every summer, and continue from twenty-four to thirty-six hours at a time, the lungs play freely, and no difficulty is felt in breathing. During their prevalence on one occasion, when, according to Dr. Lang, the thermometer stood at

112½°, and he had to perform Divine service twice, he experienced less inconvenience from the heat than he had often done in a crowded church in Scotland. This is owing to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, which always enables a person to endure a greater degree either of heat or cold, than when it is charged with moisture. In the humid atmosphere of England, such a degree of heat as that alluded to, would have been most oppressive, if not intolerable; and hence arises our exceeding liability to cold and cough, and consumption, which, in an exposure to all weathers, and even to those sleeping uncovered on the ground, are unknown in Australia.

"Being situated at the opposite extremity of the globe, its seasons are nearly the reverse of ours. Our December, January, and February, is summer there, when the atmosphere, however heated, only displays its power in spreading luxuriance over the face of nature, without producing any of its debilitating effects upon the human frame. The heat only requires to be endured for a few hours during the day, to be amply compensated for by the refreshment of the cooling breeze that sets in in the evening. When it is winter there, it is our June, July, and August, which is rather a season of rain than of snow, with some slight symptoms of frost, which speedily disappear before the rays of the rising sun. Its being situated so much further east than England, equally affects the relations of time with regard to day and night, as to summer and winter. The sun rises ten hours later here than it does there; accordingly, when it is six o'clock in the morning here, it is four o'clock in the afternoon with the Australians. Although this is a real difference, it comes upon the emigrant so gradually during the voyage, that its very existence is unperceived, and it leads to no practical tendency in its influence upon the business of life. . .

"The salubrity of the seasons is evidenced by the health of the inhabitants. They are liable to few diseases; and those which do occur, are represented as in every three instances out of four, the result of moral causes. Excess in the use of animal food, and of ardent spirits, are there, as everywhere else, the great gate-way opened by the hand of man for the entrance of disease and death. Temperance, both in eating and drinking, will be found by the emigrant the most effectual means for the preservation of health; while excessive indulgence, especially in the latter, is more likely than even at home to undermine the constitution, and to blast the prospects with more fearful and fatal rapidity."

Such may be termed a general description of the great island of Australia. But as general descriptions convey, after all, very little information of a specific or particular kind, we shall follow this up by giving some information respecting the colonies of Western and Southern Australia.

THE SERRO OF PASCO OR, SILVER MINES OF PERU.*

THE Serro of Pasco is a vast plain stretching a league and a half in width, throughout which, wherever you dig, silver is found almost close to the surface. The face of the country presents a cold and melancholy aspect. Small hills divided from each other by frozen lakes, or little plains scantily covered by yellow-green grass, compose the scene. On the highest and largest of these hills, 4397 metres above the level of the sea, a cluster of houses, constructed of wood and stone, are grouped irregularly around the mines, whose principal entrance is frequently in the very middle of the street. Around the mouths of the shafts, stakes and planks are fixed to prevent the earth from falling in. The ore is carried from the mine into the court-yard of some neighbouring house, through the crowds of passengers and long files of mules and llamas, who carry to the Serro everything that is consumed there—wood, charcoal, bread, even straw for the beasts of burden. This necessity for bringing every article of supply from the coast or the interior, gives a very animated and extraordinary appearance to the streets. Every house is a shop, where French and English cloth, Spanish and Swedish iron, silks from India, China, and Lyons, the wines of Madeira and Bordeaux, strong rum and brandy, English and Chinese earthenware, porcelain from Limoges, ironmongery from North America, accordions, musical snuff-boxes; in short everything necessary for civilised life in this icy climate, and all which can tempt the caprices of rich and vulgar *parvenus*, are to be found. In this town of gamblers, every one is rich in his turn; the poor creole who lives on credit at the next public-house six months of the year, often gains during the other six from 50 to 200 francs a day.

The labourers who work the mines have no fixed pay; at the end of their twelve hours' labour they are permitted to carry away a *capacho* full of the ore which is heaped up at the mouth of the mine, about thirty pounds weight. When the mine is in its ordinary state, that is producing eight or ten marcs of silver per *caxom* (fifty quintals of ore), the workman may reckon on from three to five reals (from half-a-crown to three shillings.) But if the veins that are worked become richer, the capacho will yield him from ten to forty dollars, and this custom has the force of law. The proprietor of the mine could not, if he would, pay the workmen regular wages. They will have their *capacho* of ore, whether it turn out mere stones or pure silver. This mode of payment has given rise to a species of exchange of which I have never met any other example. Every retail shopkeeper is also a manufacturer of silver ingots. The Indian or the creole, at the end of his twelve hours' work, brings his apron full of stones to the public-house. There he drinks brandy, *chica*, eats a *chupé*, chews *coca*, smokes his cigar, and pays for all with bits of stone. In like manner he gets all he wants, clothing, firing, &c. Every shopkeeper, male or female, is consequently obliged to obtain some knowledge of silver ores, which it takes time and a practised eye to acquire. Nothing is more common than to see a fish-woman, seated at the door of her shop, and while superintending the sale of her merchandise, pound up some ore into powder, knead it up with mercury, wash it, melt it, and finally reduce it to the state of a silver ingot.

The population of the Serro of Pasco, varies from 10 to 15,000 souls, according to the increase or decrease of the *boia*, a term used to express the productiveness of the veins of silver. When it is known in the country that the mines of the Serro are in *boia*, the population increases by a third. Creoles, Indians, runaway sailors, bankrupts, knavish pedlers, assassins, all crowd to have their share of the stream of silver, some to labour, and others to prey upon those who work. Every one is at liberty to assume the heavy hammer and the chisel of the miner. All distinction of caste ceases at the beginning of the first gallery: the white who despises the creole, the creole who robs and beats the Indian, the Indian himself, that poor llama of the white men, all become equal and companions. For twelve hours they are occupied in a stooping posture at the bottom of the pits, the galleries of which are not more than three or four feet high: here they work with their legs plunged in mud, formed by the softened gypsum of the rocks. When they have with difficulty worked a hole about six inches deep, they fill it with powder and spring the mine. The thick and sulphurous smoke has no other issue than the narrow entrance of the gallery some hundreds of paces off; and it often remains condensed and almost immoveable for hours, before it slowly rolls away. The fragments of ore are carried away on the back in the capacho, the bearers being often obliged to creep upon their hands and knees. Every twelve hours the workmen are changed and fresh men go into the mine. The difference of night and day is not known there; when the grease in the little lamp, which each miner carries in his cap, begins to fail, the hour of repose is known to be near.

This population, who have laboured side by side all the week, yet without meeting, these two relays of men find themselves united, on Sunday, in the churches and public-houses. Not one fails attendance at mass; but this duty of habit and fear accomplished, they scatter themselves among the different cafés and public-houses of the town, and give themselves up to gaming and debauchery, with all the eagerness of men of strong passions and gross and vulgar minds possessed of riches. They are rich, for who would refuse wine and cards to the man who, although without money to-day, is certain to have whole bags full of dollars as soon as the mine shall be in *boia*? and this may happen at any moment, and then all their debts are honourably paid.

These orgies are frequently interrupted or followed by quarrels, in which the knife is unsparingly used, and here they never use to strike twice; they fear revenge; the murdered man is thrown into one of the mines, always open to receive both dead and living. The abandoned galleries alone are left open, for the mines which are worked are closed every Sunday morning. Profiting by the absence of the miners, who all, both old and young, spend Sunday night in drinking or gaming, the *huaylla-ripas* introduce themselves into the mine. These are robbers of metal, the staple of Peru. The creoles follow this trade, which

* Translated from the French.

is very profitable when the mines are in *boia*. Being themselves workmen, they well know the richest veins. Saturday evening, towards the end of the hours of labour, they select the blocks of ore they intend to carry away at night, and begin to loosen them with the chisel, without separating them entirely. Frequently one of them conceals himself under a heap of rubbish, and at a later hour opens the door for his companions. The activity of these *huayllaripas* is so great, that they have frequently each carried off a *caxon*, weighing fifty quintals, in one night.

The Indians are rarely dangerous *huayllaripas*; for this trade a greater energy is needed, which is only possessed by the whites or creoles. Once entered, if the doors are closed upon them, if the proprietors get information and arrive with their people, the robbers are pursued and hunted from gallery to gallery. If every means of escape are cut off, a terrible fight ensues; the galleries are so low and narrow that they can only fight one to one, and upon their knees. There is no mercy there; the most skilful or most fortunate plunges his knife in the breast of his opponent, and this duel is ended, only to begin another.

M. K. the prefect of the Serro de Pasco, told me that every Monday morning ten or twelve corpses were taken out of the mines, or the little lakes about the town, and nobody could be found to bear witness against the assassins; for almost all the miners have been murderers, or will be so to-morrow. If a murderer has been taken in the fact, and condemned to death, yet he will escape from justice if he can take refuge in a mine, where he cannot be seized, the authority of the magistrate having no power there. This right of asylum is one of the numerous *fueros* granted to the miners as encouragements to labour, at the time when the king of Spain claimed the *quinto*, or fifth part of the net produce of the gold and silver mines. Thus, whilst he was lamenting the disorders of the police in his department, M. K. said he was quite unable to remedy it. In the midst of such an assemblage of people of all nations, it is naturally impossible for social society to exist. The minds of all are too much bent on one idea to permit the entrance of any other. The excitation of wine and play can alone combat the silver-fever which torments them night and day. This atmosphere is so infectious that I have seen French and English merchants, whom I have elsewhere found honest and pacific persons, here so bitten and possessed by this tarantula of silver, that they had not an idea, an exclamation, a smile for aught but silver, silver, silver!

The different mines, to the number of nine hundred and fifty-eight, which have been worked, belong to companies, or rather to associations formed of three, five, or ten individuals who have united their capitals and their industry for the purpose of working such or such a point of the mountain of Pasco. They are, for the most part, Spanish Americans, Peruvians, Chilians, and Buenos Ayrians. A few foreigners, French, English, and North Americans, who are engaged in those works, enter into societies as mechanics, carpenters, or coopers, but are seldom among the managers. As all who are interested in the concern are on the spot, conducting the works themselves, purchasing their quicksilver and workmen's tools; repairing accidental fallings in; cutting canals when a spring rises in the bottom of the mine; in a word, superintending all the necessary operations with the activity and foresight of principals, they gain from ten to fifty per cent, and they laugh at the discredit thrown, in Europe, on the mines of Peru, as they laughed at the exaggerated hopes of fortune entertained respecting these very mines about ten years ago. In 1824, when free trade was proclaimed and strangers were received in the country, European speculators, especially English, indulged the most chimerical ideas: they saw that under the Spaniards, and with their antiquated method, the mines of Peru yielded annually five or six millions of dollars, and they concluded that the progress of chemistry and mechanics would enable them, if the mines were in their hands, to command a return three or four times as large. They formed numerous companies, the Pasco-Peruvian, the Chilian, and Peruvian, and many others, which ran their course in the London share market.

The management of these undertakings was intrusted to ingenious engineers, practised in the modes of European mining. They knew that a flooded mine must be pumped dry by a steam-engine of so many horse power; that large furnaces were necessary to melt the ore; to grind it properly, mills driven by steam, &c. &c. They loaded several vessels with heavy machines which needed such roads as lead to Manchester and Birmingham for their transportation. These vessels arrived at Valparaiso, Coquimbo, Isley, and Callao, and the machines were deposited upon the quays, where they remained, since it was found impossible to convey them into the interior, on the backs of mules.

The companies, who had bought very poor or worn-out mines, at a very high price, persisted in working them according to the European system; the engineers grew disgusted; the companies would make no more advances, without receiving any returns; complaints of deception were heard on all sides, and from that time the mines of Peru have fallen into complete discredit in Europe. This opinion is ill founded, since an ordinary mine well worked yields 50 for 100. The richer mines return even 200 and 300 for 100. The Serro of Pasco sends about three millions of dollars to be coined at Lima every year, without reckoning the silver sold in ingots and smuggled out of the country, which may be estimated at one million of dollars. The capital in circulation is two millions of dollars, effective value, and one million in mercantile bills. Thus a capital of three millions produces an annual return of four millions.

TOMB OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AT INNSPRUCK.

This majestic tomb is placed in the middle of the centre aisle, on a platform approached by two or three steps of red marble. On the top of a marble roof, raised over it, kneels a colossal figure, in bronze, of Maximilian, surrounded by four smaller allegorical figures of the same metal. The sides of the tomb are divided into twenty-four compartments, of the finest Carrara marble, (carefully covered from the light of day, and only opened to the curious on the payment of a fee,) on which are represented the most interesting events of the emperor's warlike and most prosperous career. The exquisite workmanship of these tablets, though certainly less in the style of Michael Angelo than of an artist in silver or ivory, is most admirable; and, taken together with the lofty deeds and royal alliances they record, appear to me the most princely decoration for a tomb that I have seen or heard of. The celebrated monument raised to the memory of the first wife of this illustrious prince, Mary of Burgundy, who, with her father, Charles the Bold, lies buried in St. Mary's Church at Bruges, greatly as the twin tombs are admired, is, compared to this, a toy and a trifle.

Each tablet contributing to the splendid biography which the sculptures exhibit, is in size about two feet four inches, by one foot eight; and every object contained in them is in the most perfect proportion, and for the most part in excellent perspective, while the finish of the heads and draperies in the foreground requires a magnifying-glass to do it justice.

But, marvellous as is the elaborate beauty of this work, it is far from being the most remarkable feature of this imperial mausoleum. Ranged in two long lines, as if to guard it, stand twenty-eight colossal statues in bronze, of whom twenty are kings, and dukes, and noble princes, alliances of the house of Hapsburg, and eight, their stately dames. Anything more impressive than the appearance of these tall dark guardians of the tomb, some clad in regal robes, some cased in armour, and all finished with the greatest skill, it would be difficult to imagine. But to enjoy it to perfection, the church must be empty. When we first entered it, a capuchin monk was preaching to a very crowded audience; and though these sable giants reared themselves above the crowd in such a style that it would require a preacher of no common eloquence to divide attention with them, yet it was only afterwards, when we had the church to ourselves, for the purpose of having the tomb uncovered for us, that they produced their full effect upon the eye and the imagination.

I am conscious that it is a sign of great mental weakness to have a fancy so easily wrought upon; but I declare to you that I almost trembled as I stood before them. Each with most portrait-like individuality of attitude and expression; each solemn, mournful, dignified, and graceful; and all seeming to dilate before your eyes into more than human dimensions, as if framed with miraculous skill to scare intruders, and to be stationed there by some power more than mortal, to keep fitting watch and ward around the mighty dead. They look, believe me, like an eternal procession of mourners, who shall cease not, while earth endures, to gaze on, mourn over, and protect the sacred relics of him who was the glory of their glorious race on earth.

Twenty-three small bronze statue portraits of saints and saintesses, all claiming kindred with the Hapsburg-Austrian line, are placed on high in front of the choir; among which I remarked *Saint Richard, King of England.—Vienna and the Austrians, by Mrs. Trollope.*

DECEMBER MORNING.

The giant shadows, sleeping amid the wan yellow light of the December morning, looked like wrecks and scattered ruins of the long, long night.—*Omniana.*

CUSTOM-HOUSE AT ZANZIBAR.

The custom-house is a low shed, or rather lock-up place, for the ware housing of goods; and connected with it is a wooden cage, in which slaves are confined from the time of their arrival from the coast of Africa until they are sold. A sale of these poor creatures takes place every day at sunset, in the public square, where they are knocked down to the highest bidder. The cage is about twenty feet square, and at one time during our short visit, there were no less than one hundred and fifty slaves, men, women, and children, locked up in it! The number imported yearly is estimated at from six to seven thousand. There is an import duty levied upon them, varying from a half-dollar to four dollars a head, depending upon the port in Africa from which they are brought. Some individuals on the island own as many as two thousand, valued at from three to ten dollars each. They work for their masters five days in the week, the other two are devoted to the cultivation of a portion of ground allotted to them for their own maintenance.—*Ruschenberger's Narrative.*

SIR THOMAS MORE'S FILIAL PIETY.

SIR THOMAS MORE, being Lord Chancellor of England at the same time that his father was a judge of the King's Bench, would always, at his going to Westminster, go first to the King's Bench and ask his blessing before he went to sit as Chancellor.—*Baker's Chron.*

DESIRE OF IMPORTANCE.

The desire to appear important in the eyes of another is an almost universal passion. The great struggle ought to be to direct this desire of importance to proper objects, to found the claim to distinction on superiority which is of genuine dignity or use. And what so high as literary fame, where it is well deserved?—*Sir E. Brydges.*

WARINESS OF THE GULL.

"I have thought it remarkable," says Audubon, "how keenly and aptly Gulls generally discover at once the intentions towards them of individuals of our own species. To the peaceable and industrious fisherman they scarcely pay any regard, whether he drags his heavy net along the shore, or patiently waits until his well-baited hook is gulped below the dancing yet well-anchored bark, over the side of which he leans in constant and anxious expectation. At such a time, indeed, if the fisher has had much success, and his boat displays a good store, gulls will almost assail him like so many beggars, and perhaps receive from him a trifling yet dainty morsel. But, on the opposite side of the bay, see how carefully and suspiciously the same birds are watching every step of the man who, with a long gun held in a trailing position, tries to approach the flock of sleeping widgeons! Why, not one of the gulls will go within three times the range of his murderous engine: and, as if to assure him of their knowledge of his designs, they merely laugh at him from their secure station."

MR. JUSTICE JAMES ALLAN PARK.

The judicial eccentricity of this most worthy man was the theme of much conversation in the legal circles. He was a great stickler for what he called "forensic propriety," and always felt extremely flattered that the Government considered him to be the fittest man to try malefactors. He presided at the trials of Thurtell, Fauntleroy, Corder, and Greenacre. The fact is that he was a pains-taking man, and summed up a case with such extraordinary prolixity, as to lead to the conclusion that he considered the jury mere idiots. From his peculiarities we extract the following:—At Chelmsford Assizes, the under-sheriff thought fit to indulge in a buff-coloured waistcoat. His Lordship eyed him for some time with an angry scowl; at length he could not abstain from "forensic propriety." "Really, sir, I must beg of you to take off that straw-coloured waistcoat. I cannot sit here, sir, and behold that waistcoat any longer." The sub-sheriff, of course, did as he was bidden. Upon one occasion, a prosecutor appeared before him, to give evidence, who had mustachios. "What are you, sir?" said the judge. "A schoolmaster, my lord," was the reply. "A schoolmaster, sir! How dare you come before me with those hairy appendages? Stand down, sir, I shall not allow you your expenses." Upon another occasion a dog barked in court. "Mr. Under Sheriff, pray, turn that dog out; it is monstrous for a dog to be barking at his Majesty's Judge of Assize." The under sheriff commenced serving an ejectment upon what he considered the canine sinner. "Oh, dear no, sir," said the Learned Judge! "I did not mean to turn out that dog, sir: I have noticed that dog for the last three hours, and it is quite impossible for any dog to behave better: 'tis not that dog, sir." At the Winchester assizes, when Mr. Commissioner Williams was at the bar, that gentleman was leader for the plaintiff in an important case of trespass: he rose to open a very well-digested speech, but was stopped in the very threshold of his exordium by the worthy Judge, who said—"I really cannot permit it, Brother Williams; I must maintain the forensic dignity of the bar." The advocate looked unutterable things at his Lordship, and said—"I do not understand you, my Lord." "Oh, yes, you do; you have a most extraordinary *wig* on; a very extraordinary wig indeed—really I can't permit it. You must change your wig. Such a wig as that is no part of the costume of this bar, as recognised by the jurisprudence of this highly-favoured country."

THE EYE

Martin Luther had such a lion-like vivacity of the eye, that all men were not able to look directly upon him. It is said that there was one sent, who under the pretence of private conference with him should pistol him; but he was courteously received by him, and so confounded by the vigour of his eyes that he left him unhurt.—*Zuing. Theatr.*

THE "GREAT FATHER" OF THE INDIANS.

The Indians of the United States always give the title of "great father" to the President. This, however, is diplomatic. It is well known that they have a trick of nick-naming the whites, as they do each other, on more primitive principles. Thus, a late delegation, in allusion to the sandy complexion of Mr. Van Buren, have always spoken of him, it is said, as the "*Red Fox.*" The opposition party insist on it they mean more than his beard by this; we cannot, of course, decide, where doctors disagree.—*Athenæum.*

ECONOMY.

Economy is not the "penny wise and pound foolish" policy which some suppose it to be. It is the art of calculation joined to the habit of order, and the power of proportioning our wishes to the means of gratifying them.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT A BRIDGE.

The Persian Princes, when in England, were taken to a military show on the Medway, to witness the operation of throwing pontoon-bridges, and the crossing of a body of troops with remarkable rapidity. "*Ham-een ust? een che cheezee ust?*—Is this all? is this what it amounts to?" was the remark of the elder, when the movement was completed. * * "*Eh! cheezee pooch ust,*—it is a paltry affair," echoed Timour; "we can do at least as well as that in Persia."—"Can you?" said I; "as how, prince?"—"Why," replied he, "when we have to cross a river with an army, all we do is to kill a thousand sheep or goats, blow up their skins, form them into rafts, covered with branches of trees and earth, and, *Bismillah!* over we go."

THE RESTORATION

was a mad roaring time, full of extravagance; and no wonder it was so, when the men of affairs were almost perpetually drunk.—*Burnet.*

THUNDER.

The rolling of thunder is produced by the reverberation among the clouds. Arago and others, when making some experiments on the velocity of sound, observed that the explosion of their guns produced a single and sharp sound when the sky was perfectly clear; but when encumbered with clouds, they were attended with a long continued roll that mimicked thunder.—"*The Earth.*"

DELIGHTS OF ROYALTY.

Of all the descendants of Antigonus, Philip was the only prince who put his son to death, whereas, in the families of other kings, nothing is more common than the murders of sons, and mothers, and wives. As for the killing of brothers like a postulate in geometry, it was considered as indisputably necessary to the safety of the reigning prince.—*Plutarch*

NEWCASTLE SATIRE ON A CONCEITED COLLIER.

My nyem it's Billy Oliver,
Iv Benwell town aw dwell;
An' aw's a cliver chep, aw's shure,
Tho' aw do say't mysel'.
Sic an a cliver chep am aw, am aw, am aw,
Sic an a cliver chep am aw.

There's not a lad iv a' wur wark
Can put or hew wi' me;
Nor not a lad iv Benwell toon
Can coax the lasses see,
Sic an a cliver chep am aw.

When aw gans tiv Newcassel toon,
Aw mycks mysel' sae fine;
Wur neybors stand and stare at me,
An' say, "Eh! what a shine!"
Sic an a cliver chep am aw

An' then aw walks wi' sic an air,
That, if the folks hev eyes,
They a'wis think it's sum great man,
That's cum in i' disguise.
Sic an a cliver chep am aw.

THE EMPEROR SEVERUS.

The Emperor Severus, after many wars, growing old, and upon the point of death, called for an urn, in which (after the ancient manner) the ashes of their burnt bodies were to be bestowed; and, after he had long looked upon it, and held it in his hands, he uttered these words: "Thou," said he, "shalt contain that man whom all the world was too narrow to confine."

"Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula."

"'Tis only death that tells
How small he is that swells."

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WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

HIGHGATE AND HORNSEY.

> "Before the good folk of this kingdom be undone,
> Shall Highgate Hill stand in the middle of London."
>
> *Old Prophecy.*

THE neighbourhood of London does not afford scenery of a remarkable character. We have neither mountains nor minerals; no "craggy rocks, deep dells, narrow ravines, and tumbling torrents;" the country around is not kept in a volcanic-looking state by the smelting of iron ore, neither is the smoke of London produced from coal raised in its vicinity. Our highest country attractions—scenes that may be visited in occasional short excursions from the metropolis—are no more than "gently-rising hills and bending vales." But some of these are very pleasant, and much of quiet enjoyment is to be obtained from a ramble now and then amongst them. There is much, too, of extrinsic interest attached to places, from their vicinity to London and connexion with the memories of celebrated men. A few papers, therefore, employed in pointing out, in an unpretending manner, the more obvious of such things as might interest a pedestrian in occasional walks, may not be without their use.

We shall select at present Highgate and Hornsey. Hampstead, which might be associated with Highgate, must be visited again.

The main road to Highgate from London is the "great north road," passing through Islington. Forty years ago, the Rev. Daniel Lysons, in his "Environs of London," wrote—"Islington is situated about a mile to the north of London, on the road to Barnet." If by London we understand the "City," then we still say that Islington is a mile north-west from it, or a mile north of Fleet-street But it is London all the way to Islington, and Islington is part of London—one of the many parts that make up the great whole. The ground on which it lies rises considerably above the level of the city; and it has been famed from an ancient date for its milk and its air. The parish is large, being "three miles one furlong in breadth, ten miles and a half in circumference, and containing three thousand acres of land." Its fields are rapidly filling up with houses, and it has now a population which would make a large town anywhere else. But we must not tarry in Islington, for it would require a longer description than can at present be given.

The main road keeps right through Islington and Holloway:—the latter, in fact, is the name given to the houses on either side of the spacious road from Holloway toll-bar to the foot of Highgate hill. The road has the appearance of a continuous street up to the toll-bar; but from thence the shops begin to disappear,—the road is more country-like, and many of the houses occupied by people in the middling ranks of life are inscribed as "cottages," or at least have the appearance of villas in miniature. At some distance before us the steeple of Highgate church peeps out among trees. Though this is one of the great outlets of the metropolis, there is no extraordinary bustle; a carriage or a gig, a stage-coach or omnibus, may roll past now and then, but they arrest without distracting the attention. Near Upper Holloway church—a large new structure, which skirts the road,—the ground begins to ascend, and by and by we are at the foot of Highgate-hill, where two roads claim our notice.

Norden, a topographical writer, whose account of Middlesex was published in 1593, (it was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and the title-page sets forth that the book was accomplished "by the travaile and view of John Norden,") tells us how Highgate received its name. The old road to Barnet, he says, passed the hill on the east; but being "refused of wayfaring men and carriers, by reason of the deepnes and dirtie passage in the winter season," it was agreed between the country and the Bishop of London that "a newe waie should be layde forthe through the sayde bishop's park," over the hill. And over this hill lay the road for several centuries. A sore tug it must have been for coaches, waggons, and carts; for, though the hills of Middlesex are not very high, Highgate-hill is one of the highest, being about 450 feet above the level of the Thames,—the road from Holloway over it rose in half a mile 240 feet. But the publicans of the olden time, whose houses fronted the main street of Highgate, were thankful for the hill: horses had to be breathed after their toilsome ascent, and coachmen and waggoners were nothing loath to rest their horses and refresh themselves. In 1809—fifty years after various plans had been suggested to get rid of the hill in the road,—a project was submitted to Parliament for that purpose, but it was rejected, owing to a successful opposition. In 1810, however, a bill was passed for making a tunnel through the hill. After the work had proceeded some time, the tunnel fell in on the morning of the 31st of October, 1812: the project was then converted into an open cutting, the bridge or arch thrown over it serving as a road from Highgate on the top of the hill to Hornsey. In a somewhat absurd publication of the year 1812, a Highgate publican, who views the innovation with no favourable eye, is made to exclaim:

> "Round Highgate hill
> An envious vale steals winding to the right:
> Thither, in evil hour, with pickaxe, hod,
> Brick, mortar, trowel, spade, and wheelbarrow,
> A gang of sappers grope their miry way!"

The new road running under the arch, after clearing the hill, joins the main road again. Besides avoiding the ascent and descent, it saves about a hundred yards, which, to mail and stage coaches, running to exact minute-time, is a consideration.

A few paces up the old or Highgate-hill road, there is a stone, like a large milestone, set up on the edge of the footpath. This, the inscription on it informs us, is "WHITTINGTON'S STONE." It records the years when Sir Richard Whittington was sheriff and "thrice lord mayor of London," at the end of the fourteenth and early part of the fifteenth centuries. According to the popular story, it was here that, when a youth, and running away from his employment, he sat down to rest, and perhaps to look back and reconsider what he was about; and his better feelings and young ambition were roused by the fancy that the distant chimes of Bow bells conveyed the sound of "Turn again, Whittington, lord mayor of London!" In the "Gentleman's Magazine" it is mentioned that, from an early period to the year 17[illegible]

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surrounded by a pavement; but that in that year a needy or greedy parish officer carried off all for his own use. Since then, the present stone has been erected.

Whittington was doubtless one of that class of steady, energetic-minded men, who, other things being favourable, are the architects of their own fortunes. It is difficult to say how a *cat* became connected with him, as the cause of his first success in life. The story is, however, a very old one. Whatever way he acquired his wealth, though he was comparatively poor and became rich, he was no niggardly soul; his charities were large. Let us step aside for a little into the Archway Road, to look at the new and beautiful range of almshouses which perpetuate his memory, and have been so appropriately placed here.

The Mercer's Company (Whittington was a mercer) are the patrons of this charity. They have in their possession the original ordinances made by Whittington's executors for founding a college and almshouses. On the first page of these ordinances is an illumination representing Whittington on his deathbed, (a copy of it is in the fourth volume of Malcolm's "London,") surrounded by his executors, physician, and the "pouere folk," the first inmates of his charity. Whittington is represented as almost a skeleton, meagre and attenuated. The college and almshouses were erected in the city, in a narrow street which still bears the name of College-hill. The college was suppressed by Edward VI., but the almshouses remained; a few years ago the old building in the city was removed, and the site occupied by the Mercers' school, and the present buildings were erected here. In order to examine them, we need not go within the Archway Road toll-gate, as there is an intimation on it that "each foot-passenger must pay one penny for each time of passing." We can enter by this iron gateway, just outside the toll-bar. Is not the inspection of this elegant range of almshouses worth all the delay? The building forms a centre, with two projecting wings; or, it will be better to say, it constitutes three sides of a quadrangle, open to the road, and fenced off from it by a handsome iron railing. In the centre is a little chapel, in the pointed style of architecture. The ground in front, up to the railing, is tastefully laid out, and planted with shrubbery; amongst which, in front of the chapel, is a statue of Whittington. Altogether, these almshouses have an exceedingly sweet and pleasant effect; and we are tempted to exclaim—Here is a man whose story, however absurd it may be, has afforded delight to thousands of youth, and whose bounty has cheered, and will cheer, the old age of hundreds!

The embankment of the Archway Road, and the brick-fields in our neighbourhood, remind us of "London clay." The substratum of Middlesex, and a great portion of some of the adjoining counties, is a blue and blackish clay, lying in some places to a great depth, and covered here and there with red clay and gravel—"This clay varies very considerably in thickness. Thus, one mile east of London it is only 77 feet deep; at a well in St. James's-street, 235 feet; at Wimbledon, in Surrey, it was not pierced through at 530 feet; and at High Beech, 700 feet." In cutting the Archway Road, various fossil remains were found embedded—teeth of fish, shells, &c.

Clay is an essential ingredient of good soil, and is frequently taken to feed light sandy soil, but, in such a moist country as Britain it is apt to be heavy, and requires good under-drainage to keep it in profitable working condition. There is an old rhyme, that

> "When the sand doth feed the clay,
> It is oft England well a day!
> But when the clay doth feed the sand,
> Oh, then, hurrah for old England!"

Let us now turn out of the Archway Road, and go up the hill, bestowing another look on "Whittington's stone" as we pass.—The new cemetery at Highgate will be noticed along with the other London cemeteries.

Highgate, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was just such an aristocratic village as Wimbledon in Surrey is now. It is reckoned about four miles and a half from St. Paul's; and being a convenient distance from London, and having a considerable reputation as a healthy place of abode, many of the illustrious men of England—men remarkable for their talents, character, and position in society,—had houses here. "Upon this hill," says old Norden, "is most pleasant dwelling, yet not so pleasant as healthful: for the expert inhabitants there report that divers who have been long visited with sicknesse not curable by physicke, have in a short time repayred their healthe by that sweete salutarie aire." He only singles out one person as residing here: "Cornwalleys, esquire," (he does not give the Christian name,) who, he says, "hath a verie faire house, from which he may with great delight behold the statelie Citie of London, Westminster, Greenwyche, the famous river of Thamys, and the countrie towards the southe, verie farre." Lysons supposes this Cornwallis to have been a son of Sir Thomas Cornwallis, a man of eminence in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary. The son led a retired life at Highgate during the reign of Elizabeth.

Bacon died at Highgate, on the 9th of April, 1626, at the age of sixty-six. His death took place at the house of the Earl of Arundel, whose taste for the fine arts led him to collect what are known and kept at Oxford as the Arundelian Marbles. The far-searching spirit of Bacon enabled him to foresee, and to console himself with the reflection, that after-times would do some justice to his intellect and general character: but, conscious of that moral obliquity which had led him into judicial unrighteousness, and to stain his hands with bribery, he says, in his will, "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my own countrymen *after some time be passed over.*" Affecting as is the connection of his guilt with the history of such a man, it is so far satisfactory to reflect that he stands a signal example of the danger of polluting the judgment-seat in such a country as Britain.

Space would fail us if we were to indicate the names and characters of the more remarkable personages who have lived, or who have died, at Highgate. Among the houses, there is one which was inhabited by, and still bears the name of, the notorious Duke of Lauderdale, who was one of the members of the Cabal in the reign of Charles II., and the initial letter of whose title is one of the letters of that then-coined word: "A bad statesman and a wicked man." It was from Highgate that the unhappy Arabella Stuart made her escape, in male attire, from the house of Mr. Conyers, previous to her being again seized, to end her days in the Tower, a wretched idiot. Not to give a mere list of names, we may mention three individuals remarkably contrasted in their characters and history, who resided at Highgate:—the stern, vigilant, able, morose son-in-law of Cromwell, Henry Ireton, who died at Limerick while he was lord-deputy of Ireland; Sir Richard Baker, the author of the Chronicle of England,—a lively gossip, the greater part of whose life was, however, spent in the Fleet prison, or within its rules; and Doctor Sacheverell, a man whose name is now known only to the reader of history, though he was once the cause of setting the nation in a flame.

Though Highgate is not at all a decayed village, yet it has an elderly, grave, and even careless look. It does not seem to rest its pretensions to consideration on outward appearance. But serving-men, idling about in stable dress, or passing to and fro in livery, let us know that many of its old brick mansions, if not inhabited by the Arundels or the Percys, are still tenanted by people well to do in the world. And doubtless, too, the bakers and the butchers,

the tinmen and the chemists, whose shops front the main street, can afford to tell us that the mail and stage coaches no longer passing through the village is "no loss."

We must go into one of those public-houses to rest, and refresh a little: will the landlord bring out the horns, and administer the oath? This silly custom belonged to a boisterous age, when a laugh was more valued for itself, than for the cause of laughter. A pair of horns used to be kept in each public-house, upon which the stranger, on his first visit to Highgate, was sworn "not to eat brown bread when he could get white, *unless* he liked the other better," and so on, through a number of similar absurdities. Lysons, writing in 1795, says, the custom, the origin of which he did not know, was almost extinct—it exists only in recollection now.

Instead of going round by Hampstead, we will go northwards, crossing the road by the Archway, from near the top of Highgate-hill.

There is a very fine view to be obtained from the top of the bridge or arch; the road below looks like a deep ravine; one side exhibits a varied and undulating country, the other London, "mighty London,"—the dome of St. Paul's, and the numerous spires, appearing more or less distinct, as the smoke and vapour, illuminated by the rays of the sun, are disturbed by the action of the wind.

Advancing a little way on the road, we may either turn downwards towards Holloway and Islington, or continue onwards to Hornsey. The day is not far spent, so we will go onwards. It is six miles from the Royal Exchange to Hornsey, according to the omnibus men. Our walk takes us through Crouch End—a small kind of scattered village, and after walking some time we arrive in sight of Hornsey church, churchyard, and village. They lie in a little kind of dell, and have rather a picturesque appearance. You can strike off the road, through the fields, near a new building appropriated as a girls' school. The church has been lately nearly all rebuilt, and is a conspicuous object among the houses which cluster round it.

Hornsey Park is known in history as the place where the Duke of Gloucester, and the Earls of Warwick, Arundel, and others, met to oppose Richard II. in 1386. It was here also that young Edward V., after his father's death, was met by the Lord Mayor of London and five hundred citizens, and escorted into the city, a short time previous to his disappearance under the guardianship of his uncle Richard III. A similar procession met Richard's dethroner, Henry VII. out here, on his return from an expedition into Scotland.

But to return home. There is a narrow lane just opposite the girls' school, and by going down this, and crossing two or three stiles, we shall have a delightful homeward walk. The fields which we cross, lie down the slope of a "gentle hill," and up another; and as we ascend, a fine view spreads out before the eye. From the stile at the top of the hill, turning our back to London (which, by the way, a genuine Londoner is very loath to do,) a richly-cultivated country lies before us, dotted over with villas and villages; on the left is Highgate, with a series of little hills spreading out from it, on the right a rich and extensive plain, through which flows the river Lea, forming a boundary between Middlesex and Essex, and for some distance nearly parallel with it, is conducted the canal called the New River, planned by Sir Hugh Middleton for supplying the inhabitants of London with water. Looking towards London, the "great metropolis" seems a shadowy and indistinct thing, as if the clouds which hang over it were willing to hide all its vice and misery, and to leave us at liberty to think only of its greatness and its grandeur.

We now descend upon Hornsey-wood House, a tavern and tea-garden. "Fitzstephen incidentally mentions that in his time a vast forest was on the north side of London, which abounded with all the large animals of the chase, among which were wild boars. Probably the thicket now called Hornsey-wood formed part of this 'vast forest,' the frequenters of which, instead of valorous hunters, are now tea-drinking and pic-nic parties of citizens!"

Continuing our walk through the fields, we begin to ascend again, and pass through Highbury, an eminence immediately north of Islington, which is covered over with rows of houses, some of them excellent, and chiefly inhabited by people of moderate income, whose business requires a residence in the vicinity of London. From thence, through Islington, we may return to what the late Mr. Cobbett unsparingly abused as the "Wen"—which. with all its defects, is the healthiest large city in the world, and where a sober and industrious man may enjoy much that renders life a pleasurable existence.

PEARL FISHERY ON THE COAST OF CEYLON.

"The crew of a boat consists of a Tindal or master, ten divers, and thirteen other men, who manage the boat and attend the divers when fishing. Each boat has five diving-stones (the ten divers relieving each other); five divers are constantly at work during the hours of fishing. The weight of the diving-stone varies from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, according to the size of the diver; some stout men find it necessary to have from four to eight pounds of stone in a waist-belt, to enable them to keep at the bottom of the sea, to fill their net with oysters. The form of a diving-stone resembles the cone of a pine; it is suspended by a double cord.

"The net is of coir-rope yarns, eighteen inches deep, fastened to a hoop eighteen inches wide, fairly slung to a single cord. On preparing to commence fishing, the diver divests himself of all his clothes, except a small piece of cloth; after offering up his devotions, he plunges into the sea and swims to his diving-stone, which his attendants have slung over the side of the boat; he places his right foot or toes between the double cord on the diving-stone—the bight of the cord being passed over a stick projecting from the side of the boat; by grasping all parts of the rope he is enabled to support himself and the stone, and raise or lower the latter for his own convenience while he remains at the surface; he then puts his left foot on the hoop of the net and presses it against the diving-stone, retaining the cord in his hand. The attendants take care that the cords are clear for running out of the boat.

"The diver being thus prepared, he raises his body as much as he is able; drawing a full breath, he presses his nostrils between his thumb and finger, slips his hold of the bight of the diving-stone, and descends as rapidly as the stone will sink him. On reaching the bottom he abandons the stone, which is hauled up by the attendants ready to take him down again, clings to the ground, and commences filling his net. To accomplish this, he will sometimes creep over a space of eight or ten fathoms, and remain under water a minute; when he wishes to ascend he checks the cord of the net, which is instantly felt by the attendants, who commence pulling up as fast as they are able. The diver remains with the net until it is so far clear of the bottom as to be in no danger of upsetting, and then begins to haul himself up by the cord, hand over hand, which the attendants are likewise pulling. When by these means his body has acquired an impetus upwards, he forsakes the cord, places his hands to his thighs, rapidly ascends to the surface, swims to his diving-stone, and by the time the contents of his net have been emptied into the boat he is ready to go down again. One diver will take up in a day from 1000 to 4000 oysters. They seldom exceed a minute under water; the more common time is from fifty-three to fifty-seven seconds, but when requested to remain as long as possible, they can prolong their stay to something more than eighty seconds. They are warned to ascend by a singing noise in the ears, and finally by a sensation similar to hiccups."

DIFFERENT INTERPRETATIONS OF THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

THOSE geologists who consider that the six days of creation mean precisely what we commonly understand by the word "day"—that is, six revolutions of the earth, each comprised in twenty-four hours—refer all the great changes which have happened upon the earth before it was arranged for the habitation of man, to the *time* which is supposed to have elapsed in the space between the first and second verses of the first chapter of Genesis. That is to say, the first verse, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," is (as was stated in a previous article) a simple announcement of the great fact, that God *did* create the heavens and the earth at *some* period; and then that the second verse—"And the earth was without form and void"—indicates that the earth had been in existence, and had undergone some derangement, previous to the commencement of that process which fitted it for the reception of the human race.

But those who regard the six days of creation as signifying periods of *indefinite* length, look upon the first chapter of Genesis as an authorised and divinely inspired geological history, told in brief and simple language, yet recording accurately the great events which geology teaches occurred on the earth during the ages that preceded the appearance of man. They therefore interpret the second verse of the first chapter as indicating the early state of our world, when it was covered with a dark abyss of waters, in which neither vegetable nor animal life could exist. They then go through the other verses of the chapter, and contend that the descriptions given harmonise with the great *periods* of time which geological investigation has discovered. "Dry land" appears; the vegetable kingdom is formed; "the waters bring forth abundantly;" "great whales" are created; and this, it is stated, is an erroneous translation, and should be rendered "great reptiles," thus corresponding with that period when "reptiles were lords of creation," and moved their enormous lengths through the waters or on the shores of the ancient world. Afterwards, "the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind," appear, and so on to the creation of man.

The notion that the six days of creation are periods of indefinite length, can be supported by plausible and ingenious hypothetical arguments. There are, however, some serious objections to this interpretation. As we have no opinion which we can presume to advocate, (considering our knowledge of the harmony of Scripture and geology to be yet in a progressive state,) we shall present the opposite interpretations in the words of two eminent men, who, however they may differ, agree in profound respect for the Scriptures.

Professor Silliman says, that he is aware, "from much communication with biblical critics and divines, how tenacious they are of the common acceptation of the word 'day.' On points of biblical criticism we have no right to speak with great confidence. But we may be permitted to remark, that from the best consideration we have been able to give the subject, aided by the light afforded both by criticism and geology, it does not appear necessary to limit the word 'day' in this account, to the period of twenty-four hours.

"1. This word could have no definite application, before the present measure of a day and night was established by the instituted revolution of the earth on its axis, *before an illuminated sun*, and this did not happen until the fourth day.

"2. The word 'day' is used, even in this short history, in three senses,—for light as distinct from darkness,—for the light and darkness of a single terrestrial revolution, or a natural day,—and finally for time at large.

"3. In the latter case then, the account itself uses the word 'day' in the sense in which geology would choose to adopt it, that is, for time or a period of time.

"In the recapitulatory view of the creation in the beginning of the second chapter of Genesis,—allusion is made to the whole work in the expression '*in the day* that the Lord God made the heavens and the earth.'

"4. If the canons of criticism require that one sense of the word 'day' should be adopted and preserved throughout the whole account, how are we to understand this verse: 'These are the generations of the heavens and the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the heavens and the earth?' Which of the three senses shall we adopt? If the last, then the whole work was performed not in six days, but in one day—of twenty-four hours, in the popular sense;—in a sufficient period of time, according to the geological view. The canons of criticism were made by man, and may be erroneous, or at least they may be erroneously applied; the world was made by God, and if the history in question were dictated by him, it cannot be inconsistent with the facts. Why, then, should we not prefer that sense of the word used in the history itself, which is in harmony with the structure of the globe? It is said, indeed, that the account in the second chapter of Genesis is a different one from that in the first. With this the geologist can have no concern; since he finds both adopted in a connected history, he receives them as one.

"It is agreed on all hands, that the word here used for day, is that which, in the Hebrew, usually signified a period of twenty-four hours, and the addition of morning and evening is supposed to render it certain that this is the real sense, and the only sense that is admissible, especially as this view is supported by the peculiar genius of the Hebrew language.

"But, we would ask, is it unusual to preserve this allusion to morning and evening, when the word day is used for time? We speak, for instance, of the life of a man *as his day;* and in the same sense, and in harmony with this rhetorical figure, we speak of the morning and evening of life.

"In all ages, countries, and languages, this use of the word 'day' is fully sanctioned, and it is frequently used in the Scriptures in the same sense.* Indeed it might not be too much to suppose that the arrangement by which the sun was to measure time, was not completed until the evening of the fourth day, and then our difficulties will be confined to one day, namely the fifth. The first three days, obviously, could not have had the present measure of time applied to them; and the work of arranging the crust of the planet was so far finished by the evening of the fifth day, as to fit it for the reception of terrestrial quadrupeds, which first appeared on the sixth day, and finally, man was created, as would appear, at the conclusion of the same day; of course, the great geological revolutions, *beneath the bed of the ancient ocean*, must have been so far finished that the continents had emerged, and thus dry land was provided, both for terrestrial quadrupeds and for man, neither of which could, before this period, have existed on the earth.

"Supposing that there are inhabitants at the poles of the earth, how might they understand the days of the creation? To them a day of light is six months long, and a night of darkness six months long; and the day, made up of night and day, covers a year, and it is a day too, *limited by morning and evening.*

"Such persons, therefore, must suppose, upon the popular understanding of the days of the creation, that at least six years were employed on the work. So, at the polar circles, there is, every year, one day,—that is, one continued vision of the sun for twenty-four hours, and one continued night of twenty-four hours; while, everywhere within the polar circles, the days and nights respectively are for six months, more than twenty-four hours, extending even as we advance towards the poles, through the time of many of our days and nights. How are these people to understand the week of the creation, if limited to the popular view entertained in countries between the polar circles?

"It is objected, that as the Sabbath is a common day, and that as it is mentioned in the fourth commandment, and in other parts of the Scriptures, in connexion with the other six days, they ought to be limited to the same time.

"We cannot see that this consequence follows. The Sabbath is a moral enactment; all that precedes was physical, relating merely to the creation and arrangement of matter, and to irrational organized beings; the Sabbath could have no relation to rocks and waters; it was ordained for man as a rational being, and in mercy as a day of rest to the animal races that were to labour for him: it was a new dispensation, and although the same word is applied both to this period and to those that preceded, it does not appear to follow that they are necessarily of the same length. The first three days that preceded the establishment of the relation between the sun and the earth, could have no measure of time in common with our present experience, and it appears to be no unwarrantable liberty to suppose that they may have been of any

"* *Luke* xvii. 24.—So also shall the son of man be in his *day*.

"*John* viii. 56.—Your father, Abraham, rejoiced to see my *day*: and he saw it and was glad.

"2 *Peter* iii. 8.—One *day* is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one *day*.

"*Genesis* ii. 4.—These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the *day* that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.

"*Job* xiv. 6.—Turn from him that he may rest, till he shall accomplish as an hireling his *day*.

"*Job* xviii. 20.—They that come after him shall be astonished at his *day*, as they that went before were affrighted, (speaking of the life of the wicked)

length which the subject matter may require, although those three days were also verbally limited by morning and evening, and that at a period of the creation when there could have been no morning and evening, in the sense in which those words are now used.

"The revolution of the earth on its axis in presence of an illuminated sun, was necessary to constitute morning and evening, and it must revolve with the same degree of rapidity as now, in order to have constituted such a natural day, with its morning and evening, as we at present enjoy? But the sun was not ordained to rule the day until the fourth of those periods, and it is not certain that the early revolutions of the earth on its axis were as rapid as now. May we not therefore suppose that the historian, as he must employ some term for his divisions of time, adopted one that he found in familiar use, but that it is not necessarily restricted to the common acceptation of the word?"

The opposite view to this, namely, that the six days of creation are actually six natural days, is thus explained by Dr. Pye Smith.

"We have then six 'days,' which I conceive there is good reason to regard as six natural days, six rotations of our globe upon its axis, each accomplished in about twenty-four hours. The globe is represented to us covered with 'darkness,' as a vast mass, the surface probably all water, and with it mingled earthy matter, so that it might be called an ocean of mud, and the atmosphere so turbid as to be quite dark, had there been any there to have witnessed it. And God produced 'light.' This (as the following operations) is expressed to us in the simple language of antiquity, attributing to the infinite Being the utterance of vocal expression: 'God said, Be light, and light was.' Nothing can be more beautiful, nothing more energetic, nothing more touching, especially in that state of society to which the Scriptures were addressed, when men would not have understood the dry philosophical style, which men in modern times have adopted. We then find reference made to 'the firmament'—the atmosphere in which watery vapours float. We next find reference made to the separation of land from water; 'the dry land' is commanded to 'appear;' it was upheaved by those internal forces, the reality of which the whole history of the globe attests. We then have the divine power creating vegetable nature. And after that, we read of the bringing forth of the luminaries of heaven. Now this has created a difficulty in the minds of many. 'God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night, and let them be for signs and for seasons, for days and for years, and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth; and it was so. And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also.' Now can we fail here to perceive the condescending language which God was pleased to direct his servants to use, to meet the apprehensions of the bulk of mankind? It is impossible not to perceive, that this is the language suited to the conceptions of the early ages of man. For the sun is put, with the strictest propriety, as the greater luminary, but the moon is made the next in magnitude; whereas we know that the moon is the smallest of all the planets belonging to the solar system, excepting those of very recent discovery; and then, of the planets, three of which are amazingly greater by hundreds of hundreds of times than this earth, no mention at all is made; they are only included in the general affirmation—'the stars also.' Now men in early times conceived the stars in the third degree of beauty and magnitude and importance. I mention this, as a proof that it is condescending language, meeting the simplicity of the early apprehensions of mankind The true meaning, I apprehend, is this—that now the atmosphere was so far clear, that, on the side of the earth next to the sun, he was seen shining brightly in the blue sky, and in the opposite hemisphere the moon and the other heavenly bodies would have been seen penetrating the darkness.

"And thus I could travel over the successive six days, and show, that, in those six days, Almighty power, wisdom, and goodness, put forth its direct agency, where necessary, but, where not necessary, what are usually called the laws of nature, namely, the attraction of gravitation and that of chemical affinities, were allowed, I may say, or made to exercise themselves; and the result was what is described—the creation of animated beings in their respective elements, and of man to be the superior and sovereign of them all."

Such of our readers as have perused the three articles we have given on this subject, chiefly in the words of Professor Silliman and Dr. Pye Smith, will, we doubt not, admit:—1. That the Bible does not contradict geology; and 2. That, as we advance in knowledge, a just interpretation of the Bible will always be found to harmonise with the discoveries of science.

STATE OF EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION IN THE REIGN OF AMASIS.

B. C. 571.

To reconcile the command, "not to do evil, that good may ensue," with the fact constantly before our eyes that "evil produces good," appears at first sight difficult: we too often forget that the command is directed to our actions, while the axiom applies merely to our sufferings; and, when tempted to transgress an injunction perhaps more difficult to obey than any other in the Gospel, how readily can we find precedents for our weakness! How numerous are the characters in history to which we can refer, in whom the love of justice and other excellent qualities blot out from our minds the dark steps by which they attained the opportunity of displaying these virtues! Among these characters, the monarch of whom we are about to speak is to be numbered. The degree of his guilt is doubtful, but his good qualities are upon record. Great uncertainty veils the circumstances attending the accession of Amasis, and the direct means by which he obtained the throne of Egypt. Herodotus describes him as of plebeian origin, a native of the city of Liuph, in the district of Saïs; but Diodorus asserts that Amasis was a person of considerable consequence; and we learn from the sculptures of Thebes, that he had married the daughter of Psammetichus the Third; which circumstance, together with the fact of his belonging to the military caste, appears to contradict the first-named historian, whose account of the circumstances of the elevation of Amasis is as follows:—Apries, the reigning monarch, having sent an army against the Cyreneans, received a severe defeat, which so enraged the Egyptians against him, that the friends of such as had been slain, with those who returned in safety, openly rebelled. The King sent Amasis to quell this insurrection; but, instead of bringing the rebels back to their allegiance, he was persuaded to place himself at their head. An outrage committed by the King upon Patarbemis, who had vainly endeavoured to negotiate with Amasis, exasperated even those who had hitherto sided with Apries, and the greater part without hesitation deserting him, and going over to the rebels, the King was left with only the auxiliary troops about him; at the head of whom, consisting of about thirty thousand Ionians and Carians, he prepared to oppose the enemy. Apries was defeated, carried prisoner to Saïs, and afterwards yielded up, with some reluctance on the part of Amasis, to the Egyptians, by whom he was put to death. Apries is the Pharaoh Hophra of the Bible, and his death, with its attendant circumstances, is thus foretold by Jeremiah: "I will give Pharaoh Hophra, King of Egypt, into the hands of his enemies, and into the hands of them that seek his life."

This apparent treachery of Amasis rests, however, solely upon the authority of Herodotus,—or rather upon the accounts which that writer received from the Egyptian priests: there is some reason to suspect that Amasis was partly the subordinate agent of one of the most powerful monarchs of antiquity, Nebuchadnezzar. This conqueror, according to Josephus, "led an army into Cœlo-Syria, of which he obtained possession, and then waged war on the Ammonites and Moabites. These being subdued, he invaded and conquered Egypt; and, having put the king of that country to death, he appointed another in his stead." Whether Amasis had solicited the aid of the Assyrian monarch in furtherance of his rebellious project, or had merely taken advantage of the disaffection of the Egyptians to advance his ambitious views, we can readily imagine that the Assyrians, having extended their conquests to the extremity of Palestine, would, on the rumour of intestine commotions in Egypt, hasten to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded them of attacking the country. The prophecy of Isaiah was accomplished: "And the Egyptians will I give into the hand of a cruel lord, and a fierce king shall rule over them." Many were carried captive to Babylon; and Amasis became king of Egypt, tributary to Nebuchadnezzar. The latter fact, proved by the title *Melek*, which was given to inferior or tributary kings, being applied to Amasis in some of the hierogly-

phic legends respecting him, would account for the silence of the priests towards Herodotus on the subject of the Assyrian invasion. Without mentioning the disgrace which had befallen their country, and the interposition of a foreign power, they attributed the elevation of Amasis solely to his ambition and the disloyalty of the Egyptian soldiery.

But it was not ambition nor the love of conquest alone which led Nebuchadnezzar to attack Egypt; he was actuated also by revenge. Zedekiah had been made king of Judea by the Assyrian monarch, but, endeavouring to throw off the Babylonian yoke, he made a treaty with Apries for that purpose. The latter monarch, however, being engaged in war with the Syrians, could not afford any material assistance to his ally; and, although "Pharaoh's army was come out of Egypt, and when the Chaldeans that besieged Jerusalem heard tidings of them, they departed from Jerusalem," yet, when the army of Apries had retired, the King of Babylon, again advancing to the city, succeeded in taking it, in the eleventh year of Zedekiah, rased it to the ground, and carried away the remainder of the people captive. The 29th chapter of Ezekiel describes the power of Apries and his pride; reproaching him with having failed in the protection of Judea, and prophesying the waste of Egypt by the Babylonian conqueror. If we reflect upon the character of Nebuchadnezzar, we may well imagine that he needed no further stimulus to his revengeful feelings than the possibility of success, to induce him to invade the kingdom of Apries; and his vindictive spirit might require the death of his deposed enemy, of which Amasis might be the unwilling instrument.

The mild conduct and political sagacity of Amasis conciliated the affections of the Egyptians. From dawn of day to such time as the public square was filled with people, he gave audience to whoever required it: the rest of the day he spent at the table, diverting himself with his guests in a manner not quite consonant with the dignity of a monarch. Some of his friends having remonstrated with him upon this conduct, he replied, "They who have a bow, bend it only at the time they want it; when not in use, they suffer it to be relaxed; it would otherwise break, and not be of service when exigence required. It is precisely the same with a man, if, without some intervals of amusement, he applied himself constantly to serious pursuits, he would imperceptibly lose his vigour both of mind and body. It is the conviction of this truth which influences me in the division of my time." Amasis instituted a law, obliging every Egyptian once in the year to explain to the chief magistrate of his district the means by which he obtained his subsistence. The refusal to comply with this ordinance, or the not being able to prove that a livelihood was procured by honest means, was a capital offence. This law was also established in Athens, by Draco; and Solon commuted the punishment of death to that of infamy, against all those who had thrice offended.

After remedying the evils that civil commotion had caused, Amasis turned his attention to the commercial and military interests of Egypt. Having fitted out a formidable expedition against Cyprus, he subjected that island to his power; being the first who had compelled it to pay tribute. In order to encourage such foreigners as were willing to trade with his subjects, (the Greeks especially,) he permitted the latter people to have a settlement at Naucratis, which soon became a flourishing town, in consequence of the exclusive privileges it enjoyed; every merchant being required to unload his cargo there, or, if contrary winds prevented his making that port, his goods were taken out, and conveyed in boats of the country by inland navigation, through or round the Delta, to Naucratis. Amasis also permitted the Greeks to build a very spacious and celebrated temple at Hellenium, accompanied by many exclusive privileges and distinctions. He likewise presented a large contribution to the Delphians, towards rebuilding the temple, which had been consumed by fire; and, having made an amicable confederacy with the Cyrenians, he sent a golden statue of Minerva, with a portrait of himself, to their city. The last-named gift shows that the art of painting was known to the Egyptians, although it does not seem to have been carried to any perfection by them. "The fine arts never flourished on the banks of the Nile. Hermes may have invented the lyre, but he left it to be sounded by the muses of Greece." Tacitus asserts that the Egyptians knew the art of designing before they were acquainted with letters. Is it not so in every country? Hieroglyphics are merely elaborate signs for things, used before man is able to condense and arrange his ideas; in process of time hieroglyphics become simplified into an alphabet. In Egypt, this would have disclosed the hidden mysteries and science of the priests; therefore the use of hieroglyphics was encouraged by them. Compare our Roman alphabet with the Hebrew, the Syriac, or the Greek; how much more simple it is: the ancient Etruscan and Persepolitan characters only exceed it in this respect. That the art of painting is nearly, if not quite, as old as that of drawing, is shown by colourings on the walls at Thebes, and in many edifices of Upper Egypt. The lips of the oldest Hindu idols are, many of them, coloured red; and this use of mineral substances seems to be almost coeval with man. It follows that the savage, having coloured his own body, would, when led to it by circumstances, make coloured representations of the objects around him. The Mexicans had pictures when invaded by Cortez, but the Mexicans had *lost* their civilization.

Besides the presents above mentioned, Amasis gave to the temple of Minerva at Sindus, said to have been built by Danaüs, two marble statues and a linen corslet, "deserving of admiration;" and to the temple of Juno at Samos, two figures of himself carved in wood. The kindness shown by Amasis to Samos was owing to the friendship which subsisted between him and Polycrates, the son of Eaces, who had forcibly possessed himself of that island. "But the wonderful prosperity and uninterrupted successes of Polycrates excited the attention and anxiety of Amasis; and, as they were observed by him continually to increase, he was induced to write him the following letter:

"'AMASIS TO POLYCRATES.

"'To learn that a friend and ally is blessed with prosperity, cannot fail to give me the greatest satisfaction; but, knowing the invidiousness of fortune, your extraordinary success excites my apprehension. For my own part, if I might be allowed to choose for myself or those I regard, I should prefer prosperity on some occasions, on others disappointment, and thus pass through life with an alternation of good and evil, rather than be fortunate in every undertaking. For I never remember to have heard of a man blessed with unceasing felicity who did not end his career overwhelmed with calamities. Take, therefore, my advice, and apply this counterpoise to your prosperity; endeavour to discover some favourite object whose loss would occasion you the deepest regret; and, as soon as this has been ascertained, remove it from you in such a manner that it can never be recovered. If, then, your good fortune still continues unchequered by adversity, I strongly recommend you to repeat the remedy I propose.'"

Polycrates, having seriously deliberated upon this singular piece of advice, determined to follow it; and, accordingly, he fixed upon a signet ring, which he was in the habit of wearing, as being, of all his treasures, that which he the most valued. This ring has been the subject of some controversy. Herodotus calls it an emerald set in gold; Pliny says it was a sardonyx, adding, that in his time they showed a ring at Rome, in the temple of Concord, given by Augustus, which was said to be that of the Samian king. The matter is scarcely interesting beyond the evidence it gives of the art of engraving on precious stones being practised at this time. Resolving to sacrifice the ring, he embarked on board a fifty-oared vessel, and, being taken to a considerable distance from the land, he threw the jewel into the sea, in the presence of his attendants, and returned to Samos. The sacrifice, though voluntary, afflicted him much; but five or six days after, a fisherman, having caught a fish of great size and beauty, brought it to the palace as a present to the king, deeming it too fine to be exposed for sale in the market. Polycrates, gratified with the attention, ordered the man his supper in the palace. Shortly after, the servants, on opening the fish, discovered the ring, which the king received joyfully, and concluding that such a circumstance could only be the effect of divine interposition, carefully noted down every particular, and sent it to Egypt. Amasis, on perusing his friend's letter, felt convinced that it was out of the power of one mortal to deliver another from the fate which awaited him; and, fearing that Polycrates could not terminate his days in tranquillity, he sent a herald to Samos, disclaiming all future connexion with him lest, in any calamity which might befal Polycrates, he might be obliged, as a friend and ally, to bear a part.

This conduct certainly reflects no credit on the moral character of Amasis, however consonant it might be with policy. But Diodorus gives a very different reason for his withdrawal from the alliance of Polycrates: disgust at the tyrannical conduct of the latter, not only towards his own subjects but to strangers; conduct which must eventually bring about his ruin. This historian is confirmed by other writers, Herodotus among the rest, respecting the disaffection of the Samians towards their king: several of them fled to Crete; and Polycrates, suspecting the fidelity of others, and perhaps willing to revenge himself for the desertion of Amasis, sent to Cambyses, who was then meditating the invasion of Egypt,

entreating him to demand supplies and assistance of the Samians. With this private intimation Cambyses publicly complied; and the Samian king, selecting those whose loyalty he doubted, sent them in forty triremes to Cambyses, requesting him by all means to prevent their return. These people, however, instead of proceeding to their destination, repaired to Sparta, and implored the assistance of the Lacedemonians, which was granted; and an army was embarked against Polycrates, in which expedition the Corinthians also joined. The fleet besieged Samos; but, after remaining forty days before the place without any advantage, the Lacedemonians returned to Greece; while those Samians who had taken up arms against Polycrates, seeing themselves forsaken by their allies, embarked for Siphnos, one of the Cyclades. These islands were all eminently beautiful, and each was distinguished by some appropriate excellence. From Paros came the marble whose beauty has furnished the poet with similes in ancient and modern times; Andros and Napos produced the most exquisite wine; Amengos was famous for a dye, made from a lichen growing there in great abundance; and the riches of Siphnos, now Siphanto, are extolled by many ancient writers. At this time the power of the Siphnians was very considerable; and, being insulted by the Samian ambassadors, they collected their forces to expel the strangers, but were defeated, and compelled to pay a hundred talents.

To return to Polycrates. Orœtes, a Persian, and governor of Sardis, having been reproached by a companion for never having attempted to add Samos to the dominions of his master, lying contiguous, as the island did, to the province which he governed, determined to effect the death of Polycrates, on whose account he had been reproached. Knowing the character of the Samian king, and that he projected the subjection of Ionia and the islands, Orœtes despatched a messenger to him, with intimation that Cambyses having determined on the death of the Persian, he had resolved to escape, and was willing to place himself and his wealth at the disposal of Polycrates; by which means the latter might easily obtain the sovereignty of Greece. With these overtures the king was extremely delighted, for his love of money was excessive; and, after sending a messenger to meet Orœtes, he sailed himself for Magnesia, accompanied by many of his friends. As soon, however, as he arrived at that place, he was put to a miserable death by Orœtes, and his body fixed to a cross. His friends were dismissed to Samos, but the servants of those who had accompanied the king were detained in servitude. Thus terminated the life of Polycrates, "of all the princes who ever reigned in Greece, those of Syracuse alone excepted, the most magnificent." The alliance or friendship of Amasis could not have saved Polycrates from *this* fate; and, in fact, the storm which at this period impended over Egypt might have involved him in the fate of that country, while it would have prevented Amasis from giving him any assistance against his rebellious subjects, had the latter been inclined to do so. But here again good springs from evil. Diodorus and other authors affirm that it was the tyranny, not the recommendation of Polycrates, which drove the "Samian sage," Pythagoras, from his native island to Egypt, there to study the religious mysteries of the priests, and to acquire those profound scientific truths which modern investigation has but confirmed, scarcely surpassed. Thales and Solon also visited Egypt during the reign of Amasis; the latter carrying back with him the foundations of those laws which have rendered the Athenian code so celebrated. Let us inquire in what state was science in Egypt in the reign of Amasis. Even the Greeks themselves inform us that geometry was studied in Egypt from the most remote antiquity. According to Plato, this science was invented by Thoth, to whom the Egyptians were indebted for the use of letters,—according to Manetho, *before the flood*. Upon this intricate subject we will not enter; merely noticing that the dispassionate and lucid author of "Origines" "sees no reason why the fact should be deemed improbable." The erection of the pyramids is sufficient to show a considerable proficiency in geometry; and as to astronomy, is not our present system that which Pythagoras learned in Egypt? for we believe that the opinion that Pythagoras, at the age of twenty-two, carried into that country more learning and science than the priests, devoted to its acquisition, had been able to obtain in the course of many centuries, is now exploded. Admitting that Pythagoras went into Egypt for the purpose of *acquiring* knowledge, not of *transmitting* it, what degree of knowledge did he acquire? He was taught that the sun was the centre of the planetary system; to attempt to measure the distance between the earth, the sun, and the moon; to determine the size of these orbs; and to calculate the periods of the revolutions of the stars and planets. Pythagoras understood the cause of a lunar eclipse, and held the same opinion as the moderns respecting the nature of the moon,—its mountains, valleys, and seas; his disciples described the diurnal motion of the earth; and they likewise taught that the diameter of the moon is about a third of that of the earth: modern astronomers have determined it to be greater than a fourth. They also said that the moon's mass is to that of the earth as 1 to 72; Bernouilli says, as 1 to 71. The Pythagoreans understood the form of the comets' courses, and gave hints of a plurality of habitable worlds. All this shows an advanced stage of astronomical science. How the Egyptian priests had acquired it,—whether it were the remains of antediluvian learning, imperfectly transmitted by the great patriarch to the renewed world, or whether it were the fruit of the incessant application of the Egyptian priests, we can only conjecture; but the first supposition acquires some credit from the fact that the Egyptians omitted to place among the constellations some of the most remarkable of the animals which they adored; while they acknowledged the figures of the bear and the lion, animals which they could be acquainted with only by description.

The Egyptians could scarcely be ignorant of the use of the mechanical powers in the age of Amasis. That monarch erected at Saïs a splendid building in honour of Minerva; "but, what in my opinion," says Herodotus, "deserves the greatest admiration, is an edifice of a single stone, brought from the city of Elephantine, a distance of about twenty days' journey. Two thousand men, chosen from the class of boatmen, were employed for the space of three years in transporting it to Saïs. Its external length is twenty-one cubits, its breadth fourteen, and height eight; and, in the inside, it measures eighteen cubits and twenty digits in length, twelve in breadth, and five in height. It stands near the entrance of the temple; and the reason of its being left in this spot was that the architect, wearied with the tedious duration of the undertaking, had been heard to fetch a deep sigh, while they were employed in dragging it forward; upon which Amasis, who happened to be present, gave orders they should stop and carry it no further. Some, however, affirm, that one of the men while moving it with a lever was crushed to death, and that on this account they were ordered to desist." From Elephantine to Assouan, where the granite quarries may still be seen, to Saïs, is about 700 miles by land; the river must have been crossed once at least. Many monuments still exist in different parts of Egypt, bearing the name of Amasis, presenting memorials of the encouragement which he gave to architecture, and other branches of art. May we not rejoice when we read that this monarch died six months before the invasion of Cambyses? Having reigned forty-four years, feared and respected, and having succeeded in the latter part of his reign in freeing his country from the Babylonian tribute, he was spared the misery of seeing Egypt fall under a more oppressive conqueror even than Nebuchadnezzar; a conqueror who amply fulfilled the sacred prophecy, that Egypt should be "utterly waste and desolate. It shall be the basest of kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations." The Persian iconoclasts doomed to destruction the monuments of Egyptian learning and science; and it has been truly said that "it was the superstition, and not the science, of Egypt, that survived the iron rule of her Persian despots."

Of the fine arts in Egypt little need be said. We have seen that they were acquainted with painting; their linen and embroidery, we learn in the Bible, were highly esteemed; the corselet given by Amasis to the temple of Minerva at Lindus was "of linen, but there were interwoven in the piece a great number of animals richly embroidered with cotton and gold: every part of it deserved admiration: it was composed of chains, each of which contained three hundred and sixty threads distinctly visible." Glass was in use with the Egyptians for various purposes; Herodotus, who lived about a century after Amasis, says, that in Ethiopia it was so abundant that coffins were made of it; it has even been said that the Egyptians knew the art of making glass malleable. It is probable that they were even acquainted with the formation and use of lenses.

As early as the time of Moses, the Egyptians understood the arts of tanning and dyeing. Josephus says that the purple dye was obtained from a flower; but it was the *Ichthyophagi* who presented the purple robe to Cambyses, according to Herodotus, and this makes it more likely to have been procured from a species of murex. The lately explored remains of Petra show that the Edomites knew that water will rise to its own level; and we might almost imagine, from the account of Herodotus, that the Arabians supplied the army of Cambyses with water upon the same principle.

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

Since we last noticed this curious and interesting discovery, Mr. Talbot has, with a liberality worthy of a philosopher and a lover of his country, communicated his whole process in a letter to the Secretary of the Royal Society, and, by thus putting the world in possession of the secret of the art, has taken the most certain means of ensuring its perfection. The short and simple process for preparing the sensitive paper, on which the drawing is to be made, is as follows:—The paper, which should be of a good firm quality and smooth surface, such as superfine writing-paper, which has been found to answer exceedingly well, is dipped into a weak solution of common salt, and wiped dry, by which means the salt is uniformly distributed throughout its substance. A solution of nitrate of silver, six or eight times diluted with water, is then spread over one surface only, and dried by the fire; and the paper is fit for use. The paper thus prepared, although it is sufficiently sensitive for receiving the impression of a strong light or a summer sun, is not adapted for use in the camera obscura. To obtain this degree of sensibility, it is again dipped in a weak solution of salt, wiped dry, and again washed with the solution of nitrate of silver, each succeeding operation gradually increasing the sensibility; and this is repeated until the necessary degree is obtained. If, however, it is repeated too often, the paper is apt to darken of itself, which shows that the operation has been carried too far. "The object," says Mr. Talbot, "is to approach to the extreme of sensibility as near as possible, without reaching it; so that the substance may be in a state ready to yield to the slightest extraneous force, such as the feeble impact of the violet rays when much attenuated. Having, therefore, prepared a number of sheets of paper, with chemical proportions slightly different from one another, let a piece be cut from each, and, having been duly marked or numbered, let them be placed side by side in a very weak diffused light for about a quarter of an hour; then if any one of them, as frequently happens, exhibits a marked advantage over its competitors, I select the paper which bears the corresponding number to be placed in the camera obscura."

There are two methods of fixing the drawings and destroying the sensibility of the paper as soon as the requisite impression has been procured. The first is a weak solution of *iodide of potassium*, which, when washed over the prepared paper, forms an iodide of silver, which is absolutely unalterable by sunshine. Care is necessary in its use, for if it be too strong, it attacks the dark parts of the picture. It is therefore advisable to make trial of it before use.

The other mode is more simple and quite as efficacious, but it may excite surprise to find that insensibility is produced by one of the very agents used to procure sensitiveness. It is nothing more than to dip the picture into a *strong* solution of salt, wipe off the superfluous moisture, and dry it. Hence it appears that the sensibility of the paper entirely depends upon the proportions between the salt and the nitrate of silver, and that when these are varied the effect is no longer the same. "When," continues Mr. Talbot, "the picture thus washed with salt, and dried, is placed in the sun, the white parts colour themselves of a pale lilac tint, after which they become insensible. Numerous experiments have shown to me that the depth of this lilac tint varies according to the quantity of salt used relatively to the quantity of silver; but, by properly adjusting these, the images may, if desired, be retained of an absolute whiteness. Those preserved by *iodine* are always of a very pale primrose yellow, which has the extraordinary and very remarkable property of turning to a full gaudy yellow whenever it is exposed to the heat of a fire, and recovering its former colour again when it is cold."

It does not appear that the process by which Mr. Talbot obtains these effects is the same as that of M. Daguerre; but, as that gentleman still keeps his method secret, we cannot determine the point. It appears that M. Daguerre has not done full justice to M. Niepce, from whom, he says, he received the *first hint* of the process, who appears to have been quite as far advanced in the process in 1829 as M. Daguerre is in 1839, and that he had even succeeded in obtaining impressions on paper taken *from* the *pewter* plates used by him in his process. Neither M. Daguerre nor M. Niepce (who died several years ago) appears to have succeeded in rendering *paper* susceptible, all their experiments having been made with metal plates.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

It was on a lovely morning in the spring-time of summer, that the coach stopped at the gate of a pleasant country-house, where bewildering shrubberies, fair lawns, and brilliant flowers, were the fit ornaments to the hospitable mansion they surrounded. A traveller, a portmanteau, and, though last not least, a hat-box, that *sine-qua-non* of a masculine wanderer, were deposited. A hat-box is a mysterious thing; what wonders are not, or may not be, contained within that little insignificant case—especially if the hat-box comes from foreign climes? But it was not so in this instance, and it contained nothing contraband;—nothing save a hat, which would have been the envy of Rotten-row, had it ever been exposed to that dusty atmosphere. But as yet it was virgin,—unpolluted by any zephyr. Its master rang at the gate impatiently, and the lodge-keeper quickly answered; but, ere the traveller set his feet within the gate, a surly, pugnacious animal of the canine species flew at him, and did his best to make acquaintance, an intimate and particularly disagreeable acquaintance, with his legs. This rude and unlooked-for mode of salutation was promptly returned by a somewhat severe chastisement from the cane carried by the traveller:—the dog ran away howling. The lodge-keeper looked aghast.—"Sir," said he, "Sir, do you know what you have done?—you have beaten Solomon."—"Beaten him! of course I have," replied the traveller; "why do you suffer such an ill-conditioned brute about the place?"—"Ah, Sir, he is somewhat of a cur to be sure, but he is our young mistress's pet for all that; and no one here dares to beat him. But allow me to conduct you to the house." So saying, the man took up the portmanteau and hat-box, and led the way. The stranger followed, but, sighing, said, "Alas, my friend! 'Love me, love my dog,' may be a true saying, but it augurs ill."

Julius Ormond found his friend Jefferson in his dressing-room, sitting before a secretaire, and plunged in so deep a reverie that he did not at first perceive his entrance. He looks tolerably unhappy for a bridegroom, thought Julius, but it is certainly a bold undertaking for a man to rush into matrimony, especially when one's mistress has such a pet as Solomon. "How is it with you, my friend," said he, approaching Jefferson, who started from a reverie; "when is the marriage-day?"

"I hardly know; three days hence, I believe," replied the bewildered bridegroom.

"You believe! you are an ardent lover. Come, come, there is something wrong here. Tell me what all this means."

"Hush, hush," said Jefferson, "take care what you say; the very walls have ears."

"There," said Ormond, seating himself close to his friend, "now we are literally *tête-à-tête*, open up your griefs.—Now begin."

"Ah!" said Jefferson, heaving a deep sigh, "when I wrote to you to come down here to Mr. Anderson's, I was in an excess of enthusiasm; I beheld the future through a flattering medium, and everything was *couleur de rose*."

"And now you have seen the reverse of the medal?" inquired Ormond. "I can guess at the evil. There is a deficiency in the portion?"

"Quite the contrary. It is double what I expected."

"Then I suppose there is something objectionable in the connexions of the family. A cousin has been hanged or sent to Sydney at the expense of the public?"

"No such thing, the family is as respectable as any in the county."

"Well then, Miss Celestina owes her figure to her stay-maker? I have hit the m rk at last."

"You are wider than ever. Her figure is as light and symmetrical as a Grecian nymph, the votaress of Diana."

"Then there is a lover in the case?"

"No such thing; I am quite positive she has never loved any one."

"Except Solomon."

"Oh," groaned Jefferson, "you have seen that brute then? Has he bitten you?"

"No, but I have beaten him."

"God bless you for it. That cursed animal is the cause of all my cares."

"How so?"

"Why, you know I abominate all animals, particularly dogs. He, I suppose, saw my antipathy in my face; for, from the moment I came here, he has lost no opportunity of annoying me. The first time he bit me, I laughed; the second, I looked black;

the third, I begged that he might be tied up; but I had far better have tied my tongue and suffered in silence. Mr. Anderson thought my complaints very reasonable, and ordered the beast to his kennel; but Celestina——pity me, my friend! Oh, I was "a hard-hearted monster,—a wretch, to wish to deprive the *innocent* animal of his natural liberty; my conduct was a sample of the tyranny of man, who always domineers over the weak; it was a sample of my conduct to a wife: was I not aware that liberty was the gift of Heaven, and that he who deprived the meanest creature of its birthright was a miserable wretch!" Oh, how my ears have ached with the reverberation of her reiterated reproaches! Thus we have gone on for a whole week, and this abominable Solomon is a stumbling-block in the way of my marriage. His barking might be borne, but he bites."

"Pooh, pooh," replied Ormond, "why should you quarrel with your intended about a dog? You must put up with it till the wedding-day is over, and the first thing you do the next morning will be of course to shoot him."

"I have tried to comfort myself with that idea, but these disputes have drawn forth so much of Celestina's character, that I begin to be alarmed at the prospect of the future. She is so capricious, wilful, unreasonable—in fact, quite a spoiled child."

Ormond, after changing his travelling dress, accompanied his friend to the drawing-room, where they found their host, the intended father-in-law of Jefferson, and shortly before dinner was announced they were joined by two ladies: the first, a pretty woman, about twenty-five, the young wife of an old gentleman, who was in conversation with Mr. Anderson at their entrance, was scarcely glanced at by Ormond; but the sight of the second sent the blood to his heart, and thence, though he was all unused to blush, it mounted, in despite of all his efforts at stoicism, to his temples. It was she, that lovely, sparkling unknown; whose eyes had found their way to his heart one well-remembered night at the opera, and whom he had vainly sought for since. His confusion caused him so much embarrassment, as he paid his compliments to the ladies, that his friend began to be ashamed of the awkward brideman he had chosen, but the announcement of dinner put an end to all further difficulties. Ormond seized the opportunity, and, perceiving that Jefferson was very backward in proffering his services, offered his arm to Celestina, and thus contrived to sit next her at dinner, in the course of which he used all his art to penetrate the character of a woman, whose conduct gave so much uneasiness to her future husband. She was so young and unsophisticated, so slender and buoyant, so much a child, that you felt almost inclined to inquire after her doll. Her figure, at once regular and delicate, presented a most charming contour. Her large black eyes, whose cloudy radiance seemed to presage lightnings, and yet shone with the brightness of innocence, spread a charm around her which it was difficult to withstand.

It is needless to follow the proceedings of dinner, although to Ormond they were of very considerable importance, so great was the charm of the fair girl by whom he sat, so original were the few remarks she let fall; her manner was so marked by the playful impetuosity of a spoiled child, and yet so chastened by womanly dignity, that he much wondered that his friend Jefferson, his senior, by the way, of some five years, should have taken the affair of the dog so much to heart. The dinner ended at last, the ladies withdrew; and the younger gentlemen, after paying proper attention to their host's claret, left him and his more ancient friend to enjoy the last bottle and the last scrap of politics by themselves, and sought the more agreeable charms of female society. They found the ladies in the billiard-room, where Celestina was making the balls bound as wildly as her own joyous spirits. They agreed to form a party, two against two, and drawing lots for partners, Fortune for once was wise, and the affianced pair were opposed to Ormond and Mrs. De Quincy.

Celestina entered into the game with all the vivacity of infancy, now laughing at her adversaries, then scolding her partner, and herself when she failed; vexed when she could not laugh, and laughing after each vexation. The game was nearly ended, and Celestina danced with joy. Three points more would win the game, and if the red ball were pocketed it would be secure. It was Jefferson's turn, and, according to his custom, he took a long and steady aim, but, whilst he was deliberately poising his cue, the impatient Celestina rested her white hand on the cushion, and looked into his eyes. His aim was altogether distracted, and he pocketed his own ball without touching any other, and the game was lost. Celestina screamed aloud, and stamped her little foot. "You abominable creature!" cried she; "a child could have made the stroke,"—and her eyes flashed lightnings.

"I was looking at you," said poor Jefferson, with a contrite aspect.

"Looking at me! I never look at you. I tell you, you have done it on purpose!"

"We shall win the next game," supplicated Jefferson.

"Win it by yourself then. I shall play no more." So saying, the wilful girl walked to the window, and began to play the galopade in Gustavus upon the glass.

Vexed to his soul, poor Jefferson challenged Mrs. De Quincy and Ormond, offering to play alone against them, but Mrs. De Quincy declined, and, seating herself on a bench overlooking the table, declared she would rather take a lesson from the young men. They began to play, Ormond with indifference, Jefferson measuring each stroke with the utmost care, and, from too great nicety, missing several. Celestina still drummed the galopade upon the window. At length, just as the game was thrown into Jefferson's hands, and he, with the characteristic indecision of weak minds, was balancing his cue, and pondering upon his stroke, she threw open the window and called to the gardener, who was passing below.

"Where is Solomon? Let him loose directly. It is inhuman to deprive him of his liberty. Send him to me directly."

The man obeyed. Solomon bounded in through the window just as Jefferson had adjusted his cue. At a signal from his mistress, Solomon bounded on the table, and seized the all-important ball; Jefferson flew to rescue it, and for his pains was bitten through the hand. In his desperation he struck the brute with the but-end of the cue, and the dog retreated under the table howling.

"What, Sir," cried Celestina, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes flashing with anger, "do you dare to beat my dog?"

Poor Jefferson thought within himself, now is the time to show my marital authority; and, holding out his bleeding hand, he struck the dog again.

"You wretch!" cried Celestina; and she raised her little hand with the full intention of repaying Solomon's wrongs on the ears of Mr. Jefferson; but, at the moment, Mrs. De Quincy quitted her elevated post and ran to interfere.

"Celestina!" she cried; and, by a violent effort, that most irascible of spoiled children withheld her hand. But tears of passion rolled down her beautiful cheeks. Solomon, emboldened by the turn of fortune in his favour, crept from his intrenchment, and commenced an attack upon his foe, but the judicious Ormond quietly took him by the neck and tail, and, throwing him out of the window, closed it against him.

Meantime Miss Anderson had gained the door and opened it; then turning back, her face all glowing, and some bright drops of pearl still sparkling on her cheeks, she thus addressed her future husband—

"Wretch that you are, I hate you! do not deceive yourself, I will never be yours. You strike Solomon! I had rather be beaten myself. I detest you; do you understand me? I hate and abhor you, and I won't marry you."

So saying, Celestina, accompanied by Mrs. De Quincy, quitted the room, and drew to the door with a noise that shook the room.

"Well," said Ormond, after a silence of some minutes, to his friend, who remained lost in thought, with his chin on his breast, and his hands clasped before him, "well; what think you of this gentle exhibition of your intended?"

"I won't have her; my mind's made up. I tell you I would sooner marry a fury.—Marry, indeed; why was I ever such a fool as to think of marrying? I! and I had such a comfortable little establishment at home; all so quiet, so regular. Rachel is an excellent cook; James, the best of valets, never gives me any trouble; and Bob is so good a groom, that my horses are never lame; what the mischief possessed me when I wished to marry?—and to fall in love with a tigress.—I've done with it. But what shall I say to her father? The wedding-day is fixed, and, despite all she has said in anger, I shall be obliged to fulfil my engagements; and if I meet her again—"

"Leave that to me, my dear friend," said Ormond, "it is easily arranged. You have an uncle, a rich uncle?"

"Certainly, my uncle Edwards, from whom I have great expectations. Ah, when he dies I am sure of ten thousand."

"Well; he is dying. He had an apoplectic attack last night."

"He had? How came you to know it?"

"How came I to know it? My dear fellow, don't waste time inquiring, but set off at once! It will enable you to come to a decision. Absence is a sure test, and if this wild girl

really loves you, absence will try her. At any rate, the news of your uncle's illness will give you an excuse for absenting yourself for an indefinite time, without entirely breaking with this fair dragon."

"It is a good idea. Let us seek Mr. Anderson."

They found Mr. Anderson in his private room, which he dignified by the name of a study, but when he heard Mr. Jefferson's statement, he looked rather blank.

"Come, come, my friend," he said, "I have heard all about that foolish affair of the dog: you ought not to take offence at it. A child's trick, a child's trick! A wife will know better. I trust you are not playing me false."

Ormond, seeing Jefferson wavering, stepped forward. "I assure you, my dear sir, that such is not the case. I myself, I am sorry to say, am the bearer of this sad news; but, knowing that there was no conveyance to town till the evening, I concealed them until the latest moment, in order to spare the feelings of my friend. The coach will pass your door within a quarter of an hour. and we must take our leaves hastily, though unwillingly."

"If it must be so, it must," said Mr. Anderson, slowly rising out of his comfortable arm-chair. "I like not to see marriages delayed. You will return quickly."

"As soon as possible," murmured Jefferson.

"Will you not take leave of the ladies?" said Mr. Anderson.

"Alas! it is impossible," replied Ormond, with great quickness; "my friend has not yet prepared anything for his departure."

"But you, at any rate, need not depart, Mr. Ormond," remonstrated Mr. Anderson. "No, no, we shall keep you as a hostage for Mr. Jefferson."

By no means displeased at this arrangement, Ormond hurried Jefferson away, and, after receiving from him a letter to Celestina, renouncing all claim to her hand, and referring particularly to her behaviour respecting the dog, with a slight reference to the superior excellence of his cook Rachel, Ormond at last succeeded in starting his friend and his pattern valet James, the one in, the other outside the coach, and then resumed his way to the house with a tranquillised mind. Here he passed a delightful evening, the *enfant gâté* was all smiles, and when he bent over her at the piano and requested his favourite pieces, the joyous, pure, and free-hearted glances that met his eyes carried him away into the regions of enchantment. And when, at *her* request, the trio, Mrs. De Quincy, Celestina, and Ormond, joined in a glee, he sang (he had many times been praised for his pure bass) he sang with an earnestness, a desire of doing well, that he had never felt before.

When he sat in the quietude of his own room, he thought to himself, is this the spoiled child of whom I have heard so much? the girl, whose mind is nothing but a light thing, that can be turned by the power of society? I cannot believe it. She is evidently a child of nature, totally unacquainted with the artifices which teach the practised to conceal their feelings. It is evident that she does not love Jefferson, and I feel very certain that I love her myself. I shall lose no time in acquitting myself of my commission, and he will have no cause to complain if I turn to the fair one he abandons.

Days passed on, and Ormond was lost in the contemplation of this young girl, whose beauty had a seduction for him which he could hardly bring himself to acknowledge. By turns thoughtless as a child, and pensive as a woman, in wild spirits in the morning, and melancholy at night, petulant and serious, she seemed an enigma, and Ormond hesitated. A letter from Jefferson roused him. Absence had calmed his spirit, and he begged his friend, if he had not already delivered the message with which he was charged, and altogether broken the match, to act the part of a peacemaker, and endeavour to move Celestina in his favour. No, no, my friend, thought Ormond, I cannot allow you to be thus fickle: you surrendered Celestina, and have now lost all right to interfere. However, I will put an end to this at once. If she refuses me, she may take you and welcome, but not otherwise. Brimful of valour, he determined to seek Celestina; and at length found her sitting in a pleasant summer-house, with Mrs. De Quincy. The sunbeams poured full upon her beautiful Italian head as she bent over her work, and reflected from her banded hair, shone around her like a glory. As Julius entered, she raised her head, and, dazzled by the light, requested him to draw down the blind. The window looked out upon a lane which ran at the back of the garden. As Julius unfastened the string which kept up the blind, he perceived the head of a man, who, by the aid of the inequalities of the wall, had clambered up to the window, and, in this extraordinary spy, he recognised his friend Jefferson. His first thought was to throw one of the flower-pots under his hand upon the intruder's head, and crush him like a second Pyrrhus; but his virtue triumphed over this homicidal temptation, and he contented himself with drawing down the blind, giving no sign that he had perceived Jefferson, and shutting the window, which, on second thoughts, he re-opened.

Jefferson had tormented himself with doubts ever since his return to London. His friend's silence surprised him; and, as the dread of Solomon vanished, his remembrance of his mistress's beauty grew stronger. His impatience grew at length so strong, that, after sending his letter to Ormond, he could not wait for a reply, but got on the first coach, and was set down near Mr. Anderson's house. Then again irresolution came upon him. He did not know in what character he should be received, and whether, if Ormond had followed his first instructions, his visit would not be considered as a gross insult. He recollected that Celestina was accustomed to sit in the summer-house in the afternoon, and it occurred to him that by climbing to the window he might gather sufficient from the conversation between her and Mrs. De Quincy to satisfy his doubts. There were seldom any passers in the lane, and, as the summer-house was situated at an angle of the wall, and the bricks were worn, the ascent was easy. He was in the act of ascending when he espied Ormond, and he drew back, flattering himself that he was unperceived. As soon as the blind was let down he regained his position, and established himself with his feet resting in a gap in the wall, and his hands firmly grasping the iron balcony of the window, and thus, with his head snugly ensconced behind a flower-pot, he settled himself to listen.

There was a long silence. Ormond was seated on a stool *very* near Celestina, but he knew not how to begin a conversation, and he looked with imploring eyes towards Mrs. De Quincy, who, though she understood him full well, for she had read his thoughts long before, would not help him. At length, with a wicked meaning in her speech, she said, "Have you heard nothing of Mr. Jefferson lately?"

Ormond saw her meaning, and hesitated for a moment; but, quickly resuming self-possession, he answered, "Yes, Madam, I have received a letter from him, announcing his return, and he has commissioned me to inform you of it."

"His uncle has then recovered?"

"I presume he has; but his illness was only an excuse, to afford my friend a delicate opportunity of withdrawing for a few days."

Celestina raised her head, and fixed her expressive eyes upon Ormond.

"If your friend," said she, with an emphasis on the word friend—"If your friend thought it necessary to absent himself, be assured, that I do not desire his return. Pray write, and tell him so."

"You should not be so revengeful," said Mrs. De Quincy, with affected good-nature; "if he repents and confesses his faults—if he confesses himself guilty of being bitten—if he throws himself on his knees, and implores your pardon, ought you not to grant him pardon?"

"What an excellent woman," said Jefferson, behind the flower-pot.

Miss Anderson was silent for a few moments, and then she softly said to Ormond, at whom, though sitting at her feet, she scarcely dared to look—"You, doubtless, are of Emily's opinion?"

A thrill ran through the frame of Julius, as, gently bending towards the beautiful girl, who sat motionless, her eyes cast down, but her emotion betrayed by the undulation of her snow-white garment, he murmured—"It is I who seek for pardon: I, who love you, and whom the very thought of this marriage plunges into despair. Celestina, my fate is in your hands, the happiness of my life depends on a word. Say, I beg of you,—on my knees I beg you—tell me that you will not marry him."

Celestina answered not, but the pressure of her hand, which he had seized, answered for her.

Mrs. De Quincy, with a wicked smile, quietly said, "It is certainly praiseworthy to plead a friend's cause, but there is no need of so much warmth. Besides, it is not good manners to whisper."

"He is pleading for me;—what will she answer?" said Jefferson, who began to find his position unpleasant.

Celestina rose, and, crossing the floor, sat down by the side of her friend, and hid her face in her bosom. At this moment

Jefferson tried to put aside the blind; a motion which was observed only by Ormond, who, changing his position, and approaching Mrs. De Quincy, said aloud — "Allow me to fulfil my commission. What answer shall I send to Jefferson?"

"Very proper," said Mrs. De Quincy, with a sort of maternal gravity; "it is time to make up your mind. If you love Mr. Jefferson, all these disputes are childish. If you do not love him, say so; and your father, I am sure, will not put any constraint on your feelings."

"I do not love him," said Celestina, in a firm voice.

Ormond looked round to the window, and perceived by the movement of the blind that these words had reached the ears of Jefferson.

"But you accepted him," said Mrs. De Quincy, in a half-mocking tone.

"I was so young and foolish," remonstrated Celestina. "I liked the thought of living in London; the match pleased my father; and I accepted the hand of Mr. Jefferson, without considering the importance of such an engagement. I am sure he did not look on it in any other light. Fortunately, experience has shewn us that we are not made for one another. I do not blame him; on the contrary, I am ready to confess that I alone am in the wrong. But I could not be happy with him. Why, then, should I marry him?"

"But if he comes back," said Ormond, "how will you receive him?"

"I shall repeat what I have now said."

"What! if he appeared suddenly before you, in a humble, suppliant attitude?"

"Yes; - I tell you I don't love him, and I never will marry him."

Ormond, who stood close by the window, suddenly drew up the blind, and discovered the unhappy Jefferson to the astonished ladies.

"Good day, my dear friend," he cried; "how are you?"

Tired out with his fatiguing position, and overpowered by the smothered laughter of the spectators of his misery, Jefferson let go his hold, and fell prostrate in the lane.

Need we say more? No. Let us end like a good old nursery tale. But a few days more elapsed, and Ormond and Celestina were married; and Jefferson, like a sensible man, comforted himself with Mr. Anderson's good cheer, and danced at the wedding; the same night Solomon most unaccountably disappeared, and, what is more wonderful, was never inquired after.

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND.

ITS INTRODUCTION AND EARLY STATE.

We know very little respecting Christianity in England under the Romans. That it flourished, and probably prevailed extensively, seems little doubtful: but beyond this, we know nothing with certainty. The great persecution which raged against the Christian religion during the reign of Diocletian, extended to Britain; and the town of St. Albans preserves in its name the memory of an eminent citizen, who, along with many others of his fellow-countrymen, whose names are not recorded, perished for their attachment to their faith. Towards the concluding period of the Roman dominion, the British ecclesiastics appear to have enjoyed some consideration in the Christian world, and to have shared in the noisy verbal theological disputes which agitated the church. Pelagius and Celestius were both Britons, the first being supposed to have been born in Wales, and the second in Ireland. These two men were travelling companions; they arrived in Rome about the beginning of the fifth century; and afterwards, by the propagation of their opinions, chiefly respecting original sin and free-will, raised a controversy, which extended to every part of the world where Christianity was professed.

The wars and rapine of the heathen Saxons extinguished almost every vestige of Christianity in England. Churches were destroyed, ecclesiastics were massacred, and the country appears to have been almost if not entirely destitute of all recollection or memory of that religion which, under the civilizing influence of Rome, appeared to have taken firm root within it. Then occurred that memorable incident recorded of Gregory surnamed the Great, which took place before he reached the papal chair. Passing through the streets of Rome, he was struck, in the market-place, by the sight of some fair youths, who were exposed for sale as slaves. Impressed with the beauty of their forms, and their fair complexions, he inquired of what country they were, and was told that they were Angles, and belonged to a pagan race. "Ah!" replied the ecclesiastic, "they would not be Angles but angels, if they were but Christians!" Pursuing his inquiries, he exclaimed, "Why should the Prince of darkness have such splendid subjects? Why should the mind be so dark when the form is so beautiful?" Through him, Austin and other monks were sent to England to preach Christianity. Ethelbert was then king of Kent, and he received the missionaries with great respect. His answer to their propositions is worthy of a more enlightened age:—"Your words and promises are very fair; but as they are new and uncertain, I cannot abandon that religion which I and the whole English nation have so long followed, to give credit to them. Nevertheless, as you are strangers here, and are come so far, through a desire, as it appears to us, of imparting to this kingdom the knowledge of those things which you believe to be true and most beneficial, we will not molest you, but receive you with kind hospitality, and take care to supply you with everything which you may want for your support; nor do we forbid you to persuade as many as you can, by preaching, to embrace the religion which you profess." The King appointed Canterbury for the residence of the strangers: and his conversion was followed by their obtaining many proselytes. The new religion soon spread over Kent and Essex, and Ethelbert built the church of St. Paul in London. Under several of his successors Christianity declined, but, in the reign of Edwin, who was a prince of great sagacity, and under whose protection it again revived, it extended its influence as far as the province of Northumbria. This king, however, previous to adopting the new opinions, held a council of his kingdom, and by its determination was the established religion of the country to be confirmed or the new one adopted. Each councillor was required to give his opinion in rotation. An extract or two from Bede will show how cordially Edwin's views were reciprocated by his followers. Coifi, the high-priest, thus addressed the assembly:—"Consider attentively, O king, the nature of the religion which is now preached to us, for I can assure you from my own experience, that the religion which we have hitherto professed has no virtue in it. None of your subjects ever applied himself with greater zeal to the worship of our gods than I; and yet many of them have received greater favours and honours from you, and have been more fortunate in everything which they undertook to perform or acquire, than I have. Now, if these gods could do anything, they would rather promote my interests, who have been more careful to serve them. Wherefore it now remains that if, upon due examination, you perceive that this new religion which is now preached to us is better and more efficacious, we admit it without delay." The speech of another, as coming from an illiterate Saxon councillor of that rude age, is peculiarly striking. "The present life of man, O king, compared with that space of time beyond, of which we have no certainty, reminds me of one of your wintry feasts, where you sit with your generals and ministers. The hearth blazes in the middle, and a grateful heat is diffused around, while the storms of rain and snow are raging fierce without. Driven by the chilling tempest, a little sparrow enters at one door, and flies delighted around till it departs through the other. While it stays within our mansion it feels not the winter's storm; but when this short interval of happiness has been enjoyed, it is forced again into the same dreary scene from which it had escaped, and we behold it no more. Such is the life of man, and we are as ignorant of the state which has preceded our present existence as of that which will follow it. Thus situated, I feel that if this new faith can give us more certainty on this important subject, it merits our belief." The other councillors expressed themselves in a similar manner; and after Paulinus, one of the missionaries, had delivered a discourse, Coifi, animated by its eloquence, exclaimed—"Formerly I understood nothing that I was worshipping, and the more industriously I sought for truth the less of it could I find. But in this system, the gifts of eternal life and happiness are clearly unfolded to us. Therefore, O king, I advise that our useless temples be immediately consigned to flames and to execration." Edwin and his nobles were then baptized with many of the people, and thus Christianity was established. "Christianity," says Turner, "has never been admitted into any country in a manner more worthy of itself, or more creditable to the intellect of its converts. Both Ethelbert and Edwin received it like dispassionate sages. Their faith was the offspring of a judgment deliberate and just." The gospel soon spread over the other provinces, and Sussex was the last which acceded to the revolution in its religious system. Civilization, morality, and a taste for literature, were its immediate fruits. When the Christian clergy were established and monasteries arose, the poor were taken under their protection, and thus gradually drawn away from robbery and bloodshed. A channel of

communication was now opened between Britain and the more polite parts of Europe, so that there was now some hope of the introduction of arts and sciences into this country. An ecclesiastical power was reared, which, at one time opposing the King, and at another the domination of the nobles, favoured the emancipation, and contributed much to produce the freedom of the people.

The Saxon Heptarchy was united under the dominion of Egbert, a prince of great accomplishments. He was a patron of the arts, and founded a noble library at York, of which Turner furnishes a catalogue. On the same authority Bede is said to have "addressed a long letter to him, which remains." The studies pursued in York in the eighth century are also given. They were, Grammar, Rhetoric, Poetry, Astronomy, and Natural Philosophy. He adds:—"But though literature in the seventh and eighth centuries was striking its roots into every part of England, yet it was in the monasteries almost exclusively that it met with any fit soil or displayed any vegetation. The ignorance of the secular part of society was general and gross. Even our kings were unable to write. Withred, King of Kent, about the year 700, says, at the end of a charter, 'I have put the sign of the holy Cross, pro ignorantia litterarum, on account of my ignorance of writing.'" There are several letters, however, extant, from the Anglo-Saxon kings at this period, which show some mental cultivation; the great Alfred was a notable example. In the century preceding Alfred the Great, the chief intellectual luminaries were, Aldhelm, Bede, and Alcuin:—the first was a celebrated poet, as also was the latter, who was besides the friend and preceptor of the Emperor Charlemagne. He was born in Northumbria, and studied at York under Egbert while he was archbishop. He composed many works on the arts and sciences, for the use and instruction of Charlemagne, with whom he ultimately attached himself in France. He was indefatigable in exciting the Emperor to the love and encouragement of learning, and in the collection of MSS. for its dissemination.

Bede, the well-known early historian of the primitive Church, was born in 673. He was put under the care of the Abbot Benedict at seven years of age in the monastery of Weremouth, Northumbria, his native place. In the year 702 he was ordained priest. In his own simple unaffected narration, he says, "I passed all the time of my life in the residence of this monastery, and gave all my labours to the meditation of the Scriptures, and to the observance of regular discipline, and in the daily care of singing in the church. It was always sweet to me to learn, to teach, and to write. From the time of my receiving the order of priesthood to the fifty-ninth year of my life, I have employed myself in briefly noting from the works of the venerable Fathers these things on the holy Scriptures for the necessities of me and mine, and in adding something to the form of their sense and interpretation." Bede was the author of many works, in biography, history, &c. He died in 735, aged 62. The second Council of Aix-la-Chapelle bestowed on him the title of 'Venerable.'

The year 849 was distinguished by the birth of Alfred, whose history is so well known as to require no notice here. His great acquirements, his exile, and his subsequent restoration, occupy a prominent part in the Anglo-Saxon annals. After twelve years of peril and calamity, he acquired the sovereignty; and his comprehensive mind conceived and executed the magnanimous policy of subduing the minds of his enemies to the peaceful obligations of agriculture, civilization, and Christianity. To effect this, he required of them to exchange their Paganism for the Christian religion.

A new religious system spread in Europe in the tenth century—the Benedictine order of monks became the most celebrated in Christendom; and in England a character arose for its propagation, whose genius constituted him the most remarkable man of his country and age, and whose ambitious ascendancy in civil and ecclesiastical affairs renders him the most prominent actor in several reigns. This man was Dunstan. This extraordinary person was born in 925. He was of noble birth, and his education consisted of all the branches of knowledge which were taught at the time. His intense application to study produced a violent illness, which had a remarkable effect upon his subsequent character and conduct in life. His monkish contemporaries furnish marvellous details of his saintly exploits. One of them relates that when the whole family were standing about his bed dissolved in tears and expecting every moment to see him expire, an angel came from heaven in a dreadful storm, and gave him a medicine which restored him to perfect health in a moment. Dunstan immediately started from his bed, and ran with all his speed towards the church to return thanks for his recovery; but the devil met him by the way, surrounded by a great multitude of black dogs, and endeavoured to obstruct his passage. This would have frightened some boys, but it had no such effect upon Dunstan; who, pronouncing a sacred name and brandishing his stick, put the devil and all his dogs to flight. The church doors being shut, an angel took him in his arms, conveyed him through an opening in the roof, and set him softly down on the floor. After his recovery he pursued his studies with the greatest ardour, and soon became a perfect master in philosophy, divinity, music, painting, writing, sculpture, working in gold, silver, brass, and iron, &c. When he was still very young he entered into holy orders, and was introduced by his uncle Athelm, Archbishop of Canterbury, to King Athelstan; who, charmed with his person and accomplishments, retained him in his court, and employed him in many great affairs. At leisure hours he used to entertain the king and his courtiers with playing on his harp, or some other musical instrument; and now and then he wrought a *miracle*, which gained him great admiration. His old enemy the devil was much offended at this, and prompted some envious courtiers to persuade the king that his favourite was a magician, which that prince too readily believed. Dunstan, discovering by the king's countenance that he had lost his favour, and resolving to resign rather than be turned out, retired from court to another uncle, who was bishop of Winchester. This good prelate prevailed upon his nephew to forsake the world and become a monk; after which he retired to a little cell, built against the church wall of Glastonbury. Here he slept, studied, prayed, meditated, and sometimes amused himself with forging several useful things in brass and iron. One evening, as he was working very busily at his forge, the devil, putting on the appearance of a man, thrust his head into the window of his cell, and asked him to make something or other for him. Dunstan was so intent upon his work that he made no answer; on which the devil began to swear and talk obscenely, which betrayed the lurking fiend. The holy blacksmith, putting up a secret ejaculation, pulled his tongs, which were red hot, out of the fire, seized the devil with them by the nose, and squeezed him with all his strength; which made his infernal Majesty roar and scold at such a rate, that he awakened and terrified all the people for many miles around. So far the legend.

"The man who set England in flames," says Turner, "was Dunstan, a man certainly formed by nature to act a distinguished part in the varied theatre of life. His progress to honour is worth our contemplation, as it affords a curious instance of great talents perverted from the path of glory by injudicious tuition and an inordinate ambition." It was Dunstan's early choice to have settled in private life, and he became deeply enamoured of a female friend. But his uncle refused to sanction his marrying, and wished him to devote himself to the Church. His disappointed hopes threw him into a violent illness, during which the preaching of the monks and the fear of death overcame him; and thus Dunstan, while ardent with passions not dishonourable to youth, was driven forcibly from civil honours, and afterwards excluded from social life. In obedience to duty, fear, and importunity, but in direct contradiction to his own wishes and prospects, he became a monk. But his blighted passion and fanaticism rendered him incapable of the calmness of true devotion, and fed the malady by the extravagant severities he imposed on himself. He fancied himself assailed by the powers of darkness. With his own hands he made a cell so unlike anything of the sort, that his biographer, who had seen it, knew not what to call it. It was five feet long by two and a half wide; its height the stature of a man. Its only wall was its door, which covered the whole, and in it a small aperture to admit light and air. Here occurred many of those wonderful things which were probably first related by himself, and believed by his superstitious auditors. The fame of his trials and his sanctity went to the remotest parts of the kingdom; and Edmund, the successor of Athelstan, invited him to court. The predominant passions in Dunstan's character were ambition and impetuosity. The path of life to which he was forced did not extinguish those energies. His superior mind and all its acquisitions still remained; but it was necessary that all its peculiarities should thereafter be displayed in the language, garb, and manners of a monk. He was well received by the king; his ambition was revived, and he now aspired to establish his own power on the aggrandisement of his order; and it was not long before he had the custody of the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs of his sovereign. The public purse being now at his disposal, he planted religious establishments all over the kingdom. He became the champion of the Benedictine reformation, found abundance of supporters, and the revolutions he patronized gathered strength every day. The people reverenced the new monks for their assumed sanctity and severe regularity. Thus the crafty project ended in governing the nation by the

new order, of which every member was, by gratitude, interest and prejudice, attached to Dunstan as its founder and patron. In the following reign he suffered a temporary check, and lived four years in exile, but, on the accession of Edgar, he had full scope for the exercise of his projects. He was recalled to court, became the King's confidential minister, and in a short time was promoted to be bishop of Worcester, then to the see of London; and ultimately to be Archbishop of Canterbury and the Pope's Legate. Invested with the highest functions both of civil and ecclesiastical government, Dunstan proceeded vigorously in the exaltation of his order, and he appears, while he augmented their wealth and power, to have reformed the disorders of the Anglo-Saxon church. He was zealously and munificently supported by Edgar, and the provisions of the Benedictine rule were followed up in all their strictness. The secular clergy suffered severely in consequence. Under Dunstan's guidance the kingdom flourished exceedingly, and in this reign all the minor princes of the island acknowledged Edgar's sovereignty.

Dunstan sustained his influence on the accession of Edward II., on which occasion the crown being disputed, the secular and monastic clergy were again in conflict. The opponents of Dunstan were confounded by two events which the superstition of the age attributed to the miraculous interposition of Heaven. During a stormy synod held in the cathedral at Winchester, a crucifix in the wall is said by the biographers of the saint to have received the gift of speech, and to have pronounced the divine will in favour of the monastic order. And in a council summoned at Calne, in Wiltshire, where the claims of the rival orders were violently debated, Dunstan had just declared that he committed the protection of the church to Christ, when the floor of the council chamber suddenly gave way at the end on which the opponents of the monastic order were collected; and being precipitated to the earth below, they were all either killed or dangerously hurt, while the archbishop and his friends remained uninjured. Some writers have ascribed this to the preparation of Dunstan, but the difficulties of such a contrivance render it doubtful. True it is, he improved the accident and counterfeited a miracle, which corresponds with other incidents of his life. The close of Dunstan's ambitious and busy career was of undiminished prosperity. He ended a long and prosperous life in 989, in time to escape the calamities of war and foreign invasion, in which the country was soon after plunged in the reign of Ethelred II.

Most of the monkish writers make a conjuror of this busy prelate. Fuller, who had consulted them all, tells us that he was an excellent musician, which was a qualification very necessary to ecclesiastical preferment, for, he adds, "preaching, in those days, could not be heard for singing in churches." The superior knowledge of Dunstan in music was numbered among his crimes; for, being accused of magic to the king, it was urged against him that he had constructed, by the help of the devil, (probably before he had taken him by the nose,) a harp, that not only moved of itself, but played without any human assistance. With all his violence and ambition, it may be supposed that he was a man of genius and talents; since it is allowed, by the least monkish of his historians, that he was not only an excellent musician, but a notable painter, and statuary. It is likewise upon record, that he cast two of the bells of Abingdon Abbey with his own hands. (*Monast. Anglic.* tom. i. p. 104.) And, according to William of Malmsbury, who wrote about 1120, the Saxons had organs in their churches before the Conquest. He says that in the reign of Edgar, Dunstan gave an organ to the abbey of Malmsbury, which, by his description, very much resembled that in present use. He adds, that this benefaction of Dunstan's was inscribed in a Latin distich on the organ pipes.

"No circumstance," says a modern writer, "can more impressively attest the superiority of Dunstan's attainments than having been accused, while at court, of demoniacal arts. Such charges give demonstration of the talents and knowledge of the person so accused. In the very same century, another man of eminence suffered under a similar imputation, because he had made a sphere, invented clocks, and attempted a telescope. Many thought Dunstan mad; but, as his madness was systematical, persevering, and popular, it was soon recognised to be prophetic intuition. His arts to perpetuate his power and popularity cannot now be detailed, but they may be conjectured by one faculty which he claimed, and which has been transmitted to us from his own authority. This was his power of conversing with the spiritual world. "I can relate one thing from himself," says his contemporary biographer, "that though he lives confined by a veil of flesh, yet, whether awake or asleep, he was always abiding with the powers above."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY ROCKING-CHAIR.*

Blessings on the invention fair
That first contrived the rocking chair,
For wakeful ease or slumber!
Oft, with a fervour ever new,
I've blest mine own, long-tried and true,
In past hours without number.

Friend at all seasons! how I love,
When morning o'er the earth doth move,
Like some angelic creature,
Seated within thy tranquil place,
To greet with smiles her joyous face,
And read each glowing feature!

Or when, with full and staring eye,
The mid-day sun, in cloudless sky,
Like well-fed furnace blazes,
Safe nestled in thy shaded nook,
To speed the needle's task, or look
Into thought's mystic mazes.

And oftener still, when pensive eve,
Like some pale nun, her cell doth leave,
And takes her silent station
At the frail grate, where day and night
Meet hand in hand, and in Heaven's sight
Pay willing adoration.

Then, wrapt in dreams, my heart will float,
Like voyager in fairy boat
To the blue vault ideal;
Till, quite forgetful of its strife,
I slip, as 't were, the noose of life,
And dwell in worlds unreal.

Yet deem not, when calm Reason calls,
And from the height my spirit falls,
Where idle fancies centre,
That shades of discontent o'er pass
Across my mind's transparent glass,
Or aught like dark thoughts enter.

Oh, no!—within thy still domain,
I count the joys, not few nor vain,
Born with substantial being;
'Till to a livelier flame I fan
Warm gratitude, and rise, some plan
Of good in all things seeing.

Then come at will, ideal bliss!
Thou 'lt always find a welcome kiss
From one that dearly loves thee:
Yet, if thou choose to stay away,
Believe me—oh, bewitching fay!—
Thine absence will not move me.

For, better than all fancied wealth,
Rich in kind friends and much-prized health,
With peace—best gift of Heaven!
Books, quiet, leisure, free from care,
Seated within my rocking-chair,
What need that more be given?

—*From "The Knickerbocker" New York Magazine.*

* The Americans commonly use easy chairs mounted on rockers.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SCARLET FEVER.

A FEW preliminary observations on the opinions popularly entertained of scarlet fever, will materially assist us in explaining, more clearly, the peculiar characteristics of this disease. From the maternal part of the community we are yet most desirous of claiming particular attention, as the subject upon which we are now about to treat is deserving of their earnest consideration; for, with the exception of the small-pox, not one of the diseases incident to childhood carries occasionally into families so much sorrow, anguish, and desolation.

The terms scarlatina, and scarlet fever, convey to many individuals the idea of two distinct meanings; scarlatina being often regarded as a disorder of a *light* and *trifling* nature, exhibiting a slight redness, or efflorescence of the skin, and supposed not to offer protection against an attack of scarlet fever. How frequently, indeed, do we hear in reply to the inquiry, Has such a child had scarlet fever? No—but she has had scarlatina; whereas the terms are in fact *synonymous*, that is, signifying one and the same disorder—scarlatina being the mere technical name for scarlet fever; therefore, in proceeding, we may be permitted to use the words indefinitely, supposing ourselves to be understood as treating of the same identical disease.

Amongst the various affections of the skin there is one called *Roseola*, and this, we believe, is often mistaken for, or confounded with, scarlatina. It is frequently caused by the irritation of teething, derangement of the bowels, accompanied by slight fever, and either generally or partially covering the skin with a rash of a rose colour; sometimes it continues for a night only; in other cases it appears for several days, but is not attended with the peculiar appearance of the tongue, or the peeling off of the skin at the decline of the rash, which accompanies and follows scarlatina. "Roseola," observes a recent author, "has not unfrequently, especially by the older writers, been mistaken for measles, or scarlatina; hence probably originated the notion which many entertain, that scarlatina, unlike other exanthematous fevers," (attended by cutaneous eruptions arising from specific contagion,) "may occur more than once in the same individual." Indeed, scarlatina was not accurately described as a *distinct* disease until the last half century; even the most talented of the faculty confounding it with other skin affections; and it remained for Dr. Withering, who published an essay first in 1778, and again in 1793, to describe it as a distinct disease.

Before we attempt to delineate the symptoms which precede and attend scarlatina, we may observe, that this disease assumes various characters, according to the different seasons in which it prevails. In some seasons it is very mild, in others it is equally virulent and destructive of life; even when it exists as a mild epidemic, we generally hear instances of one or two families being attacked by it with so much violence as to prove fatal to some. Individuals of the same family, having the disease at the same time, may suffer very differently; in demonstration of which we give the following instance:—

A few months since, we were requested to attend a young lady who had a sore throat; on examining the throat and noticing the appearance of the tongue, we inquired if any redness of the skin had been observed? or if she had ever had scarlatina? Her mother (who is peculiarly watchful of any illness, of either her children or her servants) replied, that *all* her children, consisting of five, had been poorly; the nursemaid had likewise been ill, and she herself had suffered from a sore throat; but considering that the general indisposition which had prevailed in her family was merely the effects of slight colds, she had only treated it as such, by administering a little aperient medicine. We then more minutely examined our patient, and discovered a desquamation, or peeling off of the skin; and on requesting to see the others, we readily recognised the sequelæ of the disease, especially in the nursemaid, who had remaining that peculiar dropsical affection of the skin which is a frequent follower of scarlatina; we had therefore no hesitation in pronouncing *all* the invalids to have had that disease. A few days afterwards we were sent for to visit the *father* of the family, a man of the most sober and regular habits, who had only the day previous been attending to his usual avocations; he was evidently likewise labouring under an attack of scarlet fever, but of a much more virulent nature than that through which his family had so favourably passed. Fever of the severest symptoms set in instantly. In a few hours, from being apparently in health, he was unable to raise his hand to his head; and for several days it was a struggle between life and death.

This gentleman we watched with anxious care, and seldom in the exercise of our profession have we been more gratified, or felt ourselves more amply rewarded, than in witnessing our constant but feeble efforts sanctioned by the all-healing power of Providence. Our patient gradually but slowly recovered, and is now happily sufficiently reinstated in health to return to his ordinary business, and to superintend the responsible duties of a kind husband and father. We have here plainly exhibited the different effects the same disease may have on the various members of one family: the mother, nursemaid, and *five* children, passing through the disease so mildly as not to be known, except to the medical practitioner, whilst the father was so severely attacked, that great doubts were at one period of the disorder entertained of his recovery, which was lingering and tedious.

Scarlet fever, like measles, small-pox, and hooping-cough, is considered to be propagated by contagion, and, generally speaking, only attacks once during life; yet in this, as in other diseases, there are exceptions to the rule. But we are convinced such instances do not frequently occur; indeed Dr. Willan stated that he never saw a second attack upon the same individual amongst the number of two thousand patients, whom he had attended in scarlatina.

The usual symptoms preceding this disease is slight shivering, but frequently in children this is unobserved, and even adults will say, that they merely felt a little cold and chilly. When this irregular shivering is observed, it will be followed in a few hours by nausea and sometimes vomiting, heat of the skin, quick pulse, thirst, headache, and even delirium at this early period has been noticed; the throat becomes uneasy and sore, and there is frequently stiffness of the neck. These symptoms may continue for one, two, or three days; but generally on the second day the skin on the face, neck, and chest, will appear covered with minute red points, which in twenty-four hours extend over the whole surface, covering the body with a diffuse redness, resembling the colour of a salmon, when the fish is in high season. The skin is now, especially in the severer cases, very dry and pungently hot; the tongue is either covered with a white fur, as if cream was spread over it, through which many minute red points appear, or it is clean, smooth, and red. There is difficulty of swallowing, arising from soreness of the throat, and an enlargement of its glands; the voice is altered and hoarse; and frequently there is a secretion of tenacious mucus or phlegm from the throat, which is distressing, from the difficulty experienced in expelling it. Towards the evening, the symptoms increase, and delirium during the night is not unfrequent. Some complain of an intolerable pricking sensation, and will describe it as if thousands of needles were running into them.

The irruption may be regarded at its height on the fourth day, on the fifth it begins to disappear from the parts first affected, on the sixth it is more indistinct, and on the eighth, it has ceased to be perceptible. On the morning of the sixth day the skin begins to peel off from the face and neck, where the rash first appeared, and continues to do so, progressively, from other parts of the body, until the ninth or tenth day. The various symptoms accompanying the rash, gradually disappear with the redness; but the throat may continue sore; the tongue remain red, smooth, and clean, for some days. Languor and great debility follow the severe cases, from which, however, the recovery is more rapid than might be expected, provided the internal organs have escaped inflammatory action.

The symptoms just described are such as occur in what is termed a smart attack of the disease; but the reader will perceive, from what has been previously stated, that it often assumes a much milder form, running its course so favourably as almost to escape notice. Would that it generally did so; but, unhappily, at certain seasons, when scarlet fever is generally prevalent, it is a violent, destructive, and very unmanageable disease. It is not, however, our intention to take the reader through all its varieties, as we write for maternal information; sufficient, we trust, has been stated, to afford a general knowledge of the symptoms preceding and accompanying scarlatina.

We believe many individuals consider that the hidden laws which govern *contagion* must of necessity be known to medical men; and it is probable that some in the profession may assist in sustaining the delusion; be this as it may, we are oftentimes questioned, first, how long the contagion may remain dormant, after it is imbibed into the system? Second, when a person who has passed through the disease, ceases to communicate the contagion to those who have hitherto escaped its attack? Our opinion is, that very little is yet known of contagion generally, or the laws which direct specific contagion; therefore, when the above questions are put to us, we candidly acknowledge our inability to afford the desired

information. Indeed, many instances might be offered to prove how indefinite the period may be in both cases; and the hazard of giving a decided opinion will be illustrated by the following fact.

We attended, a few years since, two children in a gentleman's family, who had, simultaneously, scarlet fever: the cases were severe, but both happily recovered. The nursemaid remained in the room day and night, administering to all their wants. She said she had never had the disease, nevertheless was not deterred from the performance of her duty. Three weeks afterwards, the family removed to the sea-side, leaving the maid in town: they remained absent six or seven weeks; and, a fortnight after their return, the nursemaid was taken ill, and had a severe attack of scarlet fever.

From what has been suggested to parents, in former articles, in this Journal, on the diseases of childhood, we are inclined to hope, that the necessity of carefully watching the first approach of inflammation taking place in any of the internal organs, will be deeply impressed on their recollection. The disease now under our consideration, *urgently* demands the adoption of suitable remedies on the first evidence of local or internal inflammation.

On the general management of scarlatina we shall say but little. The treatment in so varying a disease must be left to professional judgment and discretion. Yet, before concluding, we would willingly direct attention to the beneficial effects of frequently ventilating the bed chamber, and allowing a current of cool air to pass round the patient; also by sponging the body with cold water, when the skin is *dry* and *hot*. Discernment and professional knowledge are requisite to direct when sponging should take place, and we hope it will only be done by advice of the practitioner.

In early life, we had an opportunity of witnessing the effects of the application of cold water to the surface, when scarlatina was epidemic in a branch of the public service, and with such marked benefit, that we have regretted that prejudice has often prevented our using the like means so frequently in private life as we could have desired. The testimony of Dr. Bateman will, we trust, tend in some degree, to dissipate the prejudice which we have had to contend against; for which purpose we extract the following strong commendation from his work on Cutaneous Diseases.

"We are possessed," says Dr. Bateman, "of no physical agent, as far as my experience has taught me, (not excepting even the use of blood letting in acute inflammation,) by which the functions of the animal economy are controlled with so much certainty, safety, and promptitude, as by the application of cold water to the skin under the augmented heat of scarlatina and some other fevers. This expedient combines in itself all the medicinal properties which are indicated in this state of disease, and which we should scarcely, *à priori*, expect it to possess; for it is not only the most effectual febrifuge, but is, in fact, the only sudorific and anodyne which will not disappoint the expectation of the practitioner under these circumstances. I have had the satisfaction, in numerous instances, of witnessing the immediate improvement of the symptoms, and the rapid change in the countenance of the patient, produced by washing the skin. Invariably, in the course of a few minutes, the pulse has been diminished in frequency, the thirst has abated, the tongue has become moist, a general free perspiration has broken forth, the skin has become soft and cool, and the eyes have brightened; and these indications of relief have been speedily followed by a calm and refreshing sleep. In all these respects, the condition of the patient presented a complete contrast to that which preceded the cold washing; and his languor was exchanged for a considerable share of vigour. The morbid heat, it is true, when thus removed, is liable to return, and with it the distressing symptoms; but a repetition of the remedy is followed by the same beneficial effects as at first."

Reader, let us repeat, that this simple remedy requires, and demands, the judgment of professional knowledge before it is employed.

DRYING OF STUFFS.

An apparatus has been invented by MM. Penzoldt and Levesque, for the rapid drying of stuffs of all kinds, without fire or pressure. It consists of a double drum, which turns on its axis at the rate of four thousand times in a minute. The stuffs are placed in it as they come out of the water, and, by the effect of rotation, the water contained between the threads is carried towards the external covering of the drum, which is bored with holes. Woollen stuffs are thus dried in less than three minutes, when the apparatus is small; and in eight minutes when it is larger. Flax and cotton stuffs require a short exposure to the air after being taken from the drum.—*Athenæum.*

A VISIT TO BOWOOD.

Though the Marquis of Lansdowne had told me in London that he regretted that I should not be able to see the pictures of Bowood, because it was under repair, I would not pass so near this celebrated seat without visiting it. I therefore set out on the following morning in a single-horse carriage, here called a fly. As you approach Bowood, the ground becomes more unequal, the vegetation richer and more luxuriant. There is a long drive through the park, which is thickly wooded with lofty trees, before you reach the mansion. Being situated on a considerable eminence, which commands the country far and wide, and built in the noble and cheerful Italian style, it has a surprisingly beautiful appearance. On closer inspection, I was particularly pleased at a certain irregularity in the disposition of the considerable group of buildings, which produces a number of agreeable combinations, and makes the architecture harmonize in a picturesque manner with the surrounding scenery. The principal edifice, which, from its grand proportions, has a very stately appearance, is joined on the right side, but standing rather back, by a wing only one story high and of great length, more in the style of a villa, with a long open colonnade. On the terrace before it, is an elegant flower-garden, divided into regular beds. The wall of the colonnade is adorned with larger plants: myrtles, pomegranates, passion-flowers, all in full blossom. On entering the colonnade, I was surrounded by innumerable flowers, which filled the air with their fragrance. Behind this is the chapel, and, in two beautiful large apartments, the library. In one of them the book-cases are ornamented with elegant imitations of Greek vases, and in the other by very good bronzes, after the most celebrated antiques. On the other side of the main building, instead of a wing corresponding with this in tiresome symmetry, there is another shorter wing, adjoining the back front, before which, in the angle that it forms, is another flower-garden, but more retired and private. The prospect from the house is singularly fine. At the foot of the gently-sloping hill, a lake of considerable extent spreads out in two beautifully-winding branches, the opposite bank of which rises again, and is thickly covered, like this, with the finest timber. Further on, the view is bounded by fruitful plains, closed in with a hill.

I accepted with the greatest pleasure the kind offer of Lady Lansdowne, to let the gardener show me the pleasure-grounds. We first went into the kitchen-garden, surrounded with a high wall, where everything is reared which England, that is so far advanced in the cultivation of vegetables, produces. But in the grounds, extending over seventy acres of land, I learned what art, in union with a situation favoured by nature, and a mild climate, is able to effect. The advantages of the lofty and most vigorous of the native trees, such as the oak, the ash, and the beech, are here happily united with the most various trees and shrubs of southern vegetation. Cedars of Lebanon, in their solemn majesty, melancholy cypresses, laurels, cork, oaks, cheerful arbutus, and tulip trees, and many others, are joined, with the most refined taste, in thick masses, in large or small independent groups, and afford the most manifold variations, of completely secluded forest solitude, of a confined view from the mysterious gloom to the remote horizon, to the richest and most various views of single parts of the garden, to the mirror of the lake, with its beautiful chain of hills, and then far into the country beyond it. I admired in particular the taste for the picturesque, with which care had been taken to form beautifully graduated middle distances, and with which the whole was again united by the velvety lawn, which is kept in the most admirable order. The bright sunshine, now and then interrupted by shadows of passing clouds, produced the most diversified and striking effects of light and shade; so that, revelling in the enjoyment of the scenery, I passed some of the happiest hours of my life. Here, too, I was destined to be reconciled to artificial waterfalls, to which I am otherwise a declared enemy.—*Dr. Waagen's, Art and Artists in England.*

THE PLEASURE OF STUDY.

I have found that there is no mental pleasure like dwelling intensely for a time on one topic or one task; and that distraction and dispersion lead to fatigue and ennui. Nothing can ever be superfluous which contains sound sense, or elevated or tender and virtuous sentiment, expressed with manliness and force. It is affectation which ruins everything; and I call everything affectation which is imitated, but most of all which is mimicked.—*Sir E. Brydges.*

THE TRUE POET.

The true poet seeks to exemplify moral truths by the rays of an inventive imagination. There is implanted in him a spiritual being, which adds to the material world another creation invisible to vulgar eyes.—*Brydges.*

THE SHAWANESE INDIANS.

The Shawanese are the only tribe among all our Indians who claim for themselves a foreign origin. Most of the aborigines believe their forefathers ascended from holes in the earth, and many of them assign a *local habitation* to these traditionary places of nativity of their race; reminding us of some of the legends of antiquity, and derived perhaps from that remote period when barbarous tribes were troglodytes, subsisting upon the spontaneous productions of the earth. The Shawanese believe their ancestors inhabited a foreign land, which, from some unknown cause, they determined to abandon. They collected their people together, and marched to the sea-shore. Here various persons were selected to lead them; but they declined the duty, until it was undertaken by one of the Turtle tribe. He placed himself at the head of the procession, and walked into the sea. *The waters immediately divided, and they passed along the bottom of the ocean,* until they reached this "*Island.*" The Shawanese have one institution peculiar to themselves. Their nation was originally divided into twelve tribes or bands, bearing different names. Each of these tribes was subdivided, in the usual manner, into families of the Eagle, the Turtle, &c; these animals constituting their *totems.* Two of these tribes have become extinct, and their names are forgotten. The names of the other ten are preserved, but only four of these are now kept distinct. Of the six whose names are preserved, but whose separate characters are lost no descendants of one of them now survive. The remains of the other five have become incorporated with the four existing tribes. To this day, each of the four sides of their council-houses is assigned to one of those tribes, and invariably occupied by it. To us they appear the same people, but they profess to possess the power of discerning, at sight, to which tribe an individual belongs.—*History of the Indians in North America.*

PAINTING.

Painting is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.—*Coleridge.*

MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY.

A clerk of the Treasury dined at the Beef-steak Club, where he sat next to a noble Duke, who conversed freely with him. Meeting his Grace in the street some days afterwards, and encouraged by his previous familiarity, he accosted him with—"Ah! my lord, how d'ye do?" The Duke looked surprised. "May I know, sir, to whom I have the honour of speaking?"—"Oh! why—don't you know? We dined at the Beef-steak Club—I'm Mr. Timms of the Treasury." "Then," said the Duke, turning on his heel, "Mr. Timms of the Treasury, I wish you a very good morning!"

EFFECTS OF STEAM NAVIGATION.—EGGS.—FEATHERS.

The value, in money, of one seemingly unimportant article, eggs, taken in the course of the year to the above two ports from Ireland, amounts to at least 140,000*l.* The progress of this trade affords a curious illustration of the advantage of commercial facilities in stimulating production and equalising prices. Before the establishment of steam-vessels, the market at Cork was most irregularly supplied with eggs from the surrounding district; at certain seasons they were exceedingly abundant and cheap, but these seasons were sure to be followed by periods of scarcity and high prices, and at times it is said to have been difficult to purchase eggs at any price in the market. At the first opening of the improved channel for conveyance to England, the residents at Cork had to complain of the constant high price of this and other articles of farm produce, but, as a more extensive market was now permanently open to them, the farmers gave their attention to the rearing and keeping of poultry, and at the present time eggs are procurable at all seasons in the market at Cork; not, it is true, at the extremely low rate at which they could formerly be sometimes bought, but still at much less than the average price of the year. A like result has followed the introduction of this great improvement in regard to the supply and cost of various articles of produce. In the apparently unimportant article, feathers, it may be stated, on the respectable authority above quoted, that the yearly importation into England from Ireland reaches the amount of 500,000*l.*

– *Porter's Progress of the Nation.*

LUTHER'S STATUE AT WITTENBERG.

The town-house of Wittenberg is as venerable as dilapidation and weather-stains can make it. In front stands a bronze statue of Luther, by Schadow, under a gothic canopy of iron, and inscribed perhaps with a double allusion:

Ist's Gottes werk, so wird's bestehen;
Ist's menschen's, so wird's untergehen.

If God's work, it will aye endure;
If man's, 'tis not a moment sure.

The divine spirit of genius within the statue will scarce render it immortal: clumsy and characteristic, it expresses the massive vulgarity of Luther's mind well, but destroys all reverence for the original, and makes affection ridiculous. If Protestant art keeps to this unamiable style in representing sanctified personages, image worship is impossible, and the Virgin herself might be introduced into our churches without fear of producing one idolator. Yet Schadow ranks high among German sculptors.—*Athenæum.*

SILENCE NOT ALWAYS A MARK OF WISDOM.

Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner some time ago, in company with a man who listened to me, and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with, "Them's the jockeys for me!" I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head.—*Coleridge.*

COUNSEL OF PYTHAGORAS.

It was the wise counsel of Pythagoras—"Dig not up fire with a sword:" that is, "Provoke not a person already swoln with anger by petulant and evil speeches."—*Wieri Opera.*

INDIAN OPINION RESPECTING WASHINGTON.

It is related that, when, fifteen years after Braddock's unfortunate expedition, in which Washington served, he went westward a second time, on an exploring tour to the Ohio river, a company of Indians came to them, with an interpreter, at the head of whom was an aged and venerable chief. This personage made known to them, by the interpreter, that, hearing Colonel Washington was in that region, he had come a long way to visit him; adding that, during the battle of the Monongahela, he had singled him out as a conspicuous object, fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his young warriors to do the same, but, to his utter astonishment, none of their balls took effect. He was then persuaded that the youthful hero was under the especial guardianship of the Great Spirit, and ceased to fire at him any longer. He was now come to pay homage to the man who was the particular favourite of Heaven, and who could never die in battle.—*Spark's Life of Washington.*

THE ARAB STEED.

The Bedouins appear as kind and gentle to the brute creation as they are to one another, and their fond attachment to their horses is proverbial. D'Arvieux tells us a most interesting story of an Arab, who had been obliged to sell his mare, making very frequently a long journey to come and see her. "I have seen him," says he, "cry with tenderness, whilst kissing and caressing her. He would embrace her, would wipe her eyes with his handkerchief, rub her with his shirt sleeves, and give her a thousand blessings. 'My eyes,' would he say to her, 'my soul, my heart! must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not to keep thee myself? I am poor, my antelope! I have brought thee up like a child, I never beat nor chid thee. God preserve thee, my dearest! Thou art pretty, thou art sweet, thou art lovely! God defend thee from the looks of the envious.'"—*Addison's Damascus and Palmyra.*

TACITURNITY.

Metellus was once asked by a young centurion, "What design he had now in hand?" who told him, that, if he thought his own shirt was privy to any part of his counsel, he would immediately pluck it off, and burn it.—*Plutarch.*

ETYMOLOGY.

Few have ever looked to the French word "allons" for the derivation of the English "along" (come along); yet it is the same in sound and meaning.—*Andrews' Anecdotes.*

TRAVELLING IN 1708.

I went directly to Mrs. Goodman: she seemed startled when I told her I was come to take my leave of her, and that I was to set out in the Canterbury stage at *four o'clock next morning*, that my things had already gone to the Star inn on Fish-street Hill, where I was to lie; and that it would give me great pleasure if she would favour me with her company to breakfast at the Green Man on Blackheath, where the stage would stop, and the passengers breakfast, but that she must be there *by nine o'clock*: this she faithfully promised. I set out immediately for one in the neighbourhood who let out coaches, and agreed with him for a chariot and four, and took my leave. Next morning, when I came to the coach, there were but two lady passengers. I perceived that one of them was a woman of fortune, having two servants in livery on horseback, and the other her waiting-maid. Being come to the Green Man, the chariot soon came with Mrs. Goodman, who brought another lady with her. I gave the coachman a shilling to drink, desiring him to let us have as much time as he could spare, which he promised. *We staid about an hour and a half*, then we took leave of my cousin and her companion.—*Memoirs of Capt. Peter Drake.*

DANGEROUS.

A young man, having cut his finger, sent for a physician, who, after examining the wound, requested his servant to run as fast as possible, and to get him a certain plaster. "Oh my!" cried the patient, "is the danger so great?" "Yes," was the reply; "if the fellow don't run fast, I'm afraid the cut will be well before he gets back."—*New York Mirror.*

A MIRACLE.

An old Irish beggarman, pretending to be dumb, was utterly disconcerted by the sudden question, "How many years have you been dumb?" "Five years, last St. John's Eve, please your honour."—*Old Newspaper.*

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THE BRITISH NAVY.

FIFTH ARTICLE.—DIMENSIONS AND VALUE OF A SEVENTY-FOUR GUN SHIP. DESCRIPTION AND WEIGHT OF THE PRINCIPAL MATERIALS.

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep:
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep." CAMPBELL.

BEFORE leaving harbour, some description of our ship's dimensions and the principal materials on board will doubtless be acceptable to the reader. The burthen then is 1741 tons, length on deck 176 feet, extreme breadth 4 feet 2 inches, depth in hold 21 feet, draught of water, (that is, portion immersed,) about 22 feet. 180,000 feet of timber are used in the fabric, and of this, nearly 3000 loads, or 150,000 feet, are oak; it requires two thousand well-grown trees, of two tons weight each, to produce this quantity, and supposing them to grow at two rods apart, or forty on each statute acre, the produce of fifty acres is consumed in constructing a ship of this class. The part immersed is covered with 3206 sheets of copper, weighing 12 tons 14 cwt., and the total value of the vessel, when completely furnished for foreign service, is £90,000.

The expense of maintaining the crew in wages and victuals is £27,500 per annum.

All vessels from 64 to 120 guns are called indifferently Ships of the Line, Liners, or Line of Battle Ships. Those distinguished as two-deckers, have *two* complete batteries from end to end, independent of lighter guns in other positions, and they are rated from 60* to 90 guns. Three-deckers have *three* unbroken batteries on each side of the ship, besides the guns on the quarter-deck, poop, and forecastle.

But every ship-of-war has another deck between that which sustains the lower battery, and the hold, called the orlop-deck; the fore part of which is occupied by the gunner, boatswain, and carpenter's store-rooms, and the fore cock-pit, around which the cabins of those officers are situated. Next to the fore cock-pit are the cable tiers on each side, wherein the hempen cables are coiled, the middle part being occupied by the room for stowing the spare sails, called the sail room; for every ship carries to sea a complete *suit* of sails, consisting of three of each principal sort, so as always to have two in reserve—and two of the lighter sorts, leaving one in reserve. Next to the tiers is the after cock-pit, surrounded by the cabins of the surgeon, purser, and marine officer—the dispensary, and several store-rooms; and at the foot of the ladder which communicates with the deck above, is situated the purser's stewards'-room, where provisions are weighed out to the different messes. The scene presented on these occasions is not unlike that so graphically described by Smollett in Roderick Random nearly a century ago, except that greater order and cleanliness are now apparent in this and every part of a ship-of-war.

Under the orlop-deck, the ballast, coals, chain cables, water, and provisions, are stowed in holds, which are divided into compartments, called the coal-hole, fore, main, and after holds, spirit and bread-rooms. The heaviest substances are placed as near the middle as possible, and at each extremity the powder is stored in the fore and after magazines, which are approached by passages, and secured by strong doors, never opened until every fire and light in the ship, except the argand lamp which lights the magazine, (the socket of which is surrounded with water,) have been carefully extinguished.

The holds are entered by hatchways, (open spaces about seven feet square,) and with the exception of the fore and main holds, in which nothing but ballast and water are stowed, the hatches which cover these are locked down, and never opened but at stated periods, in presence of the proper officers.

As the orlop-deck is only partially immersed below the water line, a space of about five feet wide is left next to the ship's side all around it, and here the carpenter and his crew take their post in battle, ready to plug up holes made by shot near to or under the water line, technically called "between wind and water;" and which would, if not stopped, admit leakage to a dangerous extent, particularly when the ship was inclined over by the pressure of the wind on her sails. The sides of the orlop-deck are frequently whitewashed, particularly in warm climates.

The next deck above the orlop is called the "lower deck;" on this the heaviest battery of cannon is arranged, consisting of fourteen guns on each side, reaching from one end to the other. The deck is aired and lighted by port-holes, (open spaces two feet nine high by three feet five broad,) through which the guns are pointed when discharged; but as these are not more than six feet above the water's edge when the ship is stored, and would admit water, if not filled up when the vessel was inclined by the wind, or the sea high, they are covered with hanging shutters called *ports*, which may be opened and shut at pleasure; and the joints being lined with thick flannel, are, when barred down, nearly water-tight, and strong enough to resist the force of the elements. For greater convenience, these ports have small apertures called scuttles, which admit the air when opened, and also strong pieces of glass called bull's-eyes, which at all times admit the light.

It is on this lower deck that the whole ship's company are messed and berthed, with the exception of the captain, the ward-room, and warrant officers, who occupy cabins, and the "gentlemen" who sleep in the cockpit and the tiers.

The seamen's mess tables are placed between the guns, beginning in the fore part of the ship; and adjoining them and extending to the gun-room (the gentlemen's mess place) are the marines. The hammocks (beds) are suspended from the beams, being eighteen or twenty inches asunder; a small space, but as every alternate one belongs to the watch on deck, and therefore vacant, it is found sufficient. These hammocks are a kind of sack, suspended at each end, and in the morning they are lashed up in a long roll something in the form of a bolster, carried on deck, and stowed around the quarter-deck, waist, and forecastle, in painted cloths which protect them from the wet. The junior lieutenant's and chaplain's cabins are on each side of the gun-room, and there is a partition called a

* Ships of 60 guns now only exist in the navies of Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, their light draught of water fitting them better than larger vessels for the Baltic and North Seas. They have been excluded from the British and French navies.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

bulk-head that divides this room, which is about thirty feet long, from the messes outside. Above the mess table of the gun-room the tiller traverses: and this is moved to the right or left to regulate the ship's steerage, by ropes passing through pulleys and attached to the barrel of a wheel under the poop.

The sides of the lower deck are generally painted of a light yellow or straw colour, and the arrangement of the mess tables and utensils on shelves between the guns, give to the whole a very comfortable appearance.

Above the lower is the main deck, which has also an unbroken battery of fifteen guns on each side; these, although sometimes of the same calibre, are always lighter than the guns below. On the fore part of this deck the sick-bay or hospital is placed, next to that is the galley, or kitchen, a well arranged plan of boilers, ovens, &c., besides one large range in front and stoves suspended around. The sides of this deck are clear as far as the wardroom bulkhead, but the middle is generally occupied by the live stock, such as sheep, pigs, &c. in pens. Next to the stern is the wardroom, already alluded to as the mess place of the officers, a room about 30 feet by 16, having a long table in the middle, and around it are, beginning on the right-hand side from the stern, (called the starboard side,) the cabins of the 1st Lieutenant, 2d Lieutenant, and Captain's Steward—the last communicating by means of a stair with the cabin above—on the left, or larboard side, the Master, Captain of Marines, and Wardroom Steward—the third and fourth Lieutenants' cabins being outside of the wardroom door. These cabins are about nine feet square, each inclosing a gun, and furnished at the expense of the occupants; they are aired and lighted by the port-hole.

The deck above this is only partly covered over by the poop, which roofs the Captain's cabin; and the divisions are distinguished as quarter-deck, waist, and forecastle.

The quarter-deck extends from the cabin door to about the centre of the ship, when it is terminated by the waist, a space in the middle of which is stowed the spare masts, yards, and spars, and upon these the larger boats: a passage of eight feet wide on each side of the waist connects the quarter-deck and forecastle, and much of the work of bracing about the yards, setting and taking in the sails, &c. is performed on the latter platform, which is besides armed with a couple of light guns.

A row of seven short pieces called carronades, extends on each side from the extremity of the waist to the stern, along the quarter-deck, and two of these on each side are inclosed in the captain's cabin, which is divided into two compartments, the front appropriated as his dining-room; the whole being about thirty feet in length. This cabin is handsomely fitted up, principally at the captain's expense, well aired and lighted from the stern windows, and as the two divisions extend over the whole breadth of the ship, they form very capacious rooms; sometimes they are divided into three, at the option of the captain.

The quarter-deck is the grand parade of the ship. Here the officer of the watch takes his post, and every person who appears thereon salutes him by raising his hat. In this part of the ship the principal officers are stationed in action, and from hence all orders are issued during the performance of evolutions. It is here also that the officers repair for promenading; the weather side at sea, (that is, the side from whence the wind blows,) or the starboard side at anchor, being appropriated to the captain and wardroom officers, the other side to the "gentlemen."

The poop is a light deck extending over the captain's cabin, and beyond it is a space outside his cabin door, which covers the wheel by which the vessel is steered; there are small cabins on each side of this space, one occupied as an office by the clerk, the other as a pantry by the captain's servants. Some of the work of the ship is performed on the poop, and there the signal men take their stations; the middle part is generally occupied by coops of poultry for sea stock, and a chest of arms ready for use is always kept on this deck. Formerly it was the practice to carry guns on the poop, but from their exposed situation they were of little use in action, besides that great weight in this position tended to strain the ship.

The reader will understand that the guns upon the different decks are not placed immediately above each other, for such an arrangement would weaken the ship, by the openings called port-holes being perpendicular. The main-deck port-holes are in the over-space between the guns of the lower-deck, and the quarter-deck in like manner between the main, so as to checker these openings and preserve a greater degree of unbroken substance in the frame. The sides being painted in yellow streaks of about three feet wide, and the ports blacked, present to the view the appearance of a dotted checkered board.*

Having thus described generally the interior of a seventy-four gun ship, we shall now proceed to enumerate the various articles which make up the weight of material, and the area of canvas opposed to the wind for moving this mighty mass, and show the proportions of the principal stores, &c. which are carried to sea. For this enumeration we are, for the most part, indebted to the very excellent work of Mr. Edye, on the "Equipment and Displacement of Ships and Vessels of War."†

A seventy-four gun ship, fitted for foreign service:

	Tons.	cwts.	qrs.
Iron ballast and tanks	196	0	0
Water	260	9	0
Provisions, spirits, and slops (seamen's clothes)	214	18	0
Coal and wood	52	0	0
Men and their effects	65	0	0
Lower masts and bowsprit	36	14	0
Topmasts, top-gallant masts, yards, and caps	27	11	0
Spare topmasts, yards, and booms	12	12	0
Rigging and blocks	54	9	0
Sails and spare sails	9	14	3
Anchors, and cables (hempen and iron)	71	6	0
Boats and their gear	9	14	3
Boatswain's and carpenter's stores, rope, &c.	48	0	0
Gunner's stores, breechens, tackles, &c.	22	2	0
Guns	178	7	0
Gunpowder	20	16	2
Shot (cannon-balls) of every sort	79	17	0
Total weight received on board	1359	11	0
Weight of the ship's hull	1616	15	0
Total weight of the ship, complete for foreign service	2676	6	0

As the reader may be curious for more minute particulars, we add the individual weight, size, and cost, of some of the principal articles.

The length of the mainmast is 36 yards; diameter, 3 feet. It is formed of pieces, scarfed or jointed scientifically, of 12 tons 18 cwt. of pine, bound together with 27 cwt. 3 qrs. and 20 lb. of iron; weighs 14 tons 6 cwt., and its value is 400*l*.

'The largest sail is the main course, or mainsail, which has 918 yards of canvas; being 86 feet wide at the head (or upper part attached to the mainyard), 90 feet 6 in. at the foot (or lower part),

* Liners were first painted checker-sided by Lord Nelson, to distinguish his ships from those of the combined fleets of France and Spain, in 1805; prior to that, vessels were either all black, or relieved by a single white, red, or yellow streak. The painting still depends entirely on the taste of the captain, but most adopt the checkered side.

† The importance of this book may be estimated from the fact, that it has been translated by order of the Sovereigns of France, Russia, and Egypt, for the use of their navies.

48 feet 9 in. in depth, with an area of 4300 feet. Its weight, including the rope which surrounds it (called the bolt-rope), is about 15 cwt.; its value, 150*l.* The largest anchors are 70 cwt., and the value of each 210*l.* The hempen cables are 120 fathoms long, and 22 inches in circumference; the chain cables are 70 fathoms long, weight about 13½ cwt., and value 376*l.*

The rope used in the whole of the rigging, of different sizes, from three-fourths to eighteen inches in circumference, measures 27,152 fathoms, or 54,304 yards.*

There are 11,130 yards of canvas in the sails;† and, when all plain sail is set, (that is, every sail that can catch the breeze,) the area presented to the wind is 25,000 feet.

The provisions enumerated are sufficient for sixteen weeks' consumption, and the water about ten weeks'; giving an allowance of one gallon to each of the crew per day, and also sufficient for washing.

The guns, &c. will be minutely described hereafter, when delineating their various properties, in an article on armament. The powder carried to sea is 335 barrels of 90 lb. each, and eight cases of 120 lbs. : total, 31,110 lbs. ; value, 1037*l.*, at 8*d.* per lb.

We have already observed that, as the crew enlist, they are placed in watches ; besides this, a station, at different evolutions, is also assigned to every seaman and marine, and a complete set of watch, station, and quarter bills are prepared, under the first lieutenant's directions, as soon as he has had an opportunity of testing the men's abilities. This cannot be completed until the ship proceeds to sea : it is necessary, however, to make arrangements provisionally, and to divide the crew into portions, denominated quarter-masters, gunner's crew, boatswain's mates, forecastle men, fore, main, and mizen top-men, after-guard, waisters, and idlers; all of whom have especial duties to perform, according to the nature of the work. The mates render the first lieutenant assistance in these arrangements, which are made as soon as possible, because it is necessary to loose the sails to dry, furl them again, and various other matters, although the ship is in harbour.

A ship of war is readily distinguished from a trading vessel by her neat appearance, but, above all things, by the squareness of her yards, and precision of the rigging and ropes, being tightly distended, and not hanging in loops, when at anchor. The boatswain has the care of squaring the yards,—that is, placing them parallel to each other at right angles across the masts; and for this purpose he repairs every morning in a boat to a short distance from the ship, and, having brought the three masts in a line, he proceeds to direct any alteration that may be required, and to correct any defect that strikes his practised eye. He makes known his wishes by means of his pipe, or call, to one of his mates, who is stationed to watch his signals; and men being placed where required, the matter is effected, and precision attained, in a short time, amidst a flourish of whistling, which the boatswain takes more than ordinary delight in on this especial occasion, he being the principal performer; whereas on board he uses his call for purposes directed by the commanding officer.

Besides getting up and down top-gallant yards, the sails are loosed to dry two or three times a-week ; and this is done by a signal from the admiral's ship, or by watching the motions of the "flag." The sails are loosened (let fall) from the yards, or rolled up (furled) in a very short space of time, particularly after the men have been drilled for a few months ; and this operation, as well as making or shortening sail suddenly, has a very striking effect,—the ship in one minute being clothed with canvas at every point, and her masts hid; or entirely stripped, and every portion of sail placed out of view, and rolled up to the yards so neatly as scarcely to increase their size or destroy the symmetry of their lines.

The boats in use up to this time have been lent for the harbour service, whilst the others were fitting and painting, being reserved until the ship was ready for sea. They are now received. and they consist of a launch, barge, pinnace, two cutters, jolly-boat, and gig. We shall describe them more particularly afterwards. It is usual to hoist up the boats at sunset, except one or two that may be wanted later at night, when a ship is ready for sea.

We shall now describe the manner in which the watches are divided. The seamen and marines we will suppose to be at watch and watch,—that is, in two watches subdivided into parts, relieving each other alternately (although it is usual in some ships to place them in three watches) ; only a portion of each watch is, however, required to be awake on deck at night. But the officers are in three watches, and therefore expected to be always on the alert. The division of time is so arranged that two watches may have eight hours below and four on deck, and four below and eight on deck, on alternate nights ; whilst the officers in three watches have the first, the middle, or the morning watch, on successive nights.

The arrangement is thus :—Beginning with the forenoon watch of four hours, from eight to twelve at noon ; next, the afternoon watch of the same length, ending at four, afternoon ; followed by the first dog-watch, from four to six. Next, the second dog-watch, from six to eight ; the first watch, from eight to midnight ; the middle watch, from midnight till four ; and the morning watch, from four till eight o'clock. By these alternations, and the intervention of the dog-watches of two hours each, the changes are equally brought about, and the time is measured by the sentinel at the cabin-door turning a sand-glass at the end of every half-hour, when a bell is struck from one to eight times, which completes the watch of four hours. At noon each day, the true time is adjusted by an observation of the sun at sea, or by a timepiece in port.

Supposing the ship now prepared for leaving harbour, and the wind and tide to serve, a blue-peter is hoisted, which denotes that the ship is about to leave the port. This is a blue flag, having a square patch of white in the centre, displayed at the fore top-gallant-mast head ; and, if the parties summoned are slow in obeying the signal, attention is called to it by firing a gun. It is also a warning to those persons who have anything to put on board that the last moment for doing so has arrived.

The master attendant has charge of the ship in moving from one position to another in harbour, but now a pilot is necessary ; and, should he not make his appearance at the time appointed, the union-jack is hoisted at the fore, being, in all cases, and under all circumstances, the signal that a vessel requires a pilot.

As the ship is fastened to moorings, these are slipped (that is, disconnected) when the sails are set, and the course is shaped for the harbour's mouth.* When just outside, the admiral's flag is saluted with fifteen guns ; and this mark of respect is acknowledged by the flag-ship firing nine guns in return.†

* In every rope there is a particular yarn, called the "rogue's yarn," which denotes it to belong to the Crown ; and all rope is manufactured in the dockyards, principally at Chatham, where there is a large ropemaking establishment.

† Canvas is generally purchased by contract. As soon as received, every cloth is marked by a waving blue line, in order to facilitate detection, if stolen. All other articles belonging to the Crown are marked, even to the smallest nail, principally with the well-known broad arrow.

* A steam-vessel is generally employed to tow ships out of harbour when the wind is adverse, and this greatly expedites the service.

† The number of guns in a salute is regulated according to the rank of the parties :—The royal salute is 21 guns, and to this the different members of the Royal Family are entitled, the Lord High Admiral, 19 guns ; Admiral of the Fleet, 17 ditto ; Admiral, 15 ditto ; Vice-Admiral, 13 ditto ;

Saluting has a very pretty effect, particularly when performed by a whole fleet at the same time, and the wind is not strong enough to blow the smoke away too quickly. The guns are always fired alternately from either side, and the time between each discharge is marked by the gunner, who gives the word.

On arriving at Spithead, the ship is anchored and the sails furled. As soon as the tide serves, she is moored; an operation which consists in so arranging two anchors as that the cables attached to each may bear an equal strain when the wind blows from the most exposed part of the roadstead.

The captain seldom takes up his residence on board until the ship is on the point of sailing, and the time which now elapses before the orders arrive to proceed to sea is occupied by the first lieutenant in getting the ship into trim, preparatory to that event. At the first convenient opportunity the powder is brought on board, and, when all is reported ready, a day is fixed for paying two months' wages to the crew, called the advance; which is over and above any sum they may have become indebted to the purser for bed, blankets, or slops (clothes), all which is charged against their accruing wages.

In the mean time, we will suppose that a court-martial has been ordered upon an officer of the fleet, and that the captain's presence is required as a member of the court. In our next article, we shall describe the forms pertaining to this solemn and interesting ceremony.

Rear-Admiral, or Commodore of the first class, 11 ditto; Commodore of the second class, Captain or Commanding Officer of any Ship-of-War, 9 ditto; The above are called military salutes. Besides these, civilians are entitled to this mark of distinction, as follows:—Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 19 guns; an Ambassador, a Duke, or Governor of a Colony being a Peer, 15 ditto; other peers, the first Lord of the Admiralty, an Envoy extraordinary, or a Governor not being a Peer, 13 ditto; Chargé d'Affaires, or other minister under rank of Envoy extraordinary, 11 ditto; to a Consul-general, or to a British Factory, 9 ditto; to a Consul, 7 ditto. The Board of Admiralty represent the Lord High Admiral, and when they embark are saluted with 19 guns.

RUNAWAY PEOPLE.

One day in the autumn of last year, we were seated on the top of a coach, going from Rugby to Denbigh Hall, a short time before the Birmingham Railway was opened throughout the entire line. We were seated beside a young couple, and of course soon fell into familiar conversation with them. The young man was a very nice genteel-looking young fellow, possessed of considerable intelligence, and modest and affable in his demeanour. His age might be about twenty-one. The lady was much his superior, however, both in age and in intelligence, though, comparatively, her personal attractions were inferior. That they were a loving couple was evident, not from any offensive intrusion of its exhibition, but from little attentions which quickly catch the observation of the *uninterested*. We could not make out whether they were married or not, nor did we think it was any particular business of ours to inquire; it was enough that their conversation was pleasing, and their conduct quiet, yet attractive. After a rather pleasant day spent in their company, we lost them among the crowd that stepped out of the carriages on the train which brought us on the railway from Denbigh Hall to London.

Next day, on turning over the newspapers which had accumulated during a brief absence, our attention was caught by an advertisement, which was addressed to a young man, who was supposed to have gone off with a female (describing her) by the Birmingham Railway, intreating him to return to his family and friends. The description perfectly answered the young couple. "Ah," thought we, "many little *turns* in our pleasant conversation are now explained!" For instance, the foolishness of youth formed a topic—how often we do many headstrong, foolish actions when we are young, the very recollection of which suffuses a blush on the cheek years afterwards, though everybody has completely forgotten the circumstances, except the individual himself. The young man had blushed himself at this remark—his naturally florid complexion became of a distressing scarlet, and the topic was instantly changed. Passing a village where the speaker had arrived with an empty purse, and had been compelled to wait till money had been sent down from London, this also raised a fresh discussion on the awkwardness of wanting money in a strange place; and again the young man blushed so deeply, and appeared so distressed, that we were glad to leave him alone for a time, his companion exerting her powers of conversation (which were considerable) to restore him to his equanimity. Now, this advertisement revealed how unlucky and *mal-apropos* were some of the remarks in our conversation! The young man had foolishly gone off—*of his own accord*, we were going to say, but some of our fair readers will be apt to hint that, as the lady was his superior both in age and in intelligence, she must have been a moving party in the movement. It makes no matter, he was come to years of discretion; and she did not carry him off by *force*, whatever she might have done by *blandishment*. At all events, they were a very modest affable couple, and seemed very much attached to each other; and we sincerely trusted, not only that the young man was married, but that he was restored to his friends, and that they received him kindly, without keeping up that frowning kind of recollection of the affair, which often tends to unsettle a previously steady character.

Every day in the week one may see in the London newspapers advertisements similar to the one we have been speaking about. A. B. is earnestly intreated to return to his disconsolate wife. F. G. is informed that nobody knows of his absence, and that if he returns in time all will be arranged. P. Q. is intreated to communicate with his friends, who are in a state of great distress. These advertisements are mostly all of a painful character, indicative of some folly, or some breach of trust, which has induced the individual to run away from a circle of relatives and friends. We saw one not long ago, in which C. G. was informed, that a *marriage* was necessary to her restoration to her family and friends. "Ah! poor girl!" thought we, "you *have* friends then, who seem to take some interest in you. Have you formed an attachment, a headstrong attachment, for a young man, and have you forsaken, for him, 'the seriousness of a father's counsels, and the melting tenderness of a mother's prayers?' Have you brothers who loved you, but now almost hate you; or sisters who feel themselves dishonoured in you? Or is your case one which Burns has so touchingly deprecated?

> 'Is there in human form, that bears a heart—
> A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
> That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
> Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
> Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
> Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
> Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
> Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,'
> Then paints the ruin'd maid, and her distraction wild!'"

Sometimes, though very rarely, these advertisements, calling on absentees to return, have a comic touch in them, though in such cases, if the *advertised* has really left his friends in a state of distress, it is hard to see how they can joke on the matter. We remember one, which intreated "the Old Ram" to come home; upon which the *Examiner* remarked, that the Old Ram must be a very interesting lost sheep!

Taking up, quite casually, a couple of *Times* newspapers, which happen to be lying on our table, a day or two old, we remark no less than five such *absentee* advertisements. "The friends of H. H. are in the most distressing state of anxiety, and earnestly intreat him either to return home immediately, or to let them hear from him by letter." What has H. H. done, that he should thus absent himself from home, and reduce his friends to this state of distress? Had he a confidential situation, and did he make use of money that was not his own? Were his affairs embarrassed? Or did he merely become tired of his situation, and, with something of the boyish feeling still remaining, scamper off, just to annoy his friends?

"If this should meet the eye of A. S., who left her home on Sunday afternoon, she is requested to return home to her disconsolate parents, *by whom she will be kindly received.*" We thank ye, O parents, for these words! Yes, receive her *kindly!* Let not the quality of mercy be strained! Let not a blight come over the loving-kindness of the fireside! For we are poor frail foolish creatures, and forgiving kindness is the great alembic.

"If L. P., who left her home on Saturday evening last, will communicate with her disconsolate friends, or let them know where she may be heard of, or written to, *she need not fear of receiving the kindest welcome from those she has left.*"

Madness must be in the heart of the young women, surely, if

that home could not be a *very* uncomfortable home, when friends thus call out to the absentee to return! Was she dissatisfied because she was not maintained in state, and supplied with dress, to flourish as a gay young lady? Vanity, vanity, is too often the rock on which female character is wrecked. And only consider what a city London must be, when one can so effectually hide themselves that an advertisement is the only means of opening a communication!

"The young man who left his employment in the neighbourhood of ——, is requested to return immediately, or write to some part of his family, stating if anything can be done for his advantage."

Young man, why did you leave your employment? You disliked it, perhaps; or you got acquainted with some vicious companions? What fools some young men are! And this is the misery, that the experience of one young man is not the experience of another; but, in spite of all the examples, and all the cautions, and all the preachings, that can be given them, many *will* "sow their wild oats," and find, too often, to their cost, that "what they sow, *that* shall they also reap!" "They who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

"The clergyman who left ——'s hotel is earnestly requested to communicate the place of his retreat to his friend, who has undertaken to arrange the business to the satisfaction of all parties."

What! a clergyman amongst the absentees! What was the "business," one is curious to know, which could have led him to beat a retreat? Why, what business is that to us? It is a good thing that there are friends who undertake to arrange such affairs.

Such is a specimen of five *bonâ fide* advertisements, two of them appearing in the same day's paper, and all of them of very recent date. If one were to take the trouble of overhauling the file of last year, what a number could be picked out!—though we fear that in the number there would be no great variety. The greater number are addressed to young men; occasionally one appears from a *wife*, appealing to all that is honourable in the human breast, and intreating the absentee husband not to leave her to bear the misery alone; and sometimes, though still more rarely, the absentees are middle-aged men, who have abandoned a family, and perhaps an entangled business, which they had not courage to attempt to unravel.

The causes of absenteeism are probably, on the whole, few and simple. A young man has formed an improper attachment, or home is perhaps regulated on severe and formal principles, and age does not choose to bend a little to the waywardness of youth. Or there may be a step-mother at home, and the young man's sense of self-importance is annoyed. Or, worse than all, he has got introduced to a gaming-table, is plunged in debt, and his dream of short-lived extravagance is disturbed by that greatest of all wants, a want of money. As to the husband forsaking the wife, we hold that to be the blackest feature in absenteeism. Rest assured, *he* has not done his duty, whatever the wife may have done; and whatever disadvantages there may be in a large family, the couple who support each other's exertions never need spend their five shillings in advertising each other. As to the middle-aged absentee, poor man, his case is generally a bad one. A young man may recover being "put in the paper," but with a middle-aged man there are many chances that, even if he returns, he sinks into carelessness or drunkenness. And this being "put in the paper," reminds us of an advertisement which appeared some time ago, informing a young man that if he did *not* return, he would be *advertised*.

This kind of absenteeism requires a sound moral education to cure it. There will aways be occasional instances of it amongst youth, for the period of youth is a period of transition and ebullition: but surely the cases might be reduced much in number, if parents would better fulfil their duties. Fathers and mothers are too apt to forget what they were themselves when they were young; and they too often exact an obedience not proportioned to the age of their children, but to what their own calmer discretion and experience dictate. A more generous sympathy with youth would often suppress many of their errors in the bud—errors which sometimes haunt them, like ghosts, through all their subsequent lives.

PROVIDENCE.

In natural history, God's freedom is shown in the law of necessity; in moral history, God's necessity, of providence, is shown in man's freedom.—*Coleridge's Table-Talk.*

DAVY RAMSAY AND THE DIVINING ROD.

The belief in the power of the Divining Rod, when held in the hands of the *initiated*, was long prevalent, and even yet may linger in the minds of some who delight in mysteries; but that such virtue is, or ever has been, possessed by insensate wood, no reasonable being can credit. There appears, however, to be ground for believing that some persons have existed, who possessed nerves of such peculiar delicacy as to be affected by the presence of water, and thus to have actually pointed out spots where springs existed, but where there were no indications to be found. A remarkable instance occurred in France in the last century, in the case of a peasant boy, and several more could be mentioned. It is easy to perceive the use which such a power could be turned to in the hands of the designing, and that the rod was assumed merely as a cloak to give a greater shadow of mystery; the practice, once begun, wanted not followers, who only pretended to a power they did not possess. We give the following anecdote from the "Life and Times" of the arch-conjuror William Lily, as a remarkable instance of the extent of the credulity of the times.

"In the year 1634, Davy Ramsay, his Majesty's clock-maker, had been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey; he acquaints Dean Williams therewith, who was also then Bishop of Lincoln; the Dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered, his church should have a share of it. Davy Ramsay finds out one John Scott, who pretended the use of the Mosaical rods, to assist him herein. I was desired to join with him, unto which I consented. One winter's night, Davy Ramsay, with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the cloisters; we played the hazel rod round about the cloister; upon the west side of the cloisters the rods moved one over another, an argument that the treasure was there. The labourers digged at least six feet deep, and there we met with a coffin; but in regard it was not heavy, we did not open, which we afterwards much repented. From the cloisters we went into the Abbey church, where, upon a sudden (there being no wind when we began), so fierce, so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west end of the church would have fallen upon us. Our rods would not move at all; the candles and torches, all but one, were extinguished, or burned very dimly. John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I gave directions and command to dismiss the demons; which, when done, all was quiet again, and each man returned to his lodging late, about twelve o'clock at night. I could never since be induced to join with any in such like actions (Davy Ramsay brought a half-quartern sack to put the treasure in).

"The true miscarriage of the business was by reason of so many people being present at the operation, for there were about thirty, some laughing, others deriding us; so that if we had not dismissed the demons, I believe most part of the Abbey church had been blown down. *Secrecy and intelligent operators, with a strong confidence and knowledge of what they are doing, are best for this work.*"

VIRTUES AND VICES OF THE ROMANS.

The austere frugality of the ancient Republicans, their carelessness about the possession and the pleasures of wealth, the strict regard for law among the people, its universal stedfast loyalty during the happy centuries when the Constitution, after the pretensions of the aristocracy had been curbed, was flourishing in its full perfection. The sound feeling which never amid internal discord allowed an appeal to foreign interference, the absolute empire of the laws and customs, and the steadiness with which, nevertheless, whatever in them was no longer expedient was amended,—the wisdom of the constitution and of the laws,—the ideal perfection of fortitude realized in the citizens and in the state;—all these qualities unquestionably excite a feeling of reverence which cannot be equally awakened by the contemplation of any other people. Yet, after all, if we bring those times vividly before our minds, something of honour will still mingle with our admiration; for those virtues, from the earliest times, were leagued and compromised with the most fearful vices; insatiable ambition, unprincipled contempt for the rights of foreigners, unfeeling indifference for their sufferings, rapine, even while avarice was yet a stranger to them, and as a consequence of the severance of ranks, inhuman hard-heartedness, not only toward slaves, or foreigners, but even towards fellow-citizens. Those very virtues prepared the way for all these vices to get the mastery, and so were themselves swallowed up.—*Niebuhr.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

WILLIAM COBBETT, certainly one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable age, was the son of a small farmer and publican, and was born at Farnham, in Surrey, about the year 1762. More than thirty years after, when in the commencement of his literary career, and elated with the *noise* which he had created in the United States, he writes to his father in the following manner:—

"Dear Father:—When you used to set me off to work in the morning, dressed in my blue smock-frock and woollen spatterdashes, with my bag of bread and cheese, and bottle of small-beer, swung over my shoulder on the little crook that my old godfather, Boxall, gave me, little did you imagine that I should one day become so great a man as to have my picture stuck in the windows, and have four whole books published about me in the course of one week.—Thus begins a letter which I wrote to my father yesterday morning, and which, if it reaches him, will make the old man drink an extraordinary pot of ale to my health. Heaven bless him! I think I see him now, by his old-fashioned fireside, reading the letter to his neighbours. 'Ay, ay,' says he, '*Will* will stand his ground wherever he goes.' And so I will, father."

Nothing but Cobbett's own energy and force of character could have enabled him to overcome the early obstructions he encountered in acquiring education. His whole life, too, is an illustration of the *evils* as well as the advantages of self-instruction. If a self-taught man is of a timid and hesitating nature, and he has risen from a lower to a higher position in life, he will too often contract a querulous disposition—conscious of his own merits and claims, he is, while reluctant to obtrude them, jealous and captious if they are not gratuitously recognised, and conceded as a matter of course. On the other hand, if his temper is bold, buoyant, and forward, he is ever thrusting himself forward, becomes frequently a loud-talking and boastful egotist, and his real merits are too often obscured under a cloud of conceit.

Cobbett, having been employed in country-work until the autumn of 1782, paid a visit to Portsmouth, and then beheld, for the first time, the sea Next day he made an unsuccessful attempt to get employment on board a man-of-war. In the following year he suddenly came up to London, and obtained a situation as a copying clerk. Tired of this, he, after being in his situation nine months, set off for Chatham, and enlisted in a regiment of foot. The regiment was ordered for North America, but, before it left England, Cobbett's smartness, activity, and good conduct, obtained for him the rank of corporal; and, shortly after its arrival in New Brunswick, (where he remained eight years,) he was promoted, over the heads of other serjeants, to the rank of serjeant-major. Here he became acquainted with his future wife. He thus narrates the story of his courtship:—

"When I first saw my wife, she was thirteen years old, and I was within about a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a serjeant of artillery, and I was the serjeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for *that,* I had always said, should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of *conduct* which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day, to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out in the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me!' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston at the time of the election, to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised, but what was his surprise when I told him that those tall young men, whom he saw around me, were the sons of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick, at daybreak in the morning!

"From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was, at once, settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of a hundred miles up the river of St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware, that, when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons, not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I also did not like besides that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred and fifty guineas, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quarter-master, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. *I sent her all my money* before she sailed; and wrote to her, to beg that if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

"We were kept abroad two years longer than our time, Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt too, I am afraid! At the end of four years, however, home I came; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the Major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant of all-work (and hard work it was) at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!"

Cobbett was discharged from the army in 1791; and shortly afterwards, he brought charges of peculation against four officers of his late regiment; a court-martial was appointed to try them; forty-seven witnesses, named by Cobbett, were brought up from Portsmouth to London: but, when all was ready, the prosecutor had absconded. The court, thinking that some accident might have happened to him, adjourned to the third day afterwards, and search was made for him in all directions—but Cobbett had crossed over to France! He afterwards attempted to vindicate his conduct under some pretence of "oppression," and his being aware that justice would be thwarted: but his conduct appears without excuse.

Cobbett reached France in 1792, when the troubles of the revolution rendered travelling insecure, and he was frequently annoyed by having his papers searched and himself interrogated. He was six months in France, but did not proceed to Paris; and then sailed, in the fall of the year, to the United States. After landing at Philadelphia, he went to Wilmington on the Delaware, where he found a considerable number of French emigrants who were greatly in want of an English teacher; for this he was very well qualified by the elastic activity of his mind, and his short residence in France; he accordingly took it up, and earned, it is stated by his family, at the rate of from four to five hundred pounds per annum.

It was in America that Cobbett began his career as a public writer, when he was about the age of thirty-four. He attacked Dr. Priestley, (then newly arrived in the United States from England,) in a pamphlet under the title of "Observations on the Emigration of a Martyr to the Cause of Liberty," by Peter Porcupine. It attracted considerable attention, and from that period to the end of his life Cobbett was an indefatigable writer for the press.

Cobbett's political career was the reverse of that of some other eminent men. Instead of commencing as an ardent republican and admirer of liberty, and then gliding gradually into more moderate views, he commenced his career as a violent anti-democrat, and became an extreme radical, at least in conduct, if not in *all* his opinions. But Cobbett's political opinions were as much the result of *temperament* as of principle, and hence the frequent changes of sides, and the innumerable cases in which he laid himself open to self-confutation, by such pamphlets as "Cobbett against Cobbett."

That Cobbett should have commenced public life an anti-democratical writer, is easily explained. His constitution and temper were strongly English; a thorough, hale, hearty, self-willed, "bread-and-cheese" Englishman, with a strong spice of that spirit which led, in former days, to a detestation of "brass

money and wooden shoes." He had resided in France for a short period, during troublous times, and this residence did not improve his admiration of democratical principles. He arrived in the United States with a hatred of France, and found that the war of independence had left amongst the people of the States a strong detestation of England, and an admiration of the French revolution, then in progress. Everywhere he heard England spoken against; her king called a tyrant, her aristocracy sneered at, and her institutions ridiculed. This did not please his English ears; and, inspired by the spirit of contradiction, so strong in his nature, and by attachment to his native country, he entered the lists as a powerful advocate of what would now be called toryism. Amongst his various works published in America, under the name of Peter Porcupine, (which were afterwards reprinted in England, in twelve volumes octavo,) is "A little plain English addressed to the People of the United States, on the Treaty negotiated with his Britannic Majesty," which has the following motto:

"An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he who buildeth on the vulgar heart.
Oh, thou fond *Many!* with what loud applause
Didst thou beat Heaven with blessing Bolingbrok
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be?
And now, being trimmed up in thine own desires,
Thou beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up."

While Cobbett resided in Philadelphia, the following incident in his life occurred. Having, in 1796, quarrelled with his bookseller, he opened a shop, and, in a manner truly characteristic of him, bade defiance to his opponents. His friends feared for his personal safety, for the people were infected with the love of France. "I saw," he says, "that I must at once set all danger at defiance, or live in everlasting subjection to the prejudices and caprice of the democratic mob. I resolved on the former; and, as my shop was open on a Monday morning, I employed myself all day on Sunday in preparing an exhibition, that I thought would put the courage and the power of my enemies to the test. I put up in my windows, which were very large, all the portraits that I had in my possession of kings, queens, princes, and nobles. I had all the English ministry, several of the bishops and judges, the most famous admirals,—in short, every picture that I thought likely to excite rage in the enemies of Great Britain,—early on the Monday morning I took down my shutters. Such a sight had not been seen in Philadelphia for twenty years." The daring of this act produced excessive rage; the newspapers contained direct instigations to outrage, and threats were conveyed to him in the openest manner: but there were many amongst his political opponents, and even the people, who admired the Englishman.

Dr. Rush, an eminent physician of Philadelphia, adopted the use of mercury and copious blood-letting, in his treatment of cases of the yellow fever, which raged in 1797. Cobbett attacked him, calling him a Sangrado, with other nicknames and abuse, in the use of which he was so famous all his lifetime. Dr. Rush commenced an action against him; and Cobbett, after ineffectual attempts to get the trial postponed, retreated to New York, and commenced business as a bookseller; but the state of Pennsylvania sueing him for forfeited recognizances, he crossed over to England, where he arrived in 1800. His career as a public writer in this country belongs, therefore, to the present century. Before he left America, he published a strong, coarse, sarcastic paper, called the "Rushlight," in which he attempted to vindicate himself for not going into court, to abide the result of the action.

He began in England as a tory writer, was introduced to some of the members of the government, dined with Mr. Pitt, and enjoyed the acquaintance, for a short time, of Mr. Gifford, afterwards editor of the "Quarterly Review." He started a tory daily paper, called the "Porcupine," which was continued only a few months; and then he began his "Weekly Register," which he kept up for thirty-three years. His gradual change of politics is early marked in the "Register." His temper was too intractable and stubborn, and his love of notoriety too strong, to permit him to become a steady subordinate. He began to lay about him in his furious "Porcupine" style, and was involved, in 1804, in two actions for libel, on members of the Irish government, in each of which he was cast in £500. But as his politics became more distinctly radical, the sale of his publications increased; he projected and conducted for some time the well-known "Parliamentary History," the early volumes of which bear his name; was engaged in other speculations; and in 1806 made a kind of attempt to get into Parliament, by offering to stand for the borough of Honiton in Devonshire. He afterwards bought an estate at Botley, with two small farms, and was preparing to give himself up to a country life, when he was nearly ruined by a government prosecution. He had, in his "Weekly Register" for the 10th July, 1809, expressed himself in strong terms respecting the flogging of certain militia-men, at Ely, and these were made the subject of a prosecution, which was conducted by Sir Vicary Gibbs, the attorney-general. He was tried in 1810, condemned to pay a fine of £1000, and to be imprisoned for two years in Newgate—a harsh and cruel verdict. His property was necessarily neglected, while he was in prison; and he had also to pay twelve guineas weekly for the accommodation of comfortable apartments. But his energy did not flag. He carried on the "Weekly Register" vigorously; and, when he came out of Newgate, assailed government in a series of papers called "Twopenny Trash," the circulation of which reached at one time to a hundred thousand copies.

From this time Cobbett is to be considered as a powerful radical writer, appealing to the masses on all popular questions; and engaging their sympathies by the clearness and vigour of his style, and the downright hearty manner in which he entered upon every subject that interested him. The quality of his intellect was vigour, and his style had a kind of innate nervous power, as if the *man* passed into every sentence that he wrote. He had no greatness of mind—no comprehension of view. Whatever he did, whether it was right or wrong, he did it with all his might, and therefore he did it well. No matter what the opinion was which he advocated—gold against paper, the superiority of old times to the present, the character of a king's speech, or the House of Commons, the oppression of the poor by the rich, the approaching ruin of the country, or, in his own emphatic words, "the downfall of the THING"—Cobbett's straw or Cobbett's corn,—whatever he took up, important or trivial, true or false, he advocated as if his life depended on the issue; and hence his pen, which he handled with a naturally vigorous power, became doubly powerful from acquired intensity of purpose. There was no catching him wrong—no tripping him up. If he advocated an opinion one day which he derided on another, it was of no use to quote Cobbett against Cobbett to *him*:—he would rush at his antagonist with a felicitous sneer, or bespatter him with a shower of nicknames. His felicity in bestowing nicknames was exquisite: you might overthrow him in argument, but in return he might plaster an unlucky epithet on his adversary which might stick to him for life. His scurrility involved him in various personal actions for libel.

His incessant activity enabled him to produce a great number of publications, some of which have been very useful. His whole life was a process of self-education after his own fashion, and many of his books were the result of it. His works on education have great merits and great defects. His clear intellect made him bring everything down to his own level; if *he* understood the matter, he was sure to make others comprehend it—but woe to any principle which Cobbett did not see through! But then, again, his intense egotism often spoils his common-sense. In his French Grammar, for instance, he boasts incessantly of the facility with which he acquired the language, by his own unaided efforts, when, in fact, he perfected his French by his visit to France, and then by teaching French emigrants in America. The young man, ignorant of this, and who attempts to acquire French in the manner which Cobbett prescribes, becomes discouraged—for though, in the level clearness of his explanations, Cobbett descends to his young readers, in the nature and extent of the tasks he prescribes he not only wants them to come up to himself, but even to go beyond him. His English Grammar, again, is disfigured by the intrusion of temporary political opinion and feeling; he comments on king's speeches and statesmen's despatches, and in giving examples of a noun of multitude, joins "a gang of thieves" with "the House of Commons." His "Cottage Economy," "Village Sermons," "Advice to Young Men and Young Women," contain much that is excellent—though the *man*, the intense politician, and intense egotist, continually breaks through.

Cobbett's moral nature was deficient in back-bone, and he was therefore not only inconsistent, but unreliable. Personally, his conduct was excellent—temperate in his habits, a *very* early riser, and perpetually doing something. His egotism led him, of course, to talk perpetually about his temperance and his early rising, and much of his good opinion of men hinged on the questions, if they rose by day-light and abstained from malt liquors. If he happened, in travelling, to sleep at an inn, he cared little who was in bed *after* him; up he was in the morning, bawling out for sleepy "Boots," and, as he mounted his horse, bestowing hearty objurgations on all who did not, like him, get up and ride ten miles before seven or eight o'clock.

In the troublesome times of 1817, when certain acts of Parliament made free expression on political matters somewhat dangerous, Cobbett sailed for the United States—his Register, however, continued to be published, the manuscript being sent across the Atlantic. Pecuniary as well as political entanglement made his removal apparently necessary for a time. He was absent two years, returning in 1819. He then set up a daily paper, which lasted only two months, involving him in loss; and two individuals prosecuted him for libel, one of whom recovered £1000 damages. His spirit, however, was too elastic for despondency, and his exertions never flagged. He tried to get into Parliament in 1820, standing as a candidate for the city of Coventry, but he was defeated; and six years afterwards he was defeated in a similar attempt at Preston.

During the years 1829 and 1830, he visited the principal towns of England and Scotland, delivering political lectures. During all his past life he had been strongly embued with prejudices against Scotland; and he never missed an opportunity, in his writings, of venting his contempt and sarcasm on the Scotch "feelosophers," as he called them. He now, however, professed himself a great admirer of Scotland and the Scotch, and admitted that his visit to that country had done him good. In 1831 he ran considerable risk from another government prosecution for libel, the charge being grounded on an article which had appeared in his Register, which it was affirmed was published with the view of exciting the agricultural labourers to acts of violence, and to destroy property. He defended himself in a speech of six hours; and the jury not being able to agree in a verdict, he was discharged.

In 1832, Cobbett obtained one great object of his ambition, a seat in Parliament. He was returned as one of the members for Oldham, in the first Parliament assembled after the passing of the Reform Bill. There can be no question that if Cobbett had entered Parliament in the vigour of his powers, he would have taken a very prominent part in its proceedings. He was now, however, seventy years of age; and Wilberforce gave it as his opinion that it was very difficult for a man to succeed in the House of Commons who entered it much after the age of thirty. Still, Cobbett distinguished himself; he made a number of effective speeches; "but his success in this new field did not, on the whole, come up to expectation, and on more than one occasion he damaged himself by those strange blunders which here and there mark every portion of his history." He died on the 18th of June, 1835, after a very short illness, aged 73 years.

Thus passed away William Cobbett, the plough-boy, the private soldier, and the M.P.; whose writings fill more than a hundred volumes; who for forty years kept himself conspicuously before the public by the activity of his mind and pen; who rose over crushing calamities (provoked by his own reckless imprudence) which would have sunk men even of more than ordinary resolution; and who, till within a day or two of his death, continued to fill his Weekly Register with matter as amusing, as lively, and as caustic, as ever. Yet he has left nothing behind him that will *perpetuate* his memory. "His mind was one of extraordinary native vigour, but apparently not well fitted by original endowment, any more than by acquirement, for speculations of the highest kind. Cobbett's power lay in wielding, more effectually perhaps than they were ever wielded before, those weapons of controversy which tell upon what in the literal acceptation of the words may be called the common sense of mankind, that is, those feelings and capacities which nearly all men possess, in contradistinction to those of a more refined and exquisite character, which belong to a comparatively small number. To these higher feelings and powers he has nothing to say; they, and all things that they delight in, are uniformly treated by him with a scorn, real or affected, more frank and reckless certainly in its expression than they have met with from any other great writer. He cares for nothing but what is cared for by the multitude, and by the multitude, too, only of his own day, and, it may be even said, of his own country. But in his proper line he is matchless. When he has a subject that suits him, he handles it, not so much with the artificial skill of an accomplished writer, as with the perfect and inimitable natural art with which a dog picks a bone."

GOOD ADVICE.

Let not the law of thy country be the *non ultra* of thy honesty, nor think that always good enough which the law will make good. Narrow not the law of charity, equity, mercy; join Gospel righteousness with legal right; be not a mere Gamaliel in the faith; but let the sermon in the mount be thy *targum* unto the law of Sinai.
Sir Thomas Browne's Posthumous Works.

BELL-RINGING.

England has been called the "Ringing Island," and, sooth to say, although her bells are not honoured with the ceremonious observance of the countries under the rule of the Roman and Greek churches, where more prayers are said at the *baptism* of a bell than at that of a child, yet our English bells have been duly respected, and have been celebrated by our poets, although none, like Schiller, have sung the "Lied von der Glocke,"—the "Song of the Bell."

In our prosaic croakings, we do not pretend to fill up the important subject of *clockology* or *bellology*,—call it which you will, gentle reader!—such a history, like the moulding of a bell, would be "a work of thought and toil;" and we fear that even "measured words," which charmed the labours of Schiller's bell-founder, would scarcely reconcile our readers to details so dry and uninteresting: but we have a word or two to say, in proof that bells and belfries are still held in regard, and have their use. We must pass by "Great Tom," as though he were not, notwithstanding his wonderful power over the vergers, among whom

"Ne'er a man
Will leave his can,
'Till he hear the mighty Tom."

Even the great bell of St. Paul's, whose sad office it is to proclaim the death of the mighty, and the great bell of Moscow, which cannot speak at all—a dumb giant,—must pass unnoticed; for, hark!

"The merry bells all ringing round,
Which to the bridal feast invite."

And shall we leave this blithe invitation for a dull disquisition on "Great Tom!" Far be it from the spirit of good-humour. Let "all go merry as a marriage-bell." Let us enjoy the "bob-majors," the "triple bob-majors," and fancy at least that our neighbours sympathise. And so they do in every place where there is real *neighbourhood*,—a thing often ridiculed, but in which the good feeling engendered overpowers the concomitant gossip: a state of society necessarily banished from the heart of great cities, yet still to be found in their suburbs; but most healthily flourishing in retired country villages, where the church is as it were the centre of the community, and the rector and the squire are the two luminaries of the parish.

Ringing is an art difficult to attain, and its professors are worthy of all honour; for who can bear to hear "sweet bells jangled out of tune?" The perfection of the ringers of St. Stephen's church, at Bristol, so charmed England's queen, the noble Elizabeth, that she incorporated them, and granted them a charter, duly observed to this day. Truly, it is a little perverted,—none of its members being practical ringers. But do they not pay their quarterings? their fines for non-attendance in the belfry? and do not the real bonâ-fide ringers (who, by the way, do not disgrace their predecessors) enjoy the benefit of the multitudinous forfeitings? And is there not an annual dinner at the "Montague," that tavern famed throughout Christendom for the super-super-excellence of its turtle? And do not the "ringers" command the best, and enjoy it with so much zest and good-neighbourly feelings (almost all the members belong to the parish, having their houses of business there), that their annual assembly is celebrated as being the most pleasant meeting throughout the year? Yea! all this good,—this benefit to society (for so it is),—has arisen from a well-rung peal, which resounded from one of the most beautiful belfries in the kingdom, when Queen Elizabeth honoured Bristol with her presence. The charter, setting forth all the laws of ringing, and of a formidable length, is read aloud, by the in-coming junior warden, on each inauguration day, when the old master and wardens vacate their offices, and resign them to their successors; and it is often an agitating trial to a novice, "unaccustomed to public speaking," thus to expound the laws of the belfry to his brother ringers. One rule—the only one, by the way, that we remember,—struck us when, on a certain occasion, we witnessed this festive meeting of St. Stephen's ringers: every ringer who should presume to enter the belfry without first kneeling down on the lintel, and praying, incurred a fine. This pious custom, we fear, has fallen into desuetude.

Although we have never heard of any other incorporated ringers than the favoured sons of St. Stephen; yet most companies of ringers possess a code of laws for their due government, and adhere very strictly to their rules. The following "Articles of Ringing" are upon the walls of the belfry in the pleasant village of Dunster, in Somersetshire; a place known in history as the spot where the celebrated lawyer and statesman, Prynne, was for a long period confined in the castle, an ancient and picturesque building still in existence.

"THE ARTICLES OF RINGING.

"1. You that in ringing take delight,
Be pleased to draw near:
These articles you must observe,
If you mean to ring here.

"2. And first, if any overturn
A bell, as that he may,
He forthwith for that only fault
In beer shall sixpence pay.

"3. If any one shall curse or swear,
When come within the door,
He then shall forfeit for that fault
As mentioned before.

"4. If any one shall wear his hat
When he is ringing here,
He straitway then shall sixpence pay,
In cyder or in beer.

"If any one these articles
Refuseth to obey,
Let him have nine strokes of the rope,
And so depart away."

"WILLIAM GALE, JOHN ———
Churchwardens, 1787."

We love the well-rung peal, when well-tuned bells discourse sweet music, and tell us that some at least of the denizens of earth are rejoicing; and the deep tone of the passing bell, "swinging slow with sullen roar," leads us to sympathise with the sorrows of our neighbours. Thus bells—one of the characteristics of a Christian country—have their effect in awakening sympathy in the heart, and thus keeping open the springs of virtue; and we hail each new accession to the belfry with the feelings and in the words of Schiller:—

"'Neath heaven's blue-vaulted canopy,
There where the cradled thunders sleep,
The neighbour of the starry sky,
High o'er this dull earth shall it sweep;
Shall join the chorus from above
Of the bright everlasting spheres,
Which praise their Maker as they move,
And lead along the circling years.
Eternal things, of import high,
Shall occupy and bless its chime;
On it each hour that passes by
Shall strike, and give a tongue to time.
Its voice to sorrow it shall lend,
Itself unfeeling joy or pain;
And with its varying notes attend
On life's eventful varying scene;
And as its tones, which loud and clear
Burst forth, upon the ear decay,
We learn that nothing's constant here,—
That sounds of earth shall pass away."

APPROVED REMEDIES FOR EVERY-DAY MALADIES.

For a fit of passion: Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton. *For a fit of idleness:* Count the tickings of a clock; do this for one hour, and you will begin to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro. *For a fit of extravagance and folly:* Go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged inmates of a gaol, and you will be convinced

"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to die forlorn."

For a fit of ambition: Go into the churchyard, and read the gravestones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister. *For a fit of repining:* Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, and afflicted, and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

NEARLY two thousand five hundred years ago, the greatest monarch that then reigned on the earth was musing, as he reclined on his bed, and marvelling "what should come to pass hereafter." He could not but know that a mightier conqueror than he, even Death, would come and level him and his greatness with the dust; and his busy thoughts rose, and vainly strove to pierce futurity. A vision was vouchsafed to him—a more magnificent dream than ever floated before the half-waking sense of prince or peasant. A majestic image stood before him, "whose brightness was excellent, and the form thereof was terrible;" and this colossal figure was a type of MAN, from that hour to a yet future period. "Thou art this head of gold," said the Hebrew captive to the king, as he expounded the dream: "The God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength, and glory." He was the despotic master of a vast empire, and round about him were the monuments of his genius and his grandeur. "Is not this great Babylon that *I* have built?" said he, when intoxicated with his greatness—that "golden city," through which the river Euphrates flowed, and which inclosed within its bounds that famous tower, built ere the earth was rightly dry of the flood, when the tongues of men were confounded, and they were scattered over the face of the earth. The river still rolls through the plain of Babylon, for rivers and mountains, the sea and sky, are the work of God: but the remains of the great city are shapeless masses of ruins, and the passing Arab pitches his tent in the midst of a scene of utter desolation, that once echoed the hum of myriad voices, and was covered with all the indications and emblems of wealth, magnificence, and glory.

Next to the head of gold, the breast and the arms of the image are of silver. "After thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee, and another third kingdom of brass, which shall bear rule over all the earth." Thus the Persian overthrows the Babylonian, and the Macedonian overthrows the Persian. The breast and the arms of the image are of silver, typifying the Persian empire; the belly and thighs of brass, emblems of the dominion of Alexander the Great and his successors. The legs are of iron, the feet part of iron and part of clay. How finely is the Roman empire shadowed out, at once in its strength, and in its decline and fall! The legs are of iron, but, as we descend, the feet are part of iron, and part of clay. This is iron-handed Rome in its greatness, and in its gradual decay; and then the toes, "part of potters' clay, and part of iron," are emblematic of the various kingdoms that rose out of the ruins of the Roman empire, one of them, doubtless, being Britain. Thus did Nebuchadnezzar obtain the desire of his heart—a glimpse was given him of that futurity, into which he longed to look—and in this simple, yet comprehensive, colossal figure, was MAN exhibited to him, as indicated by the empires which were successively to take the chief place in ruling the earth.

But why thus show the things that shall come to pass hereafter, if one empire is merely to succeed another, one conqueror merely to conquer another, and man to be a plaything for his brother man? Far better would it be for us to remain in our ignorance, than thus to have a dim outline of hundreds and thousands of years, wherein the race seem to degenerate from age to age, for the head of the image is of gold, and the toes are of iron, mixed with miry clay! But now comes the simple, yet sublime catastrophe, which gives consistency, beauty, and grandeur, to the dream. The great truth was proclaimed 2500 years ago, in the court of the king of Babylon, that man is a progressive creature! A stone, cut out without hands, is hurled against the hardness and the baseness of his nature, and the great image totters to its fall—now it descends in a shower of fragments—"the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, are broken to pieces together, and become like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors; and the wind carries them away that no place is found for them; and the stone, that smote the image, becomes a great mountain, and fills the whole earth."

Now, this image, though a compound of many metals, is yet perfect in shape and form, and is to us a type of the entireness of the history of our race. There is no annihilation in the natural world, and there is none in the moral; Babylon is rased from the earth, and its records almost from the page of history; Persia is

the shadow of that Persia typified by the arms and breast of silver; the exploits of Alexander the Great and his successors have been taken but to "point a moral, and adorn a tale;" and Rome, imperial Rome, succeeded by the modern nations of Europe, seems to have existed only to give occupation to a Gibbon or a Sismondi! Yet human society, from age to age, is one perfect form. The head may be of gold, and the toes of iron, mixed with miry clay; but there are not two heads, neither are there two bodies. Every kingdom has a purpose, and every individual man has a purpose, in existence—there is nothing aimless or objectless in the works of God, and He overrules the works of man. This is the great business of what is called philosophical history, to endeavour to pour light over the chaos—to exhibit how Babylon links with Persia, and Persia with Greece and Macedon, and Greece and Macedon with Rome; and to show, that, while man is often working like a blind mole in the dark, there is a superintending Power, extracting good even out of his evil, and resuscitating the old buried arts of Egypt, to enlighten and instruct the children of the youngest empire of the earth.

While we are thus taught by the colossal figure the lesson of the entireness of human society, we are also taught by the dream that human society would go on from age to age without improvement, were it not for an outward and exterior influence acting upon it. Christianity comes not with might and power to establish a kingdom or overthrow a dynasty; it interferes with none of the established forms that bind society together; it commands the Christian to render unto Cæsar—idolatrous Cæsar—the things that are his; and sends back the christian and slave to his christian master. Its whole influence is moral in its nature, working powerfully, yet working silently and unseen; like the atmosphere, it forces neither gates nor bars, but passes through crevices and openings, and fills the room; its spirit is abroad on the earth, and it will not rest till, like its great author, it occupies all space in the moral universe of man. The stone cut out without hands is a little one, and it is thrown against a huge image. But the day is coming when the blow will be felt over the framework of human society; and then, when all false systems of belief, and all pernicious and hurtful forms of government are destroyed by its pervading influence and power, the gold, and the silver, and the brass, and the iron, of man's own making, will become like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor, which is carried away by the wind; and christianity, in all its purity and all its strength, will enter into every national system, and become the vital element of public opinion—the little stone become a great mountain, and fill the whole earth.

What a marvellous dream is this, which thus looks down through so great a period of history, and indicates its outline concisely, yet with a distinctness that no man can mistake! When Daniel expounded it to Nebuchadnezzar, Babylon was, indeed, a glorious city, and a wonder of the earth. That it should ever be reduced to such a mass of ruins—or rather a kneaded mass of brick, a "burned mountain"—must have appeared utterly chimerical to the Babylonian courtiers. But the dream was not expounded for their sakes, but for ours, and for all who choose to read aright the page of history. Any ingenuous mind that hesitates to accept the Bible as a revelation, would do well to sit down to the book of Daniel; and (bearing in mind that the evidence for the antiquity, genuineness, and authenticity of the work is as complete as can be brought forward on any similar historical or literary question) compare the prophecies fulfilled with those great events or transactions with which they coincide. No candid mind could make the experiment without feeling his scepticism staggering.

To those who are convinced in their minds—who feel that the Bible, as a whole, is altogether too marvellous a book to be other than what it claims to be—a recommendation to study the fulfilled prophecies as a confirmation of their faith, may appear unnecessary and superfluous. But they can read them for a purpose far higher and more useful to them. They believe in the progressive advancement of man; and this is a faith which sometimes requires faith to sustain. Whenever, therefore, your faith in this "cheering doctrine" becomes cloudy—when your horizon is contracted, and a thousand circumstances lead you to think that, after all, bating the exterior influences of civilisation, man is much the same *moral* creature as he has ever been, and that he will continue so to be—go to the sure word of prophecy and receive a fresh impulse to your faith. Too often the huge colossal image of human society fills the whole field of vision; and then we are apt to forget the unseen power—the stone cut out without hands. The same dream and its interpretation which describe to us so accurately the great empires which were to arise in after times, also assure us that a kingdom is to be set up, which shall never be destroyed—"the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure." "While the evils associated with the christianity of remote ages," says Professor Vaughan, "have all, more or less, an existence among us, it is in a diminished and much enfeebled form. We everywhere see upon them the signs of a state of things which decayeth and waxeth old. Lengthened was the interval appointed to precede the announcement of our holy religion to mankind, and a long night of trial has since been allotted to it; but there is much, very much, to warrant hope that the future will constitute the age of its purity and its triumphs—that, better understood, and more devoutly received, it will pour down its richest blessings on a world in which it has suffered such manifold and protracted wrong."

A SPARTAN DAUGHTER.

During the reign of Cleomenes, Aristagoras, prince of Miletus, arrived at Sparta, for the purpose of inducing the Lacedemonian monarch to invade Asia Minor, then under the dominion of Darius Hystaspes; whose power Aristagoras feared, and whom he would have been glad to have seen defeated by the Spartans. The prince of Miletus appeared before the Spartan king with a tablet of brass in his hand, upon which was inscribed every known part of the habitable world, the sea, and the rivers. He addressed the monarch in a speech of considerable length, urging upon him the state of servitude in which the Ionians were placed by Darius, and reminding him of the ties of consanguinity between the Greeks and the Ionian cities of Asia Minor. He represented that the barbarians (the Persians, the word barbarian originally meaning stranger only) were by no means remarkable for their valour; that they were armed with a bow and short spear only; but that they had abundance of gold, silver, and brass; that they had plenty of cattle, and a prodigious number of slaves. Then pointing to the tablet in his hand, he explained the nations by which they were surrounded, the Lydians, the Phrygians, the Cilicians, and others; ending with the Matieini, "in whose district, and not far remote from the river Choaspes, is Susa, where the Persian monarch occasionally resides, and where his treasures are deposited. Make yourselves masters of this city, and you may vie in affluence with Jupiter himself."

Aristagoras having finished,—"Milesian friend," replied Cleomenes, "in the space of three days you shall have our answer."

On the day appointed, Cleomenes inquired of Aristagoras how many days' journey it was from the Ionian sea to the dominions of the Persian king. Aristagoras, whose policy it ought to have been to conceal the truth and lessen the distance, inconsiderately replied, that it was a journey of about three months. As he proceeded to explain himself, Cleomenes interrupted him, saying, "Stranger of Miletus, depart from Sparta before sunset; what you say cannot be agreeable to the Lacedemonians, desiring to lead us a march of three months from the sea." Having said this, Cleomenes withdrew.

"Aristagoras, taking a branch of olive in his hand, presented himself before the house of Cleomenes, entering which as a suppliant, he requested an audience, at the same time desiring that the prince's daughter might retire; for it happened that Gorgo, the only child of Cleomenes, was present, a girl of about eight or nine years old; the king begged that the presence of the child might be no obstruction to what he had to say. Aristagoras then promised to give him ten talents if he would accede to his request. As Cleomenes refused, Aristagoras rose in his offers to fifty talents; upon which the child exclaimed, 'Father, unless you withdraw, this stranger will corrupt you.' The prince was delighted with the wise saying of his daughter, and instantly retired. Aristagoras was never able to obtain another audience of the king, and left Sparta in disgust." This Gorgo afterwards married Leonidas.

Besides the extraordinary speech of Gorgo, a wife worthy of the hero of Thermopylæ, this anecdote is deserving notice as being a description of the earliest map of a country upon record. The translator of Herodotus is wrong in saying "brass," as the plate was probably of bronze, a mixture of copper and tin, which was used for warlike instruments and other purposes, it being capable of taking a sharper edge than could in those days be given to iron; it was called by the Romans *æs*, and by the Greeks *chalcus*. Of this material the Romans fabricated their best mirrors, and the swords found at Cannæ, supposed to be Carthaginian, are of bronze. Brass is a compound of copper and zinc, with which latter metal the ancients were unacquainted.

THE LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The British Museum is the only institution which in its objects and uses is fairly entitled to the name of *national* in England. The National Gallery is too limited, though it is gradually extending, and will, we trust, be one day worthy of its name. The Tower, now that the *Lions* are gone, and the Zoological Gardens have made us familiar with what would have made our forefathers stare, is, at best, but an exhibition for the "young folks"—the "march of intellect" has destroyed that kind of awe with which it used to be invested, and the chronological arrangement of the armour has actually taken the bread out of the poor Beefeaters' mouths; no longer can they hold forth, with edifying confusion, on helmets, shields, and spears, make a country visitor shudder as he touches the axe that actually cut off the head of Ann Boleyn, or curdle the blood in a true Englishman's veins, as he examines the instruments of torture that were found on board the *Harmada*! Westminster Abbey is a national building, but an unwise policy still keeps it as a show, and we are compelled to pay for liberty to muse over the remains of the mighty dead. Not so the British Museum—here we can enter freely, and survey the treasures of nature and art which it contains.

The British Museum was suggested by the will of the celebrated Sir Hans Sloane. He, during a long practice as a physician, and with the enthusiasm of a lover of natural history, had gathered a large collection of books, manuscripts, objects of curiosity and art; and these he directed his executors to offer to the British Parliament for the sum of £20,000. The offer was accepted, and the collection having been augmented by the addition of the Cottonian Library of MSS. which belonged to the nation, measures were taken, which resulted in placing the British Museum where it has ever since remained, in Montague House, a large building originally erected by the Duke of Montague for his residence. The Museum was opened for public inspection on the 15th January, 1759.

It is not our present purpose to enter into a description of this large collection, which, we are sure, no visiter of London, however hurried, misses an opportunity of inspecting. What with its marbles and mummies, its birds, insects, minerals, &c. &c., there is matter enough for consideration to a visiter for many a repeated examination. Our present object is with the Library and Reading-Room, which, under new arrangements, may be considered rather as an adjunct of the Museum, than as an integral portion of it.

Originally the Museum collection was divided into three departments,—those of Printed Books, Manuscripts, and Natural History. The department of Printed Books consisted at first of the libraries of Sir Hans Sloane and Major Edwards; George II., by instrument under the Great Seal, added a library which had been collected by the kings of England from the time of Henry VII.; and, in 1823, the library of George III. was presented by George IV., with an injunction, however, to keep it wholly distinct from the general collection. This latter collection is known as the "King's Library;" it was gathered together, during half a century, at an expense of nearly £200,000; and it is affirmed by Sir Henry Ellis, the chief librarian of the Museum, to be "in itself perhaps the most complete library of its extent that ever was formed." The general, or common library, is continually augmenting, by donations, by purchase, and by contributions under the Copyright Act; about £2,000 is annually expended in the purchase of old and foreign publications; and it contains at present about 270,000 volumes. This is, of course, exclusive of the "King's Library."

The collection of MSS. in the library is very extensive, divided generally into classes, known by the names of their original collectors. Thus, there is the Cottonian collection, which was gathered by the celebrated antiquary, Sir Robert Cotton, and given by his grandson, in 1700, to Parliament, for the use of the nation, and which was transferred to the Museum when it was founded in 1757. This collection has been very useful to our chief national historians and antiquaries—Camden, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Bacon, Selden, Sharon Turner, and Lingard, all acknowledge their obligations to it. Then there are the Harleian, Sloanean, and Lansdowne MSS.—the latter collection having been bought in 1807;—the Burney MSS., chiefly of the Greek and Latin classics; collections by Rich, the son-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh, made while he was consul at Bagdad, along with a great number of other collections, acquired either by gift or purchase. The ancient rolls and charters, many thousands in number, partly belonging to the Cottonian, Harleian, and Sloane collections, form a distinct division of the MSS.

For a long period the Library and Reading-Room of the British Museum were only used by a very few individuals—scholars, antiquaries, historians, and collectors of curiosities of literature. The number of *visits* for the purpose of study and research did not amount, in 1810, to 2000. The attendants of the Reading Room had quite a sinecure in those "good old days," when perhaps they had not above half a dozen individuals to accommodate with books. In fact there was no provision made for a large number of visiters; and the crowds that now attend would have quite horrified those tranquil souls, whose solitary researches were only disturbed by an occasional footfall. The increase has been very rapid of late years, and this has led to new and more spacious Reading-Rooms being provided for those who have the privilege of admission.

The new Reading Rooms occupy a portion of an extensive addition recently made to the buildings of the Museum. The entrance to the old rooms was by the main gateway of the Museum, leading into the great quadrangle; but the new rooms have an exclusive entrance behind the Museum in Montague Place. To obtain admission, it is necessary that the person wishing to become a reader should make application to the chief librarian, backing his application with the recommendation of some responsible individual. Should the person recommending be known to the chief librarian, the application will probably be granted at once; but otherwise the applicant may have to wait for a little time, a few days, or a week or two, in order that inquiry may be made. The professed object of this is to prevent disreputable persons from obtaining easy access to the Reading Room. When the applicant is admitted he receives a ticket, stating that Mr. So-and-so is admitted for six months, and that at the end of that period it must be renewed. The issue of these tickets is a mere formal matter; the applicant, after receiving one, may at once deposit it amongst his "archives;" for tickets are not required to be shown on each visit, the frequenters of the Reading Room walking in and out without let, hindrance, or question.

The Reading Rooms consist of two spacious apartments, with ranges of tables on either side. Round the rooms are presses filled with works of reference, cyclopædias, dictionaries, sets of magazines, journals of societies, topographical and geographical works, county histories, &c. These are open to the readers; but the first process in obtaining a book from the library is to consult the catalogue, and write the title of the work wanted in a printed ticket in the following manner:—

Press Mark.	Title of the Work, or Number of the MS. wanted.	Size.	Place.	Date.
518 a	Clark, J. Bibliotheca Legum.	8vo.	Lond.	1810

(Date) March 14, Peter Porcupine. (Signature.)

Please to restore each volume of the Catalogue to its place as soon as done with.

The reverse of the ticket contains the following cautions:—

READERS ARE *PARTICULARLY* REQUESTED,

1. Not to ask for more than *one work* on the same ticket.
2. To transcribe *literally* from the Catalogues the title of the Work wanted.
3. To write in a plain clear hand, in order to avoid delay and mistakes.
4. To return the books to an attendant, and to obtain the corresponding ticket, the Reader being responsible for the Books so long as the Ticket remains uncancelled.

The ticket (or tickets, if the reader requires more than one work) is handed to an attendant, who is stationed behind a kind of counter at the head of the main room. The reader then takes his seat at a table, and waits till his books are brought, or amuses himself by consulting some of the books of reference in the presses

round the room. The attendants quickly learn to distinguish the person of a reader, though with strangers, or with readers whose visits are few and far between, there may be occasional delays or mistakes. The daily average number of readers is about 220, mostly all of the "sterner sex," for the daily average number of ladies attending the rooms is not more than eight.

The regular "literary" man, who wishes to do "a good day's work," generally starts for the Reading-Room as soon after breakfast as he can. He thus arrives before the rooms become crowded, consults the folio volumes of catalogue without being jostled, gets his books without much delay, secures a good seat, with "elbow" space, and falls to work as heartily as he may. Towards the middle of the day the rooms become full, especially at certain seasons, and sometimes, though rarely in the new rooms, it is difficult to obtain a seat.

The general visitors of the Museum are not admitted into the Library rooms (with the exception of the noble room which contains the King's Library), on the plea that the mere sight of the backs of books could afford neither amusement nor instruction. The true reason is, that a crowd of visiters would completely obstruct the attendants in getting the books required for the readers. The Reading-room is therefore the medium through which the vast library of the British Museum is made available to the public. It is one of the chief fountain-heads of that great river of literature which rolls through the land. Hither come the critics, and the encyclopædists, and the artists, and the writers in periodical works; here they hunt over the remains of the past—old manuscripts and old books, old prints and old maps; and though doubtless there may be some readers who may make as ingenious a use of their privilege as "Boz's" critic did—that is, to do an article on Chinese metaphysics, read under *Chinese*, and then under *Metaphysics*, and *combine* the information—there is no doubt that the Reading-Room of the British Museum is a very great public advantage.

A FIGHT WITH A WOLF.

Mr. Hoffman, in his entertaining "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie," tells a story of an encounter with a wolf, which he thinks worthy of being put alongside of old Putnam's famous adventure. John Cheney, a regular "backwoodsman," rose one winter's morning to examine his traps; "when, hovering round one of them, he discovered a famished wolf, who, unappalled by the presence of the hunter, retired only a few steps, and then, turning round, stood watching all his movements. 'I ought, by rights,' quoth John, 'to have waited for my dogs, who could not have been far off; but the *creeter* looked so *sarcy*, standing there, that though I had not a bullet to spare, I could'nt help letting into him with my rifle.' He missed his aim; the animal giving a spring as he was in the act of firing, and then turning instantly upon him before he could reload his piece. So effective was the unexpected attack of the wolk, that his fore-paws were upon Cheney's snow-shoes before he could rally for the fight. The forester became entangled in the deep drift, and sank upon his back, keeping the wolf only at bay by striking at him with his clubbed rifle. The stock was broken to pieces in a few moments, and it would have fared ill with the stark woodsman, if the wolf, instead of making at his enemy's throat when he had him thus at disadvantage, had not, with blind fury, seized the barrel of the gun in his jaws. Still the fight was unequal, as John, half buried in the snow, could make use of but one of his hands. He shouted to his dogs; but one of them only, a young untrained hound, made his appearance; emerging from a thicket, he caught sight of his master lying apparently at the mercy of the ravenous beast—uttered a yell of fear, and fled howling to the woods again. 'Had I but one shot left,' said Cheney, 'I would have given it to that dog instead of despatching the wolf with it.' All this passed in a moment; the wolf was still grinding the iron gun-barrel in his teeth; he had even once wrenched it from the hand of the hunter, when, dashing like a thunderbolt between the combatants, the other hound sprang over his master's body, and seized the wolf by the throat. 'There was no let-go about that dog when once he took hold. If the barrel had been red hot, the wolf could'nt have dropped it quicker; and it would have done you good, I tell ye, to see that old dog drag the creeter's head down in the snow, while I, just at my leisure, drove the iron into his skull. One good fair blow, with a heavy rifle barrel, on the back of the head, finished him. The fellow gave a kind of quiver, stretched out his hind legs, and then he was done for.'

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

NO. I.

"Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder."
FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.

Much has, of late, been said and written concerning animal magnetism; and, not long since, a "nine days' wonder" was created by a series of magnetic experiments performed at the North London Hospital. No sooner were these experiments begun, than a great outcry was raised against the pretended science which they were intended to illustrate. Since that period, professional controversy has raged like a tornado among the metropolitan medical practitioners, whilst the thunders of literary criticism have been brought up as heavy artillery to aid in subduing a heresy which seems to set at nought the known laws of physical nature. Some critics, we apprehend, have directed their fire into empty space, because, for want of knowing anything of the matter in dispute, they had no object to aim at. Others have applied to a question involving, whatever be its merits, points of the highest science, the measure of their own limited philosophy. One of our contemporaries, distinguished by considerable literary talent as well as pretensions, warmly took up the arms of partisanship against animal magnetism, as it had done before against phrenology, and would do against any recent scientific discovery which did not accurately fit into the frame of its own understanding, or that of the literary coterie which supplies it with critics.

After the experiments at the North London Hospital, which we readily admit to be as absurd as they are unsatisfactory, our contemporary, to create an opportunity for publishing his manifesto against animal magnetism, reviewed two works, one depreciatory of it, the other in its favour. The author of the first is an English surgeon; and the book is bepraised far beyond its deserts; the other emanates from the pen of a French physician, who professes to be an adept in animal magnetism to the fullest extent of its absurdities. The Englishman has performed his task with a very mediocre knowledge of the subject; the Frenchman knows a great deal more than really exists, and is ignorant of that which does exist. The Englishman's book is nothing better than fighting with the empty air; the Frenchman's is a weak and puerile production. Neither throws any new light upon either the absurdity or the *rationale* of animal magnetism; but both served the reviewer's purpose to work his will upon and denounce the quackery and imposture of a pretended discovery, which he, also, seems to know only by name, and is therefore unable to explain to his readers.

We should scarcely have ventured the above remarks, did our contemporary, in his just indignation against the quackery he denounces, not lose sight of his philosophy. In great wrath, he deprecates being called upon to "believe impossibilities." Now, what is an impossibility? The reply is, that, among other assertions equally absurd, the faculty is attributed to persons in a state of somnambulism, as it is strangely called, of seeing, when asleep and their eyes shut, objects presented to their abdomen, and reading the finest writing or print placed upon this part of their body.

The expression of being called upon to "believe impossibilities," is so far from the tone of true philosophy, that it would create an *animus* subversive of philosophy and inimical to research, discovery, and improvement in knowledge. The true line of argument would have been this:—The Creator has established fixed and immutable laws for the governance of all physical nature. Many of these laws are known to and understood by man; and the investigations of science have shown that, in her operations, nature never employs two means to produce the same end when one will suffice. Thus, a complicated piece of mechanism called the eye constitutes the sole organ of vision, and to it nature has applied the well-known laws of optics. From the eye, the nerve of vision conveys to the brain pictures of the objects which strike upon the retina, which is a nervous expansion placed there to receive them. Now, the abdomen has no retina, neither does it contain any nerve of vision to convey pictures to the brain, the faculty of doing so being given by nature to the eye only. It is evident therefore that no power of vision from the abdomen can exist, because its existence would be in opposition to a law of nature.

It is true that some supporters of animal magnetism have alleged certain of its effects to be supernatural. Such explanation is not only absurd but contradictory; because, if animal magnetism exists at all, it must be common to all animals, at least of a particular description, and must therefore be the effect of a natural cause,

and subject to fixed laws. Now the supernatural cannot proceed from the natural; and as nature, though her laws are multifarious, never impedes by one the operation of another, as is sometimes the case with human legislators,* those who pretend to see with the abdomen and to be the instruments of the other wonders attributed to animal magnetism, are impostors.

We have broken a lance with our formidable and really gifted contemporary to show the spirit with which the discussions on animal magnetism have generally been conducted, "Ex uno disce omnes."

The herd of less powerful scribes by whom it has been assailed, have pursued the same unsatisfactory course, without any attempt to elucidate the question, without any examination of facts or causes, without showing any inclination to discover whether or not there exist, commingled with absurdities which have made so much noise and seduced the imaginations of so many clever men that they are entitled to the test of careful investigation, any real materials of science,—and, if so, to separate the corn from the chaff. Such ought to have been the course pursued by every journal willing to hasten the progress of knowledge.

The only observations really to the purpose appeared in that very clever medical journal "The Lancet;" and the talent, pertinence, and acumen, displayed by Mr. Wakley in his test of the value of the experiments at the North London Hospital, are deserving of the highest praise. Unfortunately, "The Lancet," being a strictly professional paper, does not often fall in the way of unprofessional readers.

After the first surprise occasioned by the novelty of the controversy, by the wonders announced as resulting from Dr. Elliotson's experiments, and by the angry sarcasms which this learned experimenter upon the effects of magnetic somnambulism elicited from its opponents—for more generally sarcasm has held the place of argument—the reading multitude, who collectively constitute the "common sense" of the country, began to ask this simple question, "What *is* animal magnetism?"

It is known to every reading person that animal magnetism owes its discovery to a German physician named Mesmer, whence it also bears the name of Mesmerism. About the middle of the last century, Mesmer brought his discovery to France, where it excited a prodigious sensation. No period of French society was more favourable to its reception, no country in the civilised world better calculated for its success, or that of any other species of empiricism. At this time the political destinies of the French nation were placed under the despotic rule of the fifteenth Louis, one of the most profligate and least intellectually endowed of the line of monarchs said to descend from Charlemagne. The French people were then divided into two distinct orders, between which there existed a barrier of demarcation strong and ponderous as iron, towering to an immense height, and apparently seated upon secure foundations. The gates of this formidable structure were seldom opened, even for the admission of wealth or genius. On the inside were the patricians or nobles, a race claiming, as the privileges of high lineage, exemption from all the burthens of the state, whilst they exercised over the other part of the nation the powers arrogated by feudality. With the nobles were the clergy, with their immense wealth, their tithes, and other prescriptive exactions, the burthen of which fell upon the people. On the outer side of the barrier were the plebeians or people, who possessed the whole mass of learning, talent, industry, and virtue, existing throughout the land; but, like the Pariahs of Hindostan, they appeared a despised and degraded race. They were treated with contempt and oppression by the aristocracy, who compelled them not only to wear the chains of feudal power, but to support, unaided, the whole burthen of taxation, the whole weight of the fiscal measures considered necessary to carry on one of the most arbitrary governments that ever existed, and to meet the pecuniary exigences of their profligate king and his no less profligate minions.

At this period, the upper ranks of French society were in so entirely artificial a state, that even the organs and faculties given by nature for the purposes of physical existence, were distorted and misused. In his dress, the French gentleman resembled a mountebank. The luxuriant curls that adorned a youthful head, were removed by the razor to be replaced by a full-bottomed periwig*. Upon the summit of this enormity was perched a small three-cornered hat; whilst a frill and ruffles of lace, a jewel-hilted sword, gold or silver embroidery upon a singularly grotesque form of coat and waistcoat, diamond knee and shoe buckles, and red-heeled shoes, completed the attire. The dress of the ladies was still more monstrously absurd. An immense and heavy head-dress, towering to a height of more than a foot, and made solid by pads, to which the hair was cemented with powder and pomatum, placed the face of a short woman apparently near the middle of her person. The expense of the materials, and the time necessary to construct upon a lady's head an edifice *secundum artem*, made the hair-dresser's visits rather costly. The less wealthy among the high-born dames of the day avoided this expense, by rendering these visits as similar as possible to those of angels,—"few and far between." The consequence was, that vermin bred undisturbed in their padded, powdered, and greasy hair; and the vulgar epithet, "lousy," might, with justice, have been applied to many a fine lady in England as well as in France; for upon these French models were our English fashions formed, though the English fine gentleman, in his endeavours to ape the manners as well as the dress of the Frenchman, betrayed the instinct of the bear, rather than that of the monkey; and the English lady could never fit on with her dress what was termed the ease and grace of the Frenchwoman. Hoops of prodigious amplitude, stays that deformed the waist to a most unnatural degree of smallness, and shoes with narrow heels, four inches high, concurred, with the head-gear already described, in concealing, disguising, or distorting, the most lovely forms given by nature to woman.

This monstrously grotesque attire of both sexes was, however, in strict keeping with the tone, habits, and feelings, of what was termed "polished society;" polished, indeed, to such a degree, that no traces remained of the natural gem. Everything was the result of calculated affectation. An impudent strut was called an air of dignity; and the king was said to have an air of uncommon dignity by displaying that which, if shown by a peasant, would have been termed "awkwardness," and "rustic insolence." The manners of the men, with an excessive exaggeration of politeness, and an assumption of wit and vivacity, were founded on the most consummate coxcombry and impudent self-conceit; those of the women, who exercised an apparently despotic sway over the other sex, were a mixture of the affectation of mawkish sensibility, and of the practice of shameless licentiousness, enhanced by unrivalled powers of light and easy conversation, possessed by both sexes, and to which the French language is peculiarly adapted. Religion was but a mockery: if its outward forms were observed, its reality was scoffed at even by high-born prelates; because vice had become the creature of fashion, from the example of a line of profligate rulers, who were said to be "the Lord's anointed."

The mannerism of their affectation extended to the literature of the French, and to their fine arts, including their music. Nothing was submitted to the test of the feelings, all was measured by an artificial standard of convention, which elicited a false and unfelt enthusiasm, in which the voice spake, but the heart was mute. The keenness of sensual pleasures had worn off by extreme indulgence and misuse; and the nobles of France, young and old, were no longer excited by any of the ordinary pursuits and amusements then known. Extremely ignorant—for it was the fashion of the times to be so—they had no intellectual resources to combat and destroy a phantom called *ennui*, which eternally haunted those whose senses had been blunted by excess of premature enjoyment. The whole object of the highest French society of this period was therefore to seek sensations by discovering novelties, to obtain excitement from new and extraordinary causes. Cheats and quacks found numerous patrons, and many young nobles betook themselves to mysterious pursuits, practising those chemical and physical mystifications which surprised the ignorant, and were coupled by the superstitious with magic and witchcraft.

It was at such a time, and in such a state of society, that Mesmer appeared to practise animal magnetism, and exert its imputed curative power over all diseases. The singular nature

* Among other laughable instances, we give the following. An Act of Parliament was passed some few years since, to authorise the rebuilding of a certain prison in this metropolis. A clause of the Act provides that the materials of which the old prison is formed shall be employed to build the new. A subsequent clause provides that the prisoners shall remain in the old prison until the new is built.

* This fashion was originally derived from Louis XIV., miscalled, by his adulators, "Louis the Great." That monarch, on the loss of his hair, from old age, concealed his baldness under a huge wig, of a kind then recently invented. The courtiers, one and all, imitated their master, and wigs continued in fashion up to the end of the eighteenth century.

of his pretended discovery, the mode of its application, and the mystery of its action, soon brought it into such vogue as to cause a frenzy of excitement. Its fame, and even its practice, extended to England, and the follies of animal magnetism were justly and successfully held up to public ridicule by Foote, and some of the other dramatists of the day. In England, however, it made no impression; and not one of our medical practitioners was induced to put its powers to the test. It therefore left our shores in disgrace, not to return until its late visit to the North London Hospital.

Here we must close the present article. Next week we shall resume the subject of animal magnetism, to our account of which the preceding observations must serve as an introduction.

THE ASS WOURALIA.

Every one who has read Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*, must remember the Wourali poison. This poison is compounded by the Indians, with many forms and great solemnity, of numerous ingredients, and they use it for killing game; for, strange to say, though it produces almost instant death, the flesh of animals killed by it may be eaten with perfect safety. The antidote to this poison is inflating the lungs of the injured animal with air; and if this be done immediately, and continued for a sufficient length of time, it is almost always successful.

When Mr. Waterton was in the wilds of Guiana, he procured some of the Wourali poison; and when he returned to England, in 1814, he brought it with him to London, where experiments were tried with it on various animals. Among others was a female ass, which had been purchased of a London sweep, and which was then about three years old. On this ass the experiment was tried, by striking a spike dipped in the poison into the fleshy part of her shoulder. For a minute or two the ass stood quite still, as if stupified; then she attempted to move, but was unable to walk, and after staggering a few paces she fell. Her legs now became convulsed, her eyes dim, and in a few more minutes she was apparently dead.

As this animal was young, and remarkably healthy, she was judged a proper object for trying the effect of the antidote; and as soon as she appeared quite dead, an incision was made in her windpipe, to which, under the superintendence of Mr. Sewell (then of the London Veterinary College), a pair of common bellows was applied. The process of inflation had been carried on about two hours, when the ass partially raised her head, and looked round; but the working of the bellows being discontinued, she closed her eyes again, and seemed to relapse into a state of stupor. The process of inflation was then resumed, and, in about two hours more, the ass was sufficiently recovered to rise from the ground.

The present Duke of Northumberland, then Earl Percy, was present at this experiment, and he felt so much interested in the fate of the ass, that he begged she might be called Wouralia; and he sent her down to Walton Hall, with a request to Mr. Waterton that she might be well taken care of. Every one who knows the kindness and benevolence of Mr. Waterton, and his ardent love for science, will readily believe that this request would be attended to. Wouralia, indeed, without any recommendation, must have possessed a strong interest in his eyes. Mr. Waterton had gone through hardships in search of the Wourali poison, which no one but himself could have sustained—for, perhaps, no other human being possesses so much activity of mind and body, united with such extraordinary perseverance—and, of course, he must have felt a deep interest in an animal on which the only known remedy for this deadly poison had been tried.

Poor Wouralia did not immediately recover from the effects of the poison; but, in about a year, she became strong and healthy. At Walton Hall she experienced every happiness that her nature was capable of enjoying. She fed in the finest pastures during summer, and was well sheltered from the cold of winter; and she was never suffered to do any work. For five-and-twenty years Wouralia enjoyed this earthly paradise, till, on the 15th of February last, she died, without any disease, save apparently the natural exhaustion of old age.

UNCLE ABEL AND LITTLE EDWARD.

FROM "THE GIFT" OF 1839.

Were any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, school-going, orderly times? If you were, you must remember my Uncle Abel; the most perpendicular, rectangular, upright, *downright* good man that ever laboured six days and rested on the Sabbath.

You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance,—where every line seemed to be drawn with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond; his considerate grey eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspect opening and shutting of his mouth;—his down-sitting and uprising; all of which appeared to be performed with conviction afore-thought—in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was, according to the tenor of the military order —"to the right-about face—forward—march!"

Now, if you supposed, from all this triangularism of exterior, that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift, and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there.

It is true, he seldom laughed, and never joked—*himself*; but no man had a more weighty and serious conviction of what a good joke was in another, and when some exceeding witticism was dispensed in his presence, you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a certain quiet wonder, as if it was astonishing how such a thing could ever come into a man's head.

Uncle Abel also had some relish for the fine arts, in proof whereof I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at the plates in his family Bible, the likeness whereof I presume you never any of you saw—and he was also such an eminent musician, that he could go through the singing-book at a sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way.

He had, too, a liberal hand—though his liberality was all by the rule-of-three and practice. He did to his neighbours exactly as he would be done by—he loved some things in this world sincerely —he loved his God *much*, but honoured and feared him more: he was exact with others, he was *more* exact with himself—and expected his God to be more exact still.

Everything in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end.

There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock, for ever ticking in the kitchen-corner, with a picture on its face of the sun, for ever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplars. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney. There were the yearly hollyhocks and morning-glories, blooming around the windows. There was the "best room" with its sanded floor, and ever-green asparagus bushes—its cupboard with a glass-door in one corner—and the stand with the great Bible and almanac on it, in the other. There was Aunt Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could—who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the land of continuance. Old Time never seemed to take into his head to practise either addition, subtraction, or multiplication, on its sum total.

This aunt Betsey aforenamed, was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always everywhere, predominating over, and seeing to, everything, and though my uncle had been twice married, aunt Betsey's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead, and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter. But my uncle's latest wife left aunt Betsey a much less tractable subject than had ever before fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew up on the verge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmama, until he had arrived at the years of indiscretion, and then my old uncle's heart yearned toward him, and he was sent for home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities—such a violator of all high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry little elf that ever shook a head of curls, and it was

all the same to him whether it was "Sabba-day" or any other day. He laughed and frolicked with everybody and everything that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his arms round the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the bleak face of uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw spring caressing winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled to bring this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing.

Once, he scoured the floor with aunt Betsey's very Scotch snuff, and once he washed up the hearth with uncle Abel's most immaculate clothes-brush, and once he spent half an hour in trying to make Bose wear his father's spectacles. In short there was no use, but the right one, to which he did not put everything that came in his way.

But uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath, for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly to be entertaining.

"Edward, Edward, must not play on Sunday," his father would say, and then Edward would shake his curls over his eyes, and walk out of the room as grave as the catechism, but the next moment you might see pussy scampering in all dismay through the "*best room*," with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomposure of aunt Betsey, and all others in authority.

At last my uncle came to the conclusion, that "it wasn't in natur to teach him any better," and that "he would no more keep Sunday than the brook down the lot." My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart, but certain it was, that he lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when aunt Betsey was detailing his witticisms and clever doings. But in process of time our hero compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school.

He went illustriously through the spelling-book, and then attacked the Catechism; went from "Man's Chief End" to "the Commandments" in a fortnight, and at last came home inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to "Amen."

After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder, to see whether pussy was attending. Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several very commendable efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected. In short, without farther detail, Master Edward bade fair to be a literary wonder. But, alas, for poor little Edward! his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing, he only stayed by his bedside day and night, trying all means to save him, with affecting pertinacity.

"Can't you think of anything more, doctor?" said he to the physician, when everything had been tried in vain.

"Nothing," answered the physician.

A slight convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "Then the Lord's will be done!" said he.

Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from disturbed sleep.

"Oh dear! oh, I am so sick!" he gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile.

Just then his old playmate, the cat, crossed the floor.

"There goes pussy," said he, "Oh dear, I shall never play with pussy any more."

At that moment a deadly change passed over his face, he looked up to his father with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features all settled with a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life."

My uncle laid him down and looked one moment at his beautiful face; it was too much for his principles, too much for his pride, and "he lifted up his voice and wept."

The next morning was the Sabbath,—the funeral day, and it rose "with breath all incense and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever, but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression that could not be mistaken.

I remember him at family prayers bending over the great Bible, and beginning the psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy splendour of the poetry; for after reading a few verses he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the ticking of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book and knelt to prayer. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos, which I have never forgotten. The God so much reverenced, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, to be his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble."

My uncle arose, and I saw him walk toward the room of the departed one. I followed, and stood with him over the dead. He uncovered the face. It was set with the seal of death, but oh! how surpassingly lovely was the impression! The brilliancy of life was gone, but the face was touched with the mysterious triumphant brightness which seems like the dawning of heaven.

My uncle looked long and steadily. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood in the front door.

The bells were ringing for church, the morning was bright, the birds were singing merrily, and the little pet squirrel of little Edward was frolicking about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran, first up one tree and then another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush and chattering just as if nothing was the matter. With a deep sigh, uncle Abel broke forth—

"How happy that *cretur* is! Well, the Lord's will be done."

That day the dust was committed to dust, amid the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Years have passed since then, and my uncle has long been gathered to his fathers, but his just and upright spirit has entered the liberty of the sons of God.

Yes, the good man may have opinions which the philosophical scorn, weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile, but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined. "He shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

VERSES,

SENT BY A YOUNG LADY TO HER NEWLY-MARRIED FRIEND.*

LOVE, Hymen, Interest, and Folly,
Once Puss-in-the-corner played;
Friendship—foe to melancholy—
To be of the party prayed.
When the mind's to pleasure given,
Wisdom soon will cease to warn her
Friendship, now by Folly driven,
Finds it hard to keep her corner.

Love—the sly, malicious boy,
Whose delight is to betray,—
Next his wiles 'gan to employ,
To drive Friendship far away.
To jealous Love, the adoring heart
All must yield, or else he'll scorn her:
Now, poor Friendship! play your part,
Or Love will slip into your corner.

Hymen comes! all on him wait;
His mantle Friendship must prepare;—
Hymen, marching forth in state,
Leaves her in company of Care:
At home, the god puts on wise airs,
Declares that Friendship's a mere fawner,
And, beckoning Interest up-stairs,
Instals him quickly in her corner.

Far from thy gentle breast, my dear,
Folly and Interest must fly!
Love and Hymen yet I fear,
Lest they pass poor Friendship by.
Ah! whilst you welcome to your heart
The brother gods who so adorn her,
One little nook preserve apart,
And let Friendship keep her corner.

* From the French of Beranger.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

The best likeness of this great man, known to all travellers from the oddness of the material on which it is preserved, is to be seen here, (Mount Vernon,) sanctioned thus by the testimony of the family. The best likeness of Washington happens to be on a common pitcher. As soon as this was discovered, the whole edition of the pitchers was bought up. Once or twice I saw the entire vessel, locked up in a cabinet, or in some such way secured from accident: but most of its possessors have, like the family, cut out the portrait, and had it framed.—*Retrospect of Western Travel.*

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.

A cobbler living in Swan-street, Minories, thus pompously announced his calling:—"Surgery performed here upon old boots and shoes, by adding of the feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with new soles. Advice gratis by B. Marks."—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

THE AFRICAN RHINOCEROS.

The black Rhinoceros, whose domains we seemed now to have invaded, resembles in general appearance an immense hog; twelve feet and a half long, six feet and a half high, girth eight feet and a half, and of the weight of half a dozen bullocks; its body is smooth, and there is no hair seen except at the tips of the ears, and the extremity of the tail. The horns of concreted hair, the foremost curved like a sabre, and the second resembling a flattened cone, stand on the nose and above the eye; in the young animals the foremost horn is the longest, whilst in the old ones they are of equal length, namely, a foot and a half or more: though the older the rhinoceros the shorter are its horns, as they wear them by sharpening them against the trees, and by rooting up the ground with them when in a passion. When the rhinoceros is quietly pursuing his way through his favourite glades of mimosa bushes, (which his hooked upper lip enables him readily to seize, and his powerful grinders to masticate,) his horns, fixed loosely on his skin, make a clapping noise by striking one against the other; but on the approach of danger, if his quick ear or keen scent make him aware of the vicinity of a hunter, the head is quickly raised, and the horns stand stiff and ready for combat on his terrible front. The rhinoceros is often accompanied by a sentinel to give him warning, a beautiful green-backed and blue-winged bird, about the size of a jay, which sits on one of his horns.—*Alexander's Expedition.*

CHARACTERISTICS.

We were talking of the levity and gaiety of heart of the French, even under the severest misfortunes. This drew forth an anecdote, which had been related to him by Mr. Pitt. Shortly after the tragical death of Marie Antoinette, M. Perigord, an emigrant of some consequence, who had made Mr. Pitt's acquaintance at Versailles, took refuge in England, and on coming to London went to pay his respects in Downing-street. The conversation naturally turned upon the bloody scenes of the French Revolution, on their fatal consequences to social order; and in particular on the barbarity with which the unfortunate Queen had been treated. The Frenchman's feelings were quite overcome, and he exclaimed, amidst violent sobbing, "Ah Monsieur Pitt, la pauvre Reine! la pauvre Reine!" These words had scarcely been uttered, when he jumped up as if a new idea suddenly possessed him, and looking towards a little dog which came with him, he exclaimed, "Cependant, Monsieur Pitt, il faut vous faire voir mon petit chien danser" Then pulling a small kit out of his pocket, he began dancing about the room to the sound of his little instrument, and calling to the dog, "Fanchon, Fanchon, dansez, dansez;" the little animal instantly obeyed, and they cut such capers together that the minister's gravity was quite overcome, and he burst into a loud laugh, hardly knowing whether he was most amused or astonished.—*Life of Wilberforce.*

AN INDIAN LOVER.

When Shaumonekusse visited the city of Washington, in 1821, the "Eagle of Delight" was the companion of his journey. Young, and remarkably handsome, with an interesting appearance of innocence and artlessness, she attracted the attention of the citizens, who loaded her with presents. Among other things, she received many trinkets; and it is said, that her lord and master, who probably paid her the flattering compliment of thinking her, when unadorned, adorned the most, very deliberately appropriated them to his own use, and suspended them from his own nose, ears, and neck. If she was as good-natured as her portrait bespeaks her, she was, no doubt, better pleased in administering to her husband's vanity, than she would have been in gratifying her own. Shortly after her return home, she died, and the bereaved husband was so sensibly affected by her decease, that he resolved to end his own life by starvation. With this view he threw himself on her grave, and for several days remained there in an agony of grief, refusing food, and repelling consolation. His friends, respecting his feelings, suffered him for a time to indulge his sorrow, but at last forced him away, and his immoderate grief became gradually assuaged.—*History of the Indian Tribes of North America.*

THE BOOK OF PROVIDENCE.

Does not every architect complain of the injustice of criticising a building before it is half finished? Yet, who can tell what volume of the creation we are in at present, or what point the structure of our moral fabric has attained? Whilst we are all in a vessel that is sailing under sealed orders, we shall do well to confide implicitly in our government and captain.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THREE GREAT FAULTS.

"I remember his saying one day at the dinner-table at Rochetts, speaking of the year 1782, 'That was a memorable year for me. I committed three great faults about that time; I got knighted, I got married, and I got into parliament.'"—*Life and Correspondence of Earl St. Vincent.*

EGYPTIAN SCHOOL.

At Boulac saw the Polytechnic School, formerly Ismael Pasha's Palace, a splendid establishment. The boys are neatly enough dressed, and, except the tarboosh and slippers, might pass for Europeans. They appeared, some of them that we saw, very quick and intelligent, and I am told that their examination surpasses most such in England in outward show, but it is all head-knowledge. They apply to algebra and abstruse mathematics. Their benches, slates, &c. were quite European. The printing-press we also saw, and were much pleased. They print a paper every week, and we saw several books in hand; the Arabian Nights is just finished; the impressions are, some of them, beautiful. One venerable old *savant*, with spectacle on nose, appeared to be inspecting, and deeply immersed in, some old chronicle; such an individual is much more striking and characteristic-looking in the handsome old Turkish dress he wore, with a reverend beard, than any dapper old European, in a snuffy brown coat out at the elbows, and glorying in unbrushed classic dust.—*Lord Lindsay's Letters on Egypt.*

EPITAPHS.

Much may be learned from the monumental inscriptions of all nations. * * One common rule, drawn from a universal sentiment, has presided at the framing of all epitaphs for some thousands of years. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is the universal agreement of mourners. It follows that epitaphs must everywhere indicate what is there considered good.

CHINESE DUCK-BOATS.

The duck-boats are certainly to be ranked among the curious singularities of the Chinese. They are large and roomy, with a broad walk extending round the covered parts a little above the surface of the water. If the Irishman may be said to give the best side of the fire to his pig because he pays the rent, surely the Chinaman may with equal propriety give the best part of his house to the accommodation of the ducks. They have the large apartments at the after-part of the boat, while the man with his family exist in a miserable hovel at the head. With which society to associate, it would require some little hesitation to decide; but perhaps the ducks would have the preference. In the morning, the doors are opened, and the birds wander round the house at their pleasure. When the sun is high, large inclined planes are let down at the sides of the boat; one towards the land, and the other towards the water. Up and down these steps the feathered bipeds travel at their pleasure, and take a cruise on land or water, but are prevented from proceeding too far by their anxious overseers. When it is time to retire the man gives a whistle, and at the sound every bird returns, and waddles back again into his warm, comfortable berth. When they are all on board, the stairs are hoisted to the horizontal position by means of a long bamboo lever, and everything is then made secure for the night. The proprietor of one of these boats is able to gain a livelihood by the care of these birds, which he watches with somewhat of the same kind of parental fondness as a hen over a brood of young ducklings just emerged from the shell.—*The Fanqui in China.*

CONTROVERSIES.

Controversy is the safety-valve of theological zeal. The spirit of party is opposed to it, being too intolerant for discussion. Truth has always triumphed by means of controversy: she has grown powerless only where the sleep of lethargy has stolen upon the church. What is Christianity itself but a standing controversy with the infidel, the sensualist, and the formalist,—the men of this world?—*Eclectic Review.*

EXPOSURE TO THE SUN.

There are few points which seem less generally understood or more clearly proved than the fact, that exposure to the sun, without exercise sufficient to create free perspiration, will produce illness, and that the (same) exposure to the sun with sufficient exercise, *will not* produce illness. Let any man sleep in the sun, he will awake perspiring, and very ill; perhaps he will die. Let the same man *dig* in the sun for the same length of time, and he will perspire ten times as much, and be quite well. The fact is, that not only the direct rays of the sun, but the heat of the atmosphere, produces abundance of bile, and powerful exercise alone will carry off that bile.—*Colonel Napier's Cefalonia.*

EDUCATION.

Children should always be heard, and fairly and kindly answered, when they ask after anything they would know, and desired to be informed about. Curiosity should be as carefully cherished in children as other appetites suppressed.—*Locke.*

CHARITY.

"I fear," said a country curate to his flock—"when I explained to you in my last charity sermon, that Philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer labouring under the same mistake."—*Tin Trumpet.*

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THE HABITATIONS OF THE POOR.

MANY years ago, we were a juvenile auditor amongst a crowded assembly in the chapel of a provincial town, listening, with eager attention, to the statements of a well-known African traveller. All that he then uttered has faded from our recollection, with the exception of a single incident in the discourse. Speaking of the degradation of Africa, and its deficiency in even the very *elements* of civilization, the reverend traveller lifted the open Bible from the pulpit cushion, and told his audience that the *streets* of Latakoo were no wider than *that*. If the *manner* as well as the *matter* of this fact struck the audience as it did the writer, the impression made must be numbered amongst those which are called indelible.

Let us suppose an intelligent native of Latakoo or Timbuctoo halting at the foot of that great thoroughfare, Holborn Hill, and venturing to peep up narrow, crooked, notorious FIELD LANE. "Here," he might exclaim, "in the greatest, the noblest, the mightiest capital of the world, is a *street* which reminds me of my native town! It is crooked, turns round with a fine curve; narrow, so that two persons can hardly pass without jostling each other; busy, like the busy thoroughfare of a great metropolis!" Yes! stranger, fear not to enter Field Lane! Once on a time, you might have been dragged into a Jew's den, hustled, or teased: but there is no danger now; the invisible strong arm of the law follows you along Field Lane. Here, as you perceive, is a type or a memorial of those streets of London of the olden time, along which Great Plagues walked, or over which Great Fires triumphed. Standing in the centre of this famous alley, you can almost touch the houses on either side—those old dingy, dirty, tumble-down wooden houses, toppling towards each other. Their basements are occupied by old clothesmen, or rather old ragmen, dealers in rusty locks and nails, and polishers of old boots and shoes. But stay—there seems to be some kind of obstruction a little way up the alley. Banners of many-coloured hues and patterns are floating over-head, and shut up the vista—are these the banners of some knight-errant order, and is this the chapel royal where its installations are held? Venture further, and fear not; these *banners* are those convenient affairs without which a man scarcely feels himself a man, and the corner of one of which, projecting from the coat pocket, was formerly the sign of a fop or a fool. The vendors will sell you one, cheap, if you can deal with them—but ask them no questions respecting the *merchants* who supply them with their stock!

Suddenly Field Lane terminates in a *street* somewhat wider than the paved alley through which we have come. This street boasts a little slip of pavement on either side, and a morsel of causeway in the centre. Its width lets in more of heaven's light and air than can fall down on Field Lane—but this only serves to reveal more fully the dingy, squalid, filthy aspect of the place. It rises up an eminence, and is known as Saffron Hill—strange, that like Rosemary Lane, some of the filthiest spots of London should have name and nature standing as antipodes! Inhabitants, not native, nor yet "to the manner born," may be seen standing at some of the entrances, and heavy feet may be heard making the wooden stairs to creak; here reside the Paddy Kews, and the Bill Sikeses, the Dennis O'Raffertys, and the Artful Dodgers, who assist in maintaining our vast judicial establishment—our judges, and our barristers, and our attorneys, in active employment. Is it summer evening, and are you pensively inclined? Come here, and have your ideas of the nature which you wear cast down to the ground and fit to be trampled under foot—for out of some passage a number of men, women and children, may rush, some covered with blood, others fighting like furies, while the howlings, yells, and cries, make the place seem an abode of demons. Or is it a Monday or a Tuesday morning, and have you ascended a little higher? Groups of men and women, evidently of the lowest rank in society, are standing along the edge of the narrow pavement. Is there some procession about to pass? It is *only* the customary collection, awaiting to see the prisoners proceeding by the back way to Hatton-Garden Police-Office. But what is this curious machine that rumbles through the narrow street? It seems a compound of the hearse and the omnibus—too slightly constructed as a conveyance for prize oxen, or as one of the waggons of a menagerie —yet built for *animals* of some kind; for though no windows are in the sides, light and air are admitted through a grating on the top. Mark the driver—he is in uniform, and drives soberly; the *conductor* behind is also in uniform; his hand is on the handle of the carefully-shut door, and he does not look around for passengers. Nothing appears on the vehicle to indicate its nature, save the royal arms and "V. R."—the mystery is revealed, it carries a cargo to the House of Correction!

What connexion is there between dirt and crime? between a tumble-down house and moral degradation? Does Spitalfields supply the Central Criminal Court with as many subjects as Saffron Hill or St. Giles? Is the mind as well as the body under the influence of a puddle and tainted air? Does cleanliness rank next to godliness? Scotland has long held a conjoined character, and has been famous for orderly habits and dirty ones; and in Ireland, where too many live in mud hovels, and huddle together, the standard of female personal character is comparatively high. But in London, the chief abodes of vice as well as misery, of crime as well as poverty, have ever been its dirty, dingy, squalid spots. The mazes of the Seven Dials and of St. Giles, lying like a breakwater between the "east" and the "west" ends; squalid Tothill Street and its neighbours, within a stone-throw of venerable Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament; Saffron Hill, or Spitalfields, or Ratcliffe Highway, or Rosemary Lane, names which are each the representatives of a congeries of low and miserable lanes, alleys, and streets, are all notorious for whatever sinks man into something worse than a beast. They are "Sloughs of Despond," that mending seems only to mar; where inexperience, and modesty, and ingenuousness, are too apt to disappear, and then to rise again to the surface, changed into rioting, drunkenness, recklessness, shameless effrontery, and dextrous cunning.

"The labouring classes," says the prospectus of the Society for bettering the Habitations of the Industrious Poor, "are, in most

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cases, densely congregated (one house being usually inhabited by several families) in the alleys, courts, and lanes of the metropolis. Their dwellings, owing in some cases to the poverty, in others to the vicious habits, of their occupants, are, for the most part, devoid of cleanliness, order, or comfort. Some families, indeed, enjoy the comparative luxury of a separate day and sleeping-room; but the great majority possess only a single apartment, which is at once the day-room and the common sleeping-place of parents and children. Others, in a more destitute condition, are still more densely congregated, several families occupying the same room; an arrangement necessarily productive, not only of bodily disease, but of a still more baneful moral contagion, the diseased and the healthy being crowded together, and the young and innocent brought into immediate association with the hardened and abandoned.

"But a closer and more circumstantial knowledge of the existing condition and manner of living of the working classes, may be obtained from the following results of a laborious investigation, lately instituted in one of the districts of the parish of Marylebone, namely, that, in 315 houses which were visited, the number of families was 915; the number of families in which there were children, 578; the number of children, 1575. The habitations generally had a bare, desolate, and untidy appearance; nothing had an appropriate place. There were 510 children who went to school, and 1065 who did not. Of the girls who had learnt to sew and wash, there were 492, and 227 who had not; the number of children bringing up to some trade was 160, and no less than 1415 who were not; 349 families appeared cleanly and healthy; 175 dirty, but healthy; 53 dirty, and unhealthy; 58 much distressed; 513 had a good supply of water, and 64 had not. Drains, sewers, and pavings, were wholly wanting in some of the courts and alleys.

"In one district, called the Hell, there was a large unoccupied piece of land before the houses, full of mud, manure, and stagnant water; 324 families were here living in airy rooms, and 249 in confined rooms; there appeared to be a general ignorance on the subject of ventilation: although the air in many of the rooms was impure in the highest degree, so as to be extremely disagreeable to those entering them, the parents seemed to be seldom alive to the propriety of opening a window. But there is one fact, of a character which cannot but be peculiarly afflicting to those who hear it; out of 578 families with children, 308 were found to be occupying only one room, and consequently father, mother, brothers, and sisters, were all sleeping together!" It is added, that other facts could be related of an equally demoralizing tendency, even with regard to children of the tenderest years, but that they are of a character unfit for publication.

Such is one feature of this "great metropolis;" a city not only great in its extent, but great in its charities—a city crowded with churches, and chapels, and hospitals, a great central dépôt of the world's benevolence, enterprise, and humanity! Other large cities of this most Christian kingdom present, according to their respective sizes, and the variable nature of their population, similar incongruities. Birmingham and Manchester, Leeds and Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow, contain deplorable contrasts; but Dublin, as might be expected, exhibits them in shocking opposition. Under the walls of the "Castle" lie streets more squalid, more filthy, and more deplorable, than even those of the filthiest part of St. Giles; while the stranger cannot walk in any quarter without being incessantly reminded of the abject and helpless poverty of a very large body of the inhabitants. There, too, may be seen human beings—creatures bearing the shape and name of man—living, not in damp cellars, nor yet in ruined houses, but crouching in some excavation, made perhaps in a heap of rubbish.

These, it may be said, are anomalies in our civilisation, blots on our social condition; but they are inevitable in our present state of society, and their removal must only be waited for in its gradual progress and amelioration. Look, it may be added, at all that has been already done; compare the condition of the labourer of the present generation with that of his predecessor; and see the great changes that have been effected in the outward condition and aspect of our large towns. We are quite aware of all this; and, to our minds, it is an additional inducement for active and extraordinary exertions to remove the evils that still exist. English society has within it materials for a tremendous explosion. We are fast advancing to a state of active revolution. Far would we be from enacting the worse than useless part of a mere alarmist—of shouting "Wolf! wolf!" or proclaiming falsely that there is a lion in the street. But the rapid growth of our population—the disjunction and determined opposition of great masses—the extraordinary ignorance that yet prevails amongst large sections of the population—are all calculated to make thoughtful minds look forward with anxiety. Hitherto the vital energy of that great and influential portion of British society, the Middle Classes, has carried us safely through the changes and alterations that have taken place. As long as that heart of England remains sound, we need fear no evil. But the middle classes are exposed to the action of circumstances calculated to impair their strength and vigour. We have no right to expect that they will continue to present an effectual resisting medium to the accumulating pressure from below; and our only effectual remedy is at once boldly to descend, and examine the nature and extent of that evil, which may otherwise roll its dark and turbulent waters over the whole structure of our civilisation.

A society has been formed, which proposes to take effectual measures for "bettering the habitations of the industrious poor" in the metropolis. The *idea* is admirable. The condition of the habitations of a people is a grand test of their state of civilisation. Were the nests and rookeries of large towns pulled down, and their places supplied by comfortable habitations, adapted to the resources of the working classes, a vast improvement would be made on their whole moral, mental, and physical character. But how is this to be accomplished? Certainly, not by the classes themselves. Setting aside the helplessness of their position, they have received but a very small share of that knowledge so widely diffused amongst the middle classes, and which has taught *them* the means of remedying evils formerly tolerated as part and parcel of their existence. As little are we to expect that the improvement will proceed from the landlords of St. Giles or Saffron-hill. "With respect to the rents paid for their miserable accommodation, it may be observed, that the lodging-houses of the labouring classes are now generally in the hands of persons who lease the whole and sub-let the rooms at weekly rates, varying from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.*, and even as high as 5*s.*, each; a price which is calculated to be double the sum paid for similar accommodation by the higher classes, who enjoy the additional advantages of a more convenient house in a superior situation. It has been ascertained, for instance, that a house in the parish of Marylebone, costing in annual rent and taxes 43*l.*, produces, when let off in rooms at weekly rents, the sum of 64*l.* 10*s.*; yielding to the first lessee a profit of 21*l.* 10*s.* A smaller house, costing the lessee 12*l.* per annum, rent and taxes, readily produces 20*l.* per annum, when let off, as before stated. In the first instance, therefore, the profit is one-half; and, in the second, two-thirds of the original rent.

"These high charges, of which, be it observed, the vicious are the principal cause, and the well-conducted the victims, are necessarily made, not only in consequence of the frequency with which the weekly rents are wholly evaded by the lodger, but to cover the expense of repairing or replacing fixtures damaged or destroyed by tenants of careless or profligate character. Indeed, so great is the loss sustained on property of this nature, that the owner of a number of four-roomed houses in Marylebone parish, let in lodgings, under the present system, wearied out by the uncertainties of payment, and by the continual outlay caused by wanton destruction, lately offered the whole on a repairing-lease for the mere ground-rents, thus at once consenting to sink the entire cost of the erection and fittings of the dwellings."

We know nothing whatever of the infant society, whose prospectus has led us into writing the remarks we have made. Much perseverance, much caution, and much skill, will be requisite in the conducting of the experiment. We are not very sanguine about its success. But if it goes straightforward in its plan; if it carefully eschews any attempt to convert the society into a *political* engine, and avoids all attempts to *patronise* or *manage* its tenants, or to undermine the natural independence of character which should be cherished, then we cordially wish it success.

"It is intended that the society shall take, on lease, some courts, alleys, or small streets, conveniently situated, and as far isolated as possible from the influence of evil association. The houses in the first instance are to be thoroughly repaired and drained; and provided with every requisite for due ventilation and warmth, together with such accommodation, as to cupboards, shelves, &c., as may contribute, at small expense, to the reasonable comfort of the tenants.

"The houses thus prepared are intended to be opened for the reception of weekly lodgers, on such a scale of rents as may be compatible with the expenses and liabilities of the society. And as it may be presumed that a respectable society, becoming the responsible tenant, and sub-letting the dwellings *to persons of good character only*, could obtain them at a rate somewhat lower than the present rent, it follows that the tenants of the society may reap a corresponding advantage.

"The immediate object of this society, then, is to provide *for the deserving poor*, at a rate somewhat below the current rents, apartments of an improved description, arranged and conducted with a careful reference to the health, comfort, and morals of their occupants. In effecting this desirable object, the society's operations cannot fail to act as a premium on good conduct in the working classes generally, even beyond the circle of those more immediately benefited. They will teach a great moral lesson, in a form palpable to the senses of those whom they cannot directly influence, by connecting solid advantages with good conduct, and thus stamp such a value upon character, as will encourage the well-disposed to persevere in a respectable course, and prove an inducement to the idle and vicious to forsake habits of life pregnant with degradation and suffering.

"It is hoped that an institution of this kind will be considered peculiarly adapted to the present day, since the prominent aim of recent legislation for the poor has been to eradicate the demoralising system of voluntary pauperism, and to mature a healthy feeling of self-respect, and an honourable determination to look to the fruits of industry alone for subsistence."

We are reluctant to make promises: but there are necessarily a variety of subjects which, on their first introduction into a periodical such as ours, can only be briefly discussed, leaving details to future articles. The "Habitations of the Poor" is one of those subject

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN!*

BY THE LATE L. E. L.

We might have been!—these are but common words,
And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing;
They are the echo of those finer chords,
Whose music life deplores, when unavailing.
We might have been!

We might have been so happy, says the child,
Pent in the weary school-room during summer,
When the green rushes, 'mid the marshes wild,
And rosy fruits attend the radiant comer.
We might have been!

It is the thought that darkens on our youth,
When first experience—sad experience—teaches
What fallacies we have believed for truth,
And what few truths endeavour ever reaches.
We might have been!

Alas! how different from what we are,
Had we but known the bitter path before us;
But feeling, hopes, and fancies, left afar,
What in the wide bleak world can e'er restore us?
We might have been!

It is the motto of all human things,—
The end of all that waits on mortal seeking;
The weary weight upon Hope's flagging wings;
It is the cry of the worn heart, while breaking—
We might have been!

And when, warm with the Heaven that gave it birth,
Dawns on our world-worn way Love's hour Elysium,
The last fair angel lingering on our earth,
The shadow of that thought obscures the vision,
We might have been!

A cold fatality attends on love,—
Too soon, or else too late, the heart-beat quickens;
The star which is our fate springs up above,
And we but say—while round the vapour thickens—
We might have been!

Life knoweth no like misery,—the rest
Are single sorrows,—but in this are blended
All sweet emotions that disturb the breast:
The light that was our loveliest is ended.
We might have been!

Henceforth how much of the full heart must be
A sealed book, at whose contents we tremble?
A still voice mutters, 'mid our misery,
The worst to hear—because it must dissemble—
We might have been!

Life is made up of miserable hours;
And all of which we craved a brief possessing,
For which we wasted wishes, hopes, and powers,
Comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing.
We might have been!

The future never renders to the past
The young beliefs intrusted to its keeping.
Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth, and last,—
On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping—
We might have been!

* From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE STRUCTURE AND FUNCTIONS OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

All living bodies, whether vegetable or animal, are composed of *organs* (instruments), that is, of parts having a determinate structure and form, and performing specific *functions* or actions, thus giving rise to the phenomena which collectively are denominated *life*. For example, the heart is an organ, the function of which is the circulation of the blood. Anatomy is the science which relates to organs; Physiology, to functions; the one is the science of *organisation*, the other of *life*.

Organs are divided into two classes, differences in the functions they perform being the basis of the classification. Some functions have for their purpose the support and protection of the individual being and the perpetuation of its species: others are subservient to sensation and voluntary motion. Taken collectively, the functions of the former class are designated by the expression, "*organic life*;" those of the latter by the expression, "*animal life*." Organic life (which is sometimes, and, in our opinion, with less ambiguity, denominated, *vegetative* life) is possessed by all organised beings, vegetables as well as animals,—hence its name. Animal life is so called because it is characteristic of animals alone, vegetables being altogether destitute of sensation and the power of spontaneous motion.

This distinction between the two great divisions of the organic world occasions important *formal* differences between them even in those points in relation to which they essentially agree. It is evident, for example, that the nutritive organs of beings which move from place to place must vary considerably from those possessed by beings which remain fixed in the same spot and are constantly in contact with their food, as is the case with vegetables. All the parts of an organised being are closely connected with, and exert great influence upon one another, and therefore each must be formed in reference to all the rest, in order that they may co-operate harmoniously. In the animal, the organic functions are subordinate to those of the animal life, and are modified in accordance with them. Nevertheless, the former are carried on independently of the latter, and sometimes even after they have wholly ceased. The heart may continue to beat, although the brain, the organ of sensation, has become incapable of performing its office. The organic life, on the contrary, is essential to the animal: the instant the vegetative functions stop, animal life is destroyed. It rests upon the organic—the organic is independent and original.

Gradual development is one of the characteristics of organised beings. Unlike mere matter, which, so far as our *observation* extends, has neither commencement nor end, their individual existence has a clearly marked beginning as well as termination. Small and feeble at first, it is only by degrees, in many instances by exceedingly slow degrees, that they attain their full size and vigour. The acorn is an organised body, the germ of the future oak. It contains the yet feeble living principle, and the rudiments of the organs which in process of time will attain the strength and magnificent development of the mighty tree, formed to endure for centuries, and successfully to resist the operation of the all-powerful elements. It is long before the weak and helpless infant becomes the powerful man: the change from one state to the other is so gradual as to be almost unobserved. In both these instances the phenomena referred to consist in the increase of the size of the organs composing the body. To prepare the materials thus disposed of, and to arrange them in their proper order, is one of the functions of organic life.

No function can be performed without waste of the substance of the organ by which it is carried on: hence, but for compensatory processes, organised beings, instead of increasing or maintaining their bulk, would be in a state of incessant decay and diminution. The constituent particles of all living bodies are in a perpetual flux: every instant old particles are carried out of the system and new particles are brought into it. The functions by means of which the compensation above mentioned is effected, are the same in kind, though differing in degree, as those which develop the germ and bestow upon it the proportions of maturity.

All forms of being existing on the surface of our globe are exposed to the action of physical agents, and are subject to the operation of physical laws. Air, water, light, heat, cold, electricity, are constantly at work, disorganising some bodies and reconstructing others. The hardest rock is not exempt from their destroying influence. The process may not be perceptible, yet it gradually moulders away beneath their united operation, and enters into new combinations. Yet the most fragile plant or the minutest animal modifies the action of these seemingly resistless elements. So long as the living principle is vigorous, they, within a certain range, are rendered subservient to it,—nor, indeed, could life be otherwise maintained. This remarkable characteristic of organisation is also the result of the functions of the organs of organic life.

The materials out of which nutriment (that is, the matter which develops and maintains the body) is elaborated, are called *food*. The food of vegetables consists of inorganic matter, chiefly air and water. That of animals is derived from the organic world, either vegetable or animal, the food of man being of both kinds. To extract from the food those portions of it which are fit to become incorporated with the body, is the office of one set of the organs of organic life, to which the name *digestive* (separating) has been given.

The *mouth* and *teeth* perform the first part of the digestive process. In the mouth the food is divided into minute fragments by means of the teeth, the muscles of the lower jaw, and the tongue, and is mixed with various fluids, the chief of which is *saliva*.

The food, having thus been reduced into a soft pulp, passes down the *œsophagus* or *gullet* into the stomach, a membranous bag, capable in the adult of holding about three pints, and situated in the upper part of the abdomen. There it is exposed to the action of the gastric juice, a fluid secreted (that is, separated from the blood) by the minute blood-vessels of the internal lining of the stomach, or mucous coat. The gastric juice is universally considered by physiologists to be the principal agent in effecting the changes which the food undergoes in the stomach, consisting in the complete dissolution and intimate mixture of all its component particles; so that, however numerous and varied may have been the articles eaten, they are converted into a mass perfectly homogeneous, that is, possessing in all its parts the same sensible qualities, though, of course, partaking of the character of the food from which it is formed. This new product, the result of the second stage of the process of digestion, is called *chyme*.

As the chyme is gradually formed from the food in contact with the mucous coat, it is carried by the contractions of the muscular coats towards the right extremity of the stomach, where it accumulates until admitted through the *pyloric* orifice into the first intestine or *duodenum*, so named on account of its usual length, which is about *twelve* inches.

This chamber is a second stomach, which continues the process commenced in the first. It is assisted by two organs of considerable magnitude, the *pancreas* and *liver*, the former lying immediately behind the stomach, and resting upon the spinal column, the latter situated on the right side of the abdomen, above and in front of the pyloric extremity of the stomach. Both these organs belong to that class of the organs denominated *glands*, whose functions consist in the separation of peculiar fluids from the blood, which are used for various purposes in the animal economy, and of which *saliva* and *tears* are well-known examples. The secretion of the pancreas is called the *pancreatic juice*, that of the liver, the *bile*. These fluids are slowly, drop by drop, conveyed by small tubes or *ducts* into the duodenum, and perform an important part in the changes effected in the chyme.

The duodenum secretes a fluid which possesses a solvent power analogous to that of the gastric juice. By its admixture with this and the two above-mentioned secretions, all of which are highly animalized, the chyme is brought nearer the chemical constitution of the blood, and the separation of its nutritive from the excrementitious portions appears to be facilitated. Soon after it is mixed with the bile, the compound separates into a whitish tenacious fluid called *chyle*, which is the nutritive essence of the food, and into a yellowish grey pulp, its useless refuse. The chemical qualities of the chyle differ in an important respect from those of chyme; the latter is acid, the former alkaline. It is this change which assimilates it to the blood.

The motions of the duodenum are irregular—first in one direction, then in another; yet gradually they propel its contents into the second portion of the small intestines or *jejunum*, whence they pass into the last or *ileum*. The inner or mucous coat of these tubes, especially of the former, is disposed in folds, which serve the double purpose of affording a greater absorbing surface and of retarding the progress of the chyle, so that none may be lost. These folds are thickly studded with innumerable absorbent vessels, the mouths of which, so small as to be invisible to the unassisted eye, open on the surface of the intestines and take up the chyle. These vessels are exceedingly minute, and composed of membranous coats, so transparent that the colour of their contents is distinctly seen through them, from which circumstance they derive their name, *lacteals* or *milky*-vessels. The lacteals penetrate the coats of the intestines, and, gradually converging, at length unite and

form the *thoracic duct*, by which the elaborated chyle is conveyed upwards through the *thorax* or chest, and poured into the left subclavian vein. Thence it passes into the superior *vena cava*, which conveys it to the right side of the heart.

Meantime, the innutritious portion of the food, mingled with various animal substances, no longer fit to remain in the system, enters the large intestines, along which it is slowly moved by the action of their muscular coats; and every particle of nutriment having been extracted from it by absorbing vessels, which exist, in greater or less abundance, in all parts of the intestines, the residue is expelled from the body.

We have thus traced the changes which food undergoes in the digestive organs, extracting its nutritive portions and assimilating them to the blood, and have followed the course of the chyle until it mingles with the vital current. Another change is yet necessary, however, to render that fluid capable of supporting life. Before we explain this final process of digestion, it will be convenient to give an account of the blood and its circulation; the process which completes the elaboration of fresh nutriment also exercises a most important influence upon the perfectly formed blood.

Blood is the fluid by which life is supported: its elaboration from food, and its maintenance in a pure and healthy state, is the object of the combined operation of nearly all the organs of organic life. In proportion as these grand processes are performed well or ill, the entire animal economy enjoys good or suffers ill health. Though apparently a simple fluid, blood is in reality one of the most complex substances with which we are acquainted, composed, according to the most recent analysis, of about twenty distinct ingredients, the elements of all the diversified structures and secretions of the body. The relative proportions of the constituents of the blood are different in every individual, and in the same individual at different times. Age, sex, state of health, food, and many other circumstances, cause them to vary, and every variation affects in some manner the condition of the frame.

It has been already mentioned that loss of substance invariably attends the action of organs: it is for the purpose of compensating this loss that blood is required. Hence no function can be performed without the presence of the blood: the brain cannot feel, nor the limbs contract, without a due supply of this, which is therefore emphatically denominated the *vital* fluid. The apparatus by which it is distributed to every part of the body is the next subject to be considered.

This apparatus consists of two parts, the organ which communicates the impulse to the blood, and those which convey it to and fro. The former is the *heart*, the latter are the *blood-vessels*, which are divided into two classes, *arteries* and *veins*. The heart in man is a conical-shaped muscular body, possessing both elastic and contractile powers, and containing four cavities or receptacles for the blood, separated from one another by a most exquisite set of contrivances in the shape of muscular partitions and membranous valves. To these cavities the names right and left *auricle*, right and left *ventricle*, have been given; the functions of which, and of the blood-vessels, we now proceed to explain.

Supposing the blood to be in the left ventricle, we will follow its course from that organ.

The muscles which compose the sides of this cavity are the thickest and strongest portion of the heart, a circumstance necessary to enable it to perform its function of propelling the blood into the arteries over the whole body. The left ventricle contracts four thousand times in an hour, and at each contraction forces into the great artery or *aorta* about two ounces of blood. The aorta gives off several large arteries, which, by their successive subdivisions, convey the blood to every part of the body.

Arteries are composed of three layers of membrane, which together form a tube of great strength and elasticity. It is by means of the latter quality that they assist in the circulation; by maintaining a constant pressure upon their contents, they regulate and render equable the flow of the blood. Arteries successively increase in number and diminish in size, each trunk dividing into two or more branches, and this subdivision proceeds until the ultimate arteries or *capillaries* are so minute as to be imperceptible to the unaided eye. These capillaries penetrate every organ and tissue *, and are the immediate agents in building up structure, in conveying nourishment to the entire frame, and in performing the function of secretion. They terminate, it is supposed, in canals worked out in the substance of the various tissues, each of which, by means of its vital power, attracts from the blood flowing through it those particles with which it has a chemical affinity: bony particles are not deposited in the brain, nor the constituents of muscle in the bones:—each tissue receives those ingredients only of the blood of which it is itself composed. It is this conversion of blood into structure which constitutes the process of *nutrition*. At the same time particles which had formed part of the living structure, but have lost their vital properties and become noxious, being separated from the structures with which they had been connected, are poured into the blood, either to be conveyed out of the system or to be renovated.

Where the arteries terminate, the veins begin: the blood passes into them to be carried back to the heart. Veins differ in several important respects from arteries: they are more capacious, and though composed of an equal number of coats essentially the same in structure, are much thinner, and destitute of elasticity. The inmost coat of most veins is formed into numerous folds, which serve for valves and prevent the return of the blood.

Converging from all parts of the body, the veins at length unite to form two large vessels, the superior and inferior *venæ cavæ*, which meet at the entrance of the *right auricle* of the heart, into which they discharge their contents along with the newly-formed nutriment, and thus the greater or *systemic* circulation is completed.

The blood brought back differs widely, however, from that which was sent from the left side of the heart. In its course through the body it has undergone changes of a very striking kind. Instead of the bright scarlet hue which it possessed in the arteries, it is now of a deep dull purple colour; nor is the alteration in its essential properties less remarkable. Venous blood is not capable of maintaining either the organic or animal life; it is arterial blood deprived of its nutritious particles, and loaded with worn-out or noxious atoms collected from all parts of the body. That it is inadequate to support life is certain, numerous experiments having been made which conclusively prove that within four minutes after the supply of arterial blood is cut off, and venous blood alone is circulated in the body, life becomes extinct beyond the possibility of recovery.

Now, inasmuch as a quantity of blood equal to the total quantity contained in the system is propelled from the heart about twenty times every hour, it is evident that there must be some contrivance by means of which the vital properties of arterial blood are restored to venous blood, otherwise no animal could exist. What that contrivance is, is now to be explained.

The principal ingredients in venous blood, the presence of which deprives it of its nutritive qualities, are *carbon* and *hydrogen*, the former one of the most extensively diffused elements in nature, forming the basis of a great number of minerals and of most vegetables; the latter a gas, the lightest of known bodies, and one of the elementary substances into which all animal matter is resolvable. Carbon enters largely into the composition of our food, and thus gains admittance into the system, where it would soon accumulate to excess, and subvert the very foundations of the animal economy, but for the provision for its expulsion. The contrivance for restoring to venous blood the vital qualities of arterial blood, is simply one for removing from it the carbon and hydrogen with which it abounds. The manner in which this important object is accomplished is one of the most beautiful applications of chemical laws with which we are acquainted.

The right auricle, into which, as already mentioned, the venous blood is discharged by the veins, injects it into the right ventricle, whence it is propelled into the *pulmonary* artery, which divides into two branches, one going to each *lung*. The lungs are two large oval-shaped bodies, composed of light cellular tissue, situated one on each side of the *thorax* or *chest*, with the walls of which they are in contact, the heart being in the centre. They are full of exceedingly minute cells, in which the subdivisions of the *trachea* or *windpipe* terminate, so that each cell has free communication with the atmosphere. On the inner surface of these cells the ultimate ramifications of the pulmonary artery are spread, forming a net-work of vessels, which, on account of its complexity, is called *rete mirabile*, the wonderful net-work. Thus there are two sets of vessels traversing the substance of the lungs in all directions, air-vessels and blood-vessels, the contents of which are brought into contact with each other in the air-*vesicles*, or cells, above mentioned, which, though contained within so small a space, are so admirably arranged, and so numerous, as to afford, according to the most moderate estimate, a surface of 20,000 square inches. Here, also, venous is converted into arterial blood. That our readers may comprehend this change,

* Tissue is the name given by physiologists to the various forms of matter of which the body is composed: the principal tissues are the membranous, the muscular, and the nervous.

a few remarks must be premised on the nature of the atmosphere and on chemical affinity.

The air is a mixture of two of those simple substances to which chemists have given the name of elementary, viz., *oxygen* and *nitrogen*, or *azote*, with a very small proportion of *carbonic acid*, and water in the state of vapour; the two latter are not considered essential constituents of the atmosphere.

"Chemical affinity, which is sometimes also called chemical attraction, is the power by which bodies combine (always in fixed and definite proportions) and form compounds invariably possessing some properties very different from those of their constituents, and frequently diametrically opposite to them." One substance may have this power in reference to several other substances, the degree of its affinity being generally different with each. If such a substance is in combination with a body whose affinity with it is weak, the application to the compound of a third substance, having a more powerful affinity with either of the constituents of the compound than they have with each other, causes the dissolution of the combination, one of the ingredients uniting with the third body, leaving the other in its simple state.

Let us now apply these facts to the elucidation of the phenomena of *respiration*.

Carbon is in combination with the blood flowing in the lungs: oxygen is *mixed*, not *combined*, with nitrogen in the air-cells. Carbon and oxygen have a mutual affinity, and, in certain circumstances, when brought into contact, immediately unite, forming *carbonic acid gas*. This is the phenomenon that takes place in the lungs. Atmospheric air is conveyed into them by every act of inspiration: by every act of expiration carbonic acid is evolved from them. That it is the oxygen of the air which combines with the carbon of the blood, is proved by chemical analysis of the air expired, from which a large proportion of oxygen is found to have disappeared, its place being supplied by an equal quantity of carbonic acid gas, the amount of nitrogen remaining almost the same. By this means, the excess of carbon in the blood is removed from it, to the amount, according to some calculations, of upwards of ten ounces in every twenty-four hours. It is supposed, that a small quantity of oxygen and azote is absorbed into the blood and retained in the system, thus compensating for the loss of carbon.

A portion of oxygen unites with the hydrogen of the blood, forming water, which is expelled from the lungs in the form of vapour.

Venous blood being thus freed from its noxious ingredients, resumes the sensible qualities and essential properties of arterial blood. It becomes of a bright scarlet hue, and is again capable of nourishing the body. From the capillaries of the pulmonary artery it passes into the capillaries of the pulmonary veins; these, four in number, two to each lung, return the renovated blood to the left auricle of the heart, whence it passes into the left ventricle, to be again circulated all over the body.

There are thus two circulations of the blood in the human body, one from the left ventricle, throughout every part of the frame, and terminating in the right auricle, to which the designation *systemic*, or greater circulation, is given: the other, beginning at the right ventricle, through the lungs, and ending in the left auricle, is called the *pulmonic*. The latter is subsidiary to the former, being necessary for the purpose of bringing the vitiated blood in contact with the vital agent, the air, by which it is purified.

The processes which renovate the venous blood complete the preparation of the fresh nutriment, which, having been intimately mixed with the blood in the right side of the heart, is, along with it, exposed in the lungs to the action of the air, from which it receives those vital qualities that render it capable of supporting life.

We have thus briefly described the more important processes of organic life—digestion, circulation, nutrition, and respiration, by which blood is formed, distributed, and maintained in a state of purity. In the next chapter we shall complete the account of the organs whose functions relate to the blood, and of the organic life generally.

REVENGE.

A MOMENTARY triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure. It was well said by a Roman Emperor, that he wished to put an end to all his enemies by converting them into friends.—*Tin Trumpet.*

EXTRACTS FROM A SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

THE following extract from the journal of an officer during the American war, "the war of independence," may perhaps interest our readers, as the genuine detail of the exultation of a successful fight and the depression of a capture. We must first premise that the writer was captain of the Weymouth, a Government packet, "bound from Falmouth in Cornwall to Madeira; Senegal on the coast of Guinea; round to all the British Islands in the West Indies, and from thence back to Falmouth, with his Majesty's mail and dispatches," and now on her return home.

"Sunday, 27th July, 1777.—Saw several cruizers, these two days past, giving us chase, which we imagine to be American privateers: got clear of them all. This day, moderate and hazy weather; under lower topmast, top-gallant and studding sails, and royals, &c. &c. At eleven A.M. saw a brig, almost ahead of us, about two leagues off, standing to the northward, under a main and fore sail; and at half-past she wore, set her topsails, and bore down on us. Took in all our studding and small sails; got all hands to quarters; cleared and barricadoed the ship. At noon, latitude observed, 45° 17′ N., longitude 33° 33′ W.; the longitude bearing E. by N. ½ N., distant 388 leagues; and Cows (one of the Western Islands) bearing S. by E. ¾ E., distant 114 leagues; hauled our courses up, as the brig was within random shot of us, coming up with us very fast, with an English jack hoisted. We hoisted jack, ensign, and pendant, St. George's colours, and fired a six-pounder shot athwart the brig's forepole; and soon afterwards she hoisted the thirteen stripes, with a small union in the upper corner; and then, being close alongside of us, within less than pistol-shot of us to windward, hailed, and desired us to strike to the honourable the Congress directly, or else they would board us, and give us no quarter; which we answered with a whole broadside fore and aft, which did great execution, and took place well, being close alongside of each other. She then gave us hers, with a vast fire of small arms, which tore our sails, &c. a good deal; and then attempted to board us in the waist, which I prevented by sheering our ship to starboard, and giving her another broadside, which did them a great deal of damage: and so continued engaging each other very warmly for about an hour, in which time she attempted to board us again twice, which we prevented as before; but she in this time shot away our ensign halyard, by which the ensign fell into the water; but we soon got him on board and hoisted again, and soon after shot away the enemy's ensign-staff, which fell overboard, and hoisted no more ensigns during the engagement. She now began to work one pump continually, and at three-quarters past one P.M. she was obliged to keep both pumps going, when she began to slack in the fire of her great guns, but kept a continual heavy fire of small arms, and began to haul off, and we close after her on the quarter, as well as we could, being much impeded in our sailing by our maintop-sail tie and all our braces being shot away, with a great deal of our running and standing rigging, &c. &c. Notwithstanding, we galled her very much, and kept within less than musket-shot of her until a quarter past six, when she began to gain on us very fast, on account of our being obliged to sheer often very much, to bring our guns to bear on her, on account of our ports being too small. At half past two, she put before the wind, when she began to get from us very fast; and at three got so far off, that all firing ceased, though we made all the sail we could after her until nine o'clock at night, when we lost sight of her, and kept on our course.

"She was a 'Mudian-built, long brig, about two hundred tons burden, carrying sixteen guns in the waist, and two close aft, all six-pounders, which appeared by the shot that came on board of us: full of men and swivels. She must have sustained a great deal of damage in the engagement, as the decks seemed to be greatly thinned before she parted from us; and we observed her main and fore rigging much cut, and flapping to the masts, and the water pumping from her in great streams continually, quite clear. We received a good deal of damage in our sails and rigging, and had nine people wounded; amongst which number was Captain William Judd, late commander of his Majesty's ship Antelope, and Robert Holden, esq., of Jamaica. Our ship's company, in general, on this occasion did their duty manfully, coolly, and behaved very well.

"N. B. By the different accounts we have had of this engagement, since our landing in America, we find the brig to be the Washington, belonging to Salem, one Rogers captain. They acknowledge eighteen men killed and thirty-five mortally wounded, and the brig cut all to pieces.

"Monday, 28th July, 1777.—Moderate and fair weather; under all our sails. Wind about W.N.W.; steering E. People employed repairing our rigging, and cleaning our guns and repairing our gun-carriages and breechings,—all which was damaged in yesterday's engagement. At noon, (latitude observed 45° 52′ N., longitude 30° 28′ W., the longitude bearing E. by N. ½ N., distant 341 leagues,) the man at the mast-head saw a sail in the northern quarter, bearing down on us. At one P.M. saw her from the decks, plain, coming up fast with us, though we had top-gallant, studding sails and royals, &c. set: steering our course. Made her out to be a large ship, but, from her situation, and as the wind then was, found it impossible to take any advantage of her, by steering any other course.

"Ditto. Sent all hands to dinner, and gave the ship's company a pint of grog each.—At four P.M., the ship coming up with us very fast, cleared and barricadoed the ship, and got everything to rights and in good order by six o'clock. At eight, she being within gunshot of us, hauled down all our studding sails, and handed top-gallant sails, &c., and made a speech to the people, to encourage them all I could to do their duty,—stand close and firm to their guns and quarters.

"At ten, she ranged up on our starboard side, and hailed us, and we her; when I found her to be the Oliver Cromwell frigate-of-war, belonging to the state of Connecticut, Seth Harding, captain, fitted out from New London. After talking to each other for about half an hour, she dropped a good way astern; on which, I went down again into the waist amongst the people, to encourage them to do their duty, and keep close and quiet, without any noise: but soon found there was an opinion propagated among them, by some bad man or other, that the Oliver Cromwell had fifteen ports of a side, and was a thirty-six or forty gun ship, which I denied, and reasoned with them all in my power to convince them of the contrary. I then called the master and principal officers on the quarter-deck, and told them of my determined resolution to defend the ship, mail, and despatches, to the very last extremity; and that I hoped and recommended them to do the same, in case of any accident happening to me; and at the same time begged they would stay with the people, and keep them strict to their duty and quarters, and have everything clear and ready for engaging. And as she was then a good way astern, I took the opportunity of going down to the cabin, to Captain Judd and the rest of the passengers, (who were all there, and mostly ill, occasioned by the fatigue they had yesterday,) to consult with them, and acquaint them of my determined resolution to defend the ship, &c. to the very last extremity, within the bounds of reason and prudence. But, as they seemed to intimate that she was a very large ship and an over-match for us, I told them that I was fixed in my opinion to engage her, and made no doubt but we should be able to give a good account of her. Still, notwithstanding, if, after we were engaged, I found her an over-match and too heavy for me, and that I had no chance to get clear, rather than sacrifice my people, I would yield to a superior force; which they in general approved of. Then, finding the Cromwell was coming up with us, went directly on deck, when, to my great surprise, I heard somebody calling out to haul the colours down; on which, I jumped on the quarter-deck, called Mr. Jenkins (the master) to me, and desired him to see all hands at their quarters, to mind my orders, and that there should be no noise; and if I heard any person (be they who they may) mention a word about hauling the colours down or striking, I would that instant blow his brains out.

"By this time the enemy ranged close on our starboard side, and hailed us to strike, or else they would sink us; which I refused, and ordered my people to fire away and engage, which some did with five guns only; and, on the enemy's giving us her broadside of great guns and small arms, all my ship's company, except about five, and the three principal officers, most ingloriously fled from their quarters down between decks, to my great mortification; which obliged me, after receiving three or four of her broadsides, to go down into the waist, where the mail and despatches were ready slung, and throw them overboard, and then, as I had no person to manage a gun, ordered the colours to be pulled down. She dismounted one of our guns, lodged several nine-pounders in our sides, tore the boat very much, and did us considerable damage. Soon after, her boat came on board, with Timothy Parker, her first lieutenant, &c.; by whom I found I had struck to the Oliver Cromwell privateer, a rebel frigate of war, of twenty carriage guns—14 nine and 6 six-pounders, on one deck, with swivels, and 155 men, Seth Harding, captain; fitted out of New London, and belonging to the state of Connecticut. She had been out six weeks, and took two other prizes, and sent them for America. I, and my doctor, and most of my people, were carried on board the Cromwell, and the passengers left on board the Weymouth. Found in the Cromwell above two-thirds of the ship's company English, Scotch, and Irish. She came out with 175 men, and all the people they took since entered on board of her.

"This journal, from Jamaica to this day, examined, approved, and signed by all the passengers,—viz. William Judd, esq., late captain of his Majesty's ship Antelope, under Admiral Gayton; Robert Yealden, esq., of Kingston, Jamaica; Edward Manby, esq., of ditto; Mr. Thomas Storrow, of ditto; Mr. Daniel Sullivan, of ditto; Mr. Thomas Kirwan, of ditto.

"Tuesday, 29th July, 1777.—A fresh gale westerly. On board the Oliver Cromwell, a prisoner, very ill with a nervous fever and dry gripes, and very weak, and not able to take any nourishment of any kind.

"Sunday, 3d August, 1777.—This morning departed this life, on board the Weymouth, (*supposed by a fright* he took in the engagement of the 27th,) George Mathews, one of the Weymouth's people. Heard Captain Judd was very ill."

A tedious detention of several months was the result of this capture, but the Captain effected an exchange in March 1778, and continued in the service of his country to the day of his death many years after.

LES HIRONDELLES.*

(THE SWALLOWS.)

CAPTIVE on the Moorish strand,
A warrior groaned beneath his chain;
Swallows from his father-land
He saw come flying o'er the main.
"Tell me, ye birds of hope!" he cried,
"Who hither from stern winter flee:
Ye saw my France in summer's pride,—
Looks she still fair?—sweet birds, come tell to me.

"Three years—three sad years, alas!
I've linger'd here, a weary slave!—
Denizens of air! ye pass
Unrestrained o'er earth and wave!
There stood a cot, with flowers gay,
Where the young stream winds thro' the vale,
'Twas there my eyes first met the day!—
Is it unchanged? Ah, tell the welcome tale!

"'Neath that roof there hung a nest,—
Perchance it held your callow young:
But, whilst cherish'd by your breast,
My mother's plaints around them rung;
Yet still she hoped each day would bring
Homeward her son—a stranger there.
She breathed my name, expiring;—
Oh! tell me of her love, children of air!

"Saw ye not the jocund throng
Flock from the church in concourse gay,
Chorussing th' hymeneal song,
To grace my sister's nuptial day?
Saw ye not my comrades crowding,
Vaunting their deeds by land and sea;
But my name in sorrow shrouding,
They still, sweet birds!—they still remember me?

"But I dream!—my foe commands
Where none but Frenchmen should bear sway;
And perhaps his hostile bands
To that calm vale have traced the way;
Trampling down the fields' defenders,
Drenching the soil with native gore!
Can ye say that France surrenders?
Unwelcome birds!—away, I'll hear no more!"

* From the French of Beranger.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

NO. II.

EARLY PROGRESS OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM, WITH A NOTICE OF MESMER'S DISCIPLES.

Mesmer, though by nature an empiric, was, nevertheless, sincere in his belief, both in the actual existence of animal magnetism, and in the medicinal virtues which he ascribed to it. But, like that venerable dreamer, Hahnemann, of homœopathic celebrity, he had founded the superstructure of his system upon the assumption of a fact not true. As the edifice of homœopathy rests upon the allegation that Peruvian bark, which is a specific against intermittent fever or ague, produces that disease when taken by persons in health *, so that of Mesmerism, as understood by its founders, was raised upon the supposition, that the magnetism of the loadstone acted upon and withdrew the morbiferous particles from the animal frame, when under the influence of disease.

Accordingly, the first applications of the magnetic power to the human frame were made by means of metallic tractors, which appear to have been nothing more than common artificial magnets. These applications, under varied circumstances, were said to relieve or to produce pain, to occasion convulsive twitchings in different parts of the body, to cause excitement or depression, faintness, and even syncope. Some real, and some pretended cures took place; the first being no doubt effected by faith in the remedy, and its consequent action upon the imagination. Where the proper degree of faith did not exist, the remedy was found to be without efficacy.

By limiting the communication of animal magnetism to the sole agency of metallic tractors, Mesmer could not, after the effect of the novelty had subsided, keep alive the first excitement of his fickle-minded patrons in France; he therefore invented the *baquet*, the use of which was attended with certain mystic forms and ceremonies likely to act upon the imagination. The *baquet* was a circular tub with a cover, placed upon a pedestal. In it were bottles full of magnetised water, communicating with wires projecting from the tub, by means of holes in the cover. The patients of both sexes stood round the baquet, each holding a wire. To increase the effect, the room was darkened, and much mysterious ceremony observed in introducing the patients.

The baquet was eminently successful, and mysterious apartments were fitted up in many of the hotels † of the nobility, for the application of Mesmerism by means of the baquet. In these apartments, in which members of the highest class of society of both sexes assembled, scenes of astounding and inconceivable profligacy were of daily occurrence. These at last became so notorious that Mesmer, who certainly did not participate in, although his invention of the magnetic baquet had occasioned them, was ashamed of the effect he had unintentionally produced; and his renunciation of the baquet, as one of the means of magnetic application, was the consequence.

We have already stated that Mesmer was naturally a quack, although he had a sincere faith in the efficacy of animal magnetism. His own usual practice of it was by means of metallic tractors; but the baquet became necessary, as part of the quackery of his system, to keep excitement alive; and he well knew that, by quackery alone, he could command ultimate success in bringing animal magnetism into permanent repute. The use of the baquet was therefore propagated, and led to the results described, which were so disgraceful that even the least rigid, who did not assist at these orgies, cried out "Shame!"

The abuse of the baquet put Mesmer upon his mettle to discover some other means of magnetic application, which, with equal effect upon the imagination, should not lead to similar results. In the course of his experiments, he stumbled upon a fact of which, had science been sufficiently advanced, he might have made a more important use than any of his followers have yet done,—he discovered that, by the simple action of the hand, he could command the very effects of the tractors and the baquet, and with greater certainty; and that he could further produce, which neither of the other means enabled him to do, a sensible action of some unknown kind upon patients who were unconscious of being magnetised. Though nothing important has yet resulted from this discovery, it immediately reduced animal magnetism to the means of application since used by all modern magnetisers.

Though without knowledge, Mesmer was what is termed a "learned man." He had pursued the line of study adopted by the physicians of that period, and the results of which left the medical science in a very unsatisfactory condition. His medical oracles were, of course, Hippocrates and Galen. He was filled with the lore of antiquity, and with the ponderous medical reading of the day; but he was no better, as a practitioner, than the doctors so keenly satirised by Le Sage in Gil Blas;—the satire of this author furnishing, in truth, no very exaggerated picture of the medical science derived, in his day, and even in Mesmer's, from the different faculties established throughout Europe. Human physiology was scarcely known as a science in the time of Mesmer; it had made but little comparative progress since the discovery of the circulation of the blood, nearly a century and a half before. The parent of animal magnetism had not therefore sufficient science to investigate a fact which accident had revealed to him, that, by the operation of the hands, accompanied by volition, he could communicate a much more powerful "magnetic" sensation than by metallic tractors, or the magnetised water of the baquet. He was content to let this fact minister to his empiricism, with which, however, some crude realities were mingled. He had obtained a glimpse of the true light; but it was only a glimpse, and it disappeared ere he could read and learn what it might have shown him, had he been qualified to receive the truth.

Among other effects perceived in the course of his practice, Mesmer found, that, by the application of magnetism with the hands, he could make particular persons sleep even under acute pain. When this action was found to exist in particular idiosyncrasies, it was taken advantage of to assuage the exacerbation of painful disease; and many patients afflicted with inflammation, chronic rheumatism, gout, and other painful disorders, are said to have derived relief from the sleep thus induced. Such was the state of animal magnetism at the period of Mesmer's death.

When this event took place, the influence of Mesmerism had been for some time declining. It was, however, reserved for one of Mesmer's disciples, and, though not a physician, certainly Mesmer's successor, to give a new impetus to animal magnetism by the commencement of a series of absurdities, practised by fools, fanatics, and impostors, and at last brought to this country, lodged in the North London Hospital, there to exhibit a conscientious, learned, and skilful physician, believing in all these psychological wonders and modern miracles, for the propagation of which the name of animal magnetism has been prostituted.

During the life of Mesmer, several of the French nobles had been initiated, under his instructions, into the mysteries of animal magnetism. Among the most enthusiastic of his disciples was the Marquis de Puységur, a young nobleman, who had just inherited extensive patrimonial possessions. He had assiduously followed the instructions of his master, and had acquired considerable skill in the use of manual magnetism. After the death of Mesmer, the Marquis de Puységur resided on his hereditary domains in the south of France, where he practised animal magnetism upon his own peasantry. Each evening, from spring to autumn, his vassals assembled under a large linden-tree near

* Dr. Hahnemann's assertion, that Peruvian bark, when taken by persons in health, produces intermittent fever, is certainly not true. We have administered this bark in every possible form; we have taken it ourselves; we have also tried its alkaline products, quinina and cinchonina, and the various salts which they severally form, but have never been able to produce a case of ague. Like every other stimulating medicine, bark causes disturbance of the system; but it acts in different ways upon different idiosyncrasies. In ourselves, and some others, it produced catharsis; in others, costiveness and inflammatory action; in some, nausea and sickness; in all, a species of febrile excitement; but in no one instance was the result intermittent fever. We can further state, that not one among the numerous medical men with whom we are acquainted, has ever found a case of such disease being produced by the use of bark; and we defy even any homœopathic practitioner to adduce an instance properly authenticated.

† Hotel, in France, sometimes signifies a nobleman's palace.

the marquis's residence. M. de Puységur, who had been educated in the country, was untainted with the profligacy that disgraced his order. He was a kind-hearted, benevolent man, and his feudal rule was light and paternal. He was therefore much beloved, and every peasant on his estate became eager to afford him the best opportunities of gratifying his desire. In the course of time these simple-minded rustics became sincere converts to the Mesmerian faith.

The fame of the Marquis de Puységur teaching the Mesmerian philosophy under the shade of his linden-tree, brought numerous visitors to the scene; and the whole population of that part of the country would, each fine evening, converge to the linden-tree as a centre. There was, thus, no lack of subjects for magnetic experiment, which was carried to a very great extent, but accompanied with a determined spirit of mysticism and superstition, which marred all true philosophic inquiry. M. de Puységur, besides being generally uninformed, was weak-minded and credulous, and therefore easily induced to confound the natural with the imagined supernatural, and to consider as psychological effects the mere workings and modifications of organised matter, exposed, perhaps, to some unknown chemical agency.

The power of inducing magnetic sleep, discovered by Mesmer, was made the principal ground-work of M. de Puységur's experiments. In pursuing these, he found that he could cause sleep in some individuals, whilst his own magnetic efforts upon other individuals brought sleep upon himself. Hence, he inferred, that in the interchange of the magnetic principle, now termed the "magnetic fluid," between the magnetiser and the person magnetised, the physically weaker individual was the receiver, and the stronger individual the giver; that the party in whom sleep was brought on, possessing naturally less of the magnetic principle than the other, had received a portion which produced that effect. It therefore followed that, to obtain the proper magnetic result, the operator should be the stronger party, otherwise the operation would be reversed. The magnetiser, having more of the magnetic principle than the patient, was therefore considered able to impart to the latter an excess sufficient to cause a pressure upon the brain adequate for the production of magnetic sleep. These inferences, drawn by M. de Puységur and others who co-operated with him, led, at last, to the following conclusions, which have, ever since, been entertained by magnetisers :—I. That the operator should possess not only considerable muscular, but also great nervous power; phlegmatics, even though muscular, being bad magnetisers. II. That he should be in the most perfect bodily health, free from mental excitement, and from all action of the brain, that might distract his attention, or in any wise interfere with the magnetic volition. III. That he should be of energetic temperament, kept under perfect discipline, and free from any outbreaks that might alarm the patient, towards whom the utmost blandness of manner is requisite. IV. That when about to magnetise, he should never expose himself to any loss of animal heat, as this would impede his power of transmitting the magnetic principle.

The greatest discovery of all was still to come; and some years elapsed ere an effect of magnetism was brought to light, by which thousands of wise men have been deluded, and upon which all the absurdities of spiritual or psychological magnetism have since been founded, even to the late display at the North London Hospital.

Many of M. de Puységur's assistants in his magnetic experiments, who underwent magnetic sleep, were observed to talk during their slumbers, and even to give rational replies to questions asked them by the magnetiser. This faculty seemed more common in young girls than among any other class of individuals. The discovery of this effect produced a new era in the art. Though the Marquis de Puységur has since become an author, he was, as we have already observed, as ignorant, at that time, as most of the young nobles of his day. He was at first embarrassed to find a name for the faculty of talking displayed by magnetised sleepers. Having, however, heard sleep-walkers denominated "somnambulists," and as these persons sometimes talk as well as walk, the noble marquis thought that the same name would serve for his sleep-talkers, who did not walk. Instead therefore of calling them "somniloquists," or sleep-talkers, and the faculty they evinced "somniloquism," or sleep-talking, he termed them "somnambulists" or sleep-walkers—although, as we have said, they never walked during sleep—and their faculty, "somnambulism," or sleep-walking. It is rather singular that this name should have been retained by all subsequent magnetisers, not one of whom, including even Dr. Elliotson, has found fault with the term, or replaced it by one more appropriate.

It chanced one day, under the linden-tree, that a girl undergoing the influence of magnetic sleep, being excited to talk by the questions of the noble magnetiser, raved about some imagined internal disease with which she fancied some one present afflicted, and suggested what she stated to be the only mode of cure. The party whom she represented as having the disease, no symptoms of which had ever before appeared, was so struck with the announcement, and his superstitious imagination so excited by it, that he soon complained of internal pain, and took to his bed. Of course the remedy suggested by the magnetised sleeper was immediately applied, and an immediate cure obtained. Here was nothing but a very ordinary effect of imagination upon the physical organs, which, in some instances, has extended so far as to occasion death. M. de Puységur viewed it in quite a different light. In this fact, he saw nothing but a new faculty possessed by magnetised "somnambulists," of examining the interior of the human body, detecting disease, and indicating a remedy for it—a faculty wholly spiritual, and unconnected with the universe of matter. The fame of the detection of this disease and its cure, spread far and wide through the province; and, as the views of the marquis on the subject were no secret, a host of impostors soon appeared, and, by their juggling, the noble disciple of Mesmer was soon convinced of the truth of that which, till then, he had considered only hypothetical: that magnetic sleep imparted to somnambulists the power of detecting and even prescribing for diseases which baffled medical skill. Thus, though the magnetiser had no such faculty himself, he could impart, by his magnetic touch, to somnambulists—who, as already stated, were generally girls—a power of seeing into the human body, understanding the whole of its anatomical action, detecting any defect in the machinery, and pointing out the means of remedying such defect, or else pronouncing the case beyond cure. And surely, as the marquis argued to his friends, this could be no natural effect; because if the covering of the body became invisible so that the somnambulist could see beyond it, or else became transparent, why should not all the internal organs do the same? But this was not the case, for to be properly seen they must remain opaque and retain their colour; and such was certainly the case, for no part of their action escaped the magnetic vision of the somnambulist; therefore, this faculty of the somnambulist must be wholly spiritual, "a communication of souls."

Full of these notions, and of an imagined discovery fraught with such benefit to the human race, the Marquis de Puységur, attended by a couple of somnambulists, proceeded to Paris. In our ensuing Number we shall state the result of his journey.

CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

There can be no doubt that a classical education has a great influence in reconciling the mind to the contemplation of idolatry in the abstract, by investing it with the attractions of classic and poetic association; so that the gods and heroes of antiquity become the joint objects of a sort of intellectual homage, and a fondness is contracted for the imagery and language of a superstition not less hideous and baneful, in a moral aspect, than the worship of Sheva or Hanooman. Its character as a false religion, absurd, impious, and demoralizing, is wholly lost in that of a beautiful mythology, which, being viewed only as a philosophical fable, serves to screen the gross system of demonology actually taught and believed in. A delusion, too, is created by the venerable antiquity of these "mythological vanities;" as if, in that distant age, heathenism was an allowable—at least a pardonable—creed, a costume of faith (if we may be allowed the expression) proper to the times and country. It is forgotten that the worship of Jupiter, and Bacchus, and Priapus, was in part contemporaneous with the manifestation of God in the flesh and the preaching of the apostles; and that, in reference to these very gods, St. Paul declares, that "the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God." Now, if *any* system or mode of idolatry can be regarded as harmless, or even venerable, it is obvious that a prejudice is created in its favour, which tends to lessen our abhorrence of it under other circumstances. The pleas of antiquity, mythological beauty, and alleged harmlessness, will be admitted in extenuation of systems less graceful, less in accordance with European notions, than that of the Greek pantheon. Or if the enormities of Hindoo demonolatry awaken any indignation or disgust, it will be directed against the modes and accidents of the idolatry, and will not proceed from a just estimate of its essential criminality in any form by which the truth of God is changed into a lie.—*Eclectic Review.*

PARAGUAY:

ITS SOIL, CLIMATE, AND PRODUCTIONS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

IN our last notice of this interesting country, on concluding a sketch of the detestable character of Francia, we intimated our purpose of noticing the personal adventures of the Messrs. Robertson, and giving some account of the soil, climate, and productions of a country whose natural riches have hitherto been turned to so little account. We will now endeavour to redeem our pledge.

Early in the year 1811, Mr. J. P. Robertson, the elder of the two brothers, and then a young man of twenty, freighted a vessel at Buenos Ayres, and sent it up the Parana to Assumption; but as the navigation up the stream is very tedious, two miles an hour against the current being considered a fair average speed, he proceeded by land, and in the course of his journey met with the Guacho Prince Candioti, who was mentioned in our first notice of Paraguay. On his arrival at Assumption, he established himself as a merchant, and being subsequently joined by his brother, Mr. W. P. Robertson, they carried on a very successful business, and were treated with unusual favour by Francia, until the circumstances arose which led that self-willed despot to issue a decree for their banishment.

Business at length called Mr. J. P. Robertson to England, and he prepared to depart, leaving the establishment at Assumption in the care of his brother. He was entrusted with several commissions by Francia, chiefly for the purchase of arms and regimental clothing; but when he waited on him to have his audience of leave, a most singular office was imposed on him, which was no other than that of an envoy from the Dictator, not to the Court of Great Britain, but to the House of Commons, to whom he was charged to express the Dictator's desire of entering into friendly relations with England; and in proof of the benefits that country might derive from an intercourse with Paraguay, he was directed to deliver certain packages of yerba (Paraguay tea), tobacco, and other merchandise, at the bar of the House. Mr. Robertson did his best to conceal his astonishment at this very extraordinary mission, but as he well knew the impossibility of moving the strange man he had to deal with, he was fain to comply. Francia told him he knew very well it was no good to communicate with ministers, but such a message to the House of Commons, would show all England the reality of his intentions, and the advantages he proffered to them. The secret of this apparently very strange attempt, so contrary to all the other parts of his system of isolating his country, was in all probability the ambition which was his ruling passion; and his vanity flattered him with the fond belief that England would snatch greedily at the bait, and aid him with arms, and the force of her powerful name, in pursuing further schemes of aggrandisement, by the subjugation of his neighbours;—schemes which, without such aid, he could not venture to undertake. Fortune favoured Mr. Robertson so far as to spare him the trouble of inventing any method of getting rid of his embarrassing honours, by so ordering it, that his voyage was stopped short at Buenos Ayres.

After an absence of some continuance, Mr. Robertson prepared for his return to Paraguay, which he was obliged to effect by the river, the whole country being in such a disturbed state as to render a land journey impracticable. "The Bandas Oriental," or east side of the River Plate, united under General Artigas, with the pompous title of Most Excellent Lord Protector, bade defiance to all law and order. The protection of this doughty chieftain was of great importance to Mr. Robertson; but, as he was at open war with Buenos Ayres, it could not be procured: but a sailing license from the Honourable Captain Jocelyn Percy, then commanding the British forces in the River Plate, was readily granted, and this Mr. Robertson hoped would be sufficient, especially as Artigas had no vessels on the river.

"Guessing" that Francia would be much vexed that his mission to the House of Commons had not been completed, Mr. Robertson anxiously busied himself with the execution of the other commissions of the Supremo, as he was now called (1815). "Cocked hats, sashes, lace, musical instruments, military clothing, swords, pistols, &c. were all procured and shipped; and, on application to the Buenos Ayres Government, no obstacle was offered to the shipment of a few muskets, and of some munitions of war." But all this led to a very sad result for Mr. Robertson. "The Director Alvear," the chief of Buenos Ayres, "being anxious to initiate a correspondence with Francia, of which the object was to draw recruits from Paraguay, in order to strengthen the legions of the river Plate, I was invited to an audience at the Fort, (or Government House,) for the purpose of being consulted by Alvear as to the probability of Francia's sending men to Buenos Ayres, in return for which, arms and ammunition should be sent to him from thence. I thought the thing very improbable; but stated how impossible it was that I, a neutral and a private individual engaged in commercial pursuits, should agree, in such troublous times, to be charged with such a proposal. At the same time, I suggested that there could be no objection to the Government making such a proposal if it thought proper, by letter, which, if put sealed into the letter-bag of the vessel that was to convey me to Paraguay, should there be delivered to its address. On this suggestion Alvear acted; and a sealed letter, which I never saw, was, with other correspondence, sent from the post-office by order of the Buenos Ayres Government, for conveyance to Francia." Mr. Robertson embarked, and pursued his tedious way up the river, which, from its many tortuous bends, renders navigation difficult even when the wind is fair, and compels the voyagers to work their way by warping with ropes carried a-head by canoes, and made fast to the trees on the banks. They, however, pursued their course without impediment till they reached Santa Fé, when Mr. Robertson's old friend, Candioti, insisted on the delivery of all the muskets. "Señor Don Juan," said he, "self-preservation is the first law of nature, and, in fulfilment of this law, we must here detain your muskets. The ornamental finery we will allow to proceed to its destination, as well as the sabres, because we have plenty of them; but there, take the value of the muskets and ammunition in dollars, and tell his Excellency the Dictator, it is a good sign of the tranquillity of his republic that he has leisure to think so much about music, mathematics, and gold-lace. Here, you know, we are not in a position, at present, to think of anything but the enemy, and our only means of meeting him successfully is by the collection of all the muskets and ball we can possibly procure." This was but the beginning of misfortune, for Mr. Robertson had not proceeded much farther up the river when his vessel was seized one evening, (as, according to custom, it was moored to a tree, and he himself and most of his crew were on shore enjoying the sport of pheasant-shooting,) by a marauding party belonging to the army of Artigas. He was robbed of everything, even to his clothes, and his life was saved only by the intervention of an Indian, one of the band, who afterwards told him he did so only "from the whim of the moment," and he was thrown into the common gaol at the Bajada, whither he was carried by his captors in his own vessel. On his way to the prison he espied coming down the hill an old and faithful servant called Manuel: "I felt," says he, "unspeakable relief, as I was hurried past him by my guards, in being able to say to him these few words,—'Fly to Buenos Ayres, and tell them what you have seen and heard.'

"Onwards I marched, never doubting that I should in the first place be taken to the governor. I was mistaken even in this unenviable supposition. I was marched to the small and wretched gaol appropriated to the reception of murderers, robbers, and other felonious caitiffs of the worst die. There they sat, each upon the skull of a bullock, in chains, in nakedness, in squalid filth, and yet in bestial debauch and revelry. There was a fire lit in the middle of the floor, amid a heap of ashes which had been accumulating apparently for months. Around this fire there were spitted, for the purpose of being roasted, three or four large pieces of black-looking beef, into the parts of which already done, the felons, with voracious strife, were cutting with large gleaming knives. 'Aguardiente,' or bad rum, was handed round in a bullock's horn; and as the fire cast its flickering glare on the swarthy and horrible countenances of the bacchanals, their chains clanking at every motion of their hands or legs, the picture was truly startling. Scarcely had I been introduced, when a yell of horrid welcome was set up by the prisoners. First one and then another pulled me towards the fire; they insisted upon my drinking out of the bullock's horn; and then demanded, with one accord, that I should pay for some more of the same kind of nauseous beverage as they had just finished. I had not a farthing (I cannot say in my pocket, for pocket I had none). 'No matter,' said they, 'the custom is invariable that every new-comer shall treat the older inmates; and, although you should get what we want by the sale of your skin, have it we must and shall.' Without further ceremony, they stripped me of my Artigueño great-coat, and, tattered and wretched as it was, procured in exchange

for it a large flask of spirits. I was now left like many of themselves, naked from the waist upwards, and for *this night* I found it impossible to sleep."

Mr. Robertson was removed to a separate room on the next morning, and he was furnished with clothes by a friend; but eight days elapsed before he was liberated in consequence of the representations of Captain Percy (who had been informed of his capture by Manuel) to Artigas, who affected great indignation at the conduct of his subordinates, and ordered the restoration of the ship and property. The ship and property were rendered up, with the exception of about 1200*l*. This amount was pilfered by the gentlemen in office and their subordinates. Mr. R.'s wardrobe, the arms, the Dictator's finery (as Candioti called it), the clothing for the troops, with such other things as struck the particular fancy of the governor, the captain of the port, serjeants, and others, were detained without scruple. Having despatched the ship on her route to Paraguay, bearing letters to his brother and the Dictator, with a full account of his mishap, Mr. Robertson returned to Buenos Ayres, for the purpose of taking measures for obtaining compensation for his losses from Artigas. Armed with a British protection, he visited this semi-barbarous chief, at his head-quarters at Purificaçion, and was received with great politeness; but he totally failed in the object of his journey. "You see," said the general, with great candour and nonchalance, "how we live here; and it is as much as we can do, in these hard times, to compass beef, aguardiente, and cigars. To pay you 6000 dollars just now, is as much beyond my power as it would be to pay you 60,000 or 600,000. Look here," said he, (and so saying, he lifted up the lid of an old military chest, and pointed to a canvas bag at the bottom of it.) "There," he continued, "is my whole stock of cash; it amounts to 300 dollars; and where the next supply is to come from, I am as little aware as you." This was unanswerable, and Mr. Robertson, finding there was no hope of dollars, took leave of the general, and prepared for his return to Paraguay.

Meantime, the letter written by Alvear to Francia had been published by Artigas, with some comments of his own, in which he asserted that Mr. Robertson had acted as Francia's commissioner, in a plan for selling the Paraguayans to Alvear, and denouncing this treacherous conduct in the most stinging terms. This paper, which was very widely distributed, enraged the Dictator to a furious pitch: he instantly sent to Mr. W. P. Robertson, and, refusing to listen to any justification of his brother, he banished both; allowing Mr. W. P. Robertson two months, to wind up the affairs of his house, but prohibiting Mr. J. P. Robertson from returning to Assumption. Messrs. Robertson accordingly removed to Corrientes, where, and subsequently at Buenos Ayres, they continued to trade successfully, freed from the tyranny and caprice of Francia.

The soil of Paraguay is rich and productive: in fact, it appears to possess more natural advantages, except the possession of minerals, than any other known part of South America. The wood ranks decidedly the first in importance. The lapacho is a magnificent tree; its grain is so close, that neither worm nor rot can assail it. "English oak," says Mr. J. P. Robertson, "is very firm, but never to be compared to lapacho. From the solid trunk of one of these trees, a Portuguese scooped out, at Villa Real, a canoe, which brought down to Assumption a hundred bales of yerba, (that is, 22,500 lbs. of Paraguay tea,) several hides made up into balls and filled with molasses, a load of deals, seventy packages of tobacco, and eight Paraguay sailors, to manage the three masts and sails of the large but yet elegantly scooped-out trunk of the lapacho tree. Of this tree are constructed vessels which, when fifty years old, may still be called young. Their frame is not shaken, nor is their constitution debilitated by all the bumps they have on the sand-banks of the Paraná, nor by the scorching rays of a tropical sun, nor by the 'oven-down pours' (as the Scotch have it) of tropical rains. Besides the lapacho, there are the urandig-pitá, the urandig-irai; of which, the latter is equal in durability to rose-wood, and excels it in beauty. Then there is the timbo, the tatayiba (or wild mulberry), the lancewood, the orange-tree, the carandig, the palm-tree, the tataré, and sheraró; all at once useful and ornamental. The cebil and curupai furnish excellent bark for the purpose of tanning; while many of the shrubs and plants afford dyes of the richest hue. There is one tree, of which the trunk is composed of several stems twisted round one another, yet so compactly as to form the appearance of one solid trunk. There is the palo santo, or holy wood, producing odoriferous gum; and the incense-tree, yielding the delicious perfume of the pastilla. From the manguasi is produced gum elastic, from which matches are made; and the trees, plants, and shrubs of medicinal properties are rich and various. There is one especially worthy of notice: it is called the palo de vivora, or serpent's tree, and the juice of its rind, produced by mastication, is an infallible cure for the poisonous bite of the great original enemy of the human race. Rhubarb and sarsaparilla grow wild all over Paraguay. The cordage of the vessels is there made from a plant which furnishes fibres of so strong and irresistible a texture, as water has not much power to rot, nor the sun much to destroy. The cotton-plant grows in the greatest luxuriance. Tobacco, coffee, sugar, Indian corn, the yucca-root, melons, rice, and especially the pine-apple, are all abundant."

But the staple article of Paraguayan produce is the yerba, or Paraguay tea,—an infusion of which, known as maté, forms the favourite beverage of the inhabitants of South America. The tree grows wild in the forests; and, with an account of the mode in which it is gathered and prepared, we shall take our leave of Paraguay.

"I was invited," says Mr. R., "by one of the great master yerba manufacturers, to sail with him in his smack to Villa Real, and to accompany him by land from thence to the scene of his operations in the woods. Before I describe this, I will give you some account of the men—masters and labourers—by whom the traffic was carried on. It was one of so arduous a nature, that, though very lucrative, it was generally conducted either by young beginners in the world or by low men, who, like miners, having got entangled in a system of gambling, alternately made and lost fortunes, were always poor, and finally died in the yerbalés. Exceptions to this rule there were, but very few. Like their masters, the peons were almost invariably gamblers too: they were, therefore, no sooner out of the woods than they were obliged to return to them. * * * * * * *

"So impenetrable and overrun with brushwood are these forests in many places, and so tenanted in all by reptiles and insects of the most tormenting and often venomous description, that the only animals capable of being driven through them are bulls, which are necessary for the maintenance of the colony of yerba makers, and mules, which are not less necessary for the conveyance out of the woods of the tea, after it is manufactured and packed. With Miguel Carbonell, then, (a very coarse catalán,) who had spent a long life alternately on the river and in the woods, I sailed from Assumption still farther up the stream; and we arrived at Villa Real, in latitude 23° 20′ S., on the tenth day of our mosquito martyrdom on the Paraguay. We were now on the borders of a territory inhabited by the Mbayá and Guaycurú Indians. The latter is the fiercest of all the unsubdued tribes in that quarter. In two days after our arrival we left Villa Real, and never was I more thankful than when we did; for, if the pains and penalties of purgatory be at all equal to those of that place, there certainly cannot be much to fear beyond it. The heat, the effluvia, the filth, the mosquitoes, the lizards, the serpents, the toads, the centipedes, the binchucas, the bats, the naked inhabitants, the wretched huts, the squalid poverty,—all rendered my residence there, for two days, not only painful, but loathsome in the highest degree. Our cavalcade, as we departed, was rather a grotesque one: mounted upon forty mules, rode by as many peons, with no covering but a shirt, a pair of drawers, a girdle round their waist, and a red cap on their head. Some of the mules were saddled, some not. Before us went a dozen sumpter mules, laden with barrels of spirits, tobacco, and other merchandise. Half-a-dozen of the peons, a little way a-head, drove upwards of a hundred bulls, bellowing under the smart inflicted by stinging insects; while the catalán, a capataz (or overseer), and myself, brought up the rear. Our legs were cased in raw hide, to defend us at once from the thorns of the underwood and from the bites of the mosquitoes. Our faces, with the same object, were vizored in tanned sheepskin, and our hands were fitted with gloves of the same material. The peons, it appeared to me, had their own hides so tanned and hardened as to require no better protection from the insects."

On the fifth day they reached a yerbal, or forest of the yerba-tree, and active preparations were immediately made for a six-months' settlement.

"At dawn of day the peons were at work. Here, one little band was constructing for our habitation a long line of wigwams, and overlaying them with the broad leaves of the palm-tree and of the banana. There, other sets were making preparations for the manufacturing and storing of the yerba. These preparations con-

sisted, first, in the construction of the *tatacúa*. This was a small space of ground, about six feet square, of which the soil was beaten down by heavy mallets, till it became a hard and consistent foundation. At the four corners of this space, and at right angles, were driven in four very strong stakes, while upon the surface of it were laid large logs of wood. This was the place at which the leaves and small sprigs of the yerba tree, when brought from the woods, were first scorched, fire being set to the logs of wood within it. By the side of the *tatacúa* was spread an ample square of hide-work; on which, after the scorched leaves were laid upon it, a peon gathered up the four corners, and proceeded with his burthen on his shoulder to the *second* place constructed,—viz. the *barbacúa*. This was an arch of considerable span, and of which the support consisted of three strong trestles. The centre trestle formed the highest part of the arch. Over this superstructure were laid cross bars, strongly nailed to stakes on either side of the central supports, and so formed the roof of the arch. The leaves being separated, after the *tatacúa* process, from the grosser boughs of the yerba tree, were laid on this roof, under which a large fire was kindled. Of this fire the flames ascended, and still further scorched the leaves of the yerba. The two peons beneath the arch, with long poles, took care, as far as they could, that no ignition should take place; and, in order to extinguish this when it did occur, another peon was stationed at the top of the arch. Along both sides of this there were two deal planks; and, with a long stick in his hand, the peon ran along these planks, and instantly extinguished any incipient sparks of fire that appeared. When the yerba was thoroughly scorched, the fire was swept from under the *barbacúa* or arch; the ground was then swept, and pounded with heavy mallets, into the hardest and smoothest substance. The scorched leaves and very small twigs were then thrown down from the roof of the arch, and, by means of a rude wooden mill, ground to powder. The yerba, or tea, was now ready for use; and being conveyed to a large shed, previously erected for the purpose, was there received, weighed, and stored by the overseer. The peons worked in couples, except that they hired a third peon, and paid him accordingly, to aid them in superintending the operations of the *barbacúa*. These two peons got a receipt for every portion of tea which they delivered to the overseer; and they were paid for it at the end of their stipulated sojourn in the woods, at the rate of two rials, or a shilling, for the arrobe of twenty-five pounds. The next and last process, and the most laborious of all, was that of *packing* the tea. This was done by first sewing together, in a square form, the half of a bull's hide, which, being still damp, was fastened by two of its corners to two strong trestles driven far into the ground. The packer, then, with an enormous stick made of the heaviest wood, and having a huge block at one end, and a pyramidal piece, to give it a greater impulse, at the other, pressed, by repeated effort, the yerba into the hide-sack, till he got it full to the brim. It then contained from two hundred to two hundred and twenty pounds, and being sewed up, and left to tighten over the contents as the hide dried, at the end of a couple of days, by exposure to the sun, a substance as hard as a stone, and almost as weighty and impervious too.

* * *

"After all the preparations which I have detailed were completed (and it required only three days to finish them), the peons sallied forth from the yerba colony by couples. I accompanied two of the stoutest and best of them. They had with them no other weapon than a small axe; no other clothing than a girdle round their waist, and a red cap on their head: no other provision than a cigar, and a cow's horn filled with water; and they were animated by no other hope or desire, that I could perceive, than those of soon discovering a part of the wood thickly studded with the yerba tree. They also desired to find it as near as possible to the colonial encampment, in order that the labour of carrying the rough branches to the scene of operations might be as much as possible diminished. We had scarcely skirted for a quarter of a mile the woods which shut in the valley where we were bivouacked, when we came upon numerous clumps of the yerba tree. It was of all sizes, from that of the shrub to that of the full grown orange-tree; the leaves of it were very like those of that beautiful production. The smaller the plant, the better is the tea which is taken from it considered to be. To work with their hatchets went the peons; and in less than a couple of hours they had gathered a mountain of branches, and piled them up in the form of a hay-stack. Both of them then filled their large ponchos with the coveted article of commerce in its raw state; and they marched off with their respective loads.

"When I returned to the colony, I found the peons coming by two and two, from every part of the valley, all laden in the same way. There were twenty *tatacúas*, twenty *barbacúas*, and twenty piles of the yerba cut and ready for manufacture. Two days after that, the whole colony was in a blaze. *Tatacúas* and *barbacúas* were enveloped in smoke; on the third day, all was stowed away in the shed; and on the fourth, the peons again went out to procure more of the boughs and leaves. During the eight days that I witnessed these operations, I was profoundly struck with the patient and laborious perseverance of the workmen. Then, for their abstemiousness, it was, if possible, still more striking. Beef dried in the sun, and a few water-melons, constituted their whole fare, with, at the close of day, a cigar and a glass of spirits. Neither the perpendicular rays of the sun, nor the everlasting attacks of insects and reptiles, had the power of producing an intermission of labour, or of damping merriment after the toils of the day were brought to a close."

PRESENT STATE OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

"It is melancholy to reflect, that the efforts which we have so long and so perseveringly made for the abolition of the Slave-trade, *should not only have been attended with complete failure, but with an increase of Negro mortality*. Millions of money and multitudes of lives have been sacrificed; and in return for all, we have only the afflicting conviction that the Slave-trade is as far as ever from being suppressed. Nay, I am afraid the fact is not to be disputed, that while we have thus been endeavouring to extinguish the traffic, it has actually doubled in amount.

"Twice as many human beings are now its victims as when Wilberforce and Clarkson entered upon their noble task; and each individual of the increased number, in addition to the horrors which were endured in former times, has to suffer from being cribbed up in a narrower space, and on board a vessel where accommodation is sacrificed to speed. Painful as this is, it becomes still more distressing if it shall appear that our present system has not failed by mischance, from want of energy, or from want of expenditure, but *that the system itself is erroneous, and must necessarily be attended with disappointment.*

"Hitherto we have effected no other change than a change in the flag under which the trade is carried on. It was stated by our Ambassador at Paris, to the French Minister, in 1824, (I speak from memory,) that the French flag covered the villains of all nations. For some years afterwards the Spanish flag was generally used. Now, Portugal sells her flag, and the greater part of the trade is carried on under it. Her governors openly sell, at a fixed price, the use of Portuguese papers and flag."

It has been proposed to declare the trade piracy: but even if all nations were to accede to such a declaration, Mr. Buxton declares it must fail.

"But now I will make a supposition still more Utopian than any of the preceding. All nations shall have acceded to the Spanish Treaty, and that treaty shall be rendered more effective. They shall have linked to it the article of piracy; the whole shall have been clenched by the cordial concurrence of the authorities at home and the populace in the colonies. With all this, we shall be once more defeated and baffled by contraband trade.

"The power which will overcome our efforts is the extraordinary profit of the slave-trader. It is, I believe, an axiom at the Custom-house, that no illicit trade can be suppressed, where the profits exceed 30 per cent.

"I will prove that the profits of the slave-trader are nearly five times that amount. "Of the enormous profits of the Slave-trade," says Commissioner Macleay, "the most correct idea will be formed by taking an example. The last vessel condemned by the Mixed Commission was the 'Firm.'" He gives the cost of

	Dollars.
Her cargo	28,000
Provisions, ammunition, wear and tear, &c.	10,600
Wages	13,400
Total expense	52,000
Total product	145,000

"There was a clear profit on the human cargo of this vessel of 18,640*l*., or just 180 per cent.; and will any one who knows the state of Cuba and Brazil pretend that this is not enough to shut the mouth of the informer, to arrest the arm of the police, to blind the eyes of the magistrates, and to open the doors of the prison?"—*Buxton's African Slave Trade.*

THE THREE COLONIES OF AUSTRALIA.

The reader is aware that the large island of Australia is colonised on three portions of its coast:—New South Wales, on the eastern side; Western Australia, or the settlement of Swan River, on the western side; and the new experimental colony of South Australia, on the southern coast.

Of New South Wales it is scarcely necessary to say anything. It was selected, in 1787, as a place of transportation: the first fleet with convicts sailed in that year, and anchored in Port Jackson on the 25th of January, 1788. The convict settlers endured for some years great privations, from the want of provisions, while their difficulties were aggravated by the bad conduct of the convicts themselves, who, turbulent at all times, were exceedingly hard to manage in the infancy of the colony; but at last, after an interval of half a century, in spite of much bad management and many obstructions,—in spite of the depraved character of the greater portion of the colonists,—this penal colony has become a very flourishing settlement, and will probably continue to advance. But it is not adapted for a dense population. "The present limits of the New South Wales territory extend coastwise from about the thirty-second to the thirty-fourth degree of south latitude, with a breadth not exceeding two hundred miles. The portion within which land might be selected, was fixed, in 1829, at 34,505 square miles, or about 23,000,000 of acres; of which, Major Mitchell states, only 4,400,000 acres have been found worth having, whilst the owners of this appropriated land have been obliged to send their cattle beyond the limits, for the sake of pasturage. The soil is good only where trap, limestone, or granite rocks occur; but, unfortunately, sandstone predominates so much as to cover about six-sevenths of the whole surface of the territory, and there the soil is merely a barren sand, without turf, and the trees subject to conflagrations, which leave behind them little vegetable matter. The want of water and of moisture render the country unfit for agriculture, and, until a well-arranged system of roads can be effected, there will be serious impediments in the way of communication between the isolated spots of a better description.

"The unproductiveness, upon the whole, of the present colony induces Major Mitchell to recommend its extension, together with the formation of additional lines of communication. He proposes that New South Wales should thus be made to reach northward to the tropic of Capricorn, westward to the 145th degree of east longitude; the southern portion having for boundaries the Darling, the Murray, and the sea-coast. Even, however, of this extended territory, one fourth part only is stated to be available for pasturage or cultivation; one third consisting of desert plains, and the remainder of rocky mountains and impassable tracts."

"It had long been wished," says Mr. Butler, in his "Handbook for Australian Emigrants," "that the western coast of Australia should be occupied by Great Britain: the fine colony we had succeeded in establishing on the eastern coast, under the most adverse circumstances, was a stimulus to the undertaking; and the favourable report of Captain Stirling, R.N., who explored the coast in H.M.S. Success, led, in 1829, to a proposition, on the part of Thomas Peel, esq., Sir Francis Vincent, E. W. Schenley, T. P. Macqueen, esqrs., and other gentlemen, to promote the views of government in founding a colony, to aid the mother-country. These gentlemen offered to provide shipping to carry ten thousand British subjects (within four years) from the United Kingdom to the Swan River,—to furnish provisions and every other necessary,—and to have three small vessels running to and from Sydney, as occasion might require. They estimated the cost of conveying these emigrants at 30*l.* each, making a total of 300,000*l.*; and they required, in return, that an equivalent should be granted them in land equal to that amount, and at the rate of 1*s.* 6*d.* per acre, making four million acres; out of which they engaged to provide every male emigrant with no less than two hundred acres of land, free of all rent.

"This arrangement was not carried into effect, and a project for the formation of the new colony (without making it a penal settlement) was issued from the Colonial Office in 1829.

"By this project, his Majesty's government did not intend to incur any expense in conveying settlers to the new colony on the Swan River, nor to supply them with provisions or other necessaries, after arrival there.

"Captain Stirling was appointed lieutenant-governor of the intended settlement, with a grant of 100,000 acres; and Mr. Peel was to receive 250,000 acres, on condition of taking out 400 emigrants, with liberty to extend the grant to one million acres, previous to the year 1840, by receiving forty acres for every child above three years, eighty for every child above six; up to ten years 120, and exceeding that age and upwards 200 acres, for each person conveyed to the colony. The terms requisite to obtain 500,000 acres having been complied with, early in 1829, a number of settlers left England for Swan River, where they began to arrive in August, and to locate themselves along the banks of the Swan and Canning rivers, so that by the end of that year there were in the new colony, residents 850; non-residents, 440; value of property, giving claims to grants of land, 41,550*l.*; lands actually allotted, 525,000 acres; locations actually effected, 39;—number of cattle, 204; of horses, 57; of sheep, 1096; of hogs, 106; and twenty-five ships had arrived at the settlement between the months of June and December. Such was the commencement of our new colony on the shores of Western Australia. The settlers met at first (as must be expected in all new countries) with many difficulties, and great hardships had to be surmounted: the land near the coast was found poor and sandy, but subsequently, on exploring the interior, fine pastoral and agricultural tracts were discovered. A portion of the settlers have been located at King George's Sound (latitude 35° 6′ 20″ S., longitude 118° 1′ E.), near the south-west extremity of Australia."

Lavish grants of land nearly caused the ruin of the colony of Western Australia. The colonists were dispersed; land was indeed procured in abundance, but labourers to cultivate the land were procured with great difficulty; capital was wasted, and hopes, which were raised extravagantly high, were crushed; and for a year or two the name of Swan River was a bugbear to emigration. The colony begins to hold up its head, though still struggling with the difficulties arising out of the original errors and mismanagement of its settlement. In the "Colonial Gazette," we remark an extract from a letter dated June 1st, 1838, York, Western Australia, in which the writer says,—"I am happy to say that our prospects generally have been much improved, but we want settlers and labourers very much: the price of labour now is ruinously high. Shepherds particularly are wanted: they are getting as much as 40*l.* a-year, besides provisions."

Another letter, dated Swan River, August 28th, 1838, states, that "The colony is in a satisfactory condition, and steadily advancing; stock is increasing, money plentiful, and, though wages are high, and we happen to be short of supplies just now, confidence in the future success of the colony never was so high as at present. All we want is a moderate influx of new settlers, especially agricultural labourers, to bring out the capital which remains unemployed in the colony."

A new plan of colonisation was proposed by Mr. E. G. Wakefield, in a book called "England and America," a very clever book, but not to be depended on in *all* its statements and opinions, which are exaggerated, and strained at times to meet the writer's views. His book, however, made a very great impression on the public mind; and a society was formed, to get up a colony, to be managed on the principle laid down in "England and America," which was held to be the great *secret* of colonisation. This principle consists in the just combination and proportion of *capital* and *labour*. It was contended that where land was easily procured, there was a natural tendency in man to appropriate as much of it as he could; thus a vast extent of country might be in the hands of individuals who were too few in number to cultivate it themselves, and were without the means of procuring labourers to render their possessions productive—that is, to render them worth the keeping. Moreover, wherever people were scattered over large tracts, there was no *market* for labour—no productive energy—nothing of that combination and concentration which, by stimulating industry, render it re-productive.

An act of parliament was passed in 1834, erecting a certain portion of South Australia into a province, to be colonised on the new principle. No land was to be given away; it was all to be bought and paid for, at a price which was to be *sufficient*, and, in order to provide *labour* to cultivate this land, the purchase money was to be appropriated to carrying out emigrants, who, being unable to procure land themselves, would be obliged to work for wages. The following are the avowed principles on which the colony is established and managed:—

"I. The characteristic feature of the plan of colonisation laid down by the act of parliament is a certain means for securing a sufficient supply of free labour.

"II. This is accomplished by requiring every applicant for colonial land, in order to entitle himself to a grant, to pay a certain sum per acre to a general fund to be employed in carrying out labourers.

"III. The emigration fund thus raised is placed under the management of the commissioners; whose duty it is to regulate the rate of payment, so as to obtain neither too large nor too small a number of labourers; and by the selection of young, healthy persons, of good character and of both sexes, in equal numbers, to render the fund as efficient for the purposes of the colony as possible.

"IV. This arrangement secures many very important advantages.—First: having provided a sufficient supply of *free* labour, the act of parliament declares that no *convicts* shall be sent to the settlement, and thus the colonists are protected from the enormous evils which result from the immorality and profligacy unavoidable in a penal settlement. Secondly: As the labourers will be carried out at the common cost of the landowners by means of the emigration fund, and as they will be sufficiently numerous, it is not necessary that they should be *indentured* to any one. Both employers and labourers will be perfectly free to enter into any arrangements which may be mutually agreed upon, a state of things which experience has shown to be much more conducive to contentment and prosperity than any other. Thirdly: The contribution to the emigration fund being a necessary preliminary to the acquisition of land, labourers taken out cost free, before becoming landowners, and thus ceasing to work for others, will furnish the means of carrying out other labourers to supply their places. This arrangement, the fairness of which must be obvious to every one, is really beneficial, not only to those who are landowners in the first instance, but to those also who may become such by a course of industry and frugality; for, while it diminishes the injurious facility with which, in most new colonies, a person with scarcely any capital can become a petty landowner or *cottier*—a temptation which few have sufficient strength of mind to resist, notwithstanding the state is one of incessant care and toil—it holds out a prospect of real independence and comfort to those who will patiently wait the very few years which are necessary to enable any one, with colonial wages, to acquire sufficient capital to purchase land and become a master. Fourthly: As those who will cultivate their land, and thus require many labourers, will contribute no more to the emigration fund than those who may leave it waste, the non-cultivation of extensive appropriated districts—one of the chief obstacles to the progress of every colony hitherto established—will be greatly discouraged, if not altogether prevented."

In 1835, the South Australian commissioners advertised land for sale in the new colony, at £1 per acre: but sales being effected slowly at this rate, and a company having proposed to take a large quantity, if given to them at 12*s.* per acre, the price was reduced. When a sufficient quantity was sold at this rate, so as to raise the fund required by the act of parliament, the price was again raised to £1 per acre, at which price it continues to be sold in sections.

The first ship sailed for South Australia on the 24th March, 1836, carrying out the officers of the surveying staff, and other official persons; and, in May following, the surveyor-general, Colonel Light, went out in the brig Rapid, which had been purchased by the commissioners as a surveying vessel.

The site for the capital having been chosen, the survey for it was completed early in 1837; and the preliminary arrangements having been completed, the first court of gaol delivery was held at Adelaide on the 13th of May, before the late Sir J. W. Jeffcott; and on the 23rd of the same month the streets and squares of the new town were named. By this month (May, 1837) sixteen vessels had arrived from England, carrying out upwards of a thousand individuals, together with supplies of provisions, stores, &c. Altogether, the number of vessels which have sailed from this country for South Australia is as follows, viz.:—

For the year 1836	15 vessels, about	4,577 tons register.	
1837	13	4,424	——
To 26th Nov. 1838	36	12,834	——

Several vessels have sailed during the present spring.

[*To be continued.*]

CHANGE OF THE TIMES.

An old farmer, who lives by the Hampshire hills, observed lately, when talking about the corruption and degeneracy of the times, that it was the fine words and the flattery of men to the farmers' wives that had done all the mischief. "For," said he, "when it was *dame* and *porridge*, 'twas real good times; when 'twas *mistress* and *broth*, 'twas worse a great deal; but when it came to be *ma'am* and *soup*, 'twas very bad.—*Newspaper.*

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

There are few beings in the world that are not united by some bonds of relationship; if they have neither brothers, sisters, or still nearer ties, they have generally a great uncle, or a far off cousin, that occasionally sends them an inquiring letter. Such, however, is not my case; I stand alone in the world. How I came to be so is no part of my present narrative; the wounds that time has closed, I have no desire to tear open. I have heard wise people say, the blessings of life are equalized; perhaps they would have pointed to my lot as an exemplification: they might have said, 'Look at his plantation, his negroes, his immense crops, his groves of orange trees.' 'Go into the city; see his house with its verandas, his luxuriant garden, his stud of horses! but after all, poor man, he is to be pitied, he is alone in the world, he has no health to enjoy anything.' Such was the superficial survey. Alas! they knew not, like me, the weary wasting regrets that pressed on my heart, the recollections that neither religion nor philosophy could banish. All that was fair and beautiful added to the keenness of my sensations, and I found solitude and silence most conducive to my comfort. No one broke in upon my retirement. It is an easy art to live alone. For years I scarcely spoke to a human being; my slaves learnt to communicate with me by signs, and the little negroes, for I am not hard-hearted, minded my presence no more than they did one of my palmettos. My ill health daily increased; my nights were sleepless; I consulted physicians: some said my complaints were pulmonary, others that they were dyspeptic; all prescribed, but none benefited.

I was one evening sitting in my veranda and anticipating the miserable nights I was to pass as one succeeded another, when one of my servants entered and said, 'Here is a little girl want very much to see Masser.' I felt some sensation of surprise, but said, 'Let her come.' A girl approached, about fourteen years old; she held in her hand a little basket of flowers, and seemed doubtful whether to come nearer or not. At length I said, 'Do you want anything?' 'I have brought the gentleman some flowers,' said she, 'if he will take them.' There was an expression in the child's countenance, that bordered on compassion; her voice, too, was soft and sympathetic. 'I thank you, my dear,' said I, 'put down the flowers; I will take yours, and you may fill your basket with some of mine.' 'Won't you keep the basket, Sir?' said she; 'I made it myself.' I took it in my hand and examined it; it was composed of small crystals, that sparkled in the setting sun, and beautifully contrasted with the rich purple and crimson flowers that hung over it. I took out a piece of money and offered her; she thanked me, but refused to take it, and said she did not bring her basket for sale.

'Where do you live, my dear?' said I. 'There,' said she, pointing to a little narrow building, the upper window of which overlooked my garden. 'You have seen me in my garden?' said I. 'Yes,' replied she, 'and I heard the gentleman was sick, and I thought,'—she hesitated and coloured,—'I might help him.' 'Then you are a doctress,' said I, smiling. 'No, Sir,' replied she, 'I am not one, but Sook is.' 'Who is Sook?' said I. 'She is an Indian woman, that can cure everything, all sorts of disorders.' 'She cannot cure mine,' said I, involuntarily. 'O yes, Sir, she can,' said the girl, 'I have got a cure in my basket; will you please to try it?' and she turned over her flowers, and took out a little square packet, with some figures wrought in Indian characters. 'This is it, Sir,' said she. 'I went to her yesterday and got it on purpose for your complaint.' 'But what did you tell her was my complaint?' 'I told her,' said she, with an air of confidence, 'that it was an indigestion of the heart.' The girl is right, thought I; she is more skilful than all the physicians. 'Well, what am I to do with your packet? Swallow it?' And I made a sound nearer a laugh than I had done for years. 'O dear, no, Sir; you are to hang it round your neck and let it cover your heart; Sook says you have the cold disorder in the heart, and this will cure it; may I leave it, Sir?' said she. I could not refuse, indeed I felt some curiosity to know more about the girl. 'You may leave it to-night,' said I. She made a low curtsey and left me.

The next day she did not sue for admittance, nor the next after that; but the third day she came. There was the same gentle, innocent expression of countenance, as she inquired after the success of her prescription. When I told her I had not tried it, her disappointment was too apparent to be feigned, and I said, 'You shall not lose the profit of your prescription,' and I handed her a bill; it was five dollars. 'That will do, I suppose,' said I. She took it and looked at it. 'O Sir,' said she, 'Sook does not ask anything if it don't cure you, and only a dollar if it

does.' 'And what do you charge?' said I, a little scornfully. 'Nothing, Sir,' replied she eagerly, 'nothing at all.' 'Come, be honest,' said I, 'tell me your motive.' The girl did not seem to understand me. When I explained myself, she said, 'I want nothing, nothing, Sir; I live with my mother, she is a widow: we are very happy, so happy,' added she, 'that I could not bear to see anybody looking so sick and sad as you do, and I told Sook about the gentleman, and she said she could cure him.'

This was the beginning of my acquaintance with Amie, for so she was called: I was at length persuaded to try the remedy; it certainly did me no harm, and it produced a pungent sensation upon the skin that almost amounted to a blister, and possibly might have done good. I think, from some cause or other, I grew a little better. Amie used to come every day, and often brought me some little delicacy. I had gone the round of suspicion; at first I conceived it was for money she had made my acquaintance; then I thought, possibly, young as she was, and old as I was, for there was certainly thirty years' difference in our ages, it might be for love; but after three years' experience, I became convinced she had no motive under heaven but the desire of serving a fellow-creature. One day Amie came to me with a sorrowful look. 'I shall not see you much longer,' said she, 'I am going away.' 'Where?' asked I. 'To Alabama,' she replied. 'What in the name of heaven carries you to Alabama?' exclaimed I; 'Are you going to be married?' 'No,' said she, 'but my mother is, and she is going to Alabama with her new husband.' 'And takes you?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Poor child!' I involuntarily exclaimed; 'do you want to go?' She hung her head, and I saw a few tears hastily brushed away. 'It is a wild uncultivated country,' said I. 'Yes, Sir, that is the reason my father-in-law is going; he has worn out his land here, and he can purchase a hundred acres there for fifty dollars.' 'But it is good for nothing.' 'Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken,' replied she, 'it is the best of land; he will have nothing to do but cut down the trees, build a log house, and plant corn or cotton, just as he pleases, and it will grow of itself.'

After Amie's departure I remained solitary as usual, nobody near me. I ought to except a young lad that I had sometimes employed in writing; he was an intelligent, well-behaved boy, and lived near; I transferred, in a degree, my kindness for Amie to him, for he in some measure supplied her place; but who that has experienced the attentions of a gentle, kind-hearted woman, can feel compensated for their loss, by the awkward attempts of one of his own sex. I grew more and more sick; the spring and summer wore heavily away; I thought continually of my last interview with Amie; of her evident emotion and embarrassment when I asked her if there was nobody she loved as well as her mother. My first idea returned with redoubled conviction. I cannot doubt it, thought I; strange as it is, she loves me, she has loved me from the first!

At length I determined to seek her, and I asked Theodore if he was willing to go with me on horseback; he eagerly embraced the proposal. I pass over all the difficulties and misgivings of my mind, how often I relinquished the plan and then resumed it again; at last, however, Theodore and myself were on our way; we travelled south. Theodore I found a pleasant companion, he often made me laugh heartily; and, generally speaking, my health was not worse than when I left home; he was very attentive to my accommodation; and though I had many hardships to endure, I was saved from actual suffering by his constant and persevering efforts.

After many wanderings, one night, as we proceeded on our journey, after travelling all day through forests scarcely marked by the track of wheels, we came to a log-house; there was all the marks of a new settlement. We dismounted to ask for a night's lodging; a young woman came to the door, with a white handkerchief tied over her head, and fastened under her chin. At one glance I saw it was Amie! Judge of her astonishment; she looked first at me, then at Theodore, and flung herself upon a little wooden bench that stood near, half fainting. As I have said before, I detest egotism; I will not therefore dwell on our meeting; Amie had been sick, and she looked pale and languid; she said the climate agreed better with them all than with her. We were comfortably accommodated. Amie was full of wonder, and repeatedly asked me where we were going, and how we came there. I put her off, however, and merely told her she should know all in the morning. It was a luxury to eat my boiled eggs from a clean table-cloth, and a still greater one to throw myself into a clean bed. Long after I closed my eyes I could hear the faint whispers of Amie's and Theodore's voices. How soothing it was to reflect that the beings I loved best were engaged in talking of me! Theodore, thought I, is giving an account of my sufferings, my hardships, and 'hair-breadth escapes;' Amie is listening. Yes, my mind is made up; I will rescue this fair flower from an untimely fate; I will bear it back, and cherish and watch over it; my devoted kindness shall repay her for the years of secret and heart-consuming tenderness she has lavished upon me. And I actually dropped asleep with those lines of Shakspeare in my head, which need not be repeated; 'she never told her love,' &c.

The next day Amie looked still paler; I had not the heart to let her languish longer in concealment, and I invited her to walk with me; for in these log-houses every sound is communicated from one part to the other. When we reached an old log that made a convenient seat, I sat down, for I was a little out of breath, and I motioned her to sit by me. It was, even for me, an agitating moment, I breathed quicker than usual; she perceived a change, and was alarmed; 'Let me run back,' said she, 'and get some of your *restorative drops*.' 'No, no,' said I, 'Amie, you are my *restorative*, the drop of happiness in my cup.' She gave me a sweet smile and kissed my hand. 'Ah, Amie,' said I, 'I have found out your secret, and it was for your sake alone I have come this long way. Foolish girl,' said I, drawing her towards me, 'why did you not tell me you were in love, it would have saved us both this long journey.' Her blushes grew deeper and deeper; I really pitied her, and thought it best to finish the scene. 'Come, confess,' said I. 'There is no need of confessing,' said she, half playfully, half bashfully, 'if you have found me out.' There was something so bewitching in her manner, that I really began to feel 'love's young dream' stealing over me. 'Well, well,' said I, 'I will send Theodore to the nearest town for a parson; we will have the ceremony performed, and all return together.' She seemed wholly overpowered. 'You are too, too kind,' exclaimed she, 'how shall I repay such goodness! It shall be the occupation of my life to make yours happy! and Theodore, too, what will he say! let me go and tell him this joyful news.' Before I could speak, she was off. I confess I thought, considering her previous silence and reserve, she was a little forward in communicating the matter; that it would have been as well to have left it to me; but I made every allowance for the intoxication of happiness; in a few moments I saw them returning, arm in arm. 'I have brought Theodore to thank you for himself,' said Amie, as they approached. 'Indeed,' said Theodore, modestly looking down, 'I have no words to do it; how little I imagined what were your intentions; and that it was to make us happy you were enduring all this hardship!' 'And how little,' interrupted Amie, 'did we suspect that our secret was known!' I was perfectly astonished; my cough became so violent that I thought I should have strangled: the children were really alarmed. When it ceased, Amie again began to express the overflowing of her heart. 'Theodore was the first,' said she, 'that told me how much you suffered, and how good and kind-hearted you were; how you felt for everybody, and tried to do everybody good. I went to Sook and told her your case; I knew she could cure everything, but I little thought what a blessing was to come of it!'

She might have run on for ever, as she seemed inclined to, for I was perfectly bewildered. 'Theodore and I,' continued she, 'have loved each other from children; he always made my pens for me at school, and proved my sums, but when I came away to the Alabama country, I never expected to see him again.' And again she seized hold of my hand, though I really made some resistance, and kissed it. But what signifies all this; egotism is detestable. I will only add, that I had the wisdom to keep my own counsel, and concealed my mistake in the best manner I could. By degrees I grew quite reconciled to the change things had taken, and thought it was for the best. I determined to adopt them as children. Amie returned, Mrs. Theodore Grey. I gave up a useless part of my house, and kept the southern veranda for myself. Little Henry Grey, who is named from me, is sleeping on the sofa by my side; his father is a fine, intelligent, manly fellow; and Amie, Amie, is the joy and comfort of my life, and bids fair to be the prop of my old age. As for my dyspepsia, I really don't know what has become of it, or when it left me; I have not thought of it for months; but I now recollect that it was to recommend Sook's prescription that I began this narrative; whether it would be as successful in all complaints I cannot take it upon me to determine; I can only say, I have found it a complete cure for the dyspepsia.

A CASE FOR THE LAWYERS.

"I heard a tale of a butcher, who was driving two calves over a common that were coupled together by the necks with an oaken wyth (a halter made of oak twigs). In the way where they should pass, lay a poor lean mare, with a galled back, to whom they coming (as chance fell out) one of one side, and the other of the other, smelling on her (as their manner is), the midst of the wyth that was between their necks rubbed her, and grated her on the sore back, that she started and rose up, and hung them both on her back as a beam; which being but a rough plaister to her raw ulcer, she ran away with them (as she were frantic) into the fens, where the butcher could not follow them, and drowned both herself and them in a quagmire. Now the owner of the mare is in law with the butcher for the loss of his mare, and the butcher interchangeably indicts him for his calves."—*Pierce Penilesse, by Thomas Nashe, anno* 1593.—We have searched the books and cannot find any decision on this important case; the point appears to have been again discussed in the yet undecided cause of Bullum *v.* Boatum, reported by Steevens, the renowned lecturer on heads.

EVIL COMMUNICATION CORRUPTS GOOD MANNERS.

"It is easier," says St. Gregory Nazianzen, "to contract the vices of others than to impart to them our own virtue; just as it is easier to catch their diseases than to communicate to them our own good health."

OPINION.

"There cannot," says Locke, "be a more dangerous thing to rely on, than the opinion of others, nor more likely to mislead one; since there is much more falsehood and error among men, than truth and knowledge; and if the opinions and persuasions of others, whom we know and think well of, be a ground of assent, men have reason to be heathens in Japan, Mahometans in Turkey, Papists in Spain, Protestants in England, and Lutherans in Sweden."—*Locke on the Human Understanding.*

THE REFLECTION OF A PRIME MINISTER.

Alas!
Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue; and the flower
May bless the cloud *when it hath passed away!*

Bulwer's Richelieu.

COMPARISON OF SAVAGE AND CIVILIZED LIFE.

Coming from an almost desert country, we were struck with the bustle of a town (Augsturn) with only 6000 inhabitants. We admired the conveniences with which commerce and industry furnish civilised life. Humble dwellings appeared to us magnificent; and every person with whom we conversed seemed to be endowed with superior intelligence. Long privations give a value to the smallest enjoyments; and I cannot express the pleasure with which we saw, for the first time, wheaten bread on the governor's table.—*Humboldt.*

PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

If a man drest as he drest 270 years ago, the pug dogs in the streets would tear him to pieces. If he lived in the houses of 270 years ago, unrevised and uncorrected, he would die of rheumatism in a week. If he listened to the sermons of 270 years ago, he would perish with sadness and fatigue; and when a man cannot make a coat or a cheese for 50 years together, without making them better, can it be said that laws made in those days of ignorance, and framed in the fury of religious hatred, need no revision, and are capable of no amendment?—*Edin. Review.*

CONSCIENCE.

A vice sanctioned by the general opinion is merely a vice. The evil terminates in itself. A vice condemned by the general opinion produces a pernicious effect on the whole character. The former is a local malady, the latter a constitutional taint. In our own country, a woman forfeits her place in society, by what, in a man, is too commonly considered as an honourable distinction, and, at worst, as a venial error. The consequence is notorious. The moral principle of a woman is frequently more impaired by a single lapse from virtue, than that of a man by twenty years of intrigue.—*Edin. Review.*

EFFECTS OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

England, when the men of Normandy violated her soil, was wealthy and happy; and the system of society was favourable to liberty. Of all this they obliterated every vestige, and in exchange for these blessings, they entailed upon us a complicated and injurious scheme of jurisprudence, full of subtlety and chicanery, and well suited to the proverbially litigious spirit of the Normans, though entirely averse to the simplicity of the Anglo-Saxon institutions. That this state of things should, in an enlightened age, be permitted to subsist, is among the most astonishing of anomalies. Cheapness, promptitude, and accessibility, are qualities without which substantial justice cannot exist; and if these are to be found in our judicial code, we have not read it rightly. The greater part of what is good in our constitution we inherit from our Saxon ancestors: the rest is Norman.—*Eclectic Review.*

A FOREIGN ESTIMATE OF BRITAIN.

The people, in so many respects the most interesting in Europe; so worthy, by reason of its inviolable attachment to ancient usage, to be studied by him who is occupied in investigating the origin of institutions; so celebrated for the form of its government; joining to the energy of monarchy, the most unlimited liberty of the citizen; so powerful by the resources which the entire devotion of a great and wealthy nation presents to a sovereign, who is skilful in availing himself of them; this people is, at the same time, precisely that which differs most from all other countries ancient or modern. England, after having, during centuries, held the balance of Europe, at the present moment grasps the sceptre of the seas, and exercises a preponderating influence on the continent; no event in the world is indifferent to her, and almost everywhere she gives the decisive impulse. Blended in every interest, her constitution, so eagerly praised, which has been imitated in more than one country, and which will ultimately prevail everywhere; her judicial forms, judged so salutary, and many of which have been universally adopted, are hardly known out of Great Britain.—Myer's "*Esprit, Origine, et Progrès des Institutions Judiciaires.*"

REASON AND RELIGION.

"If we observe the style and method of the Scriptures, we shall find in them all over a constant appeal to men's reason, and to their intellectual faculties. If the mere dictates of the Church, or of *infallible men*, had been the resolution and foundation of faith, there had been no need of such a long thread of reasoning and discourse, as both our Saviour used when on earth and the Apostles used in their writings. We see the way of authority is not taken, but explanations are offered, proofs and illustrations are brought, to convince the mind; which shows that God, in the clearest manifestation of his will, would deal with us as with rational creatures, who are not to believe, but on persuasion; and to use our reason, in order to the attaining that persuasion."—*Bishop Burnet's Exposition of the 19th Article.*

"No mission can be looked on to be divine, that delivers anything derogating from the honour of the one, only, true, invisible God; or inconsistent with natural religion, and the rules of morality; because God, having discovered to men the unity and majesty of his eternal Godhead, and the truths of natural religion and morality by the light of reason, he cannot be supposed to lack the contrary by revelation; for that would be to destroy the evidence and use of reason, without which, men cannot be able to distinguish divine revelation from diabolical imposture."—*Locke's Posthumous Works*, p. 226.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

A little particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain—
"My brief existence now is ended!
Outcast alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live, unknown to die!"

It chanced to fall into the sea,
And there an open shell received it;
And after years how rich was he
Who from its prison-house relieved it!
The drop of rain had formed a gem
To deck a monarch's diadem. —*Glasgow Courier.*

INFIDELITY IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

The prevalence of scepticism among medical men has frequently been a topic of remark, and a subject of equal regret and astonishment. "Very illustrious examples," remarks Dr. Bateman's biographer, "are not wanting to prove, from time to time, that the knowledge of anatomy may indeed inspire religious sentiments." But it cannot be denied, that the dissecting-room has not always proved the best school of the heart. Strange to say, the anatomist has too often embraced a heartless materialism, while the astronomer has become an atheist.—*Eclec. Review*, No. 262.

THE DARDANELLES.

The Dardanelles is a little Turkish town in the narrowest and most beautiful part of the Straits—a strong fort, with enormous cannon, stands frowning on each side. These are the terrible fortifications of Mahomed II.—the Keys of Constantinople. The guns are enormous; of one in particular the muzzle is two feet three inches in diameter, but with Turkish ingenuity they are so placed as to be discharged when a ship is directly opposite. If the ship is not disabled by the first fire, and does not choose to go back and take another, she is safe. At every moment a new picture presents itself: a new fort, a new villa, or the ruins of an ancient city. A naked point on the European side, so ugly, when compared with all around it, as to attract particular attention, projects into the Strait; and here are the ruins of Sestos; here Xerxes built his bridge of boats, to carry over his millions to the conquest of Greece; and here, when he returned with the wreck of his army defeated and disgraced, found his bridge destroyed by the tempest, and in his rage ordered his chains to be thrown into the sea, and the waves to be lashed with rods. From this point too, Leander swam the Hellespont for love of Hero, and Lord Byron and Mr. Ekenhead for fun. Nearly opposite, close to a Turkish fort, are the ruins of Abydos. Here Xerxes and Leander, and Lord Byron and Mr. Ekenhead, landed.—*Stephens' Incidents of Travel.*

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THE BRITISH NAVY.

SIXTH ARTICLE. A NAVAL COURT-MARTIAL DESCRIBED.

"We have strict statutes and most biting laws—
The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds."
SHAKSPEARE.

COURTS-MARTIAL differ in many respects from ordinary courts of justice, and the forms of Military are somewhat dissimilar from the Naval proceedings. In describing the latter it is not our purpose to enter into a lengthened detail of the statutes or customs by which their jurisdiction is claimed and governed, but the reader will expect that we should state generally, under what authority this tribunal is constituted.

The Articles of War are clear and explicit, and embrace nearly every offence which a person in the fleet can commit, prohibiting what is wrong, and assigning the punishment and penalty for each transgression; according to the maxim of the best writers on jurisprudence, that "it is but labour lost to say 'do this, or avoid that,' unless the consequence of non-compliance be also declared."*

The commander of every ship is, therefore, not only strictly enjoined to cause the articles of war to be constantly exhibited in a place accessible to the crew, but also, to take care that they be read over at least once in every month, in presence of the whole ship's company, specially assembled for that purpose. Minor offences, not included in the articles of war, and for which no punishment is ordered to be inflicted, are directed to be dealt with according to the laws and customs in such cases used at sea, namely at the discretion of the captain.

The articles of war, as originally framed, (13 Charles II. cap. 9. amended by 22 George II., cap. 33.) were very sanguinary, and although the penalty assigned to various crimes has been mitigated by subsequent enactments, and a greater latitude permitted to the Court in assigning the punishment for a proved offence, they are still too vindictive, and often, no doubt, like all laws bearing that character, defeat the very purpose they have in view.

The lamented fate of Admiral Byng called for the revision of the 12th article of war, under which that unfortunate officer suffered.—As originally framed it ran thus:—

"Every person in the fleet, who, through cowardice, negligence, or disaffection, shall in time of action withdraw, or keep back, or not come into the fight or engagement, or shall not do his utmost to take or destroy every ship which it shall be his duty to engage; and to assist and relieve all and every of his Majesty's ships or those of his allies, which it shall be his duty to assist and relieve: every such person so offending, and being convicted thereof by sentence of a Court-martial, shall suffer death."†

Although the Court acquitted the Admiral of cowardice or disaffection, the most odious and heaviest branches of this article, they found him guilty of the latter part, in the following words:—"As that article (the 12th) positively prescribes death, without any alternative left to the discretion of the Court, under any variation of circumstances, the Court do therefore unanimously adjudge the said Admiral John Byng to be shot to death."

The members of the Court-martial, aware of the hardship of the case, used every endeavour, by a strong expression of their opinions in the body of their decision, and by subsequent proceedings, to obtain a mitigation of the sentence, but without effect.* It was necessary, in order to satisfy public clamour, that a victim should be offered; the twelve judges, to whose consideration the case was submitted, confirmed the legality of the sentence, and it was carried into effect on the 14th of March, 1757.

Although somewhat of a digression, we could scarcely, whilst on the subject of Courts-martial, omit a notice of Admiral Byng's case; an event which produced the greatest sensation in the country and the naval service at the time. Rear-admiral Temple West, then in command of a squadron at Spithead under sailing orders, addressed a letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty, expressing his feelings of the injustice of the sentence in strong terms, and requesting permission to resign his command; and Admiral Forbes, a member of the Board of Admiralty, refused to sign the warrant for execution, and retired from office, publishing strong and manly reasons for his conduct, the justice of which was not long after freely acknowledged, when the prejudice created against the unfortunate officer had passed away.

The authority under which Courts-martial are held is of very ancient date, and it is recognized by various statutes consolidated into the one already alluded to (22 George II., cap. 33) under which it is provided, "that no Court-martial shall consist of more than thirteen, nor less than five members,† to be composed of such flag officers, captains, or commanders, then and there present, as are next in seniority to the officer who presides at the Court-martial."‡ It also provides, "that, when more than five ships are assembled in foreign parts, the officer next in command to the commander-in-chief shall preside at the Court-martial."§

Regimental and military Courts-martial are composed of officers

* Blackstone.

† By 19 George III. cap. 17. this and other articles were amended thus:—"Whereas the restraining of the power of the Court-martial to the inflicting of the punishment of death in the several cases recited, &c. may be attended with great hardship and inconvenience: be it enacted &c. that it shall be lawful in the several cases recited in the said clauses, for the Court-martial to pronounce sentence of death, or *to inflict such other punishment as the nature and degree of the offence shall be found to deserve*."

* They addressed the following letter to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

"We the undersigned, the president and members of the Court-martial assembled for the trial of Admiral Byng, believe it unnecessary to inform your lordships, that in the whole course of this long trial, we have done our utmost endeavour to come at truths, and do the strictest justice to our country and the prisoner; but we cannot help laying the distresses of our minds before your lordships on this occasion, in finding ourselves under a necessity of condemning a man to death from the great severity of the 12th article of war, part of which he falls under, and which admits of no mitigation, even if it should be committed by an error in judgment only: and therefore, for our conscience sake, as well as in justice to the prisoner, we pray your lordships, in the most earnest manner, to recommend him to His Majesty's clemency.

"We are, &c."
(Signed by all the members of the Court.)

"H.M.S. St. George, Portsmouth Harbour, 24th January, 1757."

† Prior to the passing of this Act, in 1749, thirteen was the minimum number, the maximum being only limited by the number of officers present, but this was attended with inconvenience.

‡ Section 12th. § Section 7th.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

of different grades, from the general to the subaltern, but naval Courts-martial never include a lower rank than commanders (equal to majors in the army); and it has been frequently urged in objection to these tribunals, that persons of inferior degree, accused of crimes, have not the advantage which the constitution recognizes in other Courts, of being tried by their peers or equals.

The observation of the cook is adduced, who, when deprived of his warrant, declared that had he been tried by a Court of cooks, instead of captains, his fate would have been different; and instances have certainly happened, in times gone by, where captains are supposed to have been influenced in favour of their own grade. All things considered, we do not think that the composition of the Court would be amended or rendered more impartial by admitting officers of inferior rank; and as for common seamen, their habits, education, and subordinate situations, totally unfit them for the office of judges, particularly under circumstances when their free opinions would assuredly be controlled by the presence of their superiors.

The authority of Courts-martial extends to all offences committed upon the sea, or in havens, creeks, &c. subject to the jurisdiction of the Admiralty, by persons of every description, soldiers as well as sailors, in actual service and full pay, in the fleets or ships of her Majesty; and also to the crimes of mutiny, desertion, or disobedience to lawful command, in any part of her Majesty's dominions on *shore*, when in actual service relative to the fleet; and under certain circumstances on shore *out* of her Majesty's dominions.* Also to vessels commissioned by letters of marque, as Indiamen generally used to be, but not to hired victuallers or transports: the attempt to bring these latter under the cognizance of Courts-martial having been decided in the negative by the law officers of the crown in 1791, in the case of the crew of the Plymouth transport, charged with embezzling stores.

But no officer on half pay is subject to the jurisdiction of a Court-martial; and no person can be tried for any offence unless the complaint be made in writing, and a Court-martial ordered within three years after the offence shall have been committed, or within one year after the return of the ship to which the offender belongs into any of the ports of Great Britain or Ireland, or within one year after the return of such offender.†

There is no law or regulation to limit the time that a person can be kept under arrest awaiting his trial, because it is impossible in the naval service to calculate on the period that ships can be conveniently assembled for the purpose of forming a Court. It oftentimes happens that close confinement in warm climates before the trial, is a greater punishment than the Court adjudges for the offence. In the army the time is limited to eight days, or until a Court-martial can be conveniently assembled.

Occasionally, but to the credit of the naval service be it stated, but seldom, a necessity for Court-martial arises. It is hardly ever resorted to until all other means have failed, such as invaliding, exchanging, or applying to be superseded, when disagreement upon points of service occur between a captain and his officers. We believe, under present circumstances, this extreme course is never appealed to unless in very flagrant cases, or when brought about by the obstinacy of the parties in fault. It is a well understood thing, that if a junior officer exhibits charges against his superior, which he fails to substantiate, his prospects may be considered as ruined in the Navy; and there is good reason for discountenancing any attempts to dispute the authority of the captain of a ship in a service, the very essence of whose discipline is implicit obedience.

When a necessity arises for Court-martial, the person making the complaint on which it is intended to be founded, addresses a letter to the commander-in-chief of the fleet or squadron to which the ship belongs, setting forth the nature of the charges, the when and the where, &c. with the request that a Court-martial may be ordered. Should one of the officers make the charges, the letter must be transmitted to the captain, with the request that he will be pleased to forward it, and the admiral, or Admiralty if the matter occurs at home, gives the necessary directions for assembling a sufficient number of ships, or if that cannot conveniently be done on a foreign station, the ship is ordered to England with the prosecutor, prisoner, and witnesses on board, so as to bring the matter to issue as soon as possible, particularly if the charge is of such a nature as to render close confinement of the prisoner necessary, which is always attended with inconvenience on board a ship.

It is not imperative, however, upon the superior authorities to order a Court-martial, because such a step may, at an unseasonable time, be prejudicial to the service; in the case, for instance, of a junior officer bringing charges against his commander when in the execution of some important duty; under such circumstances it is usual to postpone, and sometimes refuse it altogether, unless there appears good reason for granting it, without injury to the public service.

Since the appointment of commanders to serve under captains in line-of-battle ships, the question has been mooted as to whether these officers are eligible under the provisions of the Act to sit as members of a Court-martial; for although their rank entitles them, it is argued that not being in command of ships, they were neither contemplated for members when the Act was passed, nor defined as such. It is said that the sentence of a Court-martial so constituted, held at Halifax in 1835, upon a talented young officer,* was disputed, and intended to be brought under the consideration of the Courts of Law, or what would have been of worse consequence, actions for damages commenced against the members, had not the Admiralty restored that gentleman to his rank, the charges against him being, in fact, but trivial, and the Court to all appearance not fairly constituted. However this may be, as much difference of opinion exists, it behoves the authorities to place the matter beyond dispute, either by amending the Act, or obtaining the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, and publishing it, if favourable to the present practice.†

Besides the foregoing point, there are various matters which the subtlety of lawyers have never failed to involve in doubt, connected with the practice or proceedings of Courts-martial; and as these only occur when officers of rank and wealth, who are able to employ the best legal talent, are submitted to the inquisition, it is highly desirable that some plain and definite rules should be established for the government of these tribunals, so as to place the members beyond the consequence of doubt or errors, which tend to involve them in serious responsibilities.

When the Secretary of the Admiralty has submitted the letter demanding a Court-martial to the Board, or the commander-in-chief on a foreign station decides on ordering one to be assembled, a letter is addressed to the officer selected to preside, being his precept or commission for holding the Court, and the commander-in-chief (the senior officer) issues memorandums or notices to the flag-officers and captains of the squadron, announcing that a Court-martial will be held on board of a particular ship, on a stated day, and ordering them to attend in full or undress uniform, as the case may be. He also notifies the president, and the captain of the ship wherein the Court-martial is to be held, to make proper arrangements.

The president appoints a judge-advocate by warrant under his hand and seal; it is the duty of this gentleman to take minutes of the proceedings, to administer oaths, and to inform the Court upon points of practice or questions of law that may arise during the trial. He is allowed 8*s*. per diem during the time the Court-martial lasts, and as he has matters to attend to connected with the inquest, before and after the sitting, he is always allowed ten days' expenses, or £4, although the Court-martial is finished in one day. This stipend is totally inadequate to compensate a gentleman who has been at the pains and expense to qualify himself for an office, on his efficiency in which depends that harmony of motion so necessary to constitute a regular court.

The provost-martial is also appointed under the president's warrant, and has the custody of the prisoner until he is released by due course of law. His allowance is 4*s*. per diem.

It is part of the business of the judge-advocate to give the person accused timely notice of his intended trial, and to obtain from him, as well as the prosecutor, a list of witnesses intended to be called, in order that they may be duly summoned. The notices must be given at least twenty-four hours before the day appointed for the Court-martial to be held.

* By the 35th article of war, enacted in 1748, at the suggestion of Lord Anson, in consequence of the crew of the Wager, one of the ships of his expedition, having refused to acknowledge the authority of their officers after the ship was lost.

† 22 George II., cap. 33. sec. 23.

* Lieutenant Maw, of the President.

† It has always been the custom for a flag-officer and captain, although serving in the same ship, to sit as members of the same Court, and as commanders are eligible for members, it is argued that no prejudice can arise by those also being admitted, although serving with captains. The original Act of 13 Charles II., upon which all subsequent regulations appear to have been founded, says that Courts-martial shall consist of commanders and captains, meaning evidently commanders of the first, second, and third posts, which includes flag-officers and commanders.

When all these matters are performed, and the day of trial arrives, the ship selected (in England, generally the flag-ship,) fires a gun at eight o'clock in the morning, and hoists the union jack at the mizen-peak (the place from which the ensign is at other times exhibited). This is the signal for a Court-martial to assemble, and the captains are rowed on board in their barges, and arrive before nine, which is generally the hour appointed for the proceedings to commence.

The place in which the Court usually assembles is the fore-cabin, a space extending across the deck from side to side. A long table is laid out, covered with green cloth, and, opposite to each chair, pens, ink, and paper are placed for the use of the members. The president takes his seat on the starboard side of the ship at the head of the table, and the prosecutor is stationed behind him; facing the president, at the bottom, is the judge-advocate, and the members are ranged on each side according to their seniority, the highest in rank being on the right hand of the president, the next on his left, and so on in succession, right and left, reaching to the bottom.

The prisoner, who we will suppose to be one of the lieutenants of his ship, has been up to this time under arrest,—if at large, not doing any duty, nor appearing on the quarter-deck,—or confined to his cabin under charge of a sentry; according to the nature of the offence. He is now brought into Court in custody of the provost-martial, who stands over him with a drawn sword during the whole time of trial. The prisoner always appears dressed in full uniform, out of respect to the Court, and his sword is laid on the table: he takes his place to the left of the judge-advocate, and, if attended by counsel, he is accommodated with a table, chairs, and writing materials, by permission of the president. The list of witnesses is then called over, they are ordered into Court, and the public is admitted.

The judge-advocate then rises, reads in an audible voice the warrant for assembling the Court-martial, and other documents, calls over the names of the members, and administers to each of them an oath, to the effect that they shall duly administer justice according to the articles of war, without partiality, favour, or affection, and in cases not defined by the aforesaid articles, to the best of their ability, and not disclose or discover the opinion of any member, unless thereunto required by act of parliament.

It is usual for three or four members to lay their hands together on the evangelists, unless there be a book provided for each, and all together to repeat the words of the oath solemnly after the judge-advocate, who is also sworn by the president not to disclose or discover the opinions of the members.

The charge is next read, and all the witnesses but the first being ordered to withdraw, and to be kept, pending the trial, from communicating with each other, his examination is taken after he has been sworn as follows:—

"I, A B, do most solemnly swear that in the evidence I shall give before the Court respecting the present trial, whether demanded of me by question or not, and whether favourable or unfavourable to the prisoner, I shall declare the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: So help me God."

If a Roman Catholic, the witness is sworn on the cross, and according to the form of his religion, whatever it may be, for persons of all creeds are admitted to give evidence.

The station of the witness under examination is to the right of the judge-advocate, and the interrogation begins by the prosecutor questioning him for the purpose of substantiating the charges. The question generally put, after he has answered as to his being present at time and place, is "Relate to the Court what you saw or heard." All the evidence is taken down by the judge-advocate in writing, and it greatly facilitates the proceedings when the prosecutor, the Court, or the prisoner, hands to him on a slip of paper the question proposed, not only because it saves him the necessity of writing it down, and afterwards repeating it to the witness, but the witness has no time for meditating on the answer, in case he may be disposed to give his evidence partially.

After the examination in chief by the prosecutor, the questions propounded by the Court, and cross-examination by the prisoner, is ended, the evidence is read over to the witness, if he requires it, and he is at liberty to correct it, if not satisfied of its accuracy. He is then ordered to withdraw, another is called, and so on in succession, until the case for the prosecution is closed. It often happens that the prisoner craves of the Court some little time, generally until the following morning, to prepare his defence, and if unprovided with a legal adviser, he is usually assisted in drawing up his statement by the judge-advocate *. The same forms are gone through on the following morning, except swearing the Court, the prisoner now examining the witnesses in chief, and the prosecutor cross-examining. Testimonials both written and oral as to character are produced, and the defence being closed, the Court is cleared, and the doors closed, in order that the members may deliberate on the sentence.

The judge-advocate now reads over the whole of the minutes of the Court-martial, dwelling on every point of the evidence; and when that is done, the members of the Court vote as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, beginning with the junior member, and proceeding up to the president. If, upon a division, the votes are equal, the point is reconsidered; and if there is an equality of opinions upon the main charge, the favourable construction is adopted. The president of naval Courts-martial has only a single vote like the other members.

When this is settled, the judge-advocate draws up the sentence, which is signed by all the members of the Court, notwithstanding that the opinions are not unanimous, for the document receives its force and validity from the judgment of the majority. It is countersigned by the judge-advocate: the Court is then opened, the prisoner and the witnesses brought in, and the sentence read, all the members appearing with their hats on.

The form of the sentence, after the preamble, runs thus:—"Having strictly examined the evidence in support of the charge, as well as heard what the prisoner had to offer in his defence, and very maturely weighed and considered the same, the Court is of opinion, that the charge [is proved, or proved in part, or not proved, as the case may be]; and do therefore adjudge," &c.

If the prisoner is acquitted, the president, in returning him his sword, generally addresses a few words of congratulation on the event, and his hope that he will continue to merit the good opinion of his brother officers and superiors, notwithstanding what has occurred. If the sentence is unfavourable, and, as mostly happens under such circumstances, the prisoner is dismissed the service, nothing more is said, he is withdrawn in custody of the provost-martial, his commission cancelled from that day, and his name removed from the Navy List.

When the Court-martial is finished, the union-jack, which, up to that time, had been exhibited from eight in the morning to the hour of adjourning the Court each day, is hauled down, and all things resume their ordinary appearance.

It has not happened for many years that a commissioned officer of the Navy has fallen under a charge affecting his life; the last we recollect was the unfortunate case of Lieutenant Gamage, who was executed in the Downs in 1812, for the murder of a sergeant of marines, whom he had been provoked to stab in a fit of passion, produced by the mutinous behaviour of the man. We may probably take occasion in the course of these papers, when treating on punishments in general, to describe the forms adopted on these melancholy occasions, where the extremity of the law is put in execution.

We shall in our next describe minutely the nature and capability of the ship's armament; after that the mode of paying the advance, and then proceed to sea.

SEBASTOPOL.

The port is magnificent; nature has done everything for it. The entrance of its deep roadstead is about seven hundred fathoms in breadth, wide enough to facilitate navigation, and allow vessels to tack, but sufficiently narrow to break the force of the sea and admit of easy defence. It is protected by batteries mounting three hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, to which eighteen mortars *à-la-Paixhans* are about to be added, and could not be forced. This entrance leads to several inner havens, formed by different creeks, or valleys, abutting on the principal valley, which offer sailors a choice of the most advantageous anchorage, according to the circumstances of the season. There is good holding-ground everywhere, and an equal depth of water up to the very shore. One might compare it to a tree, whose branches taper to a point. It is a repetition of what is seen at Malta, only that the channel is broader and the harbour more extensive; indeed, it could accommodate a fleet consisting of a limitless number of vessels.—*Russian Expeditions against the Circassians.*

* It may seem strange that the judge-advocate, who appears in the light of a prosecutor for the Crown, should assist the prisoner in his defence; the object, however, of a Court-martial is to arrive at the truth, and therefore it becomes the duty of the judge-advocate to bring forward all the proofs he can procure

THE DEATH OF ATTILA.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

The fertile plains of Gaul lay waste, and her horror-stricken inhabitants saw no means of defence against the barbarian army of one who made the princes of the eastern and western empire of Rome tremble at his name: the cruel Attila, so justly termed "The Scourge of God," who for a season was permitted by divine justice to ravage the most civilised countries of Europe, like some deadly pestilence sent on earth as a warning and a punishment for the crimes of mortals.

Already the king of the Huns had reached the heart of Gaul, his progress marked by ruin and desolation, for it was a saying worthy of his ferocious pride, "that the grass never grew on the spot where Attila's horse had trod!" The places where populous cities and happy villages once lay, were only to be known by mingled bodies of every age and sex strewn around, a few smoking ruins, or a solitary spire. In the unhappy city of Metz, the Church of St. Stephen was the only building that Attila left, to show where it had once stood; and now, after a long and laborious march, he fixed his camp under the walls of Orleans, relying on the secret invitation of Sangiban, king of the Alani, who had promised to betray the city, and to revolt from the service of the empire. But this treacherous conspiracy was detected and disappointed. Orleans had been strengthened with recent fortifications, and the fierce assaults of the Huns were vigorously repulsed by the faithful valour of the brave soldiers and citizens, who defended the place. Their bishop, Anianous, a prelate of primitive sanctity and unshaken courage, with an eloquence that seemed almost that of inspiration, endeavoured to support the spirits of the garrison, until the arrival of expected succour: but after an obstinate siege, the walls were shaken by the battering-rams of the Huns, and the women and children, with the old men and persons incapable of bearing arms, lay prostrate in prayer. So well known was the ruthless cruelty of Attila's soldiery, that mothers rushed with their newly-born infants to the baptismal font, desirous of having them dedicated to Heaven, ere one common massacre involved themselves, their babes, and the priests who served at the altar. Still, notwithstanding the urgent danger, the pious Anianous walked amidst the people with an unfaltering step, telling them to rely firmly on the merciful God, who had hitherto preserved them, and all would yet be well; for He never forsook, in the hour of danger, those who had always remembered him in prosperity.

Beside Anianous, whilst he uttered those words of consolation, walked a young and beautiful girl, whose full blue eyes, fair complexion, and lofty stature, would have marked her as a descendant of the Franks, were it not that luxuriant dark hair, an aquiline nose, and a cast of features that was almost commanding, showed that she might also lay claim to Roman origin. Her father, a brave Roman knight, when expiring from the wounds received in a battle dearly won, left his infant daughter, Serena, and her mother, Thorismonda, to the care of his brother, Anianous. Thorismonda, whose beauty had first fixed the attention of her husband, when she was captured on the banks of her native Rhine, and whose amiable disposition had induced him to make her his bride, did not long require the care of the good bishop, but, pining in silent sorrow for the loss of her husband, only survived him a few months. Serena, however, lived to be the happiness of her uncle's old age; and whilst in this hour of danger, she went through the city, imitating his example, encouraging the faint-hearted, praying with them, giving directions for the relief of the wounded, and even attending to them herself, she seemed so exquisitely lovely, that she might have been mistaken for a being superior to humanity, were it not for a shade of deep anxiety, amounting almost to anguish, that might at times be seen to cloud her features, and which told too plainly she was not exempt from the griefs of mortals. And well might those looks express anxiety: that morning her betrothed lover, Gaudentius, a young and noble Roman, had been made prisoner in a sally against the Huns. Nothing but a sense of duty supported Serena against the blow; she knew that if the wretchedness she inwardly felt were to appear, it would dishearten still more the women of the city, who looked up to her as to a guiding star, and their terrors might enervate the courage of the soldiers who defended them, even as the women of Carthage had awakened in *her* garrison a courage almost superhuman.

But now the lofty walls were shattered to their foundation, and breaches would too soon appear. Anianous, who had anxiously counted the days and hours, despatched a trusty messenger to observe from the rampart the face of the distant country. He returned twice without any intelligence that could inspire hope or comfort; but in his third report he mentioned a small cloud which he had faintly descried at the verge of the horizon. "It is the aid of God!" exclaimed the bishop, in a tone of pious confidence, and the whole multitude repeated after him, "It is the aid of God!" That remote object was indeed the impatient squadrons of Ætius, the Roman general, and of Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, pressing forward in deep and close array to the relief of Orleans.

These words, which almost prophesied their arrival, were the last Serena ever heard her uncle utter: the next instant they were surrounded by a crowd of barbarians, whose misshapen figures and uncouth features would have been terrific in their mildest mood, but now that they were animated by the thirst of blood, and every evil passion, gave them the appearance of those demons from whom they were fabled to have sprung. The grey hairs of Anianous, and the unresisting majesty of his aspect, were no protection; Serena saw a bloody sword descend on his venerable brow, and he sank fainting to the earth.

When she returned to a miserable consciousness, it was to find herself in a kind of waggon, in which were several other female captives, whose beauty, or whose rich apparel, which spoke a rank likely to procure a considerable ransom, rendered them worth the trouble of transporting, in the retreat which the policy of Attila deemed advisable on the arrival of the Roman and Gothic forces before Orleans. His caution made him dread even the possibility of defeat whilst in the heart of Gaul: he had therefore sounded the retreat for his disappointed troops just as they had begun the pillage of the city. The Huns having passed to the rear by the vanguard of the Romans, and reached the smooth and level surface of the plain of Châlons, which was well adapted to the operations of the Scythian cavalry, anxiously endeavoured to reach a considerable eminence that commanded the surrounding country, the importance of which was well understood by the generals of each army; but they were anticipated by the young and valiant son of Theodoric, who, leading his troops first to the summit, rushed with irresistible weight on the Huns, who laboured to ascend it on the opposite side, and the possession of this advantageous post inspired the Roman and Gothic army with a fair assurance of victory.

It was at this moment that the anxiety of Attila led him to consult his priests and haruspices to learn the event of the approaching battle. And the scene which presented itself to the eyes of Serena, whose litter had been drawn close enough to observe it, was one of thrilling interest. An altar had been composed of faggots hastily piled to an enormous height, and surmounted by the famous sword, placed in an upright position, which had been presented to Attila by a shepherd, who, seeing a heifer wounded in the foot, followed the track of her blood till he discovered the point of an ancient weapon rising from the earth, which he dug from it with superstitious awe. The artful prince received it with every demonstration of pious gratitude, as the sword of Mars; and as the possessor of this celestial gift, he asserted his indefeasible claim to the dominion of the entire earth beneath the symbol of his tutelar deity. Attila stood surrounded by his white-robed priests and augurs, his large head, swarthy complexion, small deep-seated black eyes, flat nose, and thin-scattered beard, gave him an aspect that scarcely deserved the name of human: yet his broad shoulders, and short square body, though as disproportioned as his features, spoke of nervous and enduring strength, whilst the haughty step and demeanour of the king of the Huns, seemed to express a consciousness of superiority above the rest of mankind. Yet he—the scourge of nations—often trembled inwardly from superstitious dread, and now with earnest looks beheld the progress of his bloody rites. Sheep, oxen, horses, the best and most faultless that could be procured, had bled beneath the ruthless symbol, when the chief priest waved aloft his blood-stained hand, and a numerous band of Roman and Gallic captives were led forward, their noble features and graceful forms strongly contrasting with the deformed and hideous crew that guarded them. Slowly the haruspice counted the prisoners as they passed before him, then touching the hundredth captive with a long wand, ornamented with strange carvings, he was placed near the altar. He had thus selected ten, when, as another file advanced, the trembling Serena recognised amongst the number Gaudentius—her own brave, noble Gaudentius, to whom in another month she was to have been united, now standing before the bloody altar of a Pagan god, ready to fall a sacrifice to his abominable worship. She tried in vain to precede the priest in

his sanguinary calculation; but a mist was before her eyes—she could not count—then she closed them, wondering she had not relapsed into insensibility, and offered up a fervent prayer for his preservation—it was heard, for when she again dared to look, the fatal wand had touched a captive within two of Gaudentius! Fifty of the hapless prisoners were now ranged beside the altar, and the horrible rites were continued by their unresisted slaughter. One by one they fell beneath the sacrificial knife, whilst the priests chanted in a monotonous tone the following words:—

"Sword of the Deity, before thee lie
The chosen victims—streams of precious gore
Have curled around thee—now we close the rites,
We seek thine augury. Oh hear our prayer,
Thou that partak'st the spirit of the God
That wielded thee! and show us signs
Propitious to our arms. So at thy shrine,
Chosen from the approaching field of death, shall bleed
The fairest, bravest, noblest of the race
That dares oppose thy worshippers."

But three prisoners at length remained, the loftiest in stature and the fairest in countenance of all the number, they had been selected as the victims from whom the auguries were to be drawn. Whilst life yet quivered in their limbs, after they had received their death stroke, the chief priest cut off the right arm of each, and tossing it on the pile, marked with eager eyes the manner of its descent. The disgusting and detestable ceremony was then concluded in a manner worthy of its commencement, by scrutinising into the entrails of the victims, and closely examining even their bones, from which the hands of Attila himself cleared away the flesh. At length the monarch was told in mysterious language to expect a defeat in the approaching battle. But nothing could daunt his savage courage: he harangued his troops with more than usual animation, and when, at length, hardly conquered in the conflict which ensued, a conflict fierce, various, obstinate, and bloody, he retired with his soldiers within the circle of waggons that fortified the camp, and collecting the saddles and rich furniture of the cavalry, heaped them into a funeral pile, determining, if his entrenchments should be forced, to set fire to it, and, by rushing headlong into the flames, deprive his enemies of the glory and satisfaction they might acquire by the death or captivity of Attila. But it was not the will of Heaven that he should as yet cease from ravaging the earth. His enemies were too much disabled, even by victory, to cope again with their formidable antagonist, who seemed like a lion encompassed in his den, and threatening his hunters with redoubled fury. The Huns were allowed to retreat unmolested beyond the Rhine; and neither the spirit nor the forces of Attila were diminished by his Gallic expedition.

Serena and two more of the fairest captives had been presented as slaves worthy to attend on Attila's favourite wife, Circa, who accompanied him in his expeditions, and who saw without repining several rivals given to her in his household, secure of the authority she would still retain as mother of his eldest son. She treated her numerous slaves, on whom she prided herself as being chiefly Romans of noble birth, with kindness, the principal employment of herself and her damsels being that of working the variegated embroidery which adorned the dress of the barbaric warriors; and Serena, captive though she was, felt deeply grateful to Heaven for having preserved her from a much worse fate, when she saw unhappy Christian maidens forced to become the wives of their savage captors.

Some months passed on thus, and Attila had advanced nearly to the gates of Rome, breathing vengeance against the devoted city, if the princess Honoria, sister of the emperor Valentinian, whose rich dowry excited his avarice, were not given to him in marriage. What an insult to the majesty of the queen of the world—imperial Rome! But the luxury and vices of her governors had gradually undermined her strength, and she, who once gave laws to the world, was now forced to receive them from a barbarian. An embassy was sent to the camp of Attila, offering to accede to his proposals within a certain time, provided he would evacuate Italy, and form a permanent peace with the empire. The Roman ambassadors were introduced into the tents of Attila, which were pitched by the banks of the softly-winding Mincius, whilst his Scythian cavalry trampled the farms of Catullus and Virgil. The Huns were ambitious of displaying their riches, which were the fruits and evidence of their victories; the trappings of their horses, their swords, and even their shoes, were studded with precious stones, which had once sparkled on the necks and arms of noble ladies, or adorned the swords and helmets of their husbands. Their tables were profusely spread with golden plates, and vessels of gold and silver fashioned by the hands of Grecian artists. The monarch alone preserved the superior pride of adhering to the simplicity of his Scythian ancestors. The dress of Attila, his arms, and the furniture of his horse, were plain without ornament, and of a uniform colour; the royal table was served in wooden cups and platters, flesh was his only food, and the conqueror of the North never tasted the luxury of bread. He listened with favourable attention to the Roman ambassadors, and the deliverance of Italy was purchased by the immense ransom or dowry of the princess Honoria. But the king of the Huns threatened to return, more dreadful and more implacable, if the bride were not delivered to his messengers within the time stipulated by the treaty. In the mean time, ere he returned to Scythia, he determined to add to the number of his wives a beautiful maiden named Ildico, and his marriage was to be celebrated with unusual magnificence. This young girl was a Vandal, whose entire family had been destroyed with circumstances of peculiar barbarity by Attila; her exquisite beauty had saved her life, and the Scythian monarch, who had been struck by it, had long intended to make her his wife. But shortly after her captivity she had been afflicted with a lingering disorder, that baffled the skill of the physicians of the camp, which contained many of different nations, who were always treated with respect, and who sometimes gained their liberty from the barbarians whom their art had succoured. Serena had, in happier days, made the healing art her principal study, and both from her uncle and her mother had learned many valuable medical secrets. She heard the illness of the beautiful Ildico much spoken of, and asked permission to see her. She was not long in discovering that her illness proceeded as much from mental as bodily causes. She endeavoured to breathe some consolation into her soul, but the unhappy girl at first seemed not to hear her, and then with a flashing eye and crimsoned cheek asked, what consolation there was for her, whose friends, parents, and lover were slaughtered before her eyes, "except," added she, "the glory of becoming the bride of Attila." These last words were uttered with a degree of bitterness and anguish combined, that drew tears from the eyes of Serena. She spoke to her of Christian patience and resignation. "I am not a Christian," exclaimed Ildico, "talk not to me of patience, but revenge! Young Christian maiden, there is in your voice and in those tears which you have shed for me, that which inspires me with a degree of confidence in you that I myself wonder at. I do not wish to die *yet*, though existence is a curse. Try your skill in restoring me to health; your reward shall be a rich one: for Attila will not refuse any recompense I may ask for her who shall restore to its former bloom this fatal beauty." From this time she was assiduously attended by Serena, who administered to her several medicines of her own preparing, and either from their virtue, or the wish to live that seemed once more to inspire her, in less than a month Ildico appeared well, and beautiful as ever. She became much attached to Serena, who endeavoured to impart to her some of the truths of Christianity; but humility, patience, and above all, forgiveness of our enemies, were doctrines to which she would not listen, or if she did, it was with impatience, as if fearful of being convinced.

The time was now fixed when Ildico was to become one of the many wives of Attila, it was shortly after his interview with the Roman ambassadors, and she told Serena to name her reward for the care bestowed in restoring her to health. Serena then confided to the grateful convalescent her own sad story, and said she only wished for her own liberty and that of Gaudentius, who she hoped might yet be in the camp. "If he yet lives, he shall be restored to you," exclaimed Ildico, "and I shall enjoy one moment of happiness in beholding yours." She then desired an interview with Attila, who instantly granted her request, and ordered that any Roman slaves in the camp who were named Gaudentius should appear. When Serena heard that six answered to the name, and amongst them she was to look for *her* Gaudentius, she could scarcely find strength sufficient to walk to the place where they were assembled, so much did she dread a disappointment. At length she ventured, threw back her veil, and the next instant was clasped to the heart of her long-lost lover, who little thought, when he was thus summoned, what happiness awaited him.

For the first time Serena saw a tear in the brilliant eye of Ildico, as she turned to thank her. "Happy Serena!" were the only words she uttered, and then retired. When Serena again sought her, she insisted on bestowing upon her the richest gifts which the magnificent presents of Attila had left at her disposal, and then requested that she and Gaudentius would not depart until the day succeeding her own nuptials. These took place in two days

from thence: Ildico, magnificently clad, and sparkling with royal jewels, was conducted to the tent of Attila by a numerous band of women, who walked in files, and held aloft veils of thin white linen, which formed a kind of canopy, beneath which walked the bride, surrounded by a chorus of young maidens, who chanted hymns and songs in the Scythian language. The marriage ceremony was succeeded by a gorgeous feast, celebrated with barbaric pomp and festivity; on its conclusion, the bride was led to her chamber, at the threshold of which she dismissed her attendants, and turning round, tenderly embraced Serena, who could hardly avoid shrinking and shuddering at the expression of her eyes—it was an almost indescribable mixture of haughty triumph, wildness, resolution, and despair. Yet dazzled by her beauty and splendid appearance, none had marked that fearful expression but Serena.

Attila indulged that night in wine, to a degree that was unusual in him, and was rather carried than led to his bridal chamber. His attendants were alarmed the next day by the unwonted length of his repose, and after attempting in vain to call him forth by loud and repeated cries, at last broke into the royal chamber, where they beheld the king stretched lifeless on the nuptial couch, bathed in the blood that flowed from a deep wound near the region of the heart. Beside the bed sat the bride wrapt in her veil, motionless as a statue, and still grasping firmly a small dagger stained to the very hilt with gore. She never spoke in answer to the questions put to her, and bore the tortures, to which the revenge of the Huns subjected her, with unshaken fortitude, dying with a smile of triumph on her lips.

The body of Attila was solemnly exposed under a silken pavilion in the midst of a plain, whilst a chosen squadron of the Huns wheeled around him in measured evolutions, chanting a funeral hymn to the memory of their hero, the scourge of his enemies, and the terror of the world. The barbarians then cut off a part of their hair, and gashed their faces with unseemly wounds, bewailing their leader as they said he deserved, not with the tears of women, but with the blood of warriors. The remains of Attila were privately buried at night, enclosed in three coffins of gold, silver, and iron; a small river was turned from its course, a deep grave hollowed in its dry bed, the spoils of nations were thrown into it along with the royal body, the stream was allowed again to flow over it; and lest the spot should be known, and the sepulchre violated by avarice or revenge, every captive who had assisted in preparing it was inhumanly murdered, whilst the same Huns who had just shown such immoderate grief, feasted with dissolute and intemperate mirth on the banks of the river that flowed over and concealed the recent tomb of their monarch.

As the last acts of their king were held sacred, the liberty of Serena and Gaudentius was not disputed; they had no difficulty in leaving the camp, and returning to Orleans, found in their union a consolation for past sorrows, and spent a life of peace, and of still renewed and fervent gratitude to the divine power that had brought them through so many dangers into a haven of safe and happy rest; whilst they often reflected with pious awe on the inscrutable ways of Providence, which had first humbled the haughtiest of nations by the arm of a cruel barbarian, had permitted him to attain unlimited sway and power beyond all human control, and then, when his crimes and pride were at their height, in one instant, and by the weakest arm, had cut off from the face of the earth the unconquered Attila, "the scourge of God."

HOW TO MAKE A BARGAIN.

Sir Henry Fanshawe had a horse that the then Earl of Exeter was much pleased with, and Sir Henry esteemed, because he deserved it. My lord, after some apology, desired Sir Henry to let him have his horse, and he would give him what he would. He replied, "My lord, I have no thoughts of selling him but to serve you: I bought him of such a person, and gave so much for him, and that shall be my price to you as I paid, being sixty pieces." My Lord Exeter said, "That's too much, but I will give you, Sir Henry, fifty." To which he made no answer. Next day, my lord sent a gentleman with sixty pieces; but Sir Henry made answer, "*That* was the price he paid, and once had offered him, my lord, at; but not being accepted, the price was now *eighty*." At the receiving of this answer, my Lord Exeter stormed, and sent his servant back with *seventy* pieces. Sir Henry said, that, since my lord would not like him at eighty pieces, he would not sell him under a hundred pieces; and if he returned with less, he would not sell him at all. Upon which my Lord Exeter sent one hundred pieces, and had the horse.—*Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

LADY FANSHAWE.

Lady Fanshawe, one of those noble-minded females whose characters are models for their sex, wrote a memoir of her life (in the year 1676,) for the instruction of her only surviving son, Sir Richard Fanshawe. The MS. of this work was preserved by her descendants; and at last was printed in 1829. From this publication, the following brief sketch is taken.

"Your father," says Lady Fanshawe, addressing her son, "was Sir Richard Fanshawe, knight and baronet, one of the masters of the requests, secretary of the Latin tongue, burgess for the university of Cambridge, and one of his majesty's most honourable privy council of England and Ireland, and his majesty's ambassador to Portugal and Spain. He married *me*, the eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison, knight, of Balls, in the county of Hertford; he was married at thirty-five years of age, and lived with me twenty-three years and twenty-nine days, and lies buried in a new vault I purchased of Humphrey, lord bishop of London, in St. Mary's chapel of Ware, near his ancestors, over which I built him a monument."

Lady Fanshawe was born in London, in the year 1625. In her youth she was taught working all sorts of fine work with her needle, learning French, singing, the lute, virginals, and dancing. "Notwithstanding," she says, "I learned as most did, yet was I wild to that degree, that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time; for I loved riding in the first place, running, and all active pastimes; in short, I was that which we graver people call a hoyting girl. But to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or people, nor one immodest word or action in my life, though skipping and activity was my delight. Upon my mother's death I then began to reflect; and, as an offering to her memory, I flung away those little childnesses that had formerly possessed me; and, by my father's command, took upon me charge of his house and family, which I so ordered by my excellent mother's example, as found acceptance in his sight. I was very well beloved by all our relations and my mother's friends, whom I paid a great respect to, and I was ever ambitious to keep the best company, which I have done, I thank God, all the days of my life."

When the civil war broke out, Lady Fanshawe's father, Sir John Harrison, took the Royalist side; and, after being plundered of his property, went to Oxford in 1643, where the court then was. "My father commanded my sister and myself to come to him at Oxford; and we, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of the water, and the scene so changed, that we knew not at all how to act any part but obedience: for, from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house in an obscure street, and from rooms well furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret, to one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered, no money, for we were as poor as Job, nor clothes more than a man or two brought in their cloak-bags. We had the perpetual discourse of losing and gaining towns and men; at the windows the sad spectacle of war, sometimes plague, sometimes sicknesses of other kind, by reason of so many people being packed together; always in want: yet I must needs say that most bore it with a martyr-like cheerfulness."

Lady Fanshawe was married to Sir Richard Fanshawe in 1644. "None was at our wedding but my dear father, who, at my mother's desire, gave me her wedding-ring, with which I was married, and my sister Margaret, and my brother and sister Boteler, Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and Sir Geoffery Palmer, the king's attorney. Before I was married, my husband was sworn Secretary of War to the Prince [Charles II.] now our king, with a promise from Charles I. to be preferred as soon as occasion offered it, but both his fortune and my promised portion, which was made £10,000, were both at that time in expectation, and we might truly be called merchant adventurers, for the stock we set up our trading with did not amount to twenty pounds betwixt us: but, however, it was to us as a little piece of armour is against a bullet, which, if it be right placed, though no bigger than a shilling, serves as well as a whole suit of armour; so our stock bought pen, ink, and paper, which was your father's trade, and by it, I assure you, we lived better than those that were born to £2000 a year, as long as he had his liberty."

Lady Fanshawe's husband, Sir Richard, had an adventure in his youth, which his wife thus narrates. He went over to Paris, to visit some relations, Lord Strangford, and others. "The whole

stock he carried with him was eighty pieces of gold, and French silver to the value of five pounds in his pocket; his gold was quilted in his doublet; he went by post to lodgings in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, with an intent to rest that night, and the next day to find out his kindred: but the devil, that never sleeps, so ordered it, that two friars entered the chamber wherein he was, and welcoming him, being his countrymen, invited him to play, he innocently only intending diversion, till his supper was ready. But that was not their design, for having engaged him, they left him not as long as he was worth a groat, which, when they discovered, they gave him five pieces of his money until he could recruit himself by his friends, which he did the next day; and from that time forward never played for a piece. It came to pass that seven years after, my husband being in Huntingdonshire, at a bowling-green, with many persons of quality, one in the company was called Captain Taller. My husband, who had a very quick and piercing eye, marked him much, as knowing his face, and found, through his peruke wig, and scarlet cloak, and buff suit, that his name was neither Captain nor Taller, but the honest Jesuit called Friar Sherwood, that had cheated him of the greatest part of his money, and after had lent him the five pieces; so your father went to him, and gave him his five pieces, and said, 'Father Sherwood, I know you, and you know this;' at which he was extremely surprised, and begged of your father not to discover him, for his life was in danger."

Lady Fanshawe's first child was a son, who died an infant of a few days old. At this time, her husband had been obliged to leave her, which, being their first separation, under critical circumstances, affected her very much, and she was ill for a considerable time. He sent for her, to come to him at Bristol; and when she arrived, "he with all expressions of joy received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying, 'I know that thou, that keeps my heart so well, will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands, as God shall bless me with increase.' And now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess, for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated on me, upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, and that none was at first sight more capable than I. In the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs; saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth what news, began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming me, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied, 'My love, I will immediately come to thee, pray thee go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew—but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed, I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning, early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly, and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me, as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled,' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing on earth can afflict me like that, and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee: for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve, if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family."

The plague increased so much in Bristol during the summer of 1645, that the prince and all his retinue went to Barnstaple. "But the prince's affairs calling him from that place, we went to Launceston, in Cornwall, and thither came very many gentlemen of that county to do their duties to his highness." "From thence the court removed to Pendennis Castle, some time commanded by Sir Nicholas Slanning, who lost his life bravely in the king's service, and left an excellent name behind him." Another remove was considered necessary; the prince crossing from the Lands-end to the Scilly Isles, followed, among others, by Sir Richard Fanshawe and his wife. Besides being obliged to leave household valuables in the care of a false friend, who never accounted for them, (though Lady Fanshawe estimated their value at 200*l*.) they were robbed on their passage. "We having put all our present estate into two trunks, and carried them aboard with us in a ship commanded by Sir Nicholas Crispe, whose skill and honesty the master and seamen had no opinion of, my husband was forced to appease their mutiny which his miscarriage caused; and taking out money to pay the seamen, that night following they broke open one of our trunks, and took out a bag of 60*l*. and a quantity of gold lace, with our best clothes and linen, with all my combs, gloves, and ribbons, which amounted to near 300*l*. more. The next day, after having been pillaged, and extremely sick, and big with child, I was set on shore almost dead in the Island of Scilly; when we had got to our quarters near the castle, where the prince lay, I went immediately to bed, which was so vile, that my footman ever lay in a better, and we had but three in the whole house, which consisted of four rooms, or rather partitions, two low rooms, and two little lofts, with a ladder to go up: in one of these they kept dried fish, which was his trade, and in this my husband's two clerks lay, one there was for my sister, and one for myself, and one amongst the rest of the servants; but when I waked in the morning, I was so cold I knew not what to do; but the daylight discovered that my bed was near swimming with the sea, which the owner told us afterwards it never did so but at spring-tide. With this we were destitute of clothes, and meat, and fuel—for half the court, to serve them a month; they were not to be had in the whole island, and truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our last. The council sent for provisions to France, which served us, but they were bad, and a little of them; then, after three weeks and odd days, we set sail for the Isle of Jersey, where we safely arrived, praised be God, beyond the belief of all the beholders from that island; for the pilot not knowing the way into the harbour, sailed over the rocks, but being spring-tide, and by chance high water, God be praised, his highness and all of us came safe ashore through so great a danger. Sir George Carteret was lieutenant-governor of the island, under my lord St. Albans, a man formerly bred a sea-boy, and born in that island, the brother's son of Sir Philip Carteret, whose younger daughter he afterwards married. He endeavoured, with all his power, to entertain his highness and court with all plenty and kindness possible, both which the island afforded, and what was wanting he sent for out of France."

Lady Fanshawe's second child was born in Jersey. Sir Richard lost his situation when the prince went from Jersey to Paris. He afterwards went over to Caen, and from thence sent his wife to England, to try and raise money out of the wreck of their fortunes. "This was the first time I had taken a journey without your father, and the first manage of business he ever put into my hands, in which I thank God I had complete success; for lodging in Fleet-street, at Mr. Eates the watchmaker, with my sister Boteler, I procured by the means of Colonel Copley, a great parliament man, whose wife had formerly been obliged to our family, a pass for your father to come and compound for 300*l*., which was a part of my fortune. When your father was come he was very private in London, for he was in daily fears to be imprisoned before he could raise money to go back again to his master, who was not then in a condition to maintain him."

While Charles I. was at Hampton Court, shortly before his execution, Lady Fanshawe "went three times to pay my duty to him, both as I was the daughter of his servant, and the wife of his servant. The last time I ever saw him, when I took my leave, I could not refrain weeping: when he had saluted me, I prayed to God to preserve his majesty with long life and happy years; he

patted me on the cheek, and said, 'Child, if God pleaseth it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will, *and you know in what hands I am in*,' then turning to your father, he said, 'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver those letters to my wife; pray God bless her! I hope I shall do well;' and taking him in his arms, said, 'Thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love and trust to you;' adding, 'I do promise you, that if ever I am restored to my dignity I will bountifully reward you both for your service and sufferings.' Thus did we part from that glorious sun, that within a few months after was *murdered*, to the grief of all Christians that were not forsaken by God."

We reluctantly pass over Lady Fanshawe's adventures, as told by herself, for our space is limited. She followed her husband to France, where she lived for some time in Paris amongst the suite of the royal refugees. Sir Richard then sent her to England once more, to try to raise money. She afterwards met him in Ireland, where they spent some months, living in a house near Cork. The news of Cromwell coming over to reduce Ireland compelled them to shift their quarters. "During this time," she says, in her own exquisitely unaffected language, "I had, by the fall of a stumbling horse (being with child), broke my left wrist, which, because it was ill-set, put me to great and long pain, and I was in my bed when Cork revolted. By chance that day my husband was gone on business to Kinsale: it was in the beginning of November, 1650. At midnight I heard the great guns go off, and thereupon I called up my family to rise, which I did as well as I could in that condition. Hearing lamentable shrieks of men, women, and children, I asked at a window the cause; they told me they were all Irish, stripped and wounded, and turned out of the town, and that Colonel Jeffries, with some others, had possessed themselves of the town for Cromwell." She obtained a pass from Jeffries, but Cromwell was disappointed, when he was informed that the Fanshawes had been allowed to escape.

Sir Richard Fanshawe was sent by the prince (now Charles II.) to Spain, with letters to Philip IV., and his ambassadors at the Spanish court—Lord Cottington and Sir Edward Hyde. On their voyage, the ship in which they sailed was menaced by a Turkish galley. The women were ordered to keep below. "This beast (the captain) locked me up in the cabin: I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door. I, all in tears, begged him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat; which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown; and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly, and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, *as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion:* but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master."

The "Turks' man-of-war" tacked about, unwilling to engage; and, "when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good God! that love can make this change!' and, though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage."

Sir Richard Fanshawe was unsuccessful in his mission to the Spanish court, which was to raise a sum of money. He returned to France towards the end of the year 1650. He afterwards joined Charles II. and the royalist forces in Scotland, while his wife went secretly to London. Here she remained seven months, "and in that time I did not go abroad seven times." At last she received intelligence that her husband was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester. He was brought to London, and kept "in a little room in a bowling-green," at Whitehall; and, during his imprisonment, Lady Fanshawe "failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodging in Chancery-lane, to Whitehall, in at the entry that went out of King-street into the bowling-green. There I would go under his window, and softly call him; he (after the first time excepted) never failed to put out his head at the first call. Thus we talked together; and sometimes I was so wet with the rain, that it went in at my neck and out at my heels. He directed me how I should make my addresses, which I ever did, to their general, Cromwell, who had a great respect for your father, and would have bought him off to his service upon any terms."

By her exertions, Sir Richard was allowed to go out on bail. During the whole term of Cromwell's protectorate, they lived in retirement, in different parts of England, but mostly in London; he, at one time, being forbidden to go five miles beyond the metropolis. During this period of eight years, both Sir Richard and Lady Fanshawe suffered from personal illnesses and family bereavements. On the news of Cromwell's death, in 1658, Sir Richard, on pretence of becoming tutor to the son of the Earl of Pembroke, whilst on his travels, obtained leave to quit England. Lady Fanshawe tried to get leave to join him, but was told that her husband had obtained his liberty by a trick, but that neither she nor her children should stir. She then went to the office where passes were granted; and, "with as ill mien and tone as I could express, I told a fellow I found in the office, that I desired a pass for Paris to go to my husband. 'Woman, what is your husband and your name?' 'Sir,' said I, with many courtesies, 'he is a young merchant, and my name is Ann Harrison.' [Her maiden name.] 'Well,' said he, 'it will cost you a crown.' Said I, 'That is a great sum for me; but pray put in a man, my maid, and three children:' all which he immediately did, telling me a malignant would give him five pounds for such a pass.

"I thanked him kindly, and so went immediately to my lodgings; and with my pen I made the great *H* of Harrison two *ff*, and the *rrs* an *n*, and the *i* an *s*, and the *s* an *h*, and the *o* a *w*, so completely that none could find out the change. With all speed I hired a barge, and that night, at six o'clock, I went to Gravesend, and from thence by coach to Dover, where, upon my arrival, the searchers came and demanded my pass, which they were to keep for their discharge. When they had read it, they said, 'Madam, you may go when you please.' But, says one, 'I little thought they would give a pass to so great a malignant, especially in so troublesome a time as this.'" She got over to Calais, and had narrowly escaped detention; for, her leaving London having been known, "a post was sent to stay me."

Sir Richard and Lady Fanshawe had an interview with Charles II., at Combes, near Paris. At the restoration, they returned with him to England. "So great were the acclamations and numbers of people, that it reached like one street from Dover to Whitehall. We lay that night at Dover, and the next day we went in Sir Arnold Brem's coach towards London, where, on Sunday night, we came to a house in the Savoy. My niece, Fanshawe, then lay in the Strand, where I stood to see the king's entry with his brothers,—surely the most pompous show that ever was; *for the hearts of all men in this kingdom moved at his will.*"

Sir Richard Fanshawe was returned to Parliament for the university of Cambridge. He was afterwards sent to Portugal twice, on special missions; and, in 1664, was appointed ambassador to the court of Madrid. In 1665 he was recalled, through the intrigues (as Lady Fanshawe affirms) of "the Lord Chancellor Clarendon and his party," and the Earl of Sandwich sent in his place. After Sir Richard had introduced the earl to the Spanish court, and was preparing for his journey from Madrid to England, he "was taken ill with an ague, but turned to malignant fever," of which he died; and Lady Fanshawe had the melancholy task of sending his body to England; where she herself, with her family, shortly afterwards arrived.

The rest of her life was spent in seclusion. Her affections, deprived of their chief, concentrated themselves on her family, and for the use of her son she wrote her autobiography. She died on the 20th of January, 16$\frac{79}{80}$, in her fifty-fifth year.

MEDITATIONS ON TOBACCO.

Why should we so much despyse
So good and holy an exercise,
As dailie and late
To meditate
Where we drink tobacco?

The earthen pype, so lillie whyte,
Doth show thou art a mortall wighte;
Yea, even suche
Brocke with a tuche:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

And when the smoak ascends on hye,
Think on this earthlie Varitye
Of worldlie stuff,
Gon with a puff:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

Lastlie the ashes left behind
Doe daylie serve to move the mind,
That ashes and dust
Become we must:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

From the Bannatyne MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

NO. III.

FURTHER PROGRESS OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM, WITH ITS INTRODUCTION INTO ENGLAND.

THE announcement of the discovery of magnetic somnambulism, together with a string of facts corroborative of the power it conferred of supplying the deficiencies of medical science, caused a prodigious sensation in the French capital. Fashion again seized upon animal magnetism, and, in spite of the opposition of the medical profession, whose members were at length compelled to yield, whilst many of them began to practise the new art, every one flocked to the priestesses of somnambulism, to discover, from their oracles, the unknown disease with which he was afflicted. Two treatises, long since forgotten, were written to show that the Delphic oracles of old were given under the effect of animal magnetism; one enthusiast even went so far as to allege that this was the agent employed by our Saviour in curing diseases. Extensive establishments were now formed for the convenience of magnetisers, somnambulists, and their patients. Here the oracles were delivered by sleeping virgins, under the control of the directing magnetiser of each institution. Quacks and cheats, who had exhausted their former means of imposition, found a never-failing resource in magnetic somnambulism, which ought to have been designated "Puységurism." The more sensible portion of the community, and more especially the men of talent belonging to the plebeian order, threw excessive ridicule upon these establishments, which, however, were ultimately converted to the most disgustingly immoral purposes.

Flattered by the success of his discovery, which, in his own opinion, ranked him among the best benefactors of the human race, M. de Puységur spared no exertions in bringing it to perfection; thereby adding, as he believed, fresh wreaths to those which already shaded his brow. He had now numerous disciples, who soon became competitors. Each, in search of new effects, advanced in a path of his own making; but every path so made converged to the common centre of psychological absurdity, which now covers animal magnetism with a hard and thick crust, that conceals the real gem, and, from the difficulty of its removal, has hitherto proved an obstacle to the impartial examination of the latter.

Meanwhile, the reign of Louis XV. having closed, his grandson, Louis XVI. had ascended the French throne. This was a virtuous but weak prince, with good intentions, but unable to resist a torrent which had been gradually swelling under the misgovernment of his predecessors, and was ready to sweep away the French monarchy. The finances of the country had been exhausted by the profligate expenditure of Louis XIV. and his successor Louis XV. This latter king had reigned as if all he cared about was the holding together of the monarchy during his lifetime. The nobles had also imperceptibly undermined the inner foundations of the formidable barrier that protected their order, to which the clergy were naturally united. The bondsmen of feudal despotism had, in the mean time, acquired some knowledge of their social rights. The plebeian order were more than ever bowed to the earth with the weight of the state burthens, whilst the privileged nobles were in the enjoyment of patents and pensions, and of certain imposts granted to them by the monarch, and levied upon objects, not only of luxury, but of necessity, consumed by the people. As a climax to these evils, the national bankruptcy, long inevitable, notwithstanding the exertions of that political quack and overrated statesman, M. Necker, the father of the celebrated Madame de Staël, became a reality, and hundreds of thousands of families were ruined. All these circumstances concurred to rouse the despairing energies of the suffering people, and the external pressure upon the edifice which separated the orders became so strong that the barrier fell inward with a tremendous crash, crushing and destroying, as it fell, the whole order of nobles, and with them the priests,—both of whom it had originally protected, —and even reaching and overturning the throne itself. The populace sprang upon the prostrate ruins, destroying those individual nobles and clergy who had escaped. The French revolution had now broken out, and Anarchy commenced her reign of terror and blood.

Like others of his order, the Marquis de Puységur was obliged to attend to his personal safety. His practice of animal magnetism was therefore suspended until more favourable times. The same cause put an end to the labours of all contemporary professors of the same art, and the practice of somnambulism was known only by name as a thing which had existed.

During the exacerbation of the revolutionary fever, animal magnetism slept the slumber of neglect, without evincing either somnambulism or somniloquacity. But a new order of things arose. The genius of Napoleon Bonaparte having overthrown anarchy, constructed a strong and protecting government, which admitted to a certain station, in the new form which society had naturally assumed in France, the still surviving remnant of the old order of nobles. No sooner was the imperial government established, than the Marquis de Puységur resumed his magnetic labours, and the mysteries of somnambulism began once more to exercise a certain influence, especially among the fair sex,—an influence not almost exclusively confined, as before, to high-born lords and dames, but extending to all classes. The art of magnetising had soon many eminent professors, who, refining upon the labours of M. de Puységur, but acting with no better discrimination, have, in the course of the last thirty years, raised animal magnetism to the eminence upon which it now stands, as an object of merited ridicule to the whole world.

Italians and Germans have brought their concurrent labours in aid of the pretended science. The exaggerated and credulous enthusiasm of the first, and the no less dangerous transcendentalism of the last, have become the allies of the delusions of somnambulism; and, united with the mysticism in which the weak-minded always delight, have produced that system of imposture which has deceived many men of understanding, and made them believe in effects which would have shaken the belief of the most credulous, even in the barbarous times, when men of learning and talent believed in magic and witchcraft.

Amongst these pretended effects, we may designate the following:—The unlettered somnambulist, under the influence of magnetic sleep, can not only detect disease which is imperceptible to the medical practitioner, but point out the means of cure. During the operation of magnetic sleep, the somnambulist can perfectly and distinctly perceive, and understand, the whole of the internal organs and complicated machinery of the human body, or that of any animal: she—for, as we have stated, the somnambulists are generally girls—can likewise see through a thick wall; she can also see any objects, or read writing presented to or laid upon her abdomen, her back, or any other part of her body, her eyes being closed all the while. The sleeper, under magnetic influence, who possesses the gift of somnambulism, can actually read the past, the present, and sometimes the future, and also the magnetiser's thoughts, replying in an audible voice to questions he has asked only mentally; for there is between the magnetiser and every person he magnetises, whether the latter be gifted with somnambulism or not, a psychological connexion,—or "a communion of souls," as it has been termed. The magnetiser possesses an absolute power for ever over the mind of a person he has once magnetised, "having subdued that mind to the volition of his own;" and this influence extends to any distance, from a neighbouring room to the remotest parts of the earth. Thus, at his will, the magnetiser can operate upon his unconscious patient, thousands of miles off,—produce sleep,—and, if the thus magnetised person possess the faculty of somnambulism, force an audible reply to any question asked mentally; the "communion of souls" defying the restraint imposed by the space of distance. The magnetiser has equally the power of depriving the magnetised, whether near or at distance, of all sensation.

It will hardly be credited that these wonders (our account of which is in no wise exaggerated) form points of the sincerest faith among the believers in the animal magnetism of which we have offered a sketch. Though, perhaps, Dr. Elliotson has not avowed his belief in these facts so openly as we have stated them, still his experiments at the North London Hospital were intended to furnish evidence of every one of them; and much evil would have ensued, had not Mr. Wakley detected and exposed the imposition practised, by the pretended somnambulists, upon the doctor. We have a high respect for Dr. Elliotson; we consider him a clever and useful practitioner, likely to have occupied one of the highest stations in his profession, but for this unwonted credulity, and its

result. If, instead of believing in the mysticism, and, in many cases, attaching an undue importance to effects resulting from faith in animal magnetism,—that is to say, from the workings of the excited imagination,—he had calmly examined Mesmerism, and its real power of action, as the mere physical effect of a physical cause, and divested of its psychological and all other wonders, he would have rendered good service to science.

One of the most popular writers on animal magnetism is the late M. Bertrand, who long professed it in Paris, and by whom, through the agency of one of his somnambulists, many extraordinary cures are said to have been effected, and the peace and honour of many families preserved. The work written by M. de Puységur, though very explanatory, is nevertheless scarcely intelligible; and, as a literary and scientific production, is far below that of the Baron Dupotet, which has, of late, been most severely handled by a very clever contemporary.

M. Bertrand does not deny that, without entire faith, the operations of animal magnetism are powerless; whence we may infer a further admission, that its singular results arise from the mere action of an imagination too feeble to support the strength and weight of reason. But then he goes to the full length of the psychological absurdity connected with the art, and admits the power of magnetising at a distance, by which he defeats his own argument. If the magnetiser operate at a great distance, the magnetised must be unconscious of his intention of doing so, unless he has previously announced such intention, which it is not the practice to do: therefore, no aid can accrue to the operator from the workings of the patient's imagination. Again, if, as M. Bertrand would lead his readers to believe, magnetism be a spiritual essence, acting upon a corresponding but weaker spiritual essence, surely neither physical action is required to make it act, nor can it be the cause of physical action. Now, although it is true that the magnetiser who operates at a distance is said to do so by the mere power of his will, and without muscular action, the person unconsciously magnetised is affected with sleep, sometimes with somnambulism, or with headach, or with pain in any of the limbs or organs, or with insensibility to pain, or even with syncope. In either of these cases,—admitting their truth, for the sake of argument,—the action must be physical, not spiritual, and similar to any other action that either causes or removes bodily disease, because spiritual causes can yield only spiritual effects. It therefore follows that animal magnetism, if it exist, must be a form or condition of matter, and not a spiritual essence. This leads us to the further fact, that, although it may be governed by unknown laws, it cannot possibly produce any result contrary to those laws of matter which are known to us, because nature never impedes her own legislation. It is therefore clear that all the wonders of animal magnetism, which are violations of natural laws, have no existence.

As an instance of the inconsistency often shown by men labouring under hallucinations, such as those shown at the North London Hospital, we must call attention to the fact that Dr. Elliotson, in a work written by him on Human Physiology, after a clever exposition of the anatomical and physiological blunders committed by the somniloquent impostors, who, under the magnetic influence, pretend to detect and prescribe for diseases, states, as strong evidence against the reality of their pretended faculty, that, in their medical treatment, they pursue the practice of the country they are in; and that, for the same disorder which in France would be combated by them with ptisans and leeches, they would, in England, direct the ordeal of calomel and port wine.

It has been observed, that, in France, no physician of any eminence has avowed the practice of animal magnetism. Such practice has been rejected by Magendie, Dubois, Broussais, Raspail, Pariset, Marc, and many others. Every medical man who has avowed the practice of animal magnetism, and the wonders attributed to it by M. de Puységur and his contemporaries and successors, has been of mediocre professional reputation, and generally deficient in professional skill as well as in general philosophy. The only thing to be lamented in the general rejection of the magnetic theory by the most eminent men of the day is, that, in their just indignation against its lies and absurdities, they have overlooked that which, had it been submitted to proper examination, would have been found really worth their attention.

The continental professors of animal magnetism and their patients, and somnambulists, have, during the last five-and-twenty years, generally formed a body of dupes and impostors. More frequently the professors have been the former; and the fruits of their too easy credulity have been published to the world as well authenticated facts. Certain it is that, up to the present day, the practice of magnetic somnambulism has aided neither the science of medicine nor any other branch of human knowledge; nor has it produced any known and acknowledged benefit to the human race. A few years since, a commission was appointed to examine, and report to the national institute of France, upon the existence and effects of animal magnetism. This commission was mismanaged: the avowed believers in psychological magnetism, appointed, were numerous; and the other members were induced to withdraw in disgust. The magnetists, therefore, had it all their own way, and, instead of a condemnatory, a laudatory report was made, in which not a single attribute claimed by the Mesmerism of Puységur and his followers, was disavowed. Still the members of the commission did not commit themselves by any specific acknowledgments: all was generalized, but animal magnetism, bearing its miraculous plumage, was admitted to be a reality. Until very lately, this mysterious science was unable to gain a second footing in England. At length, however, it claimed the rights of British hospitality, and was lodged for a time at the North London Hospital. Thanks to the editor of the "Lancet," its monstrous and absurd assumptions have been reduced to their real value, and many weak-minded individuals thereby saved from dangerous delusions.

"But," will the reader naturally urge, "what, after all, is animal magnetism?" By reading our two next articles, he will find his question answered by all the information we are able to give.

SPRING.

Hail, welcome Spring! delightful Spring!
  Thy joys are now begun:
Earth's frozen chains are rent in twain
  By yonder glorious sun.
The dews of eve, on meadows green,
  And waving blades of corn,
Like diamonds set in emeralds sheen,
  Are twinkling in the morn.
    Sweet Spring!

In thee the snowdrop finds a grave;
  Meanwhile the primrose pale
Grows sweetly on the sunny bank;
  The daisy in the vale
With golden eye looks beautiful;
  Young trees fresh odours fling,—
Their incense rises to the skies
  In worshipping the Spring.
    Sweet Spring!

All living things that life enjoy
  Are now instinct with love:
In pairs fond creatures woo on earth,
  In pairs they woo above.
The echoing woods in music speak,
  As winged minstrels sing,
Uniting heaven and earth with song
  In welcoming the Spring.
    Sweet Spring!

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, all
  Their lesson read to man,
And teach him sorrow's not the end
  Of Heaven's benignant plan:
However great our cares may be,
  However deep their sting,
Like Winter's storms they pass away,
  And welcome glorious Spring.
    Sweet Spring!

FORAGERS.

The reader must, we think, have observed amongst the various classes which compose that curious piece of mosaic work called society, one of a particularly puzzling sort of character. It is composed of persons, and very respectable-looking persons too, who contrive to live, and live well, without any visible or known means of doing so. But there *is* a means for all that, and we know the trick of the thing. These persons forage: they beat about for a living, in a way which we hope presently to illustrate in a very plain, if not a satisfactory manner.

In the course of our life we have personally known three perfect specimens of the class of persons we speak of. Three only! but they were splendid geniuses in their several ways. We say in their *several* ways; because, though of precisely the same genus, and though proceeding on precisely the same principles, they were somewhat different both in their character and special modes of operation.

The first of these—we range them according to the chronological order of our acquaintance with them—was Dick Spelter, as he was familiarly called by his coevals; but our acquaintance with him having been in our younger years, and merely through his sons, who were our schoolfellows, we called him, with a respect for our elders becoming our years, Mister Spelter.

Dick, who was at this time somewhere about forty-five years of age, was a personage of rather tall stature, but somewhat bent. He stooped a little—a consequence, we believe, of intense mental application to the object of circumventing the difficulties of the day. His eye was always on the ground, and he was always busied in thought, even as he wound his way through the busiest streets of the city. Neither the bustling nor jostling of passing people, nor the perils of coach and cart, could for a moment withdraw him from the profound abstraction by which he seemed always engrossed. The countenance of this prince of foragers, for so we reckon him, was a peculiar one. It had a startling sinister look; proceeding, chiefly, from a habit he had acquired of gathering a large portion of his optical information by the tail of his eye, by side-long glances. This sinister expression was also heightened by an habitual grin, which he intended, we dare say, for a smile, and which on any other countenance would, perhaps, actually have been such a thing; but on his it was the most alarming-looking thing imaginable—cunning, sly, and roguish. Altogether, Dick's countenance, both in form and expression, bore a strange resemblance to that of an overgrown cat: it exhibited the same indications of a deep, designing, and treacherous nature. But the resemblance just spoken of held good in other particulars besides. Dick was quiet and demure, spoke little, and made no noise whatever of any kind. His step was slow, deliberate and measured, light and stealthy. He rather glided than walked, and when in motion always carried his hands behind him beneath the skirts of his coat. Thus it was that he might have been seen skipping noiselessly, and you would imagine, unobserved, through the streets, but Dick was wide awake. He had all his eyes about him, or, at least, the corners of them, and nothing could escape their vigilance; they were in quest of prey. Dick, in short, was what is called a deep one, and a sly one to boot.

At the time we knew Mr. Spelter, Mr. Spelter was doing nothing; that is, he was not engaged in any business, nor occupied by any employment: yet Mr. Spelter had no other ostensible means of living, not the smallest; and yet, again, Mr. Spelter and his family lived well and comfortably. They wanted for nothing, neither food nor raiment. There was a man of talent for you! Why we, ourselves, while we record the fact, are overwhelmed with admiration of his genius—of the genius of that man who could rear up a family, a large family on——nothing!

When we said that Mr. Spelter, when we knew him, was doing nothing, we will, of course, be understood in a particular and limited sense. He doing nothing! Mr. Spelter was doing an immense deal. He was the busiest man in the busy city to which he belonged; how else could he have done what he did? Maintained his family genteelly without the vulgar aid of coin, the resource of your common-place ideal men. Dick's notions were much too sublime for this. He created something, and something substantial too, out of nothing,—never stooped to inferior practice.

Mr. Spelter, however, although not engaged in any regular business during the time we enjoyed the honour of his acquaintance, had been so at one period of his life; but what that business was, when or where he carried it on, we never knew,—nor did any body else. No one could tell what he had been, although there was a pretty general though vague idea, that he had been something or other somewhere or sometime. This, indeed, is a never-absent feature in the cases of all his class. They have always started in the world in the regular way, but have, some way or other, always fallen through it.

It would gratify the reader, we dare say, if we could give him "a swatch o' Spelter's way,"—if we would give a detailed specimen of his proceedings in the way of foraging; but we must at once declare that we cannot do this. His ways were mysterious; you only saw results. All that we can say about the matter is, then, that his house never wanted abundance of the creature-comforts of life: there were hams, cheeses, kits of butter, boxes of candles and soap,—everything, in short, necessary to good housekeeping, and in never-failing, never-ending supply. But where they came from, or how obtained, who could tell?—we never could, nor could we ever even form a conjecture on the subject. There they were, and that is all we can say about them. We have reason, however, to believe that Dick did sometimes sail rather near the wind in some of his catering expeditions; that is, that some of his transactions had a shade—just a shade or so—of swindling in their complexion. We have heard that something approaching to this was the character of a particular case of a sack of potatoes, which Dick had somehow or other come across. Be this as it may, there certainly were some unpleasant consequences attending this affair. Dick was actually pursued—not at law, for nobody ever dreamt of throwing away money in pursuing Dick at law,—but in his own proper person, and by the proper person of the owner of the potatoes. On that occasion, Dick, being hard pressed, took to the roof of his own house through a skylight; for the enemy had made a lodgment even in the very heart of his domicile; and escaped, after exhibiting sundry feats of fearlessness and agility in skipping along steep roofs and scrambling over airily situated chimneys, all at the height of some hundred feet from the ground. It is said that the potato-man had the temerity to give Dick chase over a roof or two, but soon abandoned the pursuit, as equally hopeless as dangerous.

The next in order of our foragers is Sandy Lorimer. Although pursuing the same peculiar walk in life, and acting on precisely the same principles as Dick, Sandy was, in other respects, a totally different man. He, again, was a stout, bold, noisy personage, with an imposing presence, and loud, hearty voice. Dick carried his points by circumvention; Sandy by a *coup-de-main*. He advanced boldly on his prey, pounced on it at once, and bore it off in triumph. He did the thing by open, fearless—we suppose we must call it—effrontery. Sandy had formed a general intimacy, not merely a trading acquaintance, (mark the excellent policy of this,) with a large circle of dealers of all sorts,—grocers, butchers, bakers, &c. &c. &c. Being on this footing with these persons, he entered their premises, when on the hunt for provender, with a hearty freedom and familiarity of manner that admirably facilitated his subsequent proceedings, and altogether deprived them of the power of denial. They could not, in fact, find in their hearts to refuse him anything, even though perfectly conscious at the moment that they would never see a farthing of its value; his manner was so taking, so plausible, so imposing. The impudent courage of the man, too, was admirable; beyond all praise. The length of a score, either as to figures or time, or both, never daunted him in the slightest degree. He would enter the shop where the fatal document existed, and face the inditer thereof with as bold and unflinching a front as if the money was due to him; and that shop he never left without adding something to the dismal record of his obligation.

His butcher's shop, for instance,—where there was, to our certain knowledge, a score against him a yard long, and which had been standing for years,—he would enter with a shout, an hilarious roar, slap the butcher on the shoulder with a hearty thwack, and ask him what news? He would then turn round on his heel, and commence a regular survey of all the tid-bits exposed for sale, praising and admiring everything he saw. At length his well-practised eye selects a choice morsel.

"There, now, Mr. B.," he would say, advancing towards the article in question, "there, now, is what I would call a nice little roast. That does you credit. What may the weight be?"

The butcher instinctively takes it down, and puts it into the scale; not, however, with much alacrity, for he has certain misgivings on the subject. But Sandy never minds this, though he sees it very well: he is not to be driven from his purpose by sulky looks. "Eleven pounds and a half, Mr. Lorimer," at length says the butcher.

"Boy," says Sandy, addressing a little ragged urchin, who is in waiting to carry for customers, "take this out to my house;" and,

without giving the butcher time to adopt counteracting measures, should he have contemplated them, the beef was popped into the boy's tray, and despatched from the premises. This is one particular point in the forager's practice. Another is, never to trust to the seller of an article sending it home to you, but always to see it despatched, beyond hope of recal, before leaving the shop yourself. These points Mr. Lorimer always carefully observed, and his success was commensurate with his forethought.

Besides catering for the family, however, Mr. Lorimer picked up a very tolerable independent living of his own; and this he accomplished by the following process. On entering a grocer's shop, he is particularly struck with the rich look of a cut cheese that is lying on the counter. He openly expresses his admiration of it, being on a familiar footing with the shopkeeper. He takes up the knife that is lying beside it, with a hearty, pleasant freedom of manner; keeping the shopkeeper the while in play by an animated conversation. He cuts off a whacking slice, and despatches it, having probably asked his friend to toss him over a biscuit. Luncheon, then, has been secured, but something is wanted to wash it down. A glass of ale or a draught of porter is in request, but this he cannot with a good grace ask where he has had his cheese. Indeed, there is no such opportunity as would warrant him in asking it. He must catch some one of his numerous friends in the liquor line in the act, in the particular predicament, of bottling; and this a little perseverance, aided by a shrewd guess of the most likely places, enables him to accomplish. He has also acquired the free entrance (by what means we know not) of a certain range of bonded cellars, where he can, occasionally, pick up a glass or two of choice wine, which, with a biscuit, and perhaps a slice of ham foraged in some other quarter, he can make a pretty substantial passover.

Such, then, is Mr. Lorimer.

The next on our list is Major Longson,—the civil, polite, well-informed, bowing-and-scraping Major Longson. By the way, we never knew precisely how he acquired this same military title; we rather think it was a local-militia honour, for the major's name never appeared in any army-list. Be this as it may, however, major he was always called, and by no other title was he known.

The major was an elderly man, grey-headed, and of a grave, thoughtful, and intelligent countenance; mild and pleasant of speech—soft, smooth, and insinuating; but he was a most determined forager and a perfect master of his business, which, however, he conducted in a quiet, gentlemanly sort of way. In his mode of proceeding there was a peculiarity which does not characterise the practice of the other two. The major dealt largely in *samples*,—samples of wine, samples of cheese, samples of tea, samples of everything; but we suppose we must be more explicit. To be so, then. The major had a habit of making tours amongst the dealers in the articles named, and all others useful in housekeeping, (the major was a bachelor, and had therefore no family to provide for, nobody but himself,) and in the most polite and engaging manner possible, requested a sample of some particular commodity. It was at once given him; and if the article was, say tea, he never failed to go home with at least a pound weight in his pocket; and so of all the other necessaries of which he stood in need.

We have often been surprised at the singular talent which the major possessed of scenting out edibles, and that in the most unlikely places. He must either have had some wonderful gift of nose, or some strange intuitive guiding power that conducted him to his prey. A friend of ours and an acquaintance of the major's, at whose place of business he occasionally called, once happened to have a small consignment of figs from Smyrna sent to him. Our friend was in a totally different line of business, dealing in nothing that would either eat or drink, but of this consignment he took charge, stowing the *drums* of figs into a small dark back room that they might be out of harm's way; being too tempting an article to keep in an exposed place. But, of all the depredators whom our friend dreaded, there was no one whom he so much feared as the major, whose foraging habits he well knew. When he came, therefore, the door of the little apartment in which the figs were stored was always carefully closed, and every allusion to the delicate fruit sedulously avoided in his presence. Vain precaution! Bootless anxiety! One morning the major entered our friend's counting-house, with a peculiarly bland countenance, and smiling and bowing, said, he had been informed that Mr. S. had got a consignment of figs! If perfectly convenient, he would like to see them;—he was extremely fond of figs;—a fine wholesome fruit, &c. &c.

We leave the reader to conceive our friend's amazement and mortification on being thus addressed by the major—the man, of all others, from whom he was most desirous to conceal the luscious treasure; for he knew that he would not only carry off the usual sample for himself, but that he would come day after day, as long as a fig remained, to get samples for his friends, (this, of course, fudge,) in an affected zeal to find purchasers for the consignee. All this accordingly took place, and the major effected an entrance into the fig-room, carried off his sample, and returned to the charge next day; but, fortunately, the figs had been all disposed of and removed in the interim. Our friend could never conceive where or how the major had obtained his intelligence in the case just mentioned; but it was, after all, only one of a thousand every whit as mysterious and unaccountable. The major was evidently born with an intuitive talent for finding the depositories of good things, be these where they might: they could not escape him; for his vigilance was great, his scent unerring.

Being fond of all sorts of delectable edibles, fish was, of course, on the major's list; and he was, fortunately, so situated locally as to put a good deal of enjoyment of this kind in his way. He lived, in the first place, in a village situated on the sea-coast, several of the wealthier inhabitants of which kept pleasure-boats, with which they went frequently a-fishing for amusement. Now, the movements of these boats the major watched with a sharp and wary eye, so that they could not land a tail, on returning from a piscatory expedition, without his presence or his knowledge. Hovering about on the coast, like a huge sea-gull, he pounced on the boat the moment it touched the strand; having been seen, some time previously, bowing, and scraping, and smiling to the party as they approached the shore. "Pleasant day, gentlemen, for your excursion;—excellent sport, I hope—some beautiful fish, no doubt. Ah! there now!"—(the major is now leaning over the gunwale, and pointing out with his cane some of the choicest specimens of the finny tribe which it contains,)—"there is a lovely fish: three pound weight, if it's an ounce. There is another beautiful fish, —and there—and there—and there: all these are excellent." The amateur fishermen take the hint, and the major is invited to take a few. He runs up to the house: in a twinkling a servant-girl, with a clean towel or a basin, is at the side of the boat, with the major's compliments to "the gentlemen," and in another twinkling a dozen of the best fish are on their way to the major's kitchen!

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF SPECTRAL ILLUSION.

A young man of fortune, who had led what is called so gay a life as considerably to injure both his health and fortune, was at length obliged to consult the physician upon the means of restoring at least the former. One of his principal complaints was the frequent presence of a set of apparitions, resembling a band of figures dressed in green, who performed in his drawing-room a singular dance, to which he was compelled to bear witness; though he knew, to his great annoyance, that the whole *corps de ballet* existed only in his own imagination. His physician immediately informed him, that he had lived upon town too fast and too long not to require an exchange to a more healthy and natural course of life. He therefore prescribed a gentle course of medicine, but earnestly recommended to his patient to retire to his own house in the country, observe a temperate diet and early hours, practising regular exercise, on the same principle avoiding fatigue; and assured him that, by doing so, he might bid adieu to black spirits and white, blue, green, and grey, with all their trumpery. The patient observed the advice, and prospered. His physician, after the interval of a month, received a grateful letter from him, acknowledging the success of his regimen. The green goblins had disappeared, and with them the unpleasant train of emotions to which their visits had given rise, and the patient had ordered his town-house to be disfurnished and sold, while the furniture was to be sent down to his residence in the country, where he was determined in future to spend his life, without exposing himself to the temptations of town. One would have supposed this a well-devised scheme for health. But, alas! no sooner had the furniture of the London drawing-room been placed in order in the gallery of the old manor-house, than the former delusion returned in full force! —the green *figurantes*, whom the patient's depraved imagination had so long associated with these moveables, came capering and frisking to accompany them, exclaiming with great glee, as if the sufferer should have been rejoiced to see them—"Here we all are! here we all are!" The visionary, if I recollect right, was so much shocked at their appearance, that he retired abroad, in despair that any part of Britain could shelter him from the daily persecution of this domestic ballet.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE HORSE-CHESNUTS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

On the evening of the 12th of July 1789, the Parisians first learned that their favourite, Necker, had been banished from the court. The garden of the Palais Royal, which was the place of rendezvous of the agitators of that day, was thronged with citizens. All were in agitation and confusion. Indignation and wishes for revenge filled every breast, but no one dared to give vent to the thoughts which burned within him. Suddenly a young man broke from the crowd, and mounting upon a table which had been placed for refreshments under the noble trees which then shaded the garden, he thus addressed the people: "Let us each wear a green branch—for green is the colour of hope—and let us march against our oppressors."

Popular indignation is like a train laid of gunpowder. Though fraught with mighty mischief, it remains cold and quiet till the animating spark is applied which makes it burst forth with resistless fury. Thus it was with the Parisians. The words of Camille Desmoulins (for it was he who had addressed them) were the enlivening spark; his hearers were seized with a sudden enthusiasm that bore everything before it. They tore down the branches of the magnificent horse-chesnuts which hung above their heads; they spent the following day in organizing their measures and supplying themselves with arms; and on July 14th, with the horse-chesnut branches yet woven round their hats, they had attacked and taken the Bastile.

Those horse-chesnuts! Little did their planter think they would ever serve as emblems of liberty. In the year 1629, the Cardinal Richelieu began to build the magnificent palace, since called the Palais Royal; and in the central garden he had planted horse-chesnut trees, then newly introduced into France; he having conceived the idea of having them trained so as to form one vast canopy supported on arches, to throw a refreshing shade over the whole garden. The Cardinal was then in the zenith of his power; a body guard had just been appointed to attend him; he had triumphed over his enemies; and, in fact, ruled France more despotically than any absolute monarch. He said himself, that whatever he willed he did; and as he willed to make his horse-chesnuts magnificent trees, all that man could do, aided by unbounded power and unlimited wealth, was done. It is said that the Cardinal expended 300,000 francs upon this garden, and that it amply repaid the wealth and labour bestowed upon it.

In this garden Louis XIII. delighted to walk with his favourite minister; and when Richelieu died he left it and the palace to his sovereign. Louis died a few months after the Cardinal, and the palace, the name of which was now changed from the Palais Cardinal to the Palais Royal, became the favourite residence of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., during his minority. Under the shade of these trees did that much-praised monarch imbibe his first lessons of tyranny from the artful Mazarin; under these trees were those measures devised which led to all the troubles of the Fronde; and in this garden Mazarin received the mandate which, for a time, banished him from France.

When Louis XIV. attained his full power, he gave this palace to his brother Philip, duke of Orleans; whose wife, the Princess Henrietta of England, drank in this garden the fatal *eau sucrée* which caused her death. His second wife, the witty Duchess, whose *Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.* are so well known, delighted to walk under these trees, and by her amusing sallies to delight her attendant nobles. In 1787, the Palais Royal came into the possession of the famous Egalité; and as it was then his great object to be popular, he threw the garden open to the public.

From this period the garden of the Palais Royal was the general rendezvous of the Parisian citizens; and here they met to discuss the measures of government and organize their resistance. Seats were placed at intervals under the trees; and in the centre, under the shade of the largest tree in the garden, the famous *Arbre de Cracovie*, was a table, on which the citizens were supplied by the servants of the Duke with refreshments gratis. It was on this table that Camille Desmoulins mounted when he addressed the people; and from this tree that the first badges of French liberty were torn. Alas! that they who fought so bravely for freedom should so abuse it when obtained. But their minds had been debased by slavery, and they struggled against their oppressors like demons rather than like men.

Soon after the commencement of the Revolution, the greater part of the trees of the Palais Royal were removed, and a row of shops, and gambling and coffee houses, were erected; and a circus was erected in the centre among the remaining trees.

In 1798 this building took fire, and was burnt to the ground, the venerable horse-chesnuts perishing in the flames. Pale and sickly suckers, which look like ghosts of the former trees, have risen from the roots; but their leaves no longer wear the bright tints of hope; they are brown and withered, like the hopes of the Parisians.

One of these trees comes into leaf much sooner than the others; and it is a remarkable fact that when Napoleon Bonaparte returned from Elba on March 20th, 1815, the only tree in leaf at that early season which could give his followers green boughs, was a tree in the garden of the Palais Royal, and one in the gardens of the Tuileries which had been reared from the same old stock.

HINTS ABOUT THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

What a vast world is nearly crumbled into ruins under the iron grasp of intellect! All that can be conceived of the most sublime, mean, terrific, vulgar, wild, and stupid, is heaping together, like a worthless pile of rubbish! "Airs from heaven, and blasts from hell," are resolved into agitations of the atmosphere. Old women are as snug and safe as if they were in paradise. One would be hanged if he drowned a witch. Mrs. Veal's ghost sells no more of "Drelincourt on Death." The "second sight" is a pair of spectacles. Milton's celestial host are "shorn of their beams" by the same process which has divested Shakspeare's hags of all their unearthly terrors. The very schoolboy, passing through a churchyard, instead of "whistling to keep his courage up," discourses of "natural magic." The mechanic, travelling in the dark, is as composed as the assessor of the Westminster Assembly, who, when he beheld his satanic majesty standing by his bedside, waited patiently to receive his commands, but the silence continuing unbroken, he coolly told him, "If thou hast nothing to do, I have," and so turned himself to sleep. No man now gets a chance of drawing up a deed of partnership, signed with his own blood. Quacks sell pills, but nobody has discovered the *elixir vitæ*. Nature, in the "Invisible World," once "abhorred a vacuum," and therefore "no place was void, but all full of spirits, devils, or other inhabitants; not so much as a hair-breadth was empty in heaven, earth, or water above or under the earth." But the very invisible world is becoming a vacuum itself; where spirits, devils, hobgoblins, fairies, witches, and all the other rout, once sported, roaring, yelling, singing, dancing, or riding on broomsticks, there is now nothing but atmospheric vapours, exhalations, aurora borealis, steam-engines, and natural phenomena.

A plague on their natural phenomena! One now-a-days cannot indulge in a good ghost-story without being laughed at! It is as hard to get a believer in witchcraft, as it was once to find a sceptic who would dare to doubt. Everything must be explained and expounded; our very children begin to question, inquire if angels *really* have wings, ask for the precise latitude and longitude of Robinson Crusoe's island, and wonder what kind of a bundle the honest Pilgrim in his Progress had tied upon his back. It was not so with our forefathers. They believed too much, and we believe too little. The catalogue of what they did believe is formidable enough. "Some one knave in a white sheet hath cozened and abused many thousands, specially when Robin Goodfellow kept such a coil in the country. In our childhood our mothers' maids have so terrified us with an *ugly devil having* horns on his head, fire in his mouth, and a tail at his breech; eyes like a basin, fangs like a dog, claws like a bear, a skin like a negro, and a voice roaring like a lion, whereby we start and are afraid when we hear one cry Bah! and they have so frayd us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, Pans, faunes, sylvans, Kitt-with-the-candlestick, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, giants, imps, conjurors, nymphs, changelings, incubus, Robin Goodfellow, the spoorn, the man-in-the-oak, the hellwain, the fire-drake, the puckle, Tom Thomb, Hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, Boneless, and such other bugbears, that we are afraid of our own shadows, insomuch that *some never fear the devil but on a dark night*; and then a polled sheep is a perilous beast, and many times is taken for our father's soul, specially in a churchyard, where a right hardy man heretofore durst not to have passed by night but his hair would stand upright. Well, thanks be to God, this wretched and cowardly infidelity, since the preaching of the gospel, is in part forgotten, and, doubtless, the rest of these illusions will, in a short time, by God's grace, be detected, and vanish away."

"It would require a better demonologist than I am," says Sir Walter Scott, "to explain the various obsolete superstitions which Reginald Scot has introduced as articles of the old English faith, into the preceding passage. . . The catalogue, however,

serves to show what progress the English have made in two centuries, in forgetting the very names of objects which had been the sources of terror to their ancestors of the Elizabethan age."

To the same effect speaks Godwin. "The improvements that have been made in natural philosophy have, by degrees, convinced the enlightened part of mankind that the material universe is everywhere subject to laws, fixed in their weight, measure, and duration, capable of the most exact calculation, and which in no case admit of variation and exception It was otherwise in the infancy and less mature state of human knowledge. The chain of causes and consequences was yet unrecognised; and events occurred for which no sagacity that was then in being was able to assign an original. Hence men felt themselves habitually disposed to refer many of the appearances with which they were conversant to the agency of invisible intelligence; sometimes under the influence of a benignant disposition, sometimes of malice, and sometimes, perhaps, from an inclination to make themselves sport of the wonder and astonishment of ignorant mortals. Omens and portents told these men of some piece of good or ill fortune speedily to befall them. The flight of birds was watched by them as foretokening somewhat important. Thunder excited in them a feeling of supernatural terror. Eclipses with fear of change perplexed the nations. The phenomena of the heavens, regular and irregular, were anxiously remarked from the same principle. During the hours of darkness men were apt to see a supernatural being in every bush; and they could not cross a receptacle for the dead, without expecting to encounter some one of the departed uneasily wandering among graves, or commissioned to reveal somewhat momentous and deeply affecting to the survivors. Fairies danced in the moonlight glade; and something preternatural perpetually occurred to fill the living with admiration and awe."

That all this rubbish has been swept away is certainly matter of sincere congratulation. The intellect of man must necessarily have been pressed down under such a load of imaginary nonsense. The affections were depraved and perverted under the fear of witchcraft. Law was abused, religion insulted, and the character of God affronted by the most stupid, mean, and cruel superstitions. But has not wheat been rooted up in weeding out the tares? Has the public mind not lost somewhat of that relish for those works of high imagination which deal with invisible things? In giving up ghosts have we not nearly lost sight of angels? It seems to be an inevitable concomitant of man's progress, that in great alterations and transitions something should be lost as well as gained. The hand-loom weavers of Glasgow, Preston, &c., have long groaned under the effect of those gigantic inventions which have diffused manufactures over the world The road-innkeepers and stage-coach proprietors are feeling the effects of railroads. So, in the region of mind, we have lost as well as gained; and in turning out the black, grey, green, and blue spirits, with all their trumpery, from the invisible world, we have nearly demolished the invisible world altogether. Opinion is, doubtless, in this respect, as in other matters, in a state of gradual *fusion*. To separate the genuine metal from the refuse incorporated with it, a melting of the entire mass seems necessary. But it is very unlikely that the mind of man can remain at rest without an "invisible world." The vast void which, in all ages, and in all countries, has been filled up with both the poetry and the prose of superstition, must be occupied with just and commensurate opinions, worthy of man as a rational being, and of the progress of society.

Meantime, we confess to a strong tendency, not so much to believe in a ghost, as to be *afraid* of one. We do not like to think of *spirits* when solitary at dark midnight. We are inclined to wonder, with Dr. Johnson, how "six thousand years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it seems undecided whether or not there has been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. *All argument is against it, but all belief is for it.*"

An intimate friend, on whose entire veracity we can rely, communicates the following case, which shows that strange doings do still occasionally occur, in spite of modern philosophy.

We were residing in a house (about seven years ago) in which a variety of noises were heard, similar in nature and character to those which Southey has so minutely related in his Life of the Wesleys, as occurring in the house of their parents. Every attempt was made by persons not disposed to give themselves up to the influence of blind terror, in order to discover by what means the noises and disturbances were produced, but in vain. As the house was a boarding-school for a select number of young ladies, it was of great importance to the amiable and intelligent mistress of the mansion, that it should not be known, even to the inmates, that "midnight scenes" occurred, as they would very naturally be attributed to trickery, and as she herself did so attribute them. Little notice was therefore taken of the disturbances, and the servants were quietly changed, without the real reason being assigned. Still the noises continued, and the whole household became aware of them. A strict search and investigation led to nothing—there seemed no possible means of communication by which they could be produced, and the inmates appeared all too visibly under the influence of terror to be likely to be conniving at any trick. The writer has sat up with the lady of the house (a woman of polished education and very excellent sense and courage), and heard the fall of a heavy foot approaching the room-door; and when a rush was made into the passage nothing could be seen. A latch purposely fastened has been shaken with great violence, no person being within the closet, the door of which it secured. Noises like animals fighting and scratching in passages, and like something furiously sweeping up and down stairs, were perpetually heard. The writer was sitting with several other persons in the kitchen, when the supposed apparition, ghost, or evil spirit, came distinctly down stairs, rushed across the kitchen-floor, apparently entered a large water-butt, agitated the water with violence, as if it had been all thrown out suddenly, while not a drop was found to be spilled, nor the water in the least disturbed. Blows were also distributed by the wicked spirit or malicious trickster—the writer received one while lying in bed awake. These were the general character of the nocturnal disturbances; if they were the result of trick, they were managed with a dexterity, and continued with a perseverance, quite astonishing, and worthy of some nobler employment, while their effect was most disastrous—they ruined the school, and shortly afterwards the mistress of the school died.

The reader may depend on the *facts* as here stated, and perhaps some of them may have had similar circumstances coming under their personal cognizance. The *modus operandi* may be explained by Brewster, but we have never yet been able to clear up, to our own satisfaction, whether the noises proceeded from ghosts, cats, rats, or quicksilver. They have, at all events, left on our minds a strong disposition to swallow a good ghost story, and a tendency to bear a grudge against any hard-headed member of a Mechanics' Institution, who would spoil us of our pleasure in believing it.

Lest we should lose favour with any of our readers, we will freely confess, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, that "tales of ghosts and demonology are out of date at forty years and upwards; it is only in the morning of life that this feeling of superstition 'comes o'er us like a summer cloud,' affecting us with fear, which is solemn and awful rather than painful. The present fashion of the world seems to be ill-suited for studies of this fantastic nature; and the most ordinary mechanic has learning sufficient to laugh at the figments which, in former times, were believed by persons far advanced in the deepest knowledge of the age.

"I cannot, however, in conscience, carry my opinion of my countrymen's good sense so far as to exculpate them entirely from the charge of credulity. Those who are disposed to look for them may, without much trouble, see such manifest signs, both of superstition and the disposition to believe in its doctrines, as may render it no useless occupation to compare the follies of our fathers with our own. The sailors have a proverb that every man in his lifetime must eat a peck of impurity; and it seems yet more clear that every generation of the human race must swallow a certain measure of nonsense. There remains hope, however, that the grosser faults of our ancestors are now out of date; and that whatever follies the present race may be guilty of, the sense of humanity is too universally spread to permit them to think of tormenting wretches till they confess what is impossible, and then burning them for their pains."

SECRETS.

A SECRET is like silence—you cannot talk about it, and keep it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?"—"Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"—*Tin Trumpet.*

CAN THIS BE SAID OF YOU?

The Habits of a Man of Business.—A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business. He is strict in keeping his engagements, does nothing carelessly or in a hurry, employs nobody to do what he can easily do himself, keeps everything in its proper place, leaves nothing undone that ought to be done, and which circumstances permitted him to do;—keeps his designs and business from the view of others, is prompt and decisive with his customers, and does not over-trade with his capital;—prefers short credits to long ones, and cash to credit at all times, when they can be advantageously made, either in buying or selling, and small profits in credit-cases with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazard. He is clear and explicit in all his bargains; leaves nothing of consequence to memory, which he can and ought to commit to writing; keeps copies of all his important letters which he sends away, and has every letter, invoice, &c. belonging to his business titled, classed, and put away; never suffers his desk to be confused with many papers lying upon it; is always at the head of his business, well knowing that, if he leave it, it will leave him; holds it as a maxim, that he whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted; is constantly examining his books, and sees through all his affairs as far as care and attention enable him; balances regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers, both at home and abroad; avoids, as much as possible, all sorts of accommodation in money matters and law-suits, where there is the least hazard; is economical in his expenditure, always living within his income; keeps a memorandum-book, with a pencil, in his pocket, in which he notes every little particular relative to appointments, addresses, and petty-cash matters; is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous only when urged by motives of humanity.

QUARREL BETWEEN A LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AND A COURT-MARTIAL.

Occasionally, cases have occurred where members of Courts-martial have been subjected to heavy penalties, for exercising an arbitrary or unjust authority; and these have been produced by appeal to the higher courts of law at Westminster, which take precedence of Court-martial law, and sometimes reverse or annul the proceedings of these inquests. We shall relate one instance, where the dignity and supremacy of the Court of Common Pleas was established, and a question which, up to that time, appears to have been involved in doubt, set at rest for ever by the firm conduct of Chief Justice Willes. It is a very remarkable case, and has been alluded to by Sir John Barrow in his recently published life of Lord Anson, for it occurred during the time that his lordship held a seat at the Board of Admiralty.

The matter was this. In the year 1743, Captain Harry Powlett, commanding the Orford, 50, in the West Indies, brought his lieutenant of marines, George Fry, to trial, on charges of disobedience of orders, &c. Sir Chaloner Ogle was president of the Court-martial, which adjudged Fry to fifteen years' imprisonment! to be dismissed the corps, and rendered incapable of ever serving his Majesty in any future capacity. It appears, that not only was Mr. Fry kept fourteen months in close arrest, but that the evidence against him was not oral, being made up of the depositions of persons whom he had never seen or heard of, reduced to writing several days before the Court assembled; and that altogether the proceedings, as well as the sentence, were illegal.

On the case being represented to the Privy Council, the king was pleased to remit the punishment, and order Mr. Fry to be released; but that gentleman forthwith instituted proceedings in the Common Pleas against the president of the Court-martial, and recovered £1000 damages: the judge moreover informing him, that he was at liberty to bring a separate action against every member of the Court.

Acting upon this advice, Mr. Fry took occasion, while a Court-martial was sitting at Deptford upon Admirals Matthews and Lestock in 1746, to sue out a writ of capias against Rear-admiral Mayne, and Captain Rentone, two members of the Court who had formerly tried him, and, both being arrested, the other members were highly incensed at this insult to their authority, and, having met twice in consultation, drew up resolutions on each occasion, expressing themselves with some degree of acrimony against Chief Justice Willes. They forwarded their resolutions to the Admiralty, requesting they might be laid before the king, and demanded "satisfaction for the high insult on their president (Mayne) from all persons how high soever in office, who had set on foot this arrest, or in any degree advised or promoted it," and remonstrating, that, by the said arrest, "the order, discipline, and government, of his Majesty's armies by sea was dissolved."

The Lords of the Admiralty, participating in the feelings of the Court, instantly laid the resolutions before the king, who, being remarkably tenacious respecting military discipline, espoused the cause of the officers, and commanded the Duke of Newcastle, his principal secretary of state, to inform the Lords of the Admiralty, "that his Majesty expressed great displeasure at the insult offered to the Court-martial, by which the military discipline of the Navy is so much affected; and the king highly disapproves of the behaviour of Lieutenant Fry on the occasion," &c.

But the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was nothing daunted by these manifestations. No sooner was he apprised of the resolutions of the Court-martial, than he caused each individual member to be taken into custody, and he was proceeding forthwith to punish them for contempt of Court, and assert the dignity and authority of his office, when he was induced to stay his proceedings by the following apology, signed by the president and all the members of the Court:—

"As nothing is more becoming a gentleman than to acknowledge himself to be in the wrong, so soon as he is sensible he is so, and to make satisfaction to any person he has injured; we therefore, whose names are underwritten, being thoroughly convinced that we were entirely mistaken in the opinion we had conceived of Lord Chief Justice Willes, think ourselves obliged in honour, as well as justice, to make him satisfaction as far as it is in our power. And, as the injury we did him was of a public nature, we do, in this public manner declare, that we are now satisfied the reflections cast upon him in our resolutions of the 16th and 21st of May last, were unjust, unwarrantable, and without any foundation whatsoever: and we do ask pardon of his lordship, and of the Court of Common Pleas, for the indignity offered both to him and the Court."

The apology was signed by Rear-admirals Mayne and John Bing, and fourteen captains, and it was ordered to be registered in the Remembrance Office: "a memorial," as the Lord Chief Justice observed, "to the present and future ages, that whoever set themselves up in opposition to the laws, or think themselves above the law, will in the end find themselves mistaken." The apology, and Judge Willes's acceptation, were also inserted in the London Gazette of the 15th November, 1746.

In commenting on this remarkable affair, Sir John Barrow expresses a doubt whether any Chief Justice of the present day would, for such an offence, have exacted such an apology; or, whether if he did, any body of naval officers assembled on such a public duty, would have submitted to make one of so humiliating a nature? We know not how this may be; but, with the above case on record, we imagine it would be difficult to find any body of naval officers so ignorant, or so wilful, as to bring about the necessity for such a step, by treating the authority of the superior Courts with contempt.

CHARACTERISTICS OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

The natives were well acquainted with the effect of a musket, although not the least alarmed at having one fired off near them. Everything they saw excited their admiration, particularly the carpenter's tools and our clothes; but what appeared to surprise them above all other things was the effect produced upon the flesh by a burning-glass, and of its causing the explosion of a train of gunpowder. They perfectly understood that it was from the sun that the fire was produced; for, on one occasion, when Jack requested me to watch two or three strangers whom he had brought to visit us, I explained to him that it could not be done whilst the sun was clouded. He then waited patiently for five minutes, until the sunshine reappeared, when he instantly reminded me of the removal of the obstacle. He was a good deal surprised at my collecting the rays of the sun upon my own hand, supposing that I was callous to the pain, from which he had himself before shrunk; but, as I held the glass within the focus distance, no painful sensation was produced: after which, he presented me his own arm, and allowed me to burn it, so long as I chose to hold the glass, without flinching in the least; which, with greater reason, equally astonished us in our turn.—*Major Mitchell.*

INDIAN COSMOGONY.

The Chippewayan Indians believe "that at first the globe was one vast and *entire ocean*, inhabited by no creature, except a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire and whose glances were lightning, and the clapping of whose wings was thunder. On his descent to the ocean, and on his approaching it, the earth instantly rose up and remained on the surface of the water."—*Mackenzie's Travels.*

TEASING WITH QUESTIONS.

Boswell says that Dr. Johnson could not bear being teased with questions. "I was once present," he says, "when a gentleman (the gentleman is supposed to have been Boswell himself) asked *so* many, as 'What did you do, sir?' 'What did you say, sir?' that he at last grew enraged, and said, 'I will not be put to the *question*. Don't you consider, sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with *what* and *why*: what is this? what is that? why is a cow's tail long? why is a fox's tail bushy?' The gentleman, who was a good deal out of countenance, said, 'Why, sir, you are so good, that I ventured to trouble you.' To which he answered, 'Sir, my being so *good* is no reason why you should be so *ill!*'"

EFFORT.

Thus it is, that God wills man to be great—that God wills man to be happy. *Effort* is the condition—*Effort* the means, *Effort* the vehicle and the hope of all that he is ever to be. Effort over nature—effort over the world—effort, especially, over *Himself!*"—*Rev. G. Armstrong.*

TIME PRESENT.

The present moment is important chiefly as it affects those which are future; begins, or strengthens an evil or virtuous habit, depraves or amends the soul, hardens or softens the heart, and contributes in this way to advance us towards heaven, or towards hell. There is no man who is not better or worse to-day, by means of what he thought, designed, or did yesterday. The present day, therefore, is not only important in itself, as a season for which we must give an account, but because of the influence which it will have on the events of the morrow.—*Rev. T. Dwight.*

CONTENTMENT.

That lovely bird of Paradise, Christian contentment, can sit and sing in a cage of affliction and confinement, or fly at liberty through the vast expanse, with almost equal satisfaction; while "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight," is the chief note of its celestial song!—*Swain.*

GOOD AND EVIL.

Why there is pain and death in the world, it has not yet pleased the Father to declare; but since his goodness is abundant, and his wisdom and power have no bounds, we cannot doubt but that the reasons, when they shall be made known, will attest some hidden wisdom, which Man is not yet able to comprehend. All that we yet know is, that everything exists by God's absolute decree: that evil exists; and therefore that evil exists by God's absolute decree. Why plagues and earthquakes have desolated the earth, why pain and guilt have troubled mankind, we may hope to learn hereafter; and till then we may wait patiently, since we see how beauty rises up out of the dust, how peace issues from woe, and how purity is wrought out of repentance.—*Martineau's Essays.*

INFANCY.

It may have been observed of children who are well treated, and in tolerably happy circumstances, there is a certain air of composure and confidence which we could call an air of authority in men, and which arises from their ignorance of fear, and their habit of finding themselves deferred to in many of their desires. These, blind with the consciousness of weakness, with the simplicity natural to their age, and the imperfect expansion of their mental powers, produce an expression of a most exquisite nature, but which though commonly *seen*, is most difficult to seize; this is what the older Italian painters have given, not perfectly, but in a very surprising degree. Some of the groups of angels hanging in festoons from clouds, will be found to present an astonishing variety of this sort of beauty—Judges of *three* years old, Soldiers of *four*, Philosophers of *two*. But who shall paint this expression, equal to the remembrance of it, in the bosoms of those who have been most interested to observe it? Who that has closely and quietly observed the progress of an infant's mind, its development, by attaching itself like a woodbine to the old supports of the family; putting forth to-day a tendril; to-morrow, a bud; next day, a flower; who shall think of seeing it perfect in painting? In a child's face, curiosity and love stand like cherubs ready to fly from his eyes: his mind is ever active, and ever making new discoveries; ever rewarding its own activity, and ever seeking the assistance of others: it is the only agreeable view of existence; and to be melancholy in regarding a child, it is necessary to think of him when he shall be one no longer.—*John Scott.*

CONTROVERSY.

Controversy, indeed, is unfavourable to piety, and to every Christian feeling: it is too commonly the food of malevolence, rancour, and obstinacy; but the examination and comparison of the different parts of the Scripture, and the attention to the revealed counsels of God, which religious inquiry induces, are favourable to the growth of vital religion, and the impression of faith upon the heart; far more favourable, if we judge from experience, than a settled calm.—*Sumner's Apostolical Preaching.*

If length of days be thy portion, make it not thy expectation; reckon not upon long life, but live always beyond thy account. He that so often surviveth his expectation lives many lives, and will hardly complain of the shortness of his days. Time past is gone like a shadow: make times to come present, conceive that near which may be far off; approximate thy past times by present apprehensions of them; live like a neighbour unto death, and think there is but little to come. And since there is something in us that must still live on, join both lives together, unite them in thy thoughts and actions, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of his life will never be far from the next, and is in some manner already in it, by a happy conformity, and close apprehension of it.—*Sir Thomas Browne's Posthumous Works.*

GENTLEMEN.

Whoever is open, loyal, and true, whoever is of humane and affable demeanour; whoever is honourable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement; such a man is a *gentleman*; and such a man may be found amongst the tillers of the ground.—*De Vere.*

DEATH.

Death but supplies the oil for the inextinguishable lamp of life.—*Omniana.*

BAPTISM IN RUSSIA.

In the rich houses, two tables are laid out in the drawing-room by the priests; one is covered with holy images, on the other is placed an enormous silver basin, filled with water, surrounded by small wax tapers. The chief priest begins by consecrating the font, and plunging a silver cross repeatedly in the water; he then takes the child, and, after reciting certain prayers, undresses it completely. The process of immersion takes place twice, and so rigorously that the head must disappear under the water; the infant is then restored to its nurse, and the sacrament is finally administered. In former times, when a child had the misfortune to be born in winter, it was plunged without pity under the ice, or into water of the same temperature. In the present day, that rigour has been relaxed by permission of the church, and warm water substituted for the other; but the common people still adhere scrupulously to the ancient practice in all seasons. On these occasions numbers of the children are baptised at the same time on the ice, and the cold often proves fatal to them. It sometimes happens, also, that a child slips through the hands of the priest, and is lost, in which case he only exclaims, "God has been pleased to take this infant to himself: hand me another;" and the poor people submit to their loss without a murmur, as the dispensation of Heaven.—*City of the Czar, by Thos. Raikes, Esq.*

MANUFACTURE OF TAR.

The machinery of the world could scarcely go on without tar; yet we seldom inquire how it is made. Fir-trees (*pinus silvestris*), which are stunted, or from situation not adapted to the saw-mill, are peeled of the bark a fathom or two up the stem. This is done by degrees, so that the tree should not decay and dry up at once, but for five or six years should remain in a vegetating state, alive but not growing. The sap thus checked makes the wood richer in tar; and at the end of six years the tree is cut down, and is found almost entirely converted into the substance from which tar is distilled. The roots, rotten stubs, and scorched trunks of the trees felled for clearing land, are all used for making tar. In the burning or distilling, the state of the weather, rain, or wind, in packing the kiln, will make a difference of 15 or 20 per cent. in the produce of tar. The labour of transporting the tar out of the forest to the river-side is very great. The barrels containing tar are always very thick and strong, because on the way to market they have often to be committed to the stream to carry them down the rapids and falls.—*Laing's Sweden.*

RUSSIAN HUMANITY.

At the defile of Annanour, a quarantine station, we met a poor peasant, overwhelmed with grief, prostrated before the commandant, and exclaiming, "My wife and parents are lying dead of the plague in the next village, I am afraid to bury them." The Russian instantly despatched a party of soldiers to set fire to all the neighbouring hamlets; and turning to me, said smilingly, "'Tis my vocation." I gave the unfortunate sufferer a few roubles, which the commandant noticing, he laughed, and ridiculed the concern I expressed for the miserable Ossatinian. I subsequently mentioned the circumstance to Field-Marshal Count Paskewitsch at Tiflis, who also laughed, and said, "You Englishmen are always inclined to regard with seriousness *the veriest trifles!*"—*Captain Mignan's Journey.*

TRUE CONTENTMENT.

It is right to be contented with what we *have*, but *never* with what we *are*; though the exact reverse is the case with most men.—*Life of Sir J. Mackintosh.*

IT WAGS ITS TAIL!

A humorist planted himself in an attitude of astonishment, with his eyes riveted on the well-known lion that graces the top of Northumberland House in the Strand, and by exclaiming "It wags!—it wags again!" contrived in a few minutes to blockade the street with a crowd, all eagerly waiting till the lion should do them the honour of wagging his tail again!

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ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

No. IV.

WHAT ANIMAL MAGNETISM IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

LET it not be imagined that we set up any pretensions to teach animal magnetism. Our purpose is to acquaint the general reader with what we know on the subject, in order to assist him, so far as we are able, in forming an idea of what animal magnetism really is. The investigation of anything we may communicate, and the application of any reality it may possess, we leave to those eminent philosophers who have hitherto been deterred from submitting Mesmerism to serious consideration, on account of the absurdities so interwoven as to appear identical with it, but who perhaps will give it their attention when it is presented to them divested of all miraculous agency.

In stating our convictions to the public, we feel bound to show that they overtook us amid the strongest anti-magnetic prepossessions entertained from early life, and confirmed by finding, from actual experiment, the reputed miracles of animal magnetism to be wholly false, and its pretended psychological sympathies to be nothing more than illusions raised in the over-excited imaginations of weak and credulous individuals. Could we effect this without bringing our personal doings to the reader's notice, we would certainly avoid any such intrusion upon his attention; but as we cannot avoid talking of ourselves, we most earnestly deprecate being taxed with egotism.

Not many years after the close of the long continental war, which ended with the re-establishment of the French monarchy in the person of Louis XVIII., we visited the capital of France. The extraordinary vagaries of animal magnetism were then exciting great interest. The controversies of the magnetists and the anti-magnetists were as animated as those of the Gluckists and the Piccinists * in times past. Disbelieving every wonder imputed to animal magnetism, and even the very existence of any such principle, we were as much surprised as amused by the earnest, and even angry tone, of those who gave faith to the miracles wrought by the magnetisers and their somnambulists. We could almost fancy ourselves carried back to the days of Faust, or to those of Michael Scott; with the only difference, that the sorceries of animal magnetism were not imputed to the agency of Satan.

A singular inconsistency was shown by certain of the magnetists who professed materialism: these persons, believing matter to be eternal, motion to be the life of matter, and also eternal, and animal and vegetable life to be a mere condition of matter inseparable from organisation, nevertheless maintained, by their arguments and writings, the psychological or spiritual attributes of animal magnetism. The greater number of the magnetists were, however, rigid catholics, who not unfrequently, in their impious fanaticism, coupled the juggling of the somnambulists with the name of divine inspiration.

Though nothing could shake our opinion of these monstrous absurdities, and our total disbelief in animal magnetism, we resolved personally to put to the test the powers of the somnambulists. We have done so, and we most earnestly declare that we have witnessed no one case in which any individual of common sense, and in possession of a very ordinary degree of mental firmness, might not detect the imposture. The first of these scenes which we witnessed has made some impression upon our memory, because we were ourselves the patient, and we immediately committed to paper all that passed: we therefore give it to the reader as the best specimen we are able to adduce of the magnetic doings which we witnessed in somnambulism, and which gave to our anti-magnetic prepossessions the force of adamant.

We were acquainted with an Italian, a mad-brained and enthusiastic votary of the muses and of animal magnetism. We were amused by his eccentricities, and he was our frequent guest. With his bold and startling asseverations of the miracles effected by the Mesmerism of Puységur, he always coupled an energetic proposal of "ocular demonstration." We resolved at last to accept his "demonstration." We were then suffering from disease of the liver, upon which was a tumour sensible to the external touch. This led to a disturbance of the stomach, and we laboured under some of the most unpleasant symptoms of dyspepsia. Our Italian friend, though aware that our health was disordered, knew not the cause; and the more easily to get at the truth, we felt justified in employing a *ruse*. From the disturbed state of the stomach, we were often troubled with intermittent pulsation—that is to say, at every four or five beats the pulse would stop during one beat. This was a purely nervous action. Bidding our friend feel our pulse, and making him observe the intermission, we

* Gluck and Piccini (pronounced *Pitchini*) may be ranked among the founders of the modern musical drama or opera. During the last century they settled in France, where they exercised their art as rivals. Gluck, being a German, brought with him the poetic energy peculiar to his country. By means of new orchestral combinations, he gave to a powerfully dramatic and heart-searching music a truth of colouring till then unknown. He was the first to break through the rigid rules established by the old contrapuntists, which, being wholly arbitrary and originally applied to the infancy of art, were unfit for its adolescence, because they frequently marred poetic expression. This violation of established academic rule, though so great an improvement that it has been followed by all Gluck's successors, and is adopted by every modern composer, led to the assertion by Handel, who was jealous of every appearance of genius in another, that Gluck was ignorant of counterpoint. But the operas of Handel are forgotten, because they are devoid of colouring and dramatic effect, being only a stern and rigid, though admirable outline, in a style not adapted to the effects of the drama, but peculiar to the music of the church, and therefore appreciated by persons only of musical learning. The operas of Gluck have remained, because, though learned, they are powerfully dramatic, and are therefore understood by the multitude.

Piccini was a native of Italy. He introduced the beautiful and flowing melodies of his country; but he had neither the power of expression and colouring, nor the mechanical skill in instrumentation, belonging to Gluck. The respective styles of these two celebrated men may be considered to illustrate the difference of character which Madame de Staël distinguishes between the poetry of the north and that of the south: the latter depicting sunshine and flowers, shady groves and gentle dalliance, interspersed with passionate bursts of love and jealousy; the former representing stormy passions, inflexible sternness of mind, mists, tempests, crags, precipices, and mountain torrents. The rival merits of these composers gave rise to a violent controversy between their respective admirers, who were therefore distinguished as Gluckists and Piccinists.

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informed him that we had a disease of the heart, and had resolved to take his advice and ascertain the exact nature of the disorder and the means of cure, by consulting a somnambulist whom he recommended,—the magnetiser being his friend. Accordingly a day was fixed, and, at the time appointed, we got into a cabriolet with the Italian, and were driven to the *Rue du Helder*.

Ascending to the *troisième au-dessus de l'entresol*, which, in plain English, means the fourth floor, we rang a bell, and were ushered by a servant into a very nicely furnished *salon*. Here we were presently joined by the magnetiser, accompanied by a tall and remarkably handsome, dark-eyed girl. This last was the somnambulist; and we may safely aver that no creature of more exquisitely lovely person, or more elegant and graceful manners, ever exercised that vocation. The usual courtesies having passed, the somnambulist seated herself upon a sofa; the operator sat upon a *fauteuil* facing her. Their feet and their knees met. The magnetiser having jerked his hands about towards her face during about a minute and a half, her eyes gradually closed, and her head at length fell upon the cushion. Her master then placed her feet upon the sofa, on which she reclined upon her back at full length. She now slept the sleep of magnetic somnambulism. Placing his hand upon her white, lofty, and well-shaped forehead, the magnetiser commenced the following dialogue, which I here record word for word as it was spoken.

Magnetiser. Art thou asleep, child? (*Dors-tu, mon enfant?*)

Somnambulist. Yes, father! (*Oui, mon père!*)

Mag. Dost thou, this day, possess the magnetic vision of the somnambulist? (*La vue magnétique du somnambule?*)

Som. I do, father.

Mag. Look at me then, and state the appearance which I present to thy sight.

Som. (Without moving from her posture, and with her eyes firmly closed.) Your face is encircled with a halo (*une auréole*) of brilliant light, a bright stream of which issues from the extremity of each finger placed upon my forehead.

Mag. What sensation does this appearance cause in you?

Som. Veneration, respect, and submission.

Mag. Very well, child (*Bien, mon enfant*). Now tell me who holds thee by the hand. (So saying, he placed her hand in ours.)

Som. A stranger.

Mag. Who and what is he?

Som. An Englishman in ill health, come to submit to the magnetic influences (*se soumettre aux influences magnétiques*), to which he refers for the discovery and cure of his disease.

The magnetiser here informed us, that we might ask her any questions, through him, whether relating or not to our health. Before entering upon this last topic, he was anxious, he said, to give us the most convincing evidence of the marvellous faculty possessed by the somnambulist before us. We accordingly began our interrogatory thus:—

We. What do my pockets contain?

Som. It is not becoming to search the pockets of gentlemen (*Il est inconvenant de fouiller dans les poches des messieurs*). Nevertheless, I will look into yours. One pocket of your coat contains a green silk handkerchief, the other is empty. In your right waistcoat pocket you have a watch, in your left an English penknife (*un canif anglais*). The left pocket of your trousers (*de votre pantalon*) holds a purse of red silk, with a gilt clasp; the other has a bunch of keys.

She was right; but her being so is easily explained. We had taken out the purse and opened it, so that its contents might easily be seen, soon after our arrival, in order to send his fare to the cabriolet driver. The watch was visible enough. The penknife had served, prior to the magnetic sleep, to cut the string that bound a paper containing acidulated lozenges. Finally, the bunch of keys had rattled; and we had used the handkerchief.

We. What hour does my watch indicate?

Som. Twenty minutes to noon (*Midi moins vingt*).

This was a very near guess: it wanted twenty-two minutes of noon.

We. Read the maker's name inside the watch.

Som. I cannot distinguish the letters upon the metal; they seem all of a jumble.

There happened to be *no* maker's name. We had received the watch upon trial from M. Guidon, a wholesale manufacturer, residing in *Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, on the condition that, if it suited, he would put his name upon it. Of course, if we returned it, the name engraved would be that of any watchmaker who might purchase the watch for re-sale. In this instance, therefore, we gave the lady the full "benefit of the doubt."

We. What coins are contained in my purse?

Som. Three napoléons and two five-franc pieces.

We. *Belle dormeuse*, you mistake, there are four napoléons.

Som. (Hesitating) True! I had overlooked one: two had stuck together (*deux s'étaient collés ensemble*).

We. How many keys does my bunch contain?

Som. (After a tolerably long pause) Four.

We. (Exhibiting the bunch, which contained six.) That is not the number.

The magnetiser observed that Mademoiselle had probably overlooked the *two little ones*. This of course gave her the cue; the magnetiser repeated the question, informing her that she was in error.

Som. *C'est vrai.* Two smaller keys on the bunch were concealed by the ring. There are six altogether.

This alleged concealment by the ring of the two small keys implied an admission that to the eyes of magnetic somnambulism all opaque bodies do not become transparent. We, however, made no remark to the magnetiser

The Italian now wrote something upon a square piece of paper, which he put into our left hand, our right being occupied in holding the small white, and beautifully-formed hand, of Mademoiselle Félicie, the fair somnambulist. In compliance with his direction, we placed this paper, with the writing downward, upon the person of the sleeper, a little below her waist.

Mag. Read the writing upon thy abdomen (*sur ton ventre*).

Som. (In a tone of voice as if reading) Je désire que vous guérissiez mon ami (I wish that you may cure my friend).

We turned up the paper: it bore, in pretty large characters, the very words she had pronounced. Whether or not the Italian was in league with the girl, or with the magnetiser, or with both, we never could come at any direct evidence to show, but we have no moral doubt that one or other was the case. Suddenly relinquishing the hand we held, and running to the table, we rapidly seized a pen, pretended to dip it into the ink, and appeared to write something. Approaching the sleeping girl, and resuming her hand, we placed our pretended writing upon the same spot as the paper given to us by the Italian, and directed the magnetiser to demand the contents.

Som. The Englishman writes so bad a hand that I cannot well make it out (*Monsieur l'Anglais a une écriture si difficile que j'ai beaucoup de peine à la déchiffrer*). I perceive an *i*, and an *m*, and an *s*, but all appears so confused that it will take too long a time to make it out.

We now turned up the paper, and showed that it bore no writing at all. The magnetiser and the Italian both exclaimed that this was unfair; that the somnambulist could not be expected to give a correct reply, because, by relinquishing her hand, we had ourselves broken the magnetic connexion between us, and this could be renewed by the magnetiser only—a fact which neither had mentioned before the failure of the experiment.

"But," said the magnetiser, "*Monsieur* must be very difficult of belief, and very unreasonable in his demands (*bien exigeant*), if he be not now convinced of the powers conferred by magnetic somnambulism upon Mademoiselle; we had therefore better lose no more time, but proceed at once to the business for which we are assembled."

Having assented, the magnetiser, again placing in ours the hand of the beautiful Félicie, which we found by no means disagreeable, the magnetic connexion between us was renewed, and we resumed our interrogatory through the medium of the magnetiser as before.

We. I am, as you have stated, in ill health, and require your assistance. I wish you to examine the interior of my body, and acquaint me with the disease that afflicts me, together with the means of cure.

Som. (after a pause of twenty minutes, during which the magnetiser made us a sign not to speak.) I have carefully examined the internal structure of the stranger's body. All its mechanism is in proper order except the main-spring of its action (*le grand ressort de son mouvement*), the heart. The action of the left ventricle is impeded, a short stoppage of the pulse is the consequence, and the blood is retarded in its course (*dans son cours*). I see this take place every instant. The heart is in a swollen and irritated condition. All this disturbance arises from a large red pimple (*un gros bouton rouge*) just under the left ventricle, and close to its junction with the aorta. This pimple is as

large as a small boil (*un petit clou*). When it shall be removed the disorder will cease, and the patient be cured (*le malade sera guéri*). To effect such removal, he must, this evening, apply twenty-five leeches to the epigastrium, and, the moment they have fallen, cover their bites with a linseed-meal poultice having laudanum upon it (*un cataplasme opiacé de farine de grain de lin*). A ptisan must be made in the following manner: into a new pipkin (*une marmite neuve de terre*) must be put four large poppy heads, a quarter of a pound of *coquelicot* flowers, a handful of maidenhair (*capillaire*), one of marsh-mallows (*guimauve*), three ounces of liquorice root, and upon these, three *litres** of river water must be poured; the *marmite* must be covered and its contents boiled gently until the liquid is reduced to two litres; it must then be strained and the following ingredients added,—three grains of kermes,† three of acetate of morphine, and an ounce of gum-arabic, the latter being first pounded, afterwards rubbed up in a mortar with some of the ptisan, and, when quite dissolved, mixed with the whole. The patient must drink a small cupfull of this ptisan every hour (*d'heure en heure*). In a month he will be restored to health.

WE. Are my stomach and liver in good order?

SOM. The stomach of the *malade* is a little out of order (*un peu dérangé*) by the disorder; but his liver is in a perfect condition (*le foie est parfait*).

Perfectly satisfied with the specimen we have described of the intuitive attainments in anatomy, physiology, and medicine of the fair Félicie, we requested that her magnetic slumber might "cease and determine." Accordingly, a few flourishes of the magnetiser's fingers close to her head made her open her large, almond-shaped, and certainly most lustrous and expressive eyes. She immediately rose from the sofa. In reply to a question we asked, she assured us that she had not the slightest recollection or knowledge of what had passed during her "somnambulism." Having given a fee of fifteen francs to the magnetiser, and one of ten to his fair pupil, we shook the former by the hand, gallantly kissed that of the latter, to which ceremony she submitted with a very good grace, and departed accompanied by the Italian, who, as we paced the street towards the *Boulevart*, thus broke forth:—

"Well, what do you think of magnetism at last? I hope you are now convinced. You will of course commence, without loss of time, the treatment prescribed?"

"I shall do no such thing," we replied. "What has just occurred is a most absurd piece of mummery, which would rather strengthen my anti-magnetic opinions, could they be strengthened. The fact is, there is nothing the matter with my heart. For the sake of getting at the truth, I imposed upon you, for which I beg your pardon."

"But I felt the disturbance in your pulse consequent upon a derangement of the functions of the heart."

We explained to him the nature of our disorder, which we may here state yielded in due time to proper medical treatment. The Italian seemed confounded, and we verily believe his own faith in animal magnetism was shaken.

We have used no exaggeration in describing this scene; we might, without any deviation from truth, have given much stronger tints to the picture. We may add, that every subsequent trial of magnetic somnambulism proved even a more signal failure than the one we have described.

About six or eight months after this occurrence—we were then quite free from our late disease—we were introduced to M. de Puységur, a venerable-looking man, whose hair bespoke the winter of life, whilst his brow was deeply indented with the furrows of age,—perhaps with those of study also. He spoke of his own discoveries in Mesmerism, and tried to give us belief.

"You do not act wisely," said he, "in suffering your mind to be biassed by the attempts of unskilful persons. Were you ever magnetised?"

"No!"

"Then allow me to magnetise you. This I can do effectually: for although faith in magnetism assist the operator, still incredulity cannot antagonise the action of the magnetic fluid. If I succeed in imparting to you magnetic sleep, will you then acknowledge the existence and influence of animal magnetism?"

"I will acknowledge its existence assuredly."

To give this only surviving pupil of Mesmer the benefit of every circumstance that could assist him, we submitted, under his direction to a dietetic and medicinal preparation. On the day of the trial we took seats facing one another, each foot and each knee in contact with those opposite to it. M. de Puységur began with sundry frictions upon the palms of our hands, and upon our shoulders and arms, frequently resting his hands one upon each side of our head. Meanwhile, his eyes were riveted upon ours in earnest gaze. We had an irresistible inclination to laugh, which we indulged now and then. The noble magnetiser bore this with the greatest good-humour. He laboured hard, for a considerable time, to produce in us sleep,

"That sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye;"

but it was vain labour: we slept not. From his efforts, though the weather was cold, heavy drops of perspiration ran in rapid succession from his brow.

"I can no more (*je n'en peux plus*)," said he at length; "you are too strong for me. If I continue, I shall sleep, not you. Instead of imparting the magnetic fluid, I am receiving it. But have you really felt no unusual sensation during my exertions?"

"None whatever."

"*C'est inconcevable* (it is inconceivable). Yours is a singular idiosyncrasy."

Having thus broken the ice, we resolved to be ourselves magnetised whenever a good opportunity offered, and in the course of a couple of months prior to our return to England, we withstood assaults of many of the celebrated magnetisers in the French capital. No one produced upon us any effect of which we were conscious. One only, M. Bertrand, attributed his failure to our want of faith; all the others imputed theirs to our being too strong,—that is to say, an overmatch for them in the quantity we naturally possessed of the magnetic fluid.

Some years after this, we again visited the French capital. The venerable Marquis de Puységur was dead; so was our Italian friend. But new magnetisers had sprung up, and the doings of the somnambulists were as marvellous as ever.

One morning, a young physician, an anti-magnetist like ourselves, called upon us to request that we would accompany him to the house of a friend who was to be magnetised that morning by an extraordinarily successful professor, lately arrived from one of the southern *departemens*.*

"He has a certain reputation," said the doctor, "in his own country; and we shall, no doubt, derive considerable amusement from the scene."

The magnetiser was a stout powerful man, more than six feet high, with herculean limbs and "strong-knit sinews," and therefore very unlikely to find a patient "too strong" for him. He magnetised by "passes,"—that is to say, placing the extremity of the middle finger upon that of the thumb, he jerked both hands forward, spreading at the same time his fingers. This method, he said, "propelled the fluid with so powerful an impetus that its impingement upon the patient's head was strong enough to drive it like a torrent to the brain."

We have given the precise words used by the magnetiser, who explained his system to us in English, which he spoke remarkably well.

The young doctor and I stood close to the operator as he applied his "passes" to his patient. We were, however, on different sides. On a sudden I experienced a strange sensation of faintness; the doctor also complained of being ill, and we both passed through an open window into a balcony, where the fresh air soon relieved us. On returning to our respective stations near the operator, the same faintness again affected us, and we were relieved by the same means. Imputing our indisposition to the heat of the room, we stationed ourselves at a short distance from the window, where we experienced no further inconvenience. The patient, who had become very pale, at last declared that he should faint. He was now really very ill. A smelling-bottle was applied under his nose, his face was sprinkled with cold water; on a sudden he was relieved by a violent action of the bowels. The magnetising was adjourned to a future day.

The illness which the young doctor and we ourselves, as well as the patient, had experienced, made but little impression upon us at the time, and was soon forgotten. It was, however, afterwards brought to our recollection in the manner we are about to explain.

At a *réunion dansante*, which took place at the house of a mutual friend, we met M. de L——, a French physician of extensive practice. He was a man of very remarkable appearance, and past the prime of life. Delighted with his conversation, with his professional philosophy, and with the knowledge he displayed on

* A *litre* is about equal to an imperial quart.

† Kermes mineral, or the hydrosulphuretted oxide of antimony.

* France is divided into *départemens*, instead of provinces or counties.

a variety of subjects, we intimated a desire to be allowed to cultivate his acquaintance during our residence at Paris. This, he was polite enough to say, would afford him pleasure equal to that expressed by us. It chanced that, on the following day, we were suddenly taken so ill as to lose all consciousness. Dr. de L—— being resident in the neighbourhood, the people of the hotel sent for him as the nearest physician at hand. Under his treatment we speedily recovered. This circumstance led to a close intimacy between us. Among a variety of topics that formed the subject of our conversation, when together, that of animal magnetism was at last mentioned.

"Have you any faith in it, Doctor?" we asked.

"None in somnambulism and its wonders; none in the pretended psychological effects of animal magnetism; none in any of the various absurdities attached to Mesmerism: but that a principle does exist, of wonderful power and effect, and which may be termed animal magnetism, for want of a more appropriate name, I firmly believe; nay more, I employ it in my practice, but without the knowledge of my patients, or anybody else. You are the first to whom I have confessed as much; and you will no doubt be not a little surprised when I add, that I have very successfully used it upon yourself. I say nothing about it, because I would not have the credit of being humbugged (*donner dans le panneau*) by the marvels coupled, in general opinion, with animal magnetism, which I must tell you is a purely physical effect, resulting from a cause implanted by nature, and common to all warm-blooded animals. There is nothing marvellous in it except its action; and there are various other effects in nature equally marvellous. Though he certainly covered it with a thick varnish of empiricism, Mesmer never dreamt of imputing any supernatural powers to animal magnetism."

"Why do you not," said we, "publish your opinions, and disclose what animal magnetism really is?"

"Because," Dr. de L—— replied, "I have no desire to be considered a quack; neither have I strength of mind or of body, had I even leisure, to wage a war of extermination, as it must be, against the prejudices of the anti-magnetists, and the absurd assumptions and pretended miracles which constitute the faith of the magnetists. I shall leave behind me copious materials, which they who will hereafter possess them may publish if they think fit."

"But what evidence do you offer of the existence of animal magnetism?"

"I hope to give you plenty before I have done; meanwhile, I will make the presence of the fluid sensible to you."

So saying, he held his fingers extended, with the ends within an inch of our forehead.

"Do you feel anything?" he inquired.

"Yes! there seems to issue a stream of cold wind," we replied, "from the tips of your fingers, similar to the wind produced by the electric fluid issuing from a metallic point, though not so strong."

"Precisely! that is the magnetic fluid."

A thought came at that moment which induced us to state what we had recently experienced and witnessed, during the operation of the provincial magnetiser, which we have already described.

"Your sickness and that of your friend," replied M. de L——, "were no doubt occasioned by your being too near the clumsy operator, who, by his foolish *passes*, was flinging about his own magnetic fluid. When beyond its influence, you were neither of you affected. The faintness and subsequent catharsis of the patient proceeded from a more direct application of the same cause. I have frequently produced the same effects upon particular idiosyncrasies. *Passes* are unnecessary in communicating the magnetic fluid; the electric circle is alone sufficient. But I will explain to you what I consider animal magnetism to be, and state to you some of its ordinary effects."

This article having already far exceeded our usual limits, we will give the doctor's explanation in our next, which will close the subject.

SYMPATHY.

I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for myself in particular, without a catalogue for my friends, nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never hear the toll of a passing, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit: I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soul.—*Sir T. Browne.*

GOOD FRIDAY.

Who is it that comes mumping along in the race of the days, clothed in a sackcloth shirt, and new tights and dancing-pumps—a curious compound of mirth and melancholy, where grins and groans struggle for the mastery;—a simpering widow—a laughing Don Quixote—a harlequin in reduced circumstances—the old man and his ass—to what shall I liken thee, mysterious vision, that hobbling unwillingly, flanked with two opinions like a handcuffed deserter between his guards, appeareth sorely puzzled, now listening to mortification, and now inclining to merry-making? O! Good-Friday, the rubric calleth thee a fast, but the profane insist on a traditional error of the press, and, reading *feast*, do eat and drink accordingly; but for fear of a mistake or in compassion to tender consciences, considerately place salt-eel—I beg pardon, salt-cod—at the head of the table.

Time was, thou wert more honoured, and preachings at Paul's Cross proclaimed thy presence; but Paul's Cross has vanished, and sackcloth is in disrepute; and thou, oh! Good Friday, although thou dost in some sort keep thy state, yet art thou fallen from thy ancient observances. Thy honours are wrested from thee, and thy mortification is moth-eaten. And yet compunction still hangs upon those who violate the rigidity of thy ordinances. The Quaker boldly flings open his shop, and rejoices as greatly in the display of his broad window, as of his broad brim; but few are hardy enough to go all lengths with him. Many a door is open, but you may always see a lingering shrinkingness from a full exhibition of the stores within. Some shroud themselves beneath the shelter of one-half of their shutters, others content themselves with two or three, whilst, even in the shops of the boldest, a little shutter may be detected screwed up in the extreme corner. The school-boy, all agog for the enjoyment of his Easter Holidays, feels dubious on Good Friday, and whilst angling for tittlebats in the New River, seems uneasy at his post, and nervously jerking at the phantom of a nibble, fails in fixing the fish.

Thou art an anomaly, Janus-faced day; one side of thee looketh grimly on Lent, the other gaily on Easter, and the very hot cross-buns we devour at breakfast, prove that thou art not altogether a fast. Some there are whom stern necessity compels to work on this day, but whilst they lay the flattering unction of Easter Monday to their souls, they toil unwillingly. The comfortable closed shutters of others, seem to scorn their naked openness, and the very printers' devils, who among other devilries, share this curse, look dejected as they flit to and fro, amidst their dingy dens.

Strange that in England, such opposite opinions should be held respecting the observance of this day; opinions varying from even Catholic strictness, (far exceeding that which regulates a Catholic Sunday,) through all degrees, to no observance at all. It is, perhaps, best as it is; but we are far from desiring that it should cease to be regarded. Each man will use it as seems best to him, and the mere circumstance of its being a closed day for all public business, gives the necessary liberty, and none can forget the cause where public holidays are so rare. The most careless cannot forget the purpose of the observance of Good Friday. The recollection of the great sacrifice is revived, in the minds of the most unthinking; and, as we have before observed, there is, even among those who do not think it right or necessary to celebrate it by religious observances, a disinclination to turn the day into one of revelry, albeit it is a leisure day—with us an oasis in the wilderness.

Many who make it a practice, and a praiseworthy practice, to worship God in public on Good Friday, yet hold it not improper to occupy the rest of the day in secular employment or amusement. With the suburban population of a city, it is the great gardening day with many, who never on any other occasion have time or opportunity to do more to their flower-beds, than pluck out a weed, or remove an unsightly stone laid bare by a summer shower. On the afternoon of a Good Friday, many a good citizen plies his unpractised hands, and sows his annuals in the little beds of his straitly enclosed garden. His wife and children hover round him, and many a reproof he undergoes from the more experienced matron, when she finds him sowing sweet-peas close to the box-border, and mignionette in the centre; but all is taken in good part, and the blunderer promises to be wiser—next Good Friday.

When Good Friday arrives, we feel convinced, in spite of any ill-natured north-east wind that *will* blow, that spring is come; perchance, you find your hot cross-bun crossed with a bunch of primroses, "those sweet infantas of the year," and you defy Boreas. Let him do his worst—you enjoy a day. O citizen! an

extra day—a second day in the week, O rare indulgence ! in the bosom of your family, and you bound into the world again like a giant refreshed, not with new wine, but with the renewed feelings of earlier days. Blessed are the rare days of leisure unto those who labour !

What an amazing effect have the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church had, in retaining her hold over the minds of men! They are so imposing, so adapted to work upon the weaker portion of our minds, our passions, that for the time, many a good Protestant has been more than half a Catholic. Who has ever beheld the midnight-mass in the Sistine Chapel on the eve of Easter—who has ever heard those mournful tones, the low, weak, pleadings of the agonizing spirit, Mis-e-re-re, Mis-e-re-re, and not trembled ? But the moment is arrived—the crash of the organ, till then mute — the blaze of the unveiled altar, till then shrouded—proclaim the glorification of the Lamb—and a thousand voices hail the tidings,

Jubilate ! Jubilate !
Christ is risen !

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.*

Amidst the diversity and ceaseless change of opinion with respect to the most modern poets, it is pleasing to turn to one whose merits have constantly been admitted. While others have risen and fallen with the varying scale of popular taste, Crabbe preserved one consistent character for excellence, neither elevated nor depressed by any transient burst of excitement. The reader who approaches his works has no false veil of prejudice to remove before he can enter upon their enjoyment. Living apart from the bustling scenes, and uncommitted to the party interests of his day, it was the rare felicity of Crabbe to appear before the world successfully claiming justice for his Muse. No error of exclusive political policy, no unfortunate theory of morals, no blinded devotion to a false revolutionary principle, came between our author and popular esteem. He was looked upon only as the poet, and his works, as they appeared, were received and canvassed with an impartiality and regard but rarely paid to living genius. The opposite principles of the hostile Reviews met for once in harmony on the peaceful ground of letters, and early acknowledged, with just discrimination, the new claimant for the rewards of poesy. Honoured with the patronage of Burke, equally flattered by the admiration of Fox, noticed by Johnson, reverenced as a parent by the rising talent of the day, and preserving this influence through a long literary career, Crabbe has already attained his permanent station with the world. Criticism, relieved from the burden of establishing his fair fame, has left the agreeable duty of noting the excellences by which it was ensured.

The biography of Crabbe, as written by his son, forms no unapt prelude to his verse. The same gentleness and tender humanity, —the same sympathy with man, regardless of the accident of station,—the same keen sense of the domestic relations,—the same healthy tone of feeling that characterises his poetry, appear in the unobtrusive incidents of his life. The simple history of the poet, natural, kind, and benevolent,—the noble heart and head of genius, without its perversity,—must commend itself to all. It is a literary memorial that should be well received; for, in exchange for the melancholy errors and misfortunes of poets, it offers the story of a well-spent life, violating no law of social intercourse,—of an honourable reputation earned without envy or detraction from others. In connexion with the striking example of Scott, it may tend to disabuse the world of an old fallacy, that genius must ever be irregular, and the best wits be looked for among the worst livers.

Crabbe was born of poor but reputable parents, in the middle of the eighteenth century, at the small sea-faring town of Aldborough, on the coast of Suffolk, amidst the rugged and desolate scenes so vividly described in his poem of "The Village." In his early youth were seen the germs of the future. While his brothers were venturing on the ocean, the scene of their future livelihood, the more quiet and gentle George might be seen withdrawn from the rest, devouring such specimens of literature as strayed to the humble shed of the fisherman. Among these, the poetical corner of a philosophical Magazine became an especial object of his emulation. This, in a boy of ten, was an early predilection for the Muse; but genius will find its peculiar aliment, and, to the credit of our poet's father, he appreciated the talents of his son, and devoted him to the calling of a surgeon. It was during the apprenticeship to this profession, while in his twentieth year, that he first appeared in print. He published, in Ipswich, a short poem, entitled "Inebriety," which, in its strictures on "the deacon sly," the "easy chaplain," and the "reverend wig," at the banquet of the lord, contrasts curiously with the after days of Crabbe, when he himself became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and feasted at his table. Its success was inconsiderable, and the poet turned more sedulously to his professional studies. In these, probably from a deficiency in preparation,—the opportunity for which his father's circumstances did not permit,—but ultimately from the want of the necessary manual tact, Crabbe was never very successful. He felt the reproach, but conscious of his merits in a superior walk, resolved to venture the future upon a struggle, the uncertainty of which, with all his discouragements, he had not fully appreciated. He determined to seek his fortune as a literary man in the metropolis.

With fresh youthful hopes,—the fond wishes of a gentle and faithful heart, the Myra of his early love, destined to become in happier times his wife,—and a small sum of money (barely three pounds), Crabbe set out for London, the grave of so many cherished expectations and imaginary successes. Unconsciously to himself, for the event had not reached him at Aldborough, he was entering upon a similar career to that in which Chatterton had so lately fallen a victim. This he soon learned, and a disheartening prospect lay before him. Nothing daunted, however, he prepared a small collection of poems, and offered them for publication. They were courteously refused by the publisher. He made another attempt, which met with the like ill success. In the mean time, he had tried an anonymous publication, "The Candidate," addressed to the authors of the Monthly Review, which had been partially successful, and was likely to afford him "something," when the failure of the publisher extinguished this bright hope. His funds were exhausted, and the scanty relief obtained by parting with the few articles of value he possessed, every day grew less. He had exerted himself nobly, but had not succeeded. With the prospect of starvation before him, he addressed a letter to Lord North, and, after a cold delay, his request for employment was denied. Application to Lord Shelburne and the Chancellor, Thurlow, met a similar fate. A journal that he wrote during this period has been preserved, and its simple record of his hopes and his disappointment, ever sustained by firm religious confidence, attaches the reader insensibly to the author. Crabbe made one more attempt, and, as he afterwards expressed himself, "he fixed —impelled by some propitious influence, in some happy moment,—upon Edmund Burke, one of the first of Englishmen, and, in the capacity and energy of his mind, one of the greatest of human beings." The letter he addressed to that eminent statesman was not to be mistaken : the air it bore of sincerity, tempered by melancholy resignation, could not be counterfeit. An early interview was appointed by Burke, and from that instant the difficulties of the poet were past. But this is a theme on which his son must speak. The following is an honourable expression of his enthusiasm, in "The Life:"

"He went into Mr. Burke's room, a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it : he came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that, by successive steps, afterward fell to his lot,—his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned,—his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power—that of a giant in intellect, who was, in feeling, an unsophisticated child; a bright

* From the New York Review.

example of the close affinity between superlative talents and the warmth of the generous affections. Mr. Crabbe had afterwards many other friends, kind, liberal, and powerful, who assisted him in his professional career; but it was one hand alone that rescued him when he was sinking."—Vol. i. p. 93.

The friendship of Burke to our poet was everything. He shortly became established in the family circle at Beaconsfield, and was frequently the companion of the statesman in his private walks. One of the first fruits of this intercourse was a severer criticism than the poet had been accustomed to, of his different manuscripts. Of these there must have been a various stock. He mentions in the journal a poem of 350 lines, with the fanciful title of "An Epistle from the Devil;" then there were "Poetical Epistles, with a preface by the learned Martinus Scriblerus;" "The Hero, an Epistle to Prince William Henry;" and a prose treatise, being "A Plan for the Examination of our Moral and Religious Opinions," with two dramas. These were at once rejected, and the poet's powers fastened on "The Library," and "The Village;" works which, on their publication, at once elevated him in the literary world.

The disposition of Crabbe had always been religious. Nothing less, indeed, than this powerful principle could have sustained him through the difficulties of his early life. His private journal breathes the most devotional spirit. It was with no improper feelings, then, that he professed to Burke an attachment for the ministry, and through his interest was admitted to orders. From this period the events of Crabbe's life may be briefly comprised. Through the continual kindness of his patron, he became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, when he published the "Village." The "Newspaper" appeared in 1785; and, *twenty-two* years afterwards, "The Parish Register," "The Borough," "Tales in Verse," and "Tales of the Hall," with a volume of poems, complete the list of his works. For the copyright of the "Tales of the Hall," in 1819, he received from Murray the liberal sum of three thousand pounds. The intervals of those various publications were mostly spent in the quiet of domestic life, in the discharge of his clerical duties, and in the labour of his pen. During the latter part of his life, Crabbe made occasional journeys to London, where he was always received in the first walks of society. He also paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott, with whom he had long held correspondence, at Edinburgh. The personal anecdotes of his life, if not extraordinary, are always pleasing. He was a fluent writer, and found occasion, at times, to submit his productions to what he calls a "grand incremation," which was not huddled over in a chimney, but regularly consummated in the open air; his children officiating with great glee at the bonfire. He would be seized with the poetic inspiration, especially during a snow-storm: on one such occasion he composed the very powerful tale of "Sir Eustace Grey." At one time he was taken with the desire to see the ocean again; and, "mounting his horse, rode alone to the coast of Lincolnshire, sixty miles from his house, dipped in the waves that washed the beach of Aldborough, and returned to Strathern." He had the gentlest disposition; and, as in the case of Cowper, a striking fondness for the society of intelligent females, affords evidence of the purity and simplicity of his character. The correspondence with Mary Leadbeater, in which he so naturally assumes the demure phrase and conversation of Quakerism, does him honour for its artless sincerity. His devotion to the study of botany (evidences of which are scattered through his poems) was also the mark of a simple mind. A naturalist is, with rare exceptions, a good man. Crabbe was always a friend to fiction, and, what may excite surprise, not confined to the more classic, he devoured eagerly his package from London, of all the productions of the season. He found something in the poorest: a great writer is not always the severest critic. He was eminently the man of private life—the kind father, the constant friend; and, ever ready to the call of the poor, he was loved by all. It was a melancholy day at his village of Trowbridge, when, in 1832, Crabbe, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, died, full of years and honour. The anthems selected at his funeral accorded well with the feelings of those who knew him best.

> "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him;
> And when the eye saw him, it gave witness of him.
> He delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him
> That had none to help him:
> Kindness, and meekness, and comfort, were in his tongue."

This slight sketch of the life of Crabbe has been given for its illustration of the spirit of his poetry. The gentler traits of his poetical characters were always drawn from himself. As we are naturally led, in reading the plays of Shakspeare, to distinguish the more human emotions of common life rather than the high bursts of passion, and weave them into the history of the dramatist, so the disposition of Crabbe may be truly gathered from his verse. There is a popular idea that our author deals only in the severer traits of nature; that he is ever groping in poor-houses and dungeons, among the vicious and unfortunate; that his pages abound with harshness and gloom; that he pictures only the *penseroso* of life in its most repulsive aspect. This is not the character of the great poet of actual life. He has been more just to nature. In his moral anatomy of society, he has laid bare many errors and misfortunes of the species. He has painted life as it came before him, and never violated truth for sickly sentiment. He has drawn a portion of society—the village poor—as they truly exist. But he has found too "the soul of goodness in things evil."—The tares and wheat of this world spring up together, and in whatever rank of men there must be much good. No one observes this truth more than our poet; and in his darkest pictures we have gleams of the kindliest virtues. The severity of Crabbe's muse consists in the faithful portraiture of nature. If a man is not always happy, it is not the poet's fault. There is too much of sober reality in life to make the picture other than it is. This Crabbe knows, for he writes of scenes under his own observation. He lived amid the people he describes, felt their little occasional joys, and saddened over their many misfortunes. But in the gloomiest character he never "oversteps the modesty of nature." He does not accumulate horrors for effect. He has no extravagant and unnatural heroes pouring forth their morbid sentiment in his pages. There is no sickly affectation, but a pure and healthy portrait of life—of life it may be in its unhappiest, but in its least artificial development, where society has done little to alter its rough uneducated tones, when the actual feelings and passions of man may be traced at every footstep.

It has been objected against Crabbe that he has modelled himself after Pope; and he has been considered by some—ignorant of the true character of his writings—but a mere imitator. Horace Smith has favoured this injustice by a note to the Rejected Addresses, where, merely for the sake of the point, Crabbe is characterised as "Pope in worsted stockings." It is not the first instance in which truth has been sacrificed to a witticism. No intelligent reader of their poetry can confound the different merits of Pope and Crabbe. They belong to independent schools. The excellence of one consists in the perfection of the Artificial, the merit of the other in the purer love of the Natural. Pope reflects the nice shades of a court life, and adapts himself to the polished society around him. He lives among lords and ladies. He penetrates beneath the surface of character, but it is within the circle of a court, and after a classical model. Out of Queen Anne's reign he would have been nothing. We can form no idea of him removed from the wits and gentlemen of his day. He is a master of elegance, and has power as a satirist; can dilate upon the virtues of Atticus, or heighten the crimes of Atossa. He can follow where one has gone before. He can revive the felicity of Horace or the vehemence of Juvenal. Out of the track of the artificial, the conventional, he is nothing; within it he reigns supreme. Crabbe is of another order. He has no model to copy after. He throws himself upon a subject that derives no aid from romance or classic association. He paints the least popular part of society. He has to overcome a powerful prejudice against his characters. He struggles where art can avail him little; where his whole success must depend upon nature. His personages have nothing in them to please the taste, or enlist the fancy of the polished. They come before us at every disadvantage. They are out of the pale of good society. They have no relish of high life to add interest to their virtues, or throw a softening shadow over their crimes. They do not belong to the court standard. According to Touchstone's scale they would infallibly be condemned: "If thou never wast at court, thou art in a parlous state, shepherd!" But they have something in their composition prior to and independent of this artificial excitement. They are vigorous specimens of human nature in its elementary traits, and have their whole charm in being simply men. They interest us as they feel and suffer, as they truly exist in themselves, not as they act in an outward pageant. They have the feelings and passions of the species, and their example comes home to our own breasts. It is in this respect that "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." The Artificial must be content with admiration; the Natural claims our sympathy. This is the distinction. Pope tickles the sense with fine periods, or gains the fancy by a sparkling picture; while Crabbe leaves an impression on the heart. There may not be a single line to be quoted for its brilliancy, like a finished

couplet of Pope; but the passage from our author shall convey a force and reality, the bard of Twickenham—were he twice the master of art he is—could never attain.

A word of *apology* for the poetry of Crabbe is hardly needed. Time was when this might be necessary, but a returning sense of justice is rapidly coming over the age, and the world is fast acknowledging that the relations of life, however simple, afford a true ground of poetry. It is pleasing to remark this change in favour of sound taste. Wordsworth, but lately neglected, begins to receive his due honours. He is no longer laughed at for his childishness. This is a triumph of humanity; for it permits the poor and humble, as well as the great, to feel they too have emotions and sympathies worthy of poesy; that their simple hopes may also be "married to immortal verse." If we have taught a man self-respect, we have led him to the path of virtue. When he feels that his existence, however unobtruded upon the world, is an object of sacred regard to the poet; he must think more nobly of himself and live more wisely. The age is made better by such works as "The Lyrical Ballads," and "The Borough." Question not their claim to poetry. The denial is not founded on a proper understanding of the art. Poetry is born not only of the lofty and the imaginative, but of the simple and pathetic. The attendant of human feelings and human passions, it exists alike for the means and the extremes of life. Wherever man is separated from the gross earth beneath him, and connected by any link with the vast and beautiful above him; wherever there exists an image of a greater good than the conditions of sense offer; wherever the limited, intellectual, and moral part of our nature sighs after the great and the perfect; wherever any of the mysterious links of the chain bending together the present with the untried future, are visible—there, in their just degree, like the nature and spirit of poetry, "soaring in the high region of its fancies," it may approach "the azure throne, the sapphire blaze." It may be "choiring to the young-eyed cherubim," and it may sing of "the humblest flower that decks the mead," or speak of the smallest hope that breaks the darkness of the least educated. It is not to be limited in its application. It is not built on learning, or founded on the canons of the critic. It is itself the foundation of all just critical laws. Its fresh source is in the human heart; its province is in the wide map of human relations; it is bounded only by the horizon of human emotion; its heritage is the race of man,—and its task-work is to connect and blend the sentiment of the true, the good, the beautiful, the infinite, and eternal, with all the passions and emotions that beat in the heart of universal humanity.

A PICTURE.

Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me. But ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief: and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd: so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept.

Philaster, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

WILD SCENES IN THE FOREST AND PRAIRIE.*

MR. HOFFMAN has thrown together a number of slight but lively sketches, descriptive of scenes in the forest and prairie, personal adventures, Indian superstitions and traditions, all of which have such an air of *vraisemblance*, and are, withal, so animated, as to interest the reader more strongly than at first sight would appear likely. A portion of them relate to the wild scenes of the northern part of the state of New York, which, strange to say, has been, until very recently, a *terra incognita*. Others relate to the "Far West," and one or two belong to city and civilised life. Some of the Indian superstitions are very singular and striking.

If the reader will glance over a map of the United States, he will perceive that the great state of New York has a kind of triangular shape, its apex being at the city of New York, and its base extending along the St. Lawrence. "Everybody," says Mr. Hoffman, "was aware that the Hudson rose among a group of mountains in the northern part of the state of New York; and if you looked upon the map, some of the lakes which formed its head waters seemed to be laid down with sufficient particularity. Few, however, until the legislature instituted the geological survey which is now in progress, had any idea that the mountains upon which this noble river rises overtopped the Catskills and the Alleghanies, and were among the loftiest in the United States: or that the lakes from which it draws its birth were equally remarkable for their prodigal numbers, their picturesque variety, and their wild and characteristic beauty." The sources of the Hudson were only explored during 1837; and "the worthy Knickerbockers were not a little surprised, when they learned, from the first official report of the surveying corps, that their famous river was fed by mountain snows for ten months in the year." Mr. Hoffman started on an excursion to the sources of the Hudson. We will confine ourselves to the state of New York; and, as a specimen of our author's manner of telling a story, quote one relating to that early and disastrous time when the lone settlers in the forest were exposed to midnight Indian visits, and to have their slumbers disturbed by the whoop of a ferocious war-party, that often spared, in their savage fury, neither man, woman nor child. The story also illustrates the nature of that mutual hatred and spirit of revenge, which too often arises, and is cherished, wherever settlers are guided only by their own feelings, instead of an enlightened policy, in their dealings with aborigines.

"THE DEAD CLEARING.

"Schroon Lake is the largest, and perhaps the finest body of water among the myriad lakes which form the sources of the Hudson. 'The Schroon,' as it is called by the country people, has, indeed, been likened by travellers to the celebrated lake of Como, which it is said to resemble in the configuration of its shores. It is about ten miles in length, broad, deep, and girt with mountains, which, though not so lofty as many in the northern part of the state of New York, are still picturesque in form, while they enclose a thousand pastoral valleys and sequestered dells among their richly-wooded defiles.

"In one of the loveliest of these glens, near a fine spring, well-known to the deer-stalker, there flourished, a few years since, a weeping willow, which, for aught I know, may be still gracing the spot. The existence of such an exotic in the midst of our primitive forest would excite the curiosity of the most casual observer of nature, even if other objects adjacent did not arrest his attention, as he emerged from the deep woods around, to the sunny glade where it grew. On the side of a steep bank, opposite to the willow, the remains of an old fireplace were to be seen; and blackened timbers, with indications of rough masonry, could be discovered by turning aside the wild raspberry-bushes that had overgrown the farther side of the knoll. These ruins betokened something more than the remains of a hunting-camp; and the forester who should traverse an extensive thicket of young beeches and wild cherry-trees, within a few yards of this spot, would be at no loss to determine that he had lighted upon the deserted home of some settler of perhaps forty years back;—a scene where the toil, the privation, and the dangers of a pioneer's life had been once endured, but where the hand of improvement had wrought in vain, for the forest had already closed over the little domain that had been briefly rescued from its embrace; and the place was now what in the language of the country is called a 'dead clearing.'

"The story of this ruined homestead is a very common one in the

* "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie." By C. F. Hoffman, Esq., author of "A Winter in the Far West." London, Bentley, 1839.

private family annals of the state of New York, which has always been exposed to the perils of frontier warfare, and which, for twenty years, at the close of the seventeenth century, and throughout the whole of that which followed it, was the battle-field of the most formidable Indian confederacy that ever arrayed itself against the Christian powers on the shores of this continent. The broken remains of that confederacy still possess large tracts of valuable land in the centre of our most populous districts; while their brethren of the same colour, but of a feebler lineage, have been driven westward a thousand miles from our borders. And when this remnant of the Iroquois shall have dwindled from among us, their names will still live in the majestic lakes and noble rivers that embalm the memory of their language. They will live, too, unhappily, in many a dark legend of ruthless violence, like that which I have to relate.

"It was in the same year when Sullivan's army gave the finishing blow to the military power of the Six Nations, that a settler, who had come in from the New Hampshire grants to this part of Tryon County, (as the northern and western region of New York was at that time called,) was sitting with his wife, who held an infant to her bosom, enjoying his evening pipe beside his hearth. The blaze of the large maple-wood fire spread warmly upon the unpainted beams above, and lighted up the timbers of the shanty with a mellow glow that gave an air cheerfulness and comfort to the rudely-furnished apartment. From the grey hairs and weather-beaten features of the settler, he appeared to be a man considerably on the wrong side of forty, while the young bright-haired mother by his side had not yet passed the sunny season of early youth. The disparity of their years, however, had evidently not prevented the growth of the strongest affection between them. There was a soft and happy look of content about the girl, as she surveyed the brown woodsman, now watching the smoke-wreaths from his pipe as they curled over his head, now taking his axe upon his lap and feeling its edge with a sort of caressing gesture, as if the inanimate thing could be conscious of the silent compliment he paid to its temper, when thinking over the enlargement of the clearing he had wrought by its aid during the day. Nor did the eye of the young mother kindle less affectionately when the brawny pioneer, carefully depositing the simple instrument, which is the pride of an American woodsman, behind the chimney, turned to take the hand of the infant, which she pressed to her bosom, and shared at the same time with her the caresses which he bestowed on the child.

"'That boy's a raal credit to you, Bet. But I think, if he cries to-night, as he has for the last week, I must make a papoose-cradle for him to-morrow, and swing him somewhere outside of the shanty, where his squalling can't keep us awake. Your face is growing as white as a silver birch, from loss of sleep o'nights.'

"'Why, John, how you talk! I'm sure Yorpy never cries;—never, I mean, worth talking of.'

"As the mother spoke, she pressed the unhappy little youngster somewhat too closely to her bosom, and he awoke with one of those discordant outbreaks of infant passion with which the hopeful scions of humanity sometimes test the comforts of married life.

"'Baby—why, baby—there—there now! what will it have?—does it want to see brother Ben? Hush—hush- -he's comin with something for baby! Hush, now, darling!—Will it have this?'

"'Why, Bet, my dear,' said the father, 'don't give the brat Ben's powder-horn to play with; for thof he does like you as much as my first missus, his own mother and flesh and blood, the lad doesn't love to have his hunting tools discomboborated. God's weather! where can the tormented chap be staying?—he ought to be home by this time.' With these words he walked to the door, and stood for a moment commenting upon the mildness of the night, and wondering why Ben did not return. But the mother was too much engaged, in soothing the infant, by rocking him to and fro in her arms, to reply.

"'Now don't, don't, gal,' continued the kind-hearted woodsman, turning from the door, which he left open; 'you'll tire yourself to death. Let me take him—there, now—there,' said he, as she relinquished the child to his arms; and, addressing the last words to the poor perverse little thing, he walked up and down the room with it, vainly trying to lull its gust of passion or peevishness.

"'Hush! you little varmint, you!' said the father at last, growing impatient; 'hush! or I'll call in the Indians to carry you off—I will.'

"The settler was just turning in his walk, near the open threshold, as he uttered the ill-omened words, when a swarthy hand, reaching over his shoulder, clutched the child from his arms, and brained it against the doorpost, in the same moment that the tomahawk of another savage struck him to the floor. A dozen painted demons sprang over his prostrate body into the centre of the room. The simple scene of domestic joy, but a moment before so sheltered and homelike, was changed on the instant. The mummied nursling was flung upon the embers near the feet of its frantic mother, who slipped and fell in the blood of her husband, as she plucked her child from the coals and sprang towards the door. It was a blow of mercy, though not meant as such, which dismissed her spirit, as she struggled to rise with her lifeless burden. The embers of the fire soon strewed the apartment, while the savages danced among them with the mad glee of the devil's own children, until the smoke and blaze, ascending to the roof-tree, drove them from the scene of their infernal orgies.

"The next day's sun shone upon that smouldering ruin as brightly as if unconscious of the horrors which his light revealed. So complete had been the devastation of the flames, that little but ashes now remained; and the blue smoke curled up among the embowering trees as gently as if it rose only from a cottager's hospitable fire. The oriole, perched upon a cedar-top, whistled as usual to his mate, swinging in his nest upon the pendant branches of a willow which had been planted by the ill-fated settler near a spring not far from his door; while the cat-bird from the brier-thicket replied in mocking notes blither and clearer than those he aimed to imitate. The swallow only, driven from her nest in the eaves, and whirling in disordered flight around the place, seemed in sharp cries to sympathise with the desolation which had come over it.

"There was one human mourner, however, amid the scene. A youth of sixteen sat with his head buried in his hands upon a fallen tree hard by. So still and motionless he seemed, that his form might almost be thought to have been carved out of the grey wood, with which his faded garments assimilated in colour. It would not be difficult to surmise what passed in the bosom of the young forester, as at last, after rising with an effort, he advanced to the funeral pyre of his household, and, turning over the dry embers, disengaged a half-burned cloven skull from among them. He threw himself upon the grass and bit the ground with a fierce agony that showed some self-reproach must be mingled with his sorrow.

"'My father! my father!' he cried, writhing in anguish; 'why—why did I not come home at once, when I heard that the Black Wolf had gone north with his band!' A burst of tears seemed to relieve him for a moment; and then, with greater bitterness than ever he resumed, 'Fool—thrice accursed fool that I was!—I might have known that he would strike for these mountains, instead of taking the Sacondaga route, where the palatine yægers were out and on the watch for him. To die so like a brute in the hands of a butcher—without one word of warning—to be burned like a wood-chuck in his hole—stricken to death without a chance of dealing one blow for his defence! My father! my poor father! Oh, God! I cannot bear it.'

"But the youth knew not the self-renovating spirit of life's springtime, when he thought that his first sorrow, bitter as it was, would blast his manhood for ever. A first grief never blights the heart of man. The sapling hickory may be bowed—may be shattered by the storm, but it has an elasticity and toughness of fibre that keep it from perishing. It is only long exposure to a succession of harsh and biting winds that steals away its vigour, drinks up its sap of life, and sends a chill at last to the roots which nourished its vitality.

"That day of cruel woe, like all others, had an end for the young forester: and, when the waning moon rose upon the scene of his ruined home, her yellow light disclosed the boy kneeling upon the sod wherewith he had covered up the bones of his only earthly relatives. She, too, was sole witness to the vow of undying vengeance which he swore upon the spot against the whole race of red men.

"There are but too many traditions surviving in this region to prove the fulfilment of this fearful vow. But I leave the dire feats of 'Bloody Ben,' by which name only is the avenger now remembered, to some annalist who finds greater pleasure than I do in such horrible details. My business, here, is only to describe the first deed by which he requited the murderous act of the Indians.

"The seasons had twice gone their round since destruction had come over the house of the settler, and his son had never yet revisited the spot, which, with the exuberant growth of an American soil, had partly relapsed into its native wildness, from the tangled vines and thickets which had overgrown the clearing. The strong arm of the government had for a while driven the Indians beyond

the reach of private vengeance; but now they were again returning to their favourite hunting-ground north of the Mohawk, and around the sources of the Hudson. Some even had ventured into Albany to dispose of their packs and skins, and carry back a supply of powder and other necessaries of the hunter of the wilderness. It was two of these that the orphan youth dogged from the settlements, on their way through the northern forests, to the spot where his oath of vengeance had been recorded. The sequel may best be told in the words of an old hunter, under whose guidance I made my first and only visit to the Dead Clearing.

"'It was about two o'clock of a hot August afternoon, that Ben, after thus following up their trail for three days, came upon the two Injuns jist where the moose-runway makes an opening in the forest, and lets the light down upon yon willow that still flourishes beside the old hemlock. The Injuns were sitting beneath the willow, thinking themselves sheltered by the rocky bank opposite, and a mass of underwood which had shot up round the top of an oak, which had been twisted off in a tornado on some former day, and then lay imbedded in weeds beneath the knoll. But, a few yards from this bank, in that thicket round the roots of yon mossy old beech, Ben found a shelter, from which, at any moment, he could creep up and cover either with his fire from behind the knoll. But, as he had only a one-barrel piece, it required full as cool a hand as his to wait and take both the creeturs at one shot. Bloody Ben, though, was jist the chap to do it. Like enough he waited there or manœuvred round for an hour to get his chance, which did come at last, howsumdever. The Injuns, who, in their own way, are mighty talkers, you must know,—that is, when they have really something to talk about,—got into some argument, wherein figures, about which they know mighty little, were concerned. One took out his scalping-knife to make marks on the earth to help him; while the other trying to make matters clearer by the aid of his fingers, their heads came near each other, jist as you may have seen those of white people when they get parroiching right in earnest. So they argufied and they counted, getting nearer and nearer as they became more eager, till their skulls, almost touching, came within the exact range of Ben's rifle: and then Ben, he ups and sends the ball so clean through both, that it buried itself in a sapling behind them. And that, I think, was pretty well for the first shot of a lad of eighteen; and Bloody Ben himself never confessed to making a better one afterwards.'

"The Tourist, who should now seek the scene of this adventure, would, perhaps, look in vain for the graceful exotic that once marked the spot. The weeping willow, which was only a thrifty sapling when the Indians met their death beneath its fatal shade, was changed into an old decayed trunk, with but one living branch when I beheld it; and a ponderous vine was rapidly strangling the life from this decrepit limb. The hardy growth of the native forest had nearly obliterated the improvements of the pioneer. The wild animals, in drinking from the spring hard by, had dislodged the flat stones from its brink; tall weeds waved amid the spreading pool; and the fox had made his den in the rocky knoll upon whose side once stood the settler's cabin of THE DEAD CLEARING."

EDUCATION OF THE RUSSIAN POOR.

THE process of education of the Russian poor is perhaps melancholy to relate, and difficult to believe, but it is efficacious. The cane and the whip perform the miracle in most instances. A master will say to his slave, "You must be a musician;" to another, "You must be a tailor." If either murmurs, he is beat; and this method is continued, till the one produces a tolerable coat, or the other sings a national air in good tune, or can join in a chorus. It is with these crude materials that the Russians have found the secret of organising their great military force. The peasant, before he is completely formed to the profession of a soldier, undergoes privations and sufferings innumerable; but, this ordeal once passed, he acquires a constitution of iron. Like the cement which becomes more hard from exposure to the open air, the Russian soldier is hardy, indefatigable, proof against the inclemencies of the seasons, enduring hunger and thirst with patience, and fearing more the cane of his officer than the cannon of the enemy. The impassibility of the Muscovite under fire is almost proverbial; and if passive mechanical courage is the essence of a good soldier, it is certainly to be found in the Russian ranks.—*British and Foreign Review* for Jan. 1839.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS.

LONDON INSTITUTION.

THIS establishment can scarcely be termed a public institution, as admittance to the library and reading-rooms is given only to proprietors, and those who are furnished with a proprietor's ticket. But it is of such a magnitude, and possesses such a valuable collection of books, as to deserve public attention. It originated with the merchants and bankers of the City, who held their first meeting at the London Tavern, 23d May, 1805. The original subscription of proprietors was fixed at seventy-five guineas, and of life-subscribers at twenty guineas. The list was quickly filled up, and by the 18th January, 1806, the institution was opened in a large mansion on the eastern side of the Old Jewry, nearly opposite to Frederick's-place; erected by Sir Robert Clayton for keeping his shrievalty in 1671, and mentioned by Evelyn in his Diary. The library at this time amounted to ten thousand volumes. The institution was subsequently removed to premises in King's-Arms yard, and from thence was removed to the fine building erected for the purpose in Moorfields, and now forming a very conspicuous object on the north side of Finsbury Circus. The front is 102 feet 6 inches wide, exclusive of the side doors, which are 15 feet each; the height is nearly 60 feet to the apex of the pediment. The house comprises a basement story within a sunken area, a ground floor, and two stories above, consisting of the library and gallery. The exterior of the building is embellished by a very beautiful double portico, the upper portion supported on Corinthian columns, resting on the ground-floor portico, which consists of two solid piers and as many Doric columns. The proportions of the various parts forming the façade are so true and exact, as to present a whole in which magnificence and elegance are admirably combined. There are few buildings in London which display better taste in the design, and perhaps none are so well situated, for the facility with which they can be advantageously contemplated. The inside fully corresponds with the elegance of the exterior. The hall, supported by two rows of fluted Doric columns, appears the realization of a Roman atrium: on each side, doors lead to the pamphlet-room, news-room, committee-room, and private apartments. Immediately facing the entrance are glass doors leading to the staircase, which is exceedingly beautiful. It is double, and leads to a wide stone platform, or landing-place, from which the library is entered by the outer door; the gallery by two side staircases, concealed within the walls. The library is a very noble room; it occupies the whole of the first floor. It is 97 feet in length by 42 in width, and 28 in height. The interior area is in shape an octagonal parallelogram, with four small apartments at the angles; the sides are divided by piers, faced with pilasters, into recesses elevated two steps above the floor, containing double bookcases. The piers also support a light but substantial gallery, extending completely round the apartment, and lined with bookcases. The books contained in the whole room amounted, in 1835, when the classed catalogue was prepared, to upwards of twenty-six thousand, and since then there has been a very considerable addition.

Around the reading-room six large tables are arranged, at one of which the librarian is seated; and at the western extremity there is a raised desk, at which the sub-librarian has his post. Immediately below his seat stands a magnificent sarcophagus of polished oak, presented by Sir Thomas Baring, bart., the president, and appropriated to the reception of a splendid work on Egypt, which accompanied the gift.

This reading-room is one of the most agreeable places of study that exists. There is hardly any disturbance from external sounds, so that you can scarcely conceive you are in the heart of the City. A small part only of the Circus is paved, and, though the rolling of the distant omnibuses may be faintly heard, the passing of the few carriages that wander into the Circus gives but little annoyance. The books in the room are open to all the visitors, and access to them is rendered easy by their arrangement, which is very fully described in the catalogue; it is constructed on so excellent a plan as to deserve to be the model in all libraries. By a reference to it, you can at once discover what books the library contains on any subject, and in what part of the room the book you happen to want is to be found. If the book be in the gallery or cannot be readily discovered, the librarians are always ready to give prompt attention, and both are particularly polite in pointing

out the best or most advisable book to consult on any point to which you are directing your inquiries. The little apartments in the corners are snug retreats, where the occasional murmur of a whispered conversation may be avoided, if it should annoy the student. The only thing to be found fault with is, that these little closets are not lighted at night; and, if a work be then required from them, it must be obtained by the aid of the librarian's lantern.

The collection has been very judiciously selected, and in every class is well provided, and in some, particularly English Antiquities, and Topography, and Philology, including Literary History and Criticism, the productions of Miscellaneous Latin Authors, and Grammars and Dictionaries, it is rich; and as new books of interest and information appear, they are constantly added to the stores already collected. It is also rich in parliamentary history, and this department is constantly increasing by the addition of all the Parliamentary Reports. The pamphlet-room and news-room are amply supplied and are very constantly attended, but the library is not much resorted to. It is rare to see more than twenty persons in the room at one time, except occasionally in the evening, when many gentlemen look in to spend an hour or two in turning over the newer publications; but the number of students, or literary men, who make use of this fine library is small.

One peculiar feature of this institution is its Soirées, or Evening Conversazioni, which are held once a week during the Spring season. At such times, models, works of art, objects of natural history, &c. are occasionally exhibited for the entertainment of the visitors, and, in the course of the evening, a short lecture is delivered in the theatre. On such occasions the library may be seen filled with well-dressed ladies, who are accustomed to make a *tour de promenade* around the library, before and after the lecture, a process rather annoying to those who are occupied with their books.

The theatre of the institution is a separate building entered by a door at the foot of the stairs. It is particularly excellent in its construction and arrangement, and the laboratory and apparatus attached, are distinguished for their completeness. Here lectures on various subjects are delivered during the season, to which proprietors and subscribers to the course are admitted, but the holder of a proprietor's transferable ticket has no right of entrance. No subscription or separate tickets are issued for the lectures delivered at the soirées; but every proprietor has, besides his own admission, the privilege of personally introducing a visitor, though he cannot introduce any person by his transferable ticket.

Such is a brief outline of this valuable institution. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the proprietors do not extend the facility of admission, and permit the entrance of annual subscribers, but it is probable that they are deterred by the additional risk which their property would be exposed to, and which could not be obviated except by an additional outlay for extra librarians, &c. and a total change of the present system, under which the visitor feels almost as if he were sitting in his own private library, with a few friends in his company. They may also consider that among 940 proprietors, almost all residents in London or its immediate neighbourhood, it cannot be very difficult to discover one, willing to lend his ticket (a handsome bronze medal, by the way) to a student who is desirous of *using* the stores of the library.

The institution is supported by the proceeds of its capital, and an annual subscription of two guineas paid by each proprietor. It is opened at ten o'clock in the morning; the library closes at ten in the evening, but the pamphlet and news-rooms are kept open till eleven, except on Saturdays, when all the doors are shut at three o'clock.

A YANKEE PEDLAR.

"I reckon our folks don't want none of them fixings," said an Ohio housewife to a Connecticut pedlar, who produced a pair of beaded mocassins, a shooting pouch, and other hunting paraphernalia from his pack: "the boys have plenty of such trash of their own providing." The patient pedestrian offered next some prettily woven basket-ware, and carved wooden bowls, to tempt a purchase from the settler's wife. "No! nor them nother!" cried the virago; "the Miami *Injuns* do our basketing, and the Buckeyes make better bowls than you can carve from your Yankee poplars. What does the fool mean by trying to sell us things we can make better nor him? Throw open your pack, my *manny*, and let me choose for myself among your knicknacks!"—*Hoffman's Wild Scenes*.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

JOHN LEDYARD.

John Ledyard was a remarkable instance of the power possessed by a mind *confidently* relying on its own resources, of attaining the object determined upon. When he had fixed his mind upon a thing, nothing turned him from his purpose; and we shall find him, when disappointed of promised assistance, setting out with an axe, two dogs, and a tobacco-pipe, as his sole companions in exploring the wilds of America. It is not our intention to hold his character up as an object of unlimited admiration; for, not to speak of other failings,—such as his impatience of control or reproof, and his unsettled habits,—the very excess of the quality by which he attained such surprising results, his self-confidence, frequently led him to act with a wilfulness and want of caution which did him much injury. Confident in himself, he took too little heed of the morrow, and thus was often obliged to encounter difficulties which the exercise of a little prudence might have prevented. The result of these failings will be seen in the short narrative we are about to enter upon; they are to be lamented and avoided. But his determined perseverance, which enabled him to triumph over obstacles which would have daunted and disheartened almost any other man, is to be admired, and to be regarded as a worthy object of our imitation.

John Ledyard was born at Groton, a small village in Connecticut: he was the eldest of four children, who, by the death of their father, were early thrown upon the sole care of their mother, who was left in very straitened circumstances. She was a woman possessing excellent qualities and a well-informed mind, and, above all, eminent for piety and the religious virtues. Her early instructions were never forgotten by her son John, who was tenderly attached to her. Some years after his father's death, John Ledyard was taken charge of by his grandfather, who sent him to the grammar-school at Hartford, and subsequently placed him in a lawyer's office. This situation by no means suited John Ledyard, who, after a few months' trial, gave up the law. His fondness for wandering and adventure was probably the cause of the choice he now made of a pursuit. A college had shortly before been established at Hanover, then almost a wilderness, for the education of Indians and of young men designed as Indian missionaries. The principal, Dr. Wheelock, offered to receive Ledyard, who accordingly repaired to Dartmouth College, where, however, he continued scarcely a year. Three months of this time were occupied in a ramble among the Indians, which he undertook unaccompanied, and of which we possess no particulars, further than that the time was spent in wandering through the forests, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with the various tribes with whom he fell in, and that his excursions extended as far as Canada.

The routine of the college duties was irksome to one for whom the forest had such charms; and, though he could study the Greek Testament in his solitary canoe, on the brink of a cataract, yet he could but ill brook the confinement of a class-room.

His conduct, though strictly moral, was in other respects so irregular as to call down reproof, which Ledyard could not endure. He determined to leave college, and he effected his purpose in a manner the most characteristic. He felled a large tree on the banks of the Connecticut, and, with the aid of his companions, shaped it into a canoe, fifty feet long and three broad, in which he embarked, with a good stock of provisions, a bearskin, a paddle, a Greek Testament, and an Ovid, and trusted himself upon a river interrupted by rapids and falls, with which he was totally unacquainted. Fourteen years afterwards, he told Mr. Jefferson that he was deeply engaged in reading when his canoe approached Bellows's Falls, where he was suddenly roused by the noise of the waters rushing among the rocks through the narrow passage. The danger was imminent, as no boat could go down that Fall without being instantly dashed in pieces; and it was with difficulty that he gained the shore. He procured oxen, and having conveyed his canoe overland past the Falls, and continuing his solitary voyage without accident, surprised his friends at Hartford with his very unexpected appearance.

Having totally abandoned the idea of the Indian mission, he now desired to devote himself to the ministry, in which he was (not very judiciously) encouraged by some of his friends, and several ministers to whom he applied. Their good-nature made them unwilling to discourage him in a pursuit in which his talents were fully equal to the labour, but for which his peculiar character rendered him very unfit. Some time, though not a long period, was spent in study, and he sought to obtain his object—immediate admission to the ministry—with his accustomed energy; but he was foiled in his efforts, and at length abandoned his design. He now fell in with an old friend of his father, a Captain Deshon, the master of a merchantman; and on board his ship, about to sail from New London, bound to Gibraltar, the Barbary coast, and home by way of the West Indies, he entered as a common sailor, although he was treated by the captain rather as a friend and associate, than according to the rank he held on board the vessel. This was not an unnatural step on the part of an ardent young man disappointed in the schemes which he had wished to realise, and whose adventurous disposition made the sight of foreign lands desirable, even in the humble station of a common sailor. Nothing very remarkable occurred during the voyage, save at Gibraltar, where, during a short residence on shore, he took a fancy for the army, and actually enlisted in a British regiment, and was lost to his shipmates, until the captain accidentally discovered him on parade, going through the exercise with scrupulous accuracy. Captain Deshon remonstrated with him, and urged him to return to the ship. He said he enlisted because he was partial to the service, and thought the profession of a soldier well suited to a man of honour and enterprise. Eventually he was released, and returned to America with Captain Deshon.

When once more in America, he found himself wholly without occupation, and saw no opening for pushing his fortune. The wandering mania appears to have already seized him, as, in a letter he wrote from Gibraltar, he told his friends that he had allotted to himself a further seven years' wandering. He had heard from his grandfather that he had relations in England who were rich, and in the hope of discovering these, and by their means obtaining assistance in prosecuting his favourite schemes of travel, he worked his passage to Plymouth, and literally begged his way to London, indulging all the time bright dreams of the future. He succeeded in discovering his relations, but, his claims being at first doubted, he indignantly left the house; and, although assistance was afterwards tendered, he refused to accept it.

Captain Cook was now preparing to set out on the voyage from which he was never to return, and Ledyard determined to make one of the expedition. With this view he enlisted in the marines, and then, contriving to obtain an interview with Captain Cook, found no difficulty in persuading him to take him as one of the complement. Cook promoted him to the rank of corporal, and in that capacity he served during the voyage. He kept a journal during this period; but, on his return to England, it was, in common with all other journals and memoranda made by any one on board, taken possession of by the Admiralty, in order to prevent any mis-statements in the first public account of the expedition.

Ledyard subsequently published an account of the voyage, in America; but as this, although curious in some respects, especially as regards the circumstances of Captain Cook's death, relates to matters already well known, we shall not advert to it, except in one affair in which he was personally engaged, and which much affected his future course of life. After exploring Nootka Sound, where Ledyard made many observations on the advantages to be obtained from a trade in furs with the natives, the vessels arrived at the island of Onalaska, where they were much surprised at meeting with many signs of European intercourse among the natives. This made Captain Cook very desirous of exploring the island, but he was in doubt as to the best means of accomplishing his object. Ledyard volunteered his services, which were gladly accepted by Cook, who appreciated his character. He set out, entirely unarmed, under the guidance of the natives, who, after a tedious journey on foot across the island, conducted him to a settlement made by the Russians, who had there established a station in communication with their establishment in Kamtschatka, for the purpose of carrying on the fur-trade. Ledyard succeeded in his mission, and an interview took place between Captain Cook and some of the Russians, who accompanied Ledyard back to the vessels. The observations he made here confirmed him in his views of the practicability of establishing a very profitable trade in furs; and which was still further strengthened when he became aware of the very high price that might be obtained for them in China. He made, and carefully recorded, very minute inquiries on this subject, which have since been appreciated, although the projector met nothing but discouragement.

Ledyard returned to England with the expedition, and continued upwards of two years in the service, but, the American war having now broken out, he for some time declined engaging against his countrymen. He, however, at length embarked on board a vessel destined for America, but he took the earliest opportunity to desert. After visiting his friends, and suffering sufficient time to elapse to prevent the probability of a seizure from the English powers, he bent all the energies of his mind, and they were great, to the accomplishment of the scheme he had formed, of establishing a trade with the North-west of America. Everything he proposed has been since shown to be well founded, but the difficulties he encountered prevented him and his country from reaping the reward. Upwards of two years were consumed in attempts to effect this object. The scheme was repeatedly taken up and abandoned by different merchants. Ledyard's exertions were extreme. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and New London, were again and again visited; and repeatedly the cup of hope was raised to his lips, but to be dashed away.

At length, finding all hope of support in America, vain, he resolved to expend the slender stock of money he possessed, derived from the remuneration he received for his lost time, from the merchants who had withdrawn from the enterprise, in visiting France, with the intention of engaging some of the merchants of L'Orient in his design. At L'Orient he was detained a whole year; his scheme was at first entertained, and he appeared to be on the point of realizing all his expectations. But the season was unpropitious, and after delays most vexatious to his ardent mind, it was abandoned. Yet undaunted, he proceeded to Paris; he knew he was right, and that the timidity which made his supporters, one after another, draw back, was unreasonable. 'In Paris,' thought he, 'I shall surely find some who will duly value the plans I propose.'

Mr. Jefferson, who was at this time minister from the United States to the Court of France, at once perceived the advantages that would flow from such a voyage as Ledyard proposed, and approved highly of his design; but he took no steps in promoting it at present, although the expedition under Lewis and Clarke, which he projected twenty years afterwards, had its origin in the views suggested by Ledyard.

He had not been many days in Paris when he met the celebrated adventurer, Paul Jones, at that time acting under a commission from the United States, and who had come to Paris for the purpose of recovering the value of several prizes he had taken and sent into French ports. Jones's ardent spirit eagerly caught at the schemes proposed by Ledyard. He joined heartily in forwarding them; proposed to engage two vessels, store them with a fitting cargo, proceed with Ledyard to the North-west coast, spend six months in building a fort and stockade, and collecting furs, and then, leaving Ledyard in charge of this establishment, proceed with a cargo of fur to China; barter them for Chinese produce, and then proceeding, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, either to Europe or the United States, sell his cargo, and taking on board articles fit for the Indian market, return to the fort.* Jones was so earnest in the business, that he advanced money to Ledyard for the purchase of cargo for the outfit; but just at this crisis he was called away to L'Orient, where he was detained some months. Either unexpected obstacles occurred, or his ardour cooled, for he abandoned the scheme he had been so earnest in, and Ledyard once more had the mortification to see his dearest hopes blighted at the very moment when his prospects seemed to be brightest. Ledyard next endeavoured to organise a company in Paris for the purpose of carrying out his darling scheme, and in the plan he proposed to them he designed to return himself over-land to the United States, after despatching a vessel to China. After months of unavailing efforts this scheme proved abortive, and Ledyard found himself once more cast loose on the world.

Nothing daunted, he now proposed to apply to the Empress of Russia for permission to travel across her dominions to Behring's Straits. Mr. Jefferson approved his plan, and introduced him to Baron Grimm, the confidential agent of the Empress, by whom the application was forwarded to Petersburgh; but five months elapsed without bringing an answer, during which time Ledyard subsisted on supplies levied on "vice-consuls, consuls, ministers, and plenipotentiaries." At length, just when he was thinking of setting off without the permission of the Empress, a proceeding from which

* This was precisely the plan proposed by Mr. Astor, when he established his settlement at Colombia River.

his friends dissuaded him, he received a letter from Sir James Hall, who had seen and befriended him at Paris, which induced him to go to London. He there found an English ship in complete readiness to sail for the Pacific Ocean. Sir James Hall introduced him to the owners, who immediately offered him a free passage in the vessel, with the promise that he should be set on shore at any place on the North-west coast which he might choose. The merchants, no doubt, hoped to profit somewhat by his knowledge and experience. One of Cook's officers was also going out in the same vessel. The day before he was to go on board, he thus wrote to Mr. Jefferson:—"Sir James Hall presented me with twenty guineas, *pro bono publico*: I bought two great dogs, an Indian pipe, and a hatchet. My want of time, as well as of money, will prevent my going any otherwise than indifferently equipped for such an enterprise; but it is certain that I shall be much more in want before I see Virginia."

Here we must leave this enterprising traveller. The remainder of his adventures shall be given in another Number.

THE BLESSING OF THE WATERS.

On the 18th inst. (Jan.), which is the Russian Twelfth-day, a religious ceremony takes place on the Neva, which I believe has no parallel in any other country, unless we adduce the now obsolete custom at Venice of the Doge espousing the sea. This ceremony is called the blessing of the waters: and the object is, that the river Neva may, by the prayers of the nation, be rendered propitious to the navigation, and all other purposes to which rivers may be applicable in the neighbourhood of a great and dirty capital. The whole population of St. Petersburgh and the environs is collected on the quays to witness this solemn invocation. An octagon temple, formed of wooden trellis-work, adorned with pictures, gilded cherubs, and other religious emblems, is erected on the ice opposite to the winter palace. There are four entrances to this pavilion, which is approached from the shore by a wooden communication built on massive piles; that which faces the palace is decorated with a picture representing the baptism of our Saviour in the river Jordan. In the centre of this building is dug a large hole in the ice, which, at this season of the year, is generally four or five feet in depth; as, with some appearance of inconsistency, the nation has singled out this period for blessing the waters, when the climate has rendered them completely invisible. Over this aperture is suspended, from the dome above, the figure of a dove. In the morning, the emperor, empress, and imperial family, with the court, assist at divine service in the chapel, at which the metropolitan archbishop, with the principal clergy, preside; this service lasts from 11 till 12 o'clock. At that hour the procession issues from the palace; in front appears a priest bearing a lantern; then others with a cross, banners, and holy images; the court choristers precede the archbishop and clergy, who are arrayed in gorgeous vestments, with flowing beards; then come the pages and subalterns bearing the colours of the different regiments of guards; last of all the emperor, followed by the grand-dukes, and escorted by the great officers of state, his military staff, generals and courtiers, all bareheaded, and apparently impressed with the solemnity of the scene. As soon as the emperor has taken his position at one of the doors of the pavilion, the archimandrite recites the prayers, and the choristers sing the responses; the blessing is performed by plunging a silver cross in the waters, of which a vase is presented to his majesty. A signal rocket announces the conclusion of the ceremony, and the cannon from the fortress again announce to the *cives* the beatification of proverbially the most unwholesome waters in all Christendom. The empress and her court are seated at the windows of the palace; the foreign ministers, &c., view the procession from those of the Hermitage, which command the quays; but, as the ceremony itself lasts for nearly twenty-five minutes, it must be a severe trial for the emperor and his suite to remain so long uncovered in this piercing climate. As soon as the actors in this curious scene have retired, there is a general rush of the common people towards the temple;—mothers are seen plunging their infants into the sacred opening which has been made in the river, while various individuals fill their pitchers with the holy water and carry it home to their families, undaunted by the severe cold which freezes it during their walk. On the same day, at Constantinople, the Greek patriarch performs a like ceremony. He throws the cross into the sea; and it is asserted that skilful divers eagerly await the operation, and generally succeed in seizing it before it reaches the bottom.—(From *The City of the Czar.*)

A VISIT TO BARCLAY, PERKINS, AND CO.

On the southern banks of the Thames, between Southwark and London bridges, lies the hugest brewery in the world—the chief of those establishments which have made this great city the headquarters of malt liquor as well as civilisation. Ask any of the "fellowship porters" the way to BARCLAY, PERKINS, AND CO.'s, and there, from any one of these unaffected lovers of "heavy wet," you will get a direct direction. "There, Sir, right down afore ye!" and truly it would be difficult to miss a sight of the brewery, the buildings of which cover *eleven acres* of ground. But how to find out the entrance is the puzzle; you must thread your way through narrow lanes, thronged with drays, while a rumbling sound reminds one of barrels and hogsheads, and the olfactory organs testify that a brewery is not only near, but round about—for communication between the buildings is maintained by suspension bridges over the lanes. At last we arrive at the gateway; don't you see the ANCHOR, Sir, the symbol of Barclay, Perkins, and Co.? All brewers have their sign—their symbol—their emblem; and the anchor of Barclay, Perkins, and Co., is stamped, twisted, and interwoven *on* or *in* everything appertaining to the brewery—the very lamp-posts are propped up by the anchor.

Now, entering the gateway, we pass what may be termed the porter's lodge. An equivocal, or rather a very unequivocal sort of porter's lodge it is: porter-pots give intimation that beer is "drank on the premises," and though the court were clear of barrels and drays, one might have little hesitation in affirming as a verity, that we had entered a stronghold of the powerful spirit of malt. By the way, what is the etymology of "porter?" A shrewd brewer of the olden time is said to have compounded a sort of half-and-half, which became very acceptable to those brawny fellows who, as the Dictionary says, "carry goods for hire;" and hence porter, a drink for porters, became a drink for the million. But "beer" is the genuine cockney name for "heavy wet;" "Be-ah!" as the pot-boy bawls it, Sunday and Saturday, at eleven, at one, at eight, and at nine o'clock, in every narrow street, lane, or alley, where a hard-working and beer-loving population may be found.

Hilloa, stand aside—here is a troop of the "rank and file" of the Brewery. Shoulder your—brooms; one looks almost instinctively to see whether or not the brooms are shaped in the form of an anchor. These men have just been cleansing out some of the huge receptacles—for malt is a cleanly spirit, and will resent as an injury any attempt to brew it in dirty beds. For this purpose a copious supply of water is a grand essential in a brewery. *Water*, did we say? Oh, do not mention the insipid word. Not a soul in all this establishment would admit it into his mouth. "Liquor" is the word, Sir;—we dare say, in the rainy months of winter, draymen and broom-men, brewers, tapsters, smiths, farriers, and "sample" men, will all be heard deploring the continuance of *liquorish* weather.

But let us proceed to the counting-house, a range of buildings which fronts us as we enter the gateway. Here are a host of clerks and collectors; we might fancy that we were not in a brewery but a bank. In one of the rooms, looking down upon the busy deskmen below, is a bust of as characteristic a head as one might meet in a day's walk. This is the head of an old servant of the firm, who saved his £20,000 while in his employment; and his bust is placed here, as a kind of presiding genius, a perpetual remembrancer and exemplar for his brethren of the quill who shall come after him. A sharp, shrewd old man, he must have been in his day; took care of number one, doubtless, yet had a corner in his heart for something more than himself. He probably eschewed water, dreading the stomach-ache; and kept his spirit bland and kindly by an occasional draught of "two-year old." Only think of a servant in a private establishment accumulating his £20,000! An old fellow died the other day, leaving upwards of £70,000, accumulated whilst he was a messenger; but he was a messenger of the House of Commons, and flourished during the "palmy days," when half-crowns and "something more" were freely given for seats in the gallery.

Talking of old folks and old times, do you know to whom this brewery once belonged? It was the property of Thrale, the friend of Johnson, and whose house at Streatham was a home for the Doctor during its owner's life. Thrale's beautiful, clever, versatile, volatile wife, married a second time, and, under the Italian name of Piozzi, is not without her notability. Dr. Johnson was one of Thrale's executors. "I could not," says Boswell,

"but be somewhat diverted by hearing Johnson talk in a pompous manner of his new office, and particularly of the concerns of the brewery, which it was at last resolved should be sold. Lord Lucan tells a very good story, which, if not precisely exact, is certainly characteristical; that when the sale of Thrale's brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about, with an ink-horn and pen in his button-hole, like an exciseman; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, 'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice!'"

The story is very likely an apocryphal one: but Dr. Johnson did certainly sell the "potentiality" of becoming rich—very rich, not certainly "beyond the dreams of avarice," but beyond what Thrale, at least, could ever have imagined. The brewery was sold to Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., for £135,000; the capital now invested in it is stated to be somewhat about a million and a half.

From out of the counting-house issues a gentlemanly, affable man, under whose guidance we propose to walk over the concern. But our friendly guide might himself be unable to thread his way through all the mazes of this amazing manufactory of "liquor;" at least there accompanies us a shrewd old man in a flannel jacket, whose office it is to act the "Cicerone" for visiting parties. An intelligent, sharp little man he is, not without a spice of humour; and though, of course, he has "expectations" at the conclusion of the visit, there is nothing in his manner indicative that his attention and quiet kind of garrulity are influenced by "considerations." But where shall we go first? Let us begin with the beginning, though it may not be in the exact order in which a visitor may be conducted over the establishment.

Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co. do not make any malt for themselves,—they buy it. When the malt arrives, it is all carried up to the stores by the laborious process of manual labour. Here the visitor will see the contrast between human labour and machinery. The malt, as it arrives, is carried up to the stores sack by sack; and at the same moment, and in the same neighbourhood, where this inartificial process is going on, the ground malt is carried from the grinding-mill, at the rate of 60 quarters an hour, up an enclosed box or shaft, called a "Jacob's ladder," and emptied into its proper receptacle. Lift a small door or opening in the shaft—there, you see the little baskets or boxes, full of ground malt, flying up, and, as they revolve, they empty themselves, and fill again. Now, why is it that the same machinery cannot be made to lift the sacks of malt as they arrive into the granary, instead of having two or three dozen stout fellows staggering up stairs, and along narrow passages, each with a sack on his shoulder? Oh! there is a *reason* for this; Southwark, where the brewery lies, is under the municipal jurisdiction of the "City," and within these municipal bounds the "fellowship porters" have a monopoly, and while sacks continue to be carried on men's shoulders "for hire," they contend that *their* shoulders should enjoy the privilege. They get *two-pence* for every sack of malt they carry from below up to the granary; but Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., "argufy" in this way:—These lads have a monopoly, or a privilege, call it what you will; twopence a sack is no trifle to us, seeing that, on an average, we use (stand aghast, ye members of a temperance society) *two thousand quarters of malt weekly;* but then the fellowship porters wo'n't drink a drop of any sort of beer but Barclay, Perkins, and Co.'s, and of that they consume no inconsiderable quantity. This is, we presume, what is called "reasoning in a circle," or an argument which *returns into itself.*

Bestowing a passing glance on the huge bins for containing the malt (there is stowage for 36,000 quarters), we go down to look at the mill which is crushing the malt, and turning it into "grist." We may here remark the different kinds of malt used (Barclay, Perkins, and Co. now brew ale, as well as porter); the pale malt for the ale, the brown malt for the porter, and the roasted or black malt, which is employed to give the dark colouring. These different-coloured malts are produced by different processes in the drying or the making of the malt.

Pshaw! but our nice black coats are becoming odious! Let no gentleman visit this part of the concern in full dress, and no lady in black silk or satin. What with the dust from the grinding-mill, and a few "shoulders" from the fellowship porters, as they climb the narrow stairs with their twopenny sacks, one is made quite a figure. It is dry, choking work, too; one has no heart for conversation; we listen to all that is told us, but ask few questions. Relief, however, is at hand. Step this way—look at those goodly tuns; we shall have a drop of genuine "two-year old." Now, if ever you wish to enjoy a refreshing drop out of a pewter-pot, come here; first get covered with dust, and nearly choked with it, and then step hither. Hum! but this *is* porter—let us have a bit of bread and cheese. Another draught;—why, this is admirable!—another—it is exquisite! One begins to feel quite cheerful,—almost hearty; fine, wholesome, stuff that. Any more porter, gentlemen? Oh! certainly, we shall taste it again;—two-year old, is it? Let us have another slice of bread and cheese, this porter quite gives one an appetite!

We are now in a fine lively humour for visiting the rest of the establishment. Here then are the mashing-tuns, where the grist, or ground malt, is deposited, to undergo the first process in the whole art of converting it into liquor. Malt, in its conversion into beer, undergoes eight different specific operations: it is mashed, boiled, cooled, fermented, racked, or vatted, and fined, or cleansed. These operations are, in such an establishment as the one we are now visiting, carried on in a vast and magnificent style. The mashing-tuns, the coppers, and the fermenting-tuns, are all "inland" seas; there you look down on a dark brown ocean,—here you ascend steps to gaze on a surface of milk-white foam. But have a care of your head—beware of the carbonic acid gas! Our little guide in the flannel jacket told us of a French lady who *would* go up the steps to have a third peep; but her head became giddy; she staggered, she slipped; she would have fallen disastrously, but he, albeit a John Bull, and therefore by birth and breeding deficient in the promptitude of politeness, caught her in his arms and restored her to herself.

Marvellously capacious are the vats, whose contents would float the biggest man-of-war in the navy. Thrale, when he had the brewery, thought it was something of a brag to say that he had *four* vats, each of which held 1,600 barrels, above a thousand hogsheads. There are now *one hundred and thirty-six vats,* varying in their contents from above 4,000 barrels down to 500. There are, on an average, a thousand barrels of beer sent out *daily.* One hundred and sixty-two fat sleek horses are employed in dragging drays to all parts of London. There are a smithy and a farriery, and a steam-engine, shining like polished silver, and water-tanks (we beg pardon, "liquor" tanks) pillared high in air, and a railroad for coals, and—a world within itself.

Now, kind reader, it were impossible to go out of this lesser world into the larger world of London, without stepping into the "sample" room, and tasting a drop of "genuine" good ale. How tempting it looks, in these long funnel-shaped glasses! "Ha! dat ish goot!" "Another glass, sir?" "Aye, to be sure, with pleasure!" "There now, that will do—let moderation have the helm in the ship of pleasure." But we are all in excellent humour with one another. "Good bye, gentlemen—hope to have the pleasure of seeing you all again—good bye, good bye!"

AN AFRICAN SCENE.

The reports of four savages of the Batlapi tribe induced us to halt a day for the purpose of hunting. Leaving the waggons at day-break, attended by these men, we took a north-westerly direction through a park of magnificent camel-thorn trees, many of which were groaning under the huge nests of the social grosbeak; whilst others were decorated with green clusters of misletoe, the bright scarlet berries of which were highly ornamental. We soon perceived large herds of quaggas and brindled gnus, which continued to join each other until the whole plain seemed alive. The clatter of the hoofs was perfectly astounding, and I could compare it to nothing but to the din of a tremendous charge of cavalry, or the rushing of a mighty tempest. I could not estimate the accumulated numbers at less than fifteen thousand; a great extent of country being actually chequered black and white with their congregated masses. As the panic caused by the report of our rifles extended, clouds of dust hovered over them; and the long necks of troops of ostriches were also to be seen towering above the heads of their less gigantic neighbours, and sailing past with astonishing rapidity. Groups of purple sassaybys and brilliant red and yellow hartebeests likewise lent their aid to complete the picture, which must have been seen to be properly understood, and which beggars all attempt at description. The savages kept in our wake, dexterously despatching the wounded gnus by a touch on the spine with the point of an assagai, and instantly covering up the carcase with bushes, to save them from the voracity of the vultures, which hung about us like specks in the firmament, and descended with the velocity of lightning, as each discharge of our artillery gave token of prey.—*Captain Harris's Expedition into Southern Africa.*

CHARACTERISTICS AND PECULIARITIES OF TRADES.

THE TAILOR AND THE SHOEMAKER.

Each trade may be said to have its own peculiar characteristic—something in physical and mental appearance, and constitution, by which its members or *professors* may be, speaking generally, at once known. Each trade has also its technical dialect—its peculiar phraseology—its free-masonry of words and signs, which stamp the individuals as belonging to a class. Some of these phrases find their way into the language of common life, and are used, as many things are used, without reference to their origin. Thus individuals, when they feel themselves not quite themselves, will say, that they are "all out of sorts:" but nobody but a compositor can enjoy the double meaning of the phrase; and if our readers are curious respecting this double meaning, they will, no doubt, get a full and ample explanation from any unfortunate compositor who has been doomed to *turn* for six months.

The trade which presents the most numerous *salient points*, on which everybody thinks himself or herself qualified to *crack* a joke, is, of course, that of the tailor. The tailor! "time out of mind" the but and target of every witling in the community—the ubiquitous, the mercurial, the speechifying, the all-accomplished tailor! In London we have, to use the style of a vendor of bruised oranges and rotten apples, tailors "of all sorts and all sizes, all kinds and all prices." What a stride is there between the tailor of the "east" and the "west" ends! How finely diversified and how nicely graduated are the classes—"small by degrees," but *not* "beautifully less," from the aristocrat who flourishes in full dress in St. James's Street, to the miserable stitcher for a slop-dealer in Poplar, who may be seen emerging from a dingy door, with his rags fluttering in the breeze, and so full of the milk of human kindness, so exclusively occupied in clothing the nakedness of others, that he has apparently got no time to tack his own duds together! We once saw such a rascal in Fleet-street in the middle of a fine sunshiny day; he was in company with one or two of his species, rather better clothed than himself; but none of them had the sagacity of the great body of their brethren, who carefully *strap* down their trousers, to hide the *bulge* at the knee; they therefore proclaimed themselves tailors by every motion of their knee-pans and calves. They evidently soon felt themselves uncomfortable in the public gaze; and slunk up a passage which led to a tap-room.

But the tailor we wish to describe is not the "west-end" dandy, or exquisite, who deems it requisite to display in his own proper person all the elegances of a perfect "fit," nor yet the ragged wretch whose money, spirit, health, and time, are squandered in the tap-room, and whose very pointless needle seems ashamed of the rents in its master's clothes. We wish to describe the *average* tailor, who stands between the extremes, and may be taken as the symbol of his race—the human personification of the spirit of *stitch*. First, then, as to his physical characteristics. Your genuine tailor is generally a thin, pale personage, with a nose which has an upward tendency. If he is diminutive, and dresses tolerably, then he is a smart, dapper man, who looks up in your face with a smirking smile, his knees apparently doing you homage. If he is tall, then, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary, he stands on uneasy legs, and swings about in such a way, that you dread he is about to drop down upon you. Whenever we see a robust member of the profession, we feel a difficulty in believing *him* to be a tailor, and cannot at all associate him with his calling. "He is a moving exemplification of an incongruity, a practical solecism, a living lie. A stout man a tailor! A thumping piece of mortality devoting its energies to the tacking of bits of cloth together! Muscular paws holding a needle! Poh! it is preposterous!

Everybody affects to know a tailor in the street. Not his speech, but his limbs "bewray" him. He hath a courtier-like propensity to bend the knee; and with a customer he can "hang a tongue." His knees are indeed miracles of felicitous facility. They can twine, and twine, and twine; on the street they seem to be ever longing to be on the stretch. They have a retiring propensity, for their general inclination is inwards—but like a bashful man turned bravo, they affect an air of indifference, and bend backwards or forwards, inwards or outwards. Oh, those miraculous knees!

Has the reader ever observed that the tailor's coat, we mean his dress coat—the coat that is, for the time, the pride of his heart—is always *too* well made? This may seem paradoxical, but, we think, there is truth in the remark. There is in the tailor's coat a *jimminess*, a mathematical precision of cut, an apparent over-anxiety about the fit, that imparts to it a detestable sort of accuracy. There is something offensive to good taste even in its perfection. It wholly wants the ease and grace of what we would call a well-made coat. But this is perhaps as much the fault of the man as the making—round shoulders would spoil the best-made coat in the world.

The tailor is a lively, merry fellow, and not unfrequently a witty dog. He is much given to social meetings, and in these distinguishes himself by a great flow of animal spirits, an amusing versatility, and, we may add, volubility of tongue. He sings, spouts, speechifies, talks, and argues, with a spirit and vivacity wholly and peculiarly his own. He is, however, apt to get quarrelsome in his cups—the merry meetings of the profession very often ending in a general row, preceded by a stormy debate, which gives warning of the coming strife.

The tailor is much given to theatricals, and generally prefers *heroic* characters. There is, in truth, a dash of heroism and romance in his own composition, which quite belies the base insinuation that he is a near approach to a decimal fraction, the ninth part of a man. He is fond of the warlike, and delights in witnessing, or simulating in his own person, this particular development of the human constitution. The tailor, in short, seems always to have a hankering disposition to "follow to the field some warlike lord," although we are not sure that he is *more* guilty than his neighbours of actually perpetrating this folly.

Did the reader ever pay any particular attention to his shoemaker's accounts? We mean did he ever do so, considering them abstractly, and merely as specimens of caligraphy. If he did, he must have been struck, we think, with their extraordinary sameness as regards the hand-writing, or rather scrawling, and the perfect similarity in the particular of orthography, that marks every one of these interesting documents.

Let it be observed, however, that we do not speak of your flashy shoemaker—your fashionable boot and shoe warehouseman, whose windows and doors are radiant with plates and bars of polished brass. We do not speak of *him*, for all *his* business is done after a ship-shape fashion. His bills are as smart as copper-plate and fine writing can make them. They are all right.

Our shoemaker is your respectable old tradesman, who was in business long before shoemakers dreamt of flashy establishments. His shop is a little dingy place, well filled though, and, in despite of its dinginess, exhibiting very marked signs of substantial wealth.

Our friend himself is a little, stout, thickset, elderly man, of—we must confess it—rather fierce aspect. Have a care of him, ye

dilatory payers; he is not a man to be trifled with,—his round, full face, partaking much of the complexion of his own leather, to which it seems, in process of time, to have assimilated, having acquired a sort of light dry brown colour. A leathern apron, a scratch wig, brown also, and a pair of spectacles, raised high on his forehead, completes the picture of *our* shoemaker—our ancient, unpretending shoemaker.

But it is with his accounts, his yearly or half-yearly bills, as the case may be, that we have particularly to do on the present occasion. And we ask, did any man ever see the slightest difference, excepting perhaps in amount, between the account of one such shoemaker as we have described and another, during, if his experience goes so far back, the last half century; and, however different or distant the parties from whom they emanated might be, are they not all distinguished by precisely the same cramp hand, and all show a similar spirited independence of orthography, as the following?—

	£	s.	d.
To hailing and souling your Bots		3	10
To too peaces on your Shos		1	3
To parc Shos for the childde		2	0
To parc bots for yorself	1	10	0
To sowling parc Shoos		2	6
&c. &c. &c.			

We wish we could conveniently exhibit here a fac-simile of this account. If we could, we are very certain the reader would at once recognise it.

However ungainly or uncouth our worthy friend's bills may be in appearance, they are always sufficiently correct in the matter of calculation. In this, the main thing, the old boy makes few mistakes. His summations are correct to a farthing. Catch *him* erring there!

Wherefore should the baker be such a reckless, wild, and roving blade? Is it because he works in a *hot*-house? Or why should the butcher—the "bold butcher"—go bare-headed, and carry his meat in a wooden tray or trough on his shoulder? We once saw a collision between a "doctor's boy" and a butcher's boy: the one had a basket full of little phials, nicely labelled; the other a tray full of meat. After the shock, they both turned about and looked at each other, like a couple of grinning bull-dogs: but "meat" beat "doctors' stuff" all to pieces, sundry bottles being smashed in the fray. On reviewing the field of battle, we picked up the neck of a phial, containing a cork, with a label attached, on which was written, "*The* mixture—two tea-spoonsful to be taken every four hours." Taking a hint from this, we will not present our readers with the whole of *our* "mixture" at once, but give it to them in moderate doses.

FLY-FISHING AT EISENHAMMER.

The Rev. Mr. Gleig, in his Visit to Bohemia and Hungary, in 1837, enjoyed a day's fishing at Eisenhammer:—"A more unpropitious day for the angler can scarcely be imagined; for a cold east wind blew, and from time to time a thin, drizzling rain beat in our faces. Still we determined to make the attempt; and truly we had no cause to repent of our resolution. In the course of four hours, which we devoted to the sport, we caught upwards of ten pounds of trout; the number of fish killed being at the same time only eleven,—a clear proof that the Bohemian Iser deserves just as much praise as Sir Humphrey Davy, in his charming little book, has bestowed upon its namesake near Munich. But killing the trout constituted by no means the sole amusement which we that day enjoyed. An English fishing-rod and fishing tackle were objects quite as novel to the good folks of Eisenhammer as they had been to the citizens of Gabel; and the consequence was, that we had the entire population of the village and hamlets round in our train. When first I hooked a trout, there was a general rush to the river's side; the movement being produced, manifestly enough, by alarm lest the line should break; and, while the animal was floundering and springing about in twelve feet of water at least, two or three young men could scarcely be restrained from jumping in. But when they saw the monster—and a very large fellow he was,—after running away with some fathoms of line, and bending the rod like a willow wand, gradually lose his strength, and sail reluctantly towards the shore, I really thought they would have gone crazy with delight. They jumped about, swore, and shouted like mad people, and made such a plunge into the shallows to bring him out, that we had well nigh lost him. The scene was altogether quite irresistible.

"There was no work performed that day in the iron foundry. Every soul belonging to it, from the superintendent down to the errand-boy, came forth to swell our train; and we walked up the Iser, attended as never Highland chief was, even in the good old times of heritable jurisdictions. Nor was this all. A religious procession—that is to say, a numerous body of peasants from some of the villages near, bound on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, in Starkenback,—happened to descend the hill just as I was playing a fish; and the effect produced upon them was quite as miraculous as could have been brought about by the saint himself. The sound of their psalmody ceased; the crucifix was lowered; and man and woman, boy and maiden, breaking loose from their ranks, flocked down to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon."

PECULIARITIES IN NATIONAL FEELING.

Othello murders his wife; he gives orders for the murder of his lieutenant; he ends by murdering himself. Yet he never loses the esteem and affection of a *Northern reader*—his intrepid and ardent spirit redeeming everything. The unsuspecting confidence with which he listens to his adviser, the agony with which he shrinks from the thought of shame, the tempest of passions with which he commits his crimes, and the haughty fearlessness with which he avows them, give an extraordinary interest to his character. Iago, on the contrary, is the object of universal loathing. Many are inclined to suspect that Shakspeare had been reduced into an exaggeration unusual with him, and has drawn a monster which has no archetype in human nature. Now, we suspect that an Italian audience, in the fifteenth century, would have felt very differently. Othello would have inspired nothing but detestation and contempt. The folly with which he trusts to the friendly professions of a man whose promotion he had detracted—the credulity with which he takes unsupported assertions, and trivial circumstances for unanswerable proofs—the violence with which he silences the exculpation, till the exculpation can only aggravate his misery, would have excited the abhorrence and disgust of the spectators. The conduct of Iago they would assuredly have condemned; but they would have condemned it as we condemn that of his victim. Something of interest and respect would have mingled with their disapprobation. The readiness of his wit, the clearness of his judgment, the skill with which he penetrates the dispositions of others and conceals his own, would have ensured to him a certain portion of their esteem.—*Edinburgh Review.*

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MIND.

Man, at the age of twenty, retains not a particle of the matter in which his mind was invested when he was born. Nevertheless, at the age of eighty years, he is conscious of being the same individual he was as far back as his memory can go—that is to say, to the period when he was four or five years old. Whatever it be, therefore, in which this consciousness of identity resides, it cannot consist of a material substance, since, if it had been material, it must have been repeatedly changed; and the source of identity must have been destroyed. It is, consequently, an ethereal spirit, and as it remains the same, throughout all the alterations that can take place in the body, it is not dependent on the body for its existence; and is thus calculated to survive the ever-changing frame by which it is encircled. That frame becomes stiff, cold, and motionless, when the circulation of the blood ceases; it is consigned to the earth, and is separated by insects into a thousand other forms of matter; but the mind undergoes no such transformation. It is unassailable by the worm. If matter, subject as it is to perpetual changes, do not, and cannot possibly, perish, how can the mind perish, which knows of no mutation? There is no machinery prepared, by which such an object could be accomplished; nor could machinery be prepared for such a purpose, without an entire subversion of the laws of nature. But as these laws have emanated from the wisdom of the Creator, they could not be altered, much less subverted, without involving an inconsistency, into which it is impossible for Divine wisdom to fall.—*Dublin Review*, No. I.

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

John Bull is certainly a strange specimen of humanity when contrasted with other nations. It is impossible for one moment to mistake him; he has an air and manner peculiar to himself; he enters the saloon of the hotel with a sturdy step and straightforward look, taking no notice of the salutation that foreigners usually make when a stranger enters. John says to himself, "I don't know the fellows, then why should they bow to me? or if they choose to do so, that is no reason why I should bow to them!" You can read his supreme contempt for foreigners and everything foreign on his brow. He has an unconquerable antipathy to taking off his hat, either in saluting in the street, or entering a public room. Hence, from a neglect of this easily adopted custom of the Continent, he gets the credit of being a mannerless cub. In England, a gentleman never thinks of taking off his hat, except it be to salute a lady; whereas all over the Continent, the custom prevails, from the highest to the lowest rank. How an English bar-maid would stare if my Lord This or That were to take off his hat, and make her a profound salutation in walking past her little realm! Yet so it is throughout the Continent, and the Englishman who, from ignorance, or, most likely, from thinking it humbug, neglects this formality, is at once set down as entirely deficient in the breeding of a gentleman.—*Dr. Cumming's Notes of a Wanderer.*

THE REWARD OF TOIL.

What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools
Are roused up to exertion. The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize;
And they the few, that have it ere they earn it,
Having by favour or inheritance
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
And all that should await on worth well tried,
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood most mature, or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies
Entering the lists of life.—*Rogers.*

INTERCHANGE OF KNOWLEDGE.

There is, or ought to be, a commerce or interchange of counsel and knowledge as well as of other things; and where men have not these of their *own growth*, they should thankfully receive what may be imported from other quarters.—*Wollaston's Religion of Nature.*

AN IDLE MAN'S BOOK.

Montaigne's Essays have been called by a cardinal, "The Breviary of Idlers;" it is therefore the book for many men.

A PHILOSOPHER'S CONVERSATION.

A philosopher's ordinary language and admission in general conversations or writings *ad populum*, are his watch compared with his astronomical time-piece. He sets the former by the town-clock, not because he believes it right, but because his neighbours and his cook go by it.—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

THE BORROWED PETTICOAT.

Mr. Laing, who was steward to General Sharp, of Houston, near Uphall, had a terrier dog, which gave many proofs of his sagacity. Upon one occasion, his wife lent a white petticoat to a neighbour, in which to attend a christening. The dog observed his mistress make the loan, and followed the woman home who borrowed the article; never quitted her, but accompanied her to the christening, leaped several times on her knee; nor did he lose sight of her till the piece of dress was at last restored to Mrs. Laing. During the time this person was at the christening, she was much afraid the dog would attempt to tear the petticoat off her, as she well knew the object of his attendance.—*Anecdotes of Dogs.*

ENNUI.

A gentleman in Paris remarked that the English had no word to express "ennui," which he thought the more remarkable as they were so subject to that evil. "No," replied le Comte de L., "in England it is conceived to be the natural state, and synonymous with existence, and therefore no word is requisite."—*A. Burr's Journal.*

A FAVOURITE SERVANT.

"How long has Jervis, your butler, lived with you?" asked I of Lord Saltwick. "Why, he lived nine years with me; and, since then, I have lived five years with him," replied his lordship.—*The Fergusons.*

SWANS.

During severe cold weather, swans assemble together, and form a sort of commonwealth. When the frost threatens to usurp their domain, they congregate, and dash the water with all the extent of their wings, making a noise which is heard very far, and which, whether in the night or the day, is louder in proportion as it freezes more intensely. Their efforts are so effectual, that there are few instances of a flock of swans having quitted the water in the longest frosts; though a single swan, which has strayed from the general body, has sometimes been arrested by the ice in the middle of the canals.—*M. Grouvelle.*

POVERTY.

It is the usual plea of poverty to blame misfortune, when the ill-finished cause of complaint is a work of their own forging. I will either make my fortunes good, or be content they are no worse. If they are not so good as I would they should have been, they are not so bad as I know they might have been. What though I am not so happy as I desire? 'tis well I am not so wretched as I deserve.—*Warwick's Spare Minutes.*

CHOICE OF A PURSUIT.

Every day, every hour of our existence raises some new topic which awakens a rational curiosity to discuss and master it; the difficulty lies in finding the ability to comprehend, illustrate, and embody it. He who pursues unsubstantial ornament, like vapoury shadows will find himself mocked by perpetual delusions, till he sinks into languor, and at last into impotence. The struggle to outdo nature, or give a sickly substitute for it, which may seem more beautiful to a corrupt taste, ends not merely in disappointment, but in despair.—*Sir E Brydges.*

ETIQUETTE ON THE SCAFFOLD.

On the 9th of March, 1648, in pursuance of a sentence passed by Cromwell and the Commonwealth, the Royalist leaders, the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and the Lord Capel, were executed in front of Westminster Hall. They were brought to the block and beheaded one at a time, each of them addressing the people; and the Lord Capel being the last of the three, as soon as he ascended the scaffold, he looked very vigorously about, and asked whether the other lords had spoken to the people *with their hats on?* and being told that they were *bare*, he gave his hat to his servant, and then with a clear and strong voice he spoke.—*Clarendon.*

GREY HAIRS.

"Grey hairs," says the wise man, "are a crown of glory," if the owner of them "is found in the way of righteousness."

"A hoary head, with sense combined,
Claims veneration from mankind;
But—if with folly joined—it bears
The badge of ignominious years."

CAMEL'S MILK.

The milk of the camel forms a prominent article of diet amongst the Arabs. They drink it either fresh or sour. They are fond of sour milk, and it seems that the milk of the camel turns sour sooner than that of most other animals. Butter and cheese are very seldom made of this milk. It is remarkable that some of the tribes refuse to sell milk to the towns-people, the epithet "milk-seller" being regarded as a term of great opprobrium. It is also observable, that the Arabs not only drink the camel's milk themselves, but give great quantities of it to their horses. Foals also are weaned from their dams in thirty days, and for the next hundred days are fed exclusively on camel's milk; and during the ensuing hundred, they receive a bucket of milk along with their barley.

TONGUE FOR TONGUE.

During the war between England and Spain, commissioners on both sides were appointed to treat of peace. The Spanish commissioners proposed that the negotiations should be carried on in the French tongue, observing sarcastically, that the gentlemen of England could not be ignorant of the language of their fellow-subjects, their queen being Queen of France as well as England. "Nay, in faith, gentlemen," replied Dr. Dale, one of the English commissioners, "the French is too vulgar for a business of that importance; we will therefore, if you please, rather treat in Hebrew, the language of Jerusalem, of which your master calls himself king, and in which you must of course be as well skilled as we are in French."—*Book of Table Talk.*

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

A person, who had lent Mr. Fox a sum of money upon bond, under very pressing circumstances, having learned that Mr. Fox was in possession of cash, went and urged the payment of his debt. Mr. Fox told him he should be happy to do it, but that he was bound to pay some debts of honour. Upon this the creditor thrust his bond into the fire, and said, "Now, sir, mine is a debt of honour!"

"By land or sea
Honour you'll find the universal plea:
The cit, who cheats behind the counter-board,
Pretends as much to honour as my lord!"

Boileau, quoted by Bucke.

KOORDISH ESTIMATE OF THE VALUE OF LIFE.

The mehmaunder told me a man of a certain tribe had the day before murdered his father. "He will, of course, be put to death," I observed. "I do not think he will," said the mehmaunder; "he is himself heir, and there is no one to demand the blood." "Will not the prince of the country take care that this parricide does not escape?" "The waly," he coolly replied, "cannot interfere in a case like this, unless appealed to; and after all, if the affair be agitated, the murder will be compounded." Among Koords, who are always at war, the life of an active young man is much too valuable to be taken away on account of a dead old one.—*Captain Mignan's Winter Journey.*

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THE BRITISH NAVY.

NO. VII.

THE ARMAMENT OF A SEVENTY-FOUR GUN SHIP.

> "With roomy decks, and guns of mighty strength,
> Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves,
> Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
> She seems a sea-wasp flying o'er the waves."—DRYDEN.

BEFORE entering on a general description of the ship's armament, it will be proper to explain, once for all, the meaning of the popular terms used in gunnery, in order to enable the uninitiated reader to understand their application on this and other occasions, when the mention of them may occur in the course of these papers.

GUNS are the ordnance with which ships are armed; they are never called cannon or artillery, neither are the missiles projected therefrom called cannon-balls: such terms are not to be found in the seaman's vocabulary.

Guns vary very much in length, weight, and calibre, and somewhat in form, but in the latter respect they all approach to the shape of a cone, the largest and strongest part being the breech, near to which the gunpowder in exploding exerts the greatest force, and gradually tapering until the charge is ejected at the muzzle. It may be therefore laid down as a general rule, that a cone is the most perfect form for a piece of ordnance, and that raised rings, swell muzzles, or ornaments, add to the weight, and but little to the strength or utility of a gun; being only useful for affording facilities in lashing or securing it, and often adopted for no other purpose than to improve the symmetry of its appearance. All ships' cannon are therefore called indifferently *guns*, except CARRONADES *, another sort of ordnance, differing in many essential properties, being short pieces of large calibre, and comparatively light weight, calculated for the upper decks of ships, or the general armament of small vessels, which are not of sufficient stability to sustain heavy guns. The carronade was designed by the late Mr. Millar of Dalswinton, and introduced by his friend General Melville, about the year 1779. They take their name from the Carron iron-works in Stirlingshire, where they were originally cast, and where all the iron ordnance used by Government is now manufactured.

The term SHOT is used indifferently for every species of missile, distinguished as round shot, grape shot, canister shot, double-headed shot, and chain shot, which latter has been discontinued in the British service for many years, but is still used by foreigners. *Round* shot is as nearly spherical as it can be produced by casting, as its name implies. *Grape* shot is composed of a number of iron balls bound together, somewhat in the form of a bunch of grapes. *Canister* shot is a lot of still smaller iron balls inclosed in a tin case or canister, and the double-headed shot is a casting of two half spheroids connected by a strong iron bar, and used for firing at masts and rigging, for the purpose of dismantling an opponent. The size and weight of the materials composing each of these, we shall presently describe.

And first of the guns. The form of those in general use, as well as the carriages on which they are mounted, is pretty accurately represented by the small brass cannon exhibited in toy-shops. Before being turned out of the lathe, after boring, the piece is lined by the workmen into four equal divisions, and a notch cut at the breech and muzzle, to denote the quarterings; this is done to assist the marksman in taking aim. By casting the eye along the side notches, and bringing these to bear upon the object aimed at, the height or *elevation* is ascertained, but not the *direction*; for the piece being conical, such line is not parallel to the axis, but converging thereto; it therefore becomes necessary to take another view along the *top* of the gun *, and bring the notches to bear on the object for direction, so that in fact two operations are required to point the gun.

Now, to the artilleryman, who practises upon dry land, and whose platform is immovable, this is not very material; because, after he has once taken his elevation, he may dispense with any further trouble on that account as long as the object fired at is stationary, or not materially increasing or diminishing its distance; but to the sea gunner, whose platform, being the ship's deck, is constantly undulated by the motion of the waves, or inclined more or less according to the force of the wind, this double operation is perplexing in the extreme. When he has secured the elevation, and fixed his quoin (a species of wedge) under the breech of the gun, he finds that the ship's rapid motion, or an alteration of her line of progress, has made a considerable deviation in his line of direction; and when that is adjusted by training the piece, a look at the side notches will convince him that the elevation must be again amended: and thus considerable time is lost in the fruitless endeavour to accomplish both matters, so that very often the gun is fired at random, and the shot thrown away.

It is remarkable that so obvious an impediment as this presented to gun-practice at sea, was never remedied until nearly the close of last war, particularly as the means for doing so were palpably simple, and had been, in fact, promulgated by Robins in a paper entitled. "On pointing or directing of Cannon to strike distant Objects," published in his "Mathematic Tracts" in 1761. Indeed, so far back as 1731, the manner of obviating this impediment, produced by the conical form of a gun, is recommended in "Gray's Treatise of Gunnery," in the following words:—"But when the object is so near that you can take aim (which always happens in firing point-blank, or in battering walls) you need only dispart your piece, by fixing notched sticks, or something of that kind, on its muzzle or trunnion rings, and of such lengths

* When carronades were first cast, they were all of sixty-eight pounder calibre, and called *smashers*. One of the first ships armed with them was the Rainbow, and afterwards the Glatton, 50, Captain, now Admiral, Sir Henry Trollope, who, at his pressing request, was permitted to substitute smashers for the eighteen-pounder long guns on the lower deck of those ships. Their superiority was established shortly afterwards, when in the first ship he captured a French frigate, and in the Glatton beat off six French vessels that had purposely come out of the Texel, anticipating the easy capture of the British ship. Carronades were adopted in the navy about the year 1792, after a tedious correspondence between the Boards of Admiralty and Ordnance.

* This view along the notches on the top of the gun is called the "*The Line of Metal.*" When adopted it gives an elevation more or less according to the difference in diameter between the breech and the muzzle.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

(heights) as to equal the gun's thickness at the base ring." Again: "Some sort of rule might also be contrived for directing guns in sea engagements, such as viewing by sights raised, on ordnance, to a just height near the trunnion and muzzle rings. If a sea gunner would accustom himself to use them on all occasions, and had capacity enough to make reasonable allowances, he would find them of very great service in time of action."

Notwithstanding all this, the generality of naval officers—we may say the whole, with the exception of the present Admiral Sir P. Vere Broke *, then captain of the Shannon frigate, and Sir John Pechell †, commanding the St. Domingo about the close of last war—were either ignorant, or entirely disregarded this essential point; which is the more remarkable, as many were educated in the Naval College at Portsmouth, an institution established expressly for the purpose of affording to cadets the instruction adapted for their profession, and where both the theory and practice of gunnery were taught.

The gun is fixed upon its carriage, or rather laid thereon, being suspended by two strong projecting pieces near the balance of its centre, denominated trunnions, and these are covered over with iron patches called cap-squares, secured by forelocks; the piece is thus at liberty to be oscillated with slight exertion, and to have its extremities raised or depressed at pleasure; this is performed at the breech by means of quoins or wedges sliding upon a bed of wood, which latter may be removed to lower the breech to the greatest extent, and elevate the muzzle as far as the port-hole will admit.

The carriage is formed of strong side-pieces of elm called brackets, which are bolted to oaken axle-trees, resting on wooden trucks, for the convenience of moving the whole back and fore. The gun is discharged by means of a lock screwed on to the side of a vent-patch near the touch-hole, and its recoil is limited by a stout piece of rope called a breechen, which is rove through a ring at the breech, the ends being secured to bolts on each side of the port-hole. The gun is moved (or run, as it is called,) in or out of the port by means of tackles, and more nicely adjusted by direction of the captain of the gun (the marksman) by handspikes: the process of loading, pointing, firing, spunging, &c., we shall describe under the head "Exercise."

Ships are *rated* according to their size and complement of men, but third-rates, such as we are describing, are denominated 70's, 72's, 74's, 76's, or 78's, (eighty-gun ships are second-rates,) according to the actual number of cannon mounted. The following is the regulation:—

"The ships and vessels of her Majesty's fleet shall be established with such proportion, and nature of ordnance, as the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty may from time to time direct, in pursuance of such regulations as her Majesty may make in that behalf.

"Although her Majesty's ships and vessels are rated according to their complements, they shall be denominated as to their ordnance, according to the number of guns and carronades which they actually carry."—*Naval Instructions*, p. 2.

During the last war, it was the custom to distinguish ships, and to rate them in classes, as follows:—120's, 100's, 98's, 84's, 80's, 74's, 64's, 50's, 38's, 36's, 32's, and so on; and the ships always carried several (sometimes 15 or 20) more guns than were thus expressed; but such a practice afforded no clue to the real force of the ship. In foreign navies the plan is still continued, and some of the American rated 76's carry upwards of 100 guns.

Since these papers were commenced, a new scale of armament has been promulgated by the Lords of the Admiralty, to be henceforth adopted in all her Majesty's ships. It is a very great improvement, assimilating as nearly as possible the calibre on all the decks, and giving to every vessel some guns capable of discharging shells horizontally. We shall hereafter refer particularly to this alteration, and the improvement it is calculated to effect; but for the present confine our description to the old armament, upon which the calculations we have already set forth, as to weights, &c., are founded.

Our vessel, as we have already stated in our Fifth Article, ("LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," No. XII.,) mounts exactly 74 guns, and is therefore denominated a seventy-four gun ship. The principal battery is on the lower deck, and, as the whole twenty-eight pieces of ordnance there arranged are precisely alike, a description of one will suffice.

The length of these pieces is nine feet and a half, their weight between fifty-five and fifty-six cwt.; they cannot be cast of exactly the same weight, and therefore, roundly speaking, they are estimated at the latter sum. The carriage weighs eight cwt. one qr. six lbs.; the rope, blocks, and other matters connected with it, weigh above one cwt. more, so that altogether the mounted gun may be taken at sixty-five cwt. The distance charge used for the longest range, with a single shot, is one-third the weight of the latter, or ten lbs. eleven oz. of coarse-grained powder, and this is inclosed in a flannel bag, called a cartridge *, tied at the end, and also in the middle, to preserve its oblong shape. For decreased distance and close quarters the charge is diminished to six lbs., and when double shotting with two round shot, or a round and grape shot (a favourite charge), to four lbs. This gun is capable of projecting two shot through the sides of a ship of equal force when within point blank distance. The various duties of the thirteen men and a boy, which compose the crew of this gun, we shall describe under "Exercise."

The length to which a long thirty-two pounder recoils upon a level platform has been ascertained to be eight feet, but as this is inconvenient, and moreover unnecessary, because no more recoil is required than just sufficient to bring the muzzle within the port-hole, for the greater facility of loading, it is limited to the extent of between three and four feet by the breechen, a stout rope, eight inches in circumference, the strain upon which is very considerable when the gun gets warm, for it then recoils with greater violence †, and the force is increased when the platform becomes inclined by the heel of the ship, when fired from the weather side. The *range* of the thirty-two pounder, with a full charge, and point blank, single shotted, is about three hundred and fifty yards. By elevating the gun to the greatest extent that the port-hole will admit (about eleven degrees), it is increased to two thousand five hundred yards ‡, and at one thousand yards very good practice, as it is called, may be made; that is, the shot directed by a skilful marksman within the rim of a target, eight or ten feet square, with one degree or a little more of elevation.

The grape (never used but at close quarters, for they will not penetrate the sides of stout ships,) are formed of nine cast balls of three lbs., covered with painted canvas, and tied round a spike having an iron bottom of the calibre of the piece; the weight is thirty-four lbs. one oz.; the lashing is torn away by the explosion of the powder, and they spread as they leave the gun, proving highly destructive in cutting the masts, sails, and rigging, penetrating the sides of small vessels, or against boats.

Canister shot, for thirty-two pounders, consist of seventy iron balls of eight oz. inclosed in a tin case, and they are used against men or boats unsheltered, or against troops; and for this purpose bags of musket-balls, six hundred in a bag, are also used, which being fired from a broadside of guns, produce a shower of destruction fatal to all within its reach. The double-headed shot will range with tolerable accuracy up to six hundred or seven hundred yards, but not to penetrate a ship's side, and they are generally directed at the masts and rigging. So much for the lower battery: the next, upon the main deck, is composed of thirty long eighteen-pounders, and these guns, although not much inferior in their range, are greatly so in their effect, on account of the reduced weight of the missile, it being a law in projectiles that, with proportionate charges, and the same elevation and windage—the resistance of the air to bodies passing through it, is as the *squares* of their diameters, but the weight of the bodies, or power to overcome such resistance, increases with their density, being as the *cubes* of their diameters. Heavy missiles (their form being alike)

* The officer who captured the American frigate, Chesapeake, in such gallant style; an exploit to be attributed to the care with which he had trained his crew to the practice of gunnery. A single broadside threw the enemy into confusion, killed or wounded the principal officers, drove the men from their quarters, and enabled him to carry her, by boarding, in fifteen minutes.

† This officer published a small tract in 1814, giving ample directions on this and some other important points of practical sea gunnery.

* Formerly strong paper cartridges were used with flannel bottoms; the adoption of entire flannel is a great improvement, not being so liable to tear and to spill the powder, or to leave ignited fragments in the gun when discharged.

† No satisfactory reason has ever been shown why a cannon or any other piece of ordnance should recoil with greater violence, and consequently project the shot with greater force, when it becomes heated. Some have attributed this to the warmth of the metal acting upon the powder, and making it stronger; but guns are discharged so rapidly that such effect must be very small, and insufficient to produce the effect.

‡ In situations where the gun can be elevated up to forty-five degrees, a much longer range might be obtained, probably little short of three miles, there are many cases on record where shot have been projected to that distance; but their force is then spent.

will also penetrate deeper, for shot not only penetrate in proportion to their diameter, but as the squares of their velocities. The advantage of larger calibre moreover descends to the grape, canister, &c., all which are composed of heavier materials.

The eighteen-pounders on the main deck battery are nine feet long, and forty cwt. Their distance charge of powder is six lbs., gradually reduced to four lbs., the lowest three lbs. The carriage is six cwt., and the tackling, breeching, &c., about one cwt., making altogether forty-seven cwt. The recoil (about six feet six inches on a level platform) is regulated on the same principle as already described, the circumference of the breechen to sustain the shock being five and a half inches, and this is often broken, or the bolts that secure it to the ship's side drawn out, by the violence of the recoil. The grape for these guns is composed of balls of one lb. eight oz., and weighs nearly sixteen lbs. The canister contains forty-two balls of six oz., and the bag of musket-balls about four hundred. The range of 18's, 24's, and 32's, not varying very much, is generally taken under one head, called the range of *long guns*. The crew of the eighteen-pounder consists of ten men and a boy. We next arrive at the two nine-pounders on the forecastle; these are eight and a half feet long, and weigh twenty-three cwt. one qtr. The full charge is three lbs. of powder, reduced to two lbs. four oz., the lowest one lb. eight oz. The windage of these and the other long guns, already described, being great, is the reason for such large charges of powder, for a considerable portion of its expansive force is wasted by passing off around the sides of the shot. The carriage of the nine-pounder weighs four cwt., and the breechen is four and a half inches, weighing with the tackles about half a cwt.; being altogether about twenty-eight cwt. The capacity of this gun is much less than the heavier ones below, and its range smaller, for the reasons already explained; it is principally used for firing at suspicious vessels when in chase, to oblige them to heave-to (stop) to undergo an examination. The balls in the grape-shot for the nine-pounder weigh thirteen oz., and the whole complete seven lbs. six oz. The canister contains forty-four of three oz., and the bag of musket-balls about two hundred. The crew of the nine-pounder consists of eight men and a boy.

The seven carronades on each side of the quarter-deck are of thirty-two pounder calibre, four feet long, and weighing seventeen cwt. The full charge is one-twelfth of the shot's weight, or two lbs. ten oz.; the immense difference between this and ten lbs. eleven oz., the full charge of the long gun, is, first, on account of the smaller windage, and secondly, that these pieces are not designed to act at long ranges, but principally for close quarters, when, owing to their great calibre, they are much more destructive than long guns, for a long gun of this weight would only take a shot of six lbs.

Carronades are not mounted on carriages like guns, but on slides, weighing six cwt. two qtrs. fourteen lbs., on these they are worked, with great facility and quickness, by seven men and a boy; and, when not in use, these slides are so arranged as to take up but little space across the deck. The point blank range of a thirty-two pounder carronade is two hundred and fifty yards, and its long range, at five degrees elevation, one thousand yards, which is about the range of a long gun, with one degree of elevation only; giving the latter a far greater facility of aiming correctly in distant firing. There is no specified reduced charge for this piece, but the charge is generally reduced as the gun warms, and sometimes it is loaded with two shots, which is a dangerous practice, and strains the tackling and ship's side. As this gun has but a small recoil, its breeching is very stout, being nine inches in circumference, notwithstanding which it is frequently broken. The shot of different sorts used for carronades, are precisely similar to those fired from the long guns.

Having now described the nature and capability of the artillery on board, we shall enumerate the various weapons supplied for the use of the boarders, and small-armed men, postponing the manner of distributing them to be described under the head of "Exercise." Over and above the muskets of the marines, one to each individual, one hundred muskets and bayonets, with cartridge-boxes, &c., complete, are allowed for arming the seamen. These are somewhat lighter than soldiers' muskets, being only eleven lbs. four oz. Besides these, there are seventy pairs of pistols, weighing six lbs. eight oz. per pair, two hundred cutlasses about five lbs. each, one hundred boarding-pikes, seven feet long, weighing four lbs., and sixty pole-axes, or tomahawks, weighing seven lbs. each. Seven thousand musket-ball cartridges, and two thousand pistol ditto, are supplied for the above, with some casks of fine powder, and several cwt. of lead, for making more, when these are exhausted.

When the reader becomes acquainted with the imposing force which a ship possesses, not only as regards her artillery, but capable of being detached under cover of her guns, or, if need be, to a considerable distance, he will the more fully appreciate the value of fleets, which contain within themselves the elements for successful attacks upon places that are not strongly fortified; and it will also account for the conquests we have made and retained by our naval supremacy, in all parts of the world. An old author has truly remarked, that "he who commands the sea will always be obeyed on shore;" and it is a fact, that, in the year 1747, the Dutch, with a squadron of ships, and 4000 troops on board, alarmed the whole coast of France, giving employment to full 100,000 soldiers, who were marched and countermarched from point to point, and harassed extremely, whilst the squadron sailed alongshore, now threatening one position and now another. But the estimation in which a ship of war should be considered, is more strongly portrayed by Monsieur Dupin, than in any language that we can express it; we shall therefore give a translation of his words. "If we would appreciate the real force of a ship of war, we must not say a snip is in battle a floating battery, with which we can securely kill or wound more than a fourth, or a fifth, or a tenth of the seamen of another ship of equal force. We should say a modern ship of war is a floating battery, which can only be compelled to yield to batteries of the same description. It is a fortress which is able to resist the sea, in all seasons, in the midst of every tempest. It is a fortress which transports itself with a rapidity infinitely superior to that of the lightest troops of a land army, in such a way, as to run over a fourth part of the great circle of the globe in less time than a continental army can pass from Spain to Poland, or from France to Russia. Now, when such immense marches are undertaken, the naval army experiences neither fatigues, nor privations, nor wants, nor the epidemics which destroy so many land armies. Without accident to her crew a ship of war passes the winter in the midst of the polar ice, in a degree of cold exceeding that which caused the destruction of the finest army that modern times have seen. In short, a naval force not only transports itself, exempt from suffering and fatigue, it also transports the land army, and communicates to it its own movements. By means of it the powers who have only a small number of soldiers, are enabled to multiply them by sudden and unexpected disembarkations, on the vulnerable points of an enemy's coast."

EXPLANATION OF SOME TERMS IN NAUTICAL GUNNERY.

WEIGHT OF METAL signifies the weight of iron which the whole of the guns are capable of projecting at one round from both sides, when single shotted.

BROADSIDE WEIGHT OF METAL means the same discharged from one side only, and in large ships amounts to just half of the former. In open vessels, armed with guns on circular sweeps, which traverse all around, and can be discharged on either side, the weight of metal is included in *both* broadsides. In short, *broadside weight of metal* means the weight that can be projected from *one* side.

CALIBRE, or caliber, is the diameter of the bore or barrel, and also the diameter of the shot. Thus we speak of a "ship's calibre" by the known weight which her armament represents.

		In.	dec. pts.
The calibre of an	84-pounder is	10	00
—	68	8	05
—	42	6	84
—	32	6	41
—	24	5	82
—	18	5	29
—	12	4	62
—	9	4	20
—	6	3	66
—	4	3	20
—	3	2	11
—	1	2	01
—	½	1	80

The reader will observe that sea ordnance is always distinguished by the above enumeration of weight, there being no such guns in the British service as 48-pounders, or 74-pounders, as frequently stated by persons palming their assumed knowledge on

the ignorant. This is one of the many touchstones by which pretension to nautical information is easily detected.

In order to afford facility in loading, the diameter of the shot is always somewhat smaller than the bore of the piece, and this difference is styled

Windage, being usually thirty decimal parts of an inch in guns, and half that quantity in carronades, but varying materially, owing to the rusting of the shot, its inequality of surface, or malformation in the original casting.

The Axis is, as its name implies, an ideal line supposed to run along the centre of the bore.

Point-Blank is a term often confounded with *horizontal*, or rather used to imply horizontal firing, but it signifies that the gun is directed straight to the object, the mark aimed at being on a plane with the axis, which may be either above or below the horizon.

Point-Blank Distance is therefore no fixed measure, although it is generally implied by the space of three hundred yards, being the distance the majority of guns are capable of projecting their shot in a straight line, before the action of gravity becomes perceptible; but this space varies not only with the quality of the guns, but the amount of the charge of powder and nature of the missile.

Horizontal Firing presumes the gun to be discharged when the axis is parallel to the surface of the water, and when the shot will (within the point-blank distance) strike any object if not higher than the platform from which it is fired. When the distance is greater it becomes necessary to resort to

Elevation, which is attained by sinking the breech of the gun, and pointing the axis above the object, so that the shot may describe a parabola or curve (counteracting the action of gravity during its flight), and alighting upon the target. The amount of elevation necessary for the distance, which is either measured or assumed, is known by reference to tables calculated for guns and charges of all descriptions, and founded on the mean of a set of practical experiments.

Sights, or more properly speaking, disparts, are now invariably fixed on the guns, on the top of the second reinforce ring (about the middle of the piece), in ships whose guns are discharged through port-holes. In open vessels, and steamers with heavy guns on circular sweeps, they should be placed on the top of the muzzle. Wherever placed, the height is easily obtained by measuring the gun at the breech, and the spot selected for the sight, and setting up half the difference of the diameter, which gives a line parallel with the axis of the piece at a single view, and dispenses with the necessity for referring to the side notches.

Sights are made further available by means of a sliding pillar, on which is engraved a scale graduated to tangents of degrees; and thus as much elevation as the carriage and the port will admit can be set whenever required, regulated by the table of ranges, the distance being measured or assumed.

The space between the graduated lines upon the sliding pillar is governed by the length between it and the dispart patch, and the scale is formed by the following rule:—Multiply the length in feet by twenty-two, the tangent of one degree to one foot being decimal twenty-two, or very nearly so; and observing this ratio the product will be the distance between each degree upon the scale, which may afterwards be graduated to half and quarter degrees.

The principle described is that known as "Millar's Sight," which is simple and as good as any, and this is the sort usually selected. The sights are fitted by workmen from the gun-wharf, but most officers take the precaution to test their accuracy by the above rule, or by constructing a mathematical figure.

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD.

Of this fair volume which we "World" do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out His power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere;
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same:
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleas'd with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense, ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance, we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

Drummond of Hawthornden.

THE ART OF PUFFING

The skill, ingenuity, and profound knowledge of the weaker points of human credulity brought into play in the exercise (now universal) of puffing, places it at once in the rank of an art. Indeed, it had attained that distinction seventy years ago; for Dr. Johnson writes on "The Art of Advertising" in the fortieth number of "The Idler," and says, "The trade of advertising is now so near perfection, that it is not easy to propose any improvement." But when he was congratulating the puffers of his day on the perfection to which they had brought their art, it was, in reality, only in its infancy. The man whom he mentions as advertising "a wash-ball that had the wonderful quality of giving an exquisite edge to the razor," is immeasurably surpassed by the most common-place productions of the present generation of puffers: and the vendor of "the beautifying fluid" he records "who, with a generous abhorrence of ostentation, confesses that it will not restore the bloom of fifteen to a lady of fifty," would be utterly ashamed of his modesty had he lived to witness the chemico-literary efforts of that genius whose "Macassar oil" covers bald heads with luxuriant locks, and fills newspapers with attestations of the *fact*. In short, if advertising was an art in Johnson's time, it has become, in the present day, one of the finest of the fine arts.

Resources of so high a character, and of such infinite variety, are drawn upon for the exercise of this art, that there is scarcely a branch of the sciences or a department of literature which is not employed in it. A physician, for instance, whose practice scarcely pays for the shoeing of the horses to his carriage (a puff upon wheels), writes a book upon physiology, or the measles, and may, perchance, like Byron, "wake one morning and find himself famous." An elaborate puff in a dozen volumes octavo, consisting of an English version of a Greek play, with notes, (aided by a laudatory critique in a leading review *by the same hand*), has been known to translate the translator from a lean rectory to a fat bishopric; and Mr. Robert Warren, of number thirty in the Strand, owes his celebrity and his affluence as much to the *black* muses as to the less ethereal article in which he trades; for, from the anthology he has published from time to time, may be selected epigrams better than Martial's, and lyrics equal to Moore's:—so excellent indeed, that it becomes a question whether anything that poets have sung in praise of love and war surpasses the verses which have been written to immortalise—blacking.

The grand end and aim of puffing is, of course, notoriety, and never did any invention so completely work out its object. Some men are celebrated for their greatness, either of soul or achievement; others again become celebrated (by dint of the utmost perseverance in puffing) merely for their notoriety; among the former we may number the Duke of Wellington and Lord Byron; with the latter must be classed a famous auctioneer and the proprietor of "Dalby's Carminative." Now, as to mere notoriety, there is no question but the auctioneer is nearly as well known by name to multitudes of readers as is the hero of Waterloo. Nay, even in the matter of greatness, the comparison holds good; for frequent perusals of the *hammer-man's* advertisements have convinced us that he is as great in his walk of life,—that is to say, in auctioneering—as the "great captain" is eminent in war.

Hence, we need hardly add, Dr. Johnson was quite wrong: for the trade of advertising *has* been improved upon, and so extensively, we boldly affirm, as to have reached its acme. It may be just possible some century hence to travel faster than one now does on the Birmingham railway; future voyagers *may* get to America in one week, instead of two, or lately six; and perhaps some future Watt may construct a machine to teach little children spelling, or to work out astronomical calculations, by means of cog-wheels; but the art of puffing is, we again assert, positively incapable of further improvement; for to such a pitch has it arrived, that it is impossible to eat, to drink, to walk, to ride, to dress, to read, to write, or (since the invention of the patent respirators) to breathe, without encountering a puff. *Ex. gr.* A double sheet of puffs is necessary to every Englishman's breakfast. We eat our dinners off so many vehicles for the puffs of the late respected Mr. Wedgewood. Every possible variety of beverage, from champagne to humble porter, is contained in a vessel adorned with advertisements, whether stuck on a Burgundy bottle, or engraved on a pewter pot. We cannot walk through a single street without observing that it is lined with puffs, either exhibited in shop-windows, or inscribed upon brass plates; the dead walls are plastered with puffs, and the *trottoirs* are paved with

them. We cannot ride in an omnibus or a cab without finding an advertisement hung up in it, or travel a few miles into the country, without encountering the persevering efforts of wall-chalkers. As to dress, we are covered all over with puffs from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot; we tread upon a shoemaker's puff carefully pasted upon the inner sole, and are *tiled* with hatters' puffs stamped upon the lining of our beavers, or our gossamers, as the case may be; a tailor's puff is stitched under the collar of every coat, and we can't keep out the wet without advertising the house of Macintosh and Co. Then for reading: what is a book written for but to puff off either the author or the subject? Books of travels are puffs for the living; biographies puffs for the dead; poetry is the medium for the puffs of sentimentalists; and a modern novel is the vehicle of puffs for patricians, and anti-puffs for "the vulgar;" many a medical book has been written to puff a patent medicine, and many a mechanical one to recommend a favourite invention; in fact, a book is an epitome of puffs. Lastly, to prove that one cannot write without a host of puffs impeding the current of thought, we need only mention that we are at this moment scribbling with a pen having "Tanner, London," impressed upon it, and that it is fixed into a holder which heralds the ingenuity of "S. Mordan and Co.," while the maker's name is either woven into, or stamped upon, every sheet of our paper in four different places. In short, whatever we do, wherever we go; whether we stand, sit, or lie; in sickness or in health; hungry or thirsty; at home or abroad, multitudinous legions of puffs surround, envelop, and settle upon us, "thick as the leaves that strew the vales of Valombrosa."

CELESTINA, A SPANISH STORY, BY FLORIAN.

[Jean Pierre Claris de Florian was born of a noble family in the Cevennes, in 1755. His uncle was married to a niece of Voltaire; and, while young, Florian was taken to Ferney, and had the satisfaction of hearing Voltaire speak encouragingly of his talents. Afterwards he became page to the Duc de Penthièvre, who introduced him into the army, and otherwise befriended him. He quitted the army, and devoted himself to literature, producing, in 1783, the romance of "Galatea," in imitation of Cervantes: his mother being a Castilian, he was, by her means, familiar with the Spanish language. This work was followed by other productions, but for some time they did not attract much attention, until his fables, comedies, and short tales, made him exceedingly popular. He was imprisoned during the revolutionary period, writing, during his incarceration, the romance of "Guillaume Tell." He died in 1794.

Though Florian is deficient in power, and his "plots" are very inartificial, he is a pleasing writer, and his tales have considerable attraction for young minds. They were at one time very popular in England, in spite of the French tone of sentiment and feeling which pervade them, and which detract from their moral value. It must, however, be admitted, that Florian was a moral writer in a very immoral age; and he was a man of integrity, for he appropriated a portion of the profits of his writings to pay off family debts.]

Celestina, in her seventeenth year, was the first beauty of Granada. She was an orphan, and the heiress of a large fortune; and lived under the guardianship of her uncle Alonzo, an old and avaricious man, who occupied his days in counting his ducats, and his nights in silencing the serenades with which his niece was each evening entertained. He designed her for his only son Henriquez, a notorious dunce. The beauty of Celestina was so great, that almost all the young cavaliers of Granada were in love with her; and as she was never to be seen except at mass, the church which she attended was crowded with young men. Amongst these, Don Pedro, a young man of twenty, and captain in a troop of horse, was pre-eminent. Handsome, gentle, witty, the eyes of all the ladies of Granada were attracted by him, whilst among them all he saw only Celestina; and she, who could not avoid perceiving this, felt herself gradually influenced by the dumb eloquence of his eyes, and could not help replying by soft glances.

Thus passed a month, when Don Pedro found means to convey a letter to his mistress, informing her of what she already well knew. As soon as she had read this epistle, the cruel Celestina sent it back to Don Pedro in great indignation. But she had a remarkably retentive memory, and did not forget a word of what she had read, and eight days afterwards was able to give a distinct reply to every paragraph. But Don Pedro had perseverance, and Celestina had charity, and at length consented to talk to him at her window, according to the Spanish fashion, where windows are of more service by night than by day, and are the old-established meeting-places of impassioned lovers. There, when the street is deserted, the lover appears, gliding cautiously along, muffled in his cloak, and his faithful sword in his hand. He approaches the window, defended with strong bars on the outside and shutters within. But the shutters are gently unclosed, and the lovely Spaniard appears: her trembling voice awakes the low echoes of the night in a murmured inquiry if none is waiting beneath her window; her lover answers, vows are exchanged, and even kisses pass between the envious gratings. But the day is breaking—they must part: an hour is spent in breathing forth their passionate adieus; and they separate, leaving unsaid a multitude of things most necessary to be imparted.

Celestina's window was at the back of the house, and looked upon a piece of waste ground, around which were a few poor ill-built houses belonging to the lowest class of people. Don Pedro's old nurse happened to live in a room immediately opposite to Celestina's window. This he determined to secure; he went to his nurse, and after blaming himself for having so long neglected her, he insisted on removing her to his own house. The poor woman, affected even to tears by the kindness of her foster-son, refused his offer at first; but, at length giving way, she left her old apartments to his care, and was installed at Don Pedro's house.

Never was king more happy at taking possession of a throne, than was Don Pedro when he found himself installed in the miserable apartment abandoned by his nurse. He spent the day in watching the movements of his mistress, and the night in conversing beneath her window; but this happiness was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of Henriquez, the intended husband of Celestina, who made his appearance bearing in his hand a declaration of love, written for him in Latin by his tutor.

That night an earnest consultation was held at the window, and meantime the contract of marriage was in preparation, and the marriage-day was fixed. A flight to Portugal was determined on as the only means to avoid so direful a catastrophe, and it was settled that they should get married as soon as they should reach Lisbon, and make terms with her guardian afterwards. Celestina was to provide herself with a casket of jewels which had been left her by her mother; this was of considerable value, and on its proceeds they were to support themselves until their affairs were settled. Nothing was needed but the key of the grating, which Celestina undertook to procure. Eleven o'clock the next night was fixed for the escape. Pedro was to provide horses outside the gates, and was to meet Celestina at that hour, assist her in her descent, and fly with her to Portugal. Never was there a better-planned elopement.

Don Pedro employed all the next day in making preparations for his departure. Celestina arranged and re-arranged her jewel-box twenty times over, and was particularly careful not to forget a beautiful emerald which her lover had presented to her. Celestina and her casket were quite ready by eight o'clock, and it was not quite ten when Pedro, who had sent his carriage forward, approached the rendezvous.

As he drew near, he heard a voice calling for help, and perceived two men attacked by five bravos, who, armed with swords and bludgeons, were on the point of overpowering them. Pedro's natural bravery would not allow him to leave the weaker party undefended: he drew his sword and rushed to their assistance; he quickly wounded two of the assailants, and the others took to flight. What was his surprise in recognising in the men he had preserved no others than Don Alonzo and his son Henriquez! The young cavaliers of the town who were enamoured of Celestina, and were aware that she was about to be married to Henriquez, had been base enough to hire assassins to destroy him; and, but for the bravery of Don Pedro, would have succeeded in their design. Pedro did his best to disembarrass himself from their acknowledgments, but Henriquez, who prided himself on having acquired politeness at Salamanca, insisted on carrying him home and keeping him there all night. Pedro was in despair, for the clock had already struck eleven. Alas! he did not even guess the extent of his misfortune.

One of the bravos who ran from the fray, passed muffled up in his cloak beneath Celestina's window. It was a dark night; and the anxious girl, who had opened the grating, perceived him, and mistaking him for Pedro, called gently to him, and full of joy and impatience handed him the casket. "Take these diamonds, Don Pedro," she said, "and hold them for me whilst I descend." The bravo, hearing these words, eagerly snatched the casket, and made off without speaking a word; and whilst Celestina was getting out, he had already fled to a distance. What was the terror and surprise of poor Celestina when she found herself alone in the street, and could nowhere perceive him whom she had mistaken for Don Pedro! Her first idea was that he had gone forward for fear of

exciting suspicion by standing beneath the window, and she followed the way she supposed him to be gone, calling him softly as she hastened along. No answer was returned, and she was seized with terror. What should she do? Should she return to her uncle's house, or should she leave the city and endeavour to find the servants who were waiting for Don Pedro? She balanced these doubts in her mind, but could not determine. Still she walked onward: she soon became bewildered, and knew not where she was. Presently she met a man, and inquired of him if she was near the city gate. He pointed out the way to her. This gave her courage: she hastened onwards, and soon was beyond the walls of Granada, but she could not discover any one in waiting. She had no thought of blaming or misdoubting her lover: she hoped each moment was bringing her nearer to him; and she pursued the highway, trembling at each bush, and calling on Don Pedro at every step. But the farther she went, the farther was she from the right track. She had left the city by the gate directly opposite to the road to Portugal.

Meantime, Don Pedro could not disengage himself from Henriquez and his father. They would not quit him, and absolutely forced him to enter the house with them; and Pedro, hoping that Celestina would hear of his arrival, reluctantly complied. Alonzo went directly to his niece's room, to tell her of the danger from which her intended husband had so fortunately escaped. He called, but received no answer: he entered, and was horrified when he beheld the open window. His cries soon brought the servants, and the alarm was given all over the house. Pedro, in despair, declared he would run to seek her; and Henriquez, thanking him for his friendly sympathy, prepared to accompany him. But Pedro avoided this by proposing that they should take different roads; and not doubting that Celestina had taken the road to Portugal, he offered to seek her in that direction, and proposed that Henriquez should pursue the opposite path.

The unhappy Celestina was on the road to the Alpuxaras, when she thought she heard the sound of horses' feet. Her first thought was that Don Pedro was seeking her, but her second was the fear of travellers or brigands; and, trembling with terror, she crept behind a bush by the road-side, from whence she beheld Henriquez and several attendants pass by. Dreading to fall once more into the power of Alonzo, she turned from the high road, and plunged into the surrounding wood. The Alpuxaras are a chain of mountains extending from Granada to the sea; they are inhabited only by shepherds and labourers. An arid and stony soil, a few chesnut-trees scattered here and there, torrents, and roaring waterfalls, and a few goats wandering among the summits of the mountains, were the objects beheld by Celestina in the first light of the morning. Worn out with grief and fatigue, and her feet wounded by the rough stones, she seated herself on a rock, beside which trickled a little rill. The silence of the place,—the wild country around her,—the sound of many waterfalls subdued by distance, and the murmur of the rill falling into the basin it had worn, all united to remind poor Celestina of her unhappy fate—abandoned in a desert by all the world. Her tears fell fast as she reflected on her situation, but she thought more of Don Pedro. "It was not to him," thought she, "that I gave the diamonds. How was it that I could mistake him? Ah! why did not my heart warn me that I was wrong? I know he is seeking me; he weeps far away from me, and I shall die far from him!"

Her mournful thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a flute, and presently she heard a sweet but uncultivated voice singing a rustic air, in which the fleeting pleasures of love are deplored, and the inconstancy of a lover was complained of. Celestina rose to discover the musician, and at no great distance she discovered a young goatherd, sitting beneath a willow, watching with tearful eyes the water that flowed at his feet: he held a flute in his hand, and by his side lay a stick and a small bundle wrapped up in a goat-skin.

"You seem to be abandoned and cast off," said Celestina to the stranger: "take pity on one who, like yourself, is so also. Direct me, I beg of you, to some house or village among these mountains, where I may find, not repose,—that, alas! is impossible,—but food."

"Alas, madam!" replied the goatherd, "I would with pleasure conduct you myself to Gadara, which lies behind these rocks; but you would not desire me to return, if you knew that my mistress is to be married this day to my rival. I am about to leave these mountains, never more to return; and I carry nothing with me but my flute, a suit of clothes in this bundle, and the remembrance of my lost happiness."

These words inspired Celestina with a new design. "My friend," said she, "you have no money, and you will need it. I have a few pieces of gold, which I will divide with you, if you will give me the dress in your bundle." The goatherd accepted her offer. Celestina gave him twelve ducats, and, after receiving directions as to the road to Gadara, took leave of the goatherd, and, retiring among the rocks, put on the dress she had purchased.

Thus equipped, she took the road to the village, and, entering the market-place, inquired of the peasants she found assembled there, if none of them wanted a farm-servant. They gathered round her, and looked at her with surprise: the young girls especially admired her beautiful fair hair, which flowed over her shoulders; her mild, sparkling eyes, modestly cast down; and her light, slender figure. Nobody could imagine where this beautiful young man could have come from. One supposed it was a great lord in disguise; another, that it was a prince who had fallen in love with a shepherdess; and the magistrate assured them that it was Apollo, who had returned a second time to take care of their sheep.

Celestina, who had taken the name of Marcelio, was not long in finding a master; no other than the old alcalde of the village, who was regarded as the most worthy man in all the country. This good farmer (for the alcaldes of the villages are not of higher rank) soon conceived a great friendship for Marcelio. Before a month had elapsed, he took him from the care of his flock, and put all his household under his charge; and Marcelio acquitted himself with such mildness and fidelity as to be beloved by both master and servants. At the end of six months, the alcalde, who was more than eighty years old, left the whole care of his property to Marcelio; he even consulted him on the causes which came before him for his decision, and he had never made such just decrees as since he had been directed by Marcelio. Marcelio was the pattern and the delight of the village; his mildness, his grace, his wisdom, gained all hearts. "Behold," said the mothers to their sons,—"behold this handsome Marcelio: he is always with his master; he is unceasingly occupied in making his old age happy, and does not, like you, leave his work to run after the village girls."

Thus two years passed away. Celestina, whose thoughts were always occupied with Don Pedro, had secretly sent a shepherd, on whom she could rely, to make inquiries at Granada concerning her lover, Alonzo, and Henriquez. The shepherd reported that Alonzo was dead, that Henriquez was married, and that nothing had been heard of Don Pedro for two years. Celestina now lost all hope of ever seeing him again, and endeavoured to accustom herself to her lot, and to find happiness in the peace and friendship she enjoyed in the village. The old alcalde at length fell dangerously ill. Marcelio paid him all the attentions of the most affectionate son, and the good old man behaved like a grateful father, and at his death left all his property to his faithful Marcelio.

All the villagers mourned their alcalde, and, after rendering him the funeral honours with more tears than pomp, they assembled to elect his successor. In Spain, certain villages possess the privilege of electing their alcaldes,—that is to say, the magistrate who judges all suits, takes cognizance of all crimes, causes the guilty to be taken into custody, examines them, and delivers them over to the superior jurisdiction, which generally confirms the sentence passed by the alcalde.

The assembled villagers unanimously elected him whom the old alcalde had designed for his successor. The old men, followed by all the youngsters of the village, went in formal procession to carry the ensign of his dignity, a white wand, to Marcelio. Celestina accepted it; and, affected even to tears with this testimony of the affection of these honest people, she resolved to consecrate her life, formerly destined for love, to their happiness.

Leaving the new alcalde busy with the cares of office, let us return to the unfortunate Pedro, whom we left galloping on the road to Portugal, and at each step increasing the distance from his beloved.

He reached Lisbon without obtaining any intelligence of Celestina. He retraced his steps, and made every possible research, and returned again to Lisbon with no better fortune. After six months of fruitless inquiry, he felt satisfied that Celestina had not returned to Granada, and he resolved to go to Seville, where he knew she had relations. He found, on his arrival, that they had just sailed in the Mexican fleet; and, doubting not that there he should recover his long-lost mistress in Mexico, he hastened on board the last vessel in the fleet, which was on the point of sailing. He arrived safely, discovered the relations of Celestina, but they knew nothing concerning her. He

returned to Spain: the vessel encountered a storm, and was wrecked on the coast of Granada. Don Pedro and some others of the passengers escaped, and, proceeding into the mountains in search of shelter, were led by chance or Cupid to Gadara.

Don Pedro and his companions went into the first inn they came to; and they were congratulating each other on their escape, when a dispute arose between one of the passengers and a soldier, concerning a casket which the soldier had saved and the passenger claimed as his property. Don Pedro, who endeavoured to settle the quarrel, proposed that the passenger, in order to prove his claim, should state what the box contained; which was done, and the box opened to ascertain if what was said were true: but what was the surprise of Don Pedro when he recognized Celestina's jewels, and among them the emerald he had given her!

"How did you come by these jewels?" he demanded of the passenger, in a voice of fury.

"What is that to you?" replied the pretended owner, "it is enough that they belong to me;"—and so saying, he attempted to snatch them from Don Pedro, who repulsed him, and both drawing their swords, they fought, and after a few passes the passenger fell wounded. Don Pedro was seized and hurried to prison, and the master of the inn sent his wife to fetch the curé to attend the dying man, whilst he himself ran with the casket to the alcalde, and informed him of what had happened.

What was the surprise, the joy, the terror of Celestina, on recognizing her diamonds, and hearing that they had been challenged by the gentleman who was in custody! She went at once to the inn, where the curé had already arrived; and the wounded man, who believed himself dying, affected by his exhortations, acknowledged to the alcalde that, two years before, as he was passing at night through a street in Granada, a woman at a window gave him the casket, telling him to hold it while she came down; that he ran away with the jewels, and he begged pardon of God for the robbery. Celestina hastened to the prison: how her heart beat as she went! She quickened her steps: everything proved that it was Don Pedro whom she was about to behold, but she feared being recognised by him. She pulled her hat down over her eyes, muffled herself in her cloak, and, preceded by a turnkey who carried a light, she entered the dungeon.

She was scarcely at the foot of the stairs when she recognised Don Pedro. Joy almost took away her senses. She leaned against the wall; her head declined on her shoulder, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. By a great effort she repressed her emotion, and forcing herself to speak boldly, she approached the prisoner. "Stranger," said she, in a feigned voice, and often pausing to take breath, "you have wounded your companion, it is feared to death. What have you to say to excuse such an action?" After speaking these words she could no longer support herself, but, sitting down on a stone, covered her face with her hands.

"Alcalde," replied Don Pedro, "I have committed no crime; it was but an act of justice; but I desire death, for death alone can end the misfortunes of which that wretch was the first cause." He said no more, but the name of Celestina was heard upon his lips.

Celestina trembled when she heard him pronounce her name: she was no longer mistress of her transport; she rose, and was on the point of throwing herself into the arms of her lover, when the presence of the gaoler restrained her. She turned away her eyes, and, stifling her sobs, desired to be left alone with the prisoner. She was obeyed. Suffering her tears of joy to flow more freely, she now approached Don Pedro, and taking him by the hand, she said, in a voice interrupted by her sobs, "You still love her, who lives but for you?"

At that voice, at those words, Pedro raised his head, and scarcely dared to believe his eyes: "Oh, heaven, is it you? is it my Celestina, or an angel who takes her figure? Ah, it is thee!" cried he, pressing her in his arms, and bathing her with his tears: "it is my wife, my friend—all my misfortunes are ended."

And it was so. As the wounded man proved likely to recover, Celestina had power to restore Don Pedro to liberty, and, assembling all the villagers, she publicly declared her sex and her adventures, and resigned her office; and presenting Don Pedro to them as her intended husband, requested the curé to complete her happiness by uniting them. But now one of the old villagers stepped forth. "Oh, stranger," said he, "why will you take from us our alcalde? his loss we cannot repair. Condescend to remain with us; be yourself our alcalde, our master, our friend. In a great city, the cowardly and the wicked, who have the same rank, will think themselves your equals;—here, each virtuous inhabitant will look upon you as a father."

Pedro, whose wanderings had made him well inclined to rest, and who loved the people by whom his Celestina was so honoured, consented. Two days after, the lovers were married, and never was a bridal feast celebrated more blithely. Pedro paid one more visit to cities, and then bade adieu to them for ever. He visited Granada, and, after a tedious process, succeeded in recovering his wife's fortune from Henriquez: he then retired to Gadara, where he and Celestina lived long, well, and happily. They were mourned for by those who looked upon them with love and veneration, and their memory is revered to this day.

HISTORICAL EPISODES.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF HERTFORD AND LADY CATHERINE GREY.

Henry the Seventh—he who won the fight of Bosworth, and twined the roses of York and Lancaster—had a daughter (sister, of course, of Henry VIII.) who, after being married for three months to Louis XII. of France, married the Duke of Suffolk. From this marriage sprang a daughter, who married Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, afterwards created Duke of Suffolk; and these were the parents of a family of daughters, the eldest of whom—the accomplished, amiable, and unfortunate Lady Jane Grey,—is well known to all readers of English history.

It was the ambition of her parents that caused the ruin of Lady Jane Grey. The hereditary right to the throne, though very well understood, and even acted on, was still not so distinctly defined as to prevent attempts to secure that glittering temptation, the crown. The wars between the houses of York and Lancaster were waged on mingled notions of hereditary right and the right of power or possession; and, though Henry VII. may be said to have settled the succession, and to have left a secured crown to his son, Henry VIII., the latter, by his repeated marriages, divorces, and the passing of acts of illegitimacy against his own children, did much to disturb opinion about the right of succession. Moreover, when Edward VI. was dying, he was prevailed upon by the Duke of Northumberland to make a will, excluding his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, from the throne, and settling the crown on Lady Jane Grey, the eldest daughter of the Suffolk family, who was married to a son of Northumberland's. Lady Jane Grey's mother, who was a niece of Henry VIII., gave up her right in favour of her daughter; but Lady Jane herself gave a very reluctant assent to the ambitious scheme of her father and father-in-law. Mary became queen, almost without a struggle; and Lady Jane Grey, along with her young husband, was involved in the ruin of a project to which she could hardly be said to have been a party.

Some years afterwards, we find Lady Catherine Grey, a sister of Lady Jane's, at Elizabeth's court, in the capacity (seemingly) of a maid of honour. She had been married to Lord Herbert, a son of the Earl of Pembroke; but the earl, fearful of all connexion with royal blood, especially under such a jealous reign, procured an immediate divorce. But Lady Catherine herself, doubtless, saw no reason why the "blood royal" that ran in her veins should be a cause of exclusion from a participation in the enjoyments of social and domestic life; so she entered into a secret contract with the Earl of Hertford, whose sister, Lady Jane Seymour, was a companion of Lady Catherine's at court. "The queen went one morning to Eltham to hunt, when Lady Jane and Lady Catherine, according to previous concert, leaving the palace at Westminster by the stairs at the orchard, went along by the *sands* [it would be hard to go along the river-side by the *sands* now-a-days,] to the earl's house in Canon-row. Lady Jane then went for a priest, and the parties were married. The earl accompanied them back to the water-stairs of his house, put them into a boat, and they returned to the court time enough for dinner in Master Comptroller's chamber. Having consummated his marriage, Lord Hertford travelled into France."*

But whisperings began to run through the court; and Lady Catherine, aware that the matter could not be kept from the sharp ears of the queen, "first confessed it privately to Mrs. Sentlowe, and afterwards sought Lord Robert Dudley's chamber, to break out to him that she was married, in the hope of softening the anger

* Ellis's Original Letters, Second Series, vol. ii.

of the queen; but Elizabeth committed her to the Tower, where she was afterwards delivered of a son. Lord Hertford was summoned home, to answer for his misdemeanour; when, confessing the marriage, he also was committed to the Tower."

Now, the pleasant comedy was turned into a tragedy: a formal commission of inquiry was issued, at the head of which was Archbishop Parker, Bishop Grindal, and Sir William Petre; "when the parties being unable, within a time prescribed, to produce witnesses of the marriage, a definitive sentence was pronounced against them; and their imprisonment ordered to be continued during the queen's pleasure." So, because the priest who married them probably thought it prudent to keep out of the way, the young couple, who mutually acknowledged their marriage, and were willing to live together as loving man and wife, were committed to the Tower, at the pleasure of an arbitrary shrew!

The families of the parties stirred themselves in behalf of the young couple. Lady Catherine's uncle, Lord John Grey, of Pyrgo, in Essex, wrote to Sir William Cecil (Lord Burleigh) in behalf of his niece. "In faith," says he, "I would I were the queen's confessor this Lent, that I might join her in penance to forgive and forget; or otherwise able to step into the pulpit, to tell her highness that God will not forgive her, unless she freely forgive all the world." But Elizabeth was not a woman to be either intimidated or cajoled; and therefore, when we find Lady Catherine removed from the Tower to the custody of her uncle in Essex, we are not to infer that the independent language of the uncle was the sole cause of the change. "The ravages of the plague," says Sir Henry Ellis, "in London, in 1563, induced Queen Elizabeth to relax somewhat of her severity toward Lord Hertford and Lady Catherine. Secretary Cecil, writing to Sir Thomas Smith in France, in the month of August of that year, says, 'My Lord of Hertford and my Lady Catherine, by cause of the plague, are thus delivered: he with his mother, as a prisoner; she with her uncle, my Lord John Grey.' He adds—'They die in London above a thousand in a week.'"

While Lady Catherine was with her uncle at Pyrgo, several letters were sent from them both to Cecil, entreating the queen's forgiveness. With one of Lord Grey's letters was sent a petition from Lady Catherine to the queen, the style of which, if judged by our modern ideas, is quite offensive. Only think of one woman asking another woman forgiveness for a venial offence in the following language—language, we might almost think, borrowed from the Liturgy:—

"I dare not presume, most gracious sovereign, to crave pardon for my disobedient and rash matching of myself, without your highness's consent,—I only most humbly sue unto your highness to continue your merciful nature toward me. I *knowledge* myself a most unworthy creature to fail so much of your gracious favour as I have done. My just felt misery and continual grief doth teach me daily, more and more, the greatness of my fault, and your princely pity increaseth my sorrow, that have so forgotten my duty towards your majesty. This is my great torment of mind. May it therefore please your most excellent majesty to license me to be a most lowly suitor unto your highness, to extend toward my miserable state your majesty's favour and accustomed mercy, which, upon my knees, in all humble wise I crave, with my daily prayers to God, long to continue and preserve your majesty's reign over us.—From Pyrgo, the 7th of November, 1563."

Perhaps Elizabeth might have relaxed in her despotic and harsh treatment of Lord and Lady Hertford, if a Marplot had not come in the way. One John Hales, who had been clerk of the hanaper in the reign of Henry the Eighth, wrote a book on the ticklish subject of the succession to the crown, and introduced the claims of the Grey family, as well as the debateable point of the marriage. "Here," says Secretary Cecil, "is fallen out a troublesome fond matter. John Hales had secretly made a book in the time of the last parliament, wherein he had taken upon him to discuss *no small matter*,—viz. the title to the crown after the queen's majesty. Having confuted and rejected the line of the Scottish queen, and made the line of the Lady Frances, mother to the Lady Catherine, only next and lawful. He is committed to the Fleet for this boldness, specially because he hath communicated it to sundry persons. My Lord John Grey is in trouble also for it. Beside this, John Hales hath procured sentences and counsels of lawyers from beyond seas to be written in maintenance of the Earl of Hertford's marriage. This dealing of his offendeth the queen's majesty very much."

No doubt it did; the royal shrew was not to be trifled with, and so poor Lord Hertford and his wife were sent back to the Tower again. Anne, Duchess of Somerset, mother of Lord Hertford, wrote to Cecil, setting forth—"how unmeet it is this young couple should wax old in prison," but all to no purpose. Meantime, Lord Hertford, by bribing his keepers, was permitted to pass from his own apartments to those of his wife, in the Tower. Another child was born, and this roused all the wrath of the "virgin queen." Lord Hertford was fined in the monstrous sum of fifteen thousand pounds,—a large sum of money in those days. This fine was divided into three parts, and was alleged to be inflicted for a *triple* crime: five thousand for the original offence, five thousand *for breaking his prison*, and five thousand for repeating his vicious act.

But death came to release Lady Catherine from her arbitrary and cruel imprisonment. A copy of a manuscript, entitled "the Manner of her Departing," is given by Sir Henry Ellis; and he adds, very justly, "the reader will peruse it with a feeling of pity." After describing the prayers and pious ejaculations which she uttered, the narrative mentions that Lady Hopton said to her, "Madam, be of good comfort, for with God his favour you shall live and escape this; for Mrs. Cousen saith you have escaped many dangers, when you were as like to die as you be now." "No, no, my lady, my time is come, and it is not God's will that I should live any longer; and his will be done, and not mine." Then, looking upon those that were about her—"As I am, so shall you be; behold the picture of yourselves!" After conversation on one or two matters, "calling unto her woman, she said, 'Give me the box wherein my wedding ring is;' and when she had it, she opened it, and took out a ring with a pointed diamond, and said, 'Here, Sir Owen, deliver this unto my lord; this is the ring that I received of him when I gave myself to him, and gave him my faith.' 'What say you, madam,' said Sir Owen, 'was this your wedding ring?' 'No, Sir Owen,' she said, 'this was the ring of my assurance unto my lord; and there is my wedding ring,' taking another ring, all of gold, out of the box, saying, 'Deliver this also my lord, and pray him, even as I have been to him, (as I take God to witness I have been,) a true and a faithful wife, that he would be a loving and a natural father unto my children, unto whom I give the same blessing that God gave to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.' And then took she out another ring with a death's head, and said, 'This shall be the last token unto my lord that ever I shall send him: it is the picture of myself.' The words about the death's head were these—'While I live, yours!' and so, looking down upon her hands, and perceiving the nails to look purple, said, 'Lo, here he is come!' and then, as it were with a joyful countenance, she said, 'Welcome, Death!' and embracing herself with her arms, and lifting up her eyes and hands unto heaven, knocking her hands upon her breast, she brake forth, and said, 'O Lord, for thy manifold mercies, blot out of the book all mine offences!' Whereby Sir Owen, perceiving her to draw towards her end, said to Mr. Bockeham, 'Were it not best to send to the church, that the bell* may be rung?' and she herself hearing him, said, 'Good Sir Owen, let it be so.' Then, immediately perceiving her end to be near, she entered into prayer, and said, 'O Lord, unto thy hands I commend my soul! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!' and so, putting down her eyes with her own hands, she yielded unto God her meek spirit, at nine of the clock in the morning, the 27th of January, 1567."

"The marriage," says Sir Henry Ellis, "between Lady Catherine Grey and the Earl of Hertford was not established till 1606; when the priest who had joined them being produced, and other circumstances agreeing, a jury at common law found it a good marriage." Lord Hertford was *nine years* in prison.

We may conclude this touching and even tragic story with something approaching to farce. Lady Mary Grey, a sister of Lady Catherine, who is described as having been the most diminutive lady about the court of Elizabeth, imitated her sister in the matter of secrecy in her marriage. She was married privately to Henry Keys, the queen's gentleman porter. The marriage does not seem to have been a very romantic one, nor, on the lady's part, a very dignified one; but the insignificance of it might have sheltered the couple from the royal virgin's vengeance. That "omnibus" secretary, Cecil, writing all the way to France, says to Sir Thomas Smith—"Here is an unhappy chance, and monstrous. The serjeant porter, being the biggest gentleman in this court, hath married secretly the Lady Mary Grey, the least of all the court. They are committed to several prisons. *The offence is very great.*" Sir Henry Ellis gives copies of two letters from Lady Mary Grey to Cecil, begging for pardon.

* The "passing bell." It was rung at the passing from life to death, with the intention that those who heard it should pray for the person dying.

THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

The visitor of London who walks along the narrow street called the Old Bailey, leading from Ludgate Hill, and crossing Newgate-street, would find it hard to fancy that a portion of the *wall* of the city once ran along it. Yet, so it was; and the prison of Newgate preserves in its name the memorial of a *new* gate having been struck through the wall, Lud-gate not being a sufficient thoroughfare. Prisoners were, in ancient times, confined in apartments adjoining or over the gate of the city or castle, if they were not removed to a place of greater security. Hence, when the prison was built in the room of the prison of the gate, it retained the name of Newgate.

The origin of the term "Bailey," the reader, if he is curious in etymology, may trace from one of two words, or from a combination of them both. It may come from "*ballium*," an outer bulwark; a portion of the ditch outside the city wall lay along the site of the street called the Old Bailey, and the term "ballium" was applied to a ditch as well as to outworks. "The Old Bailey," say the antiquarians, "near Lud Gate in London, received its name from its relative position in regard of the antient wall of the city." But perhaps the name was perpetuated by its association with the French "*Baillé*," signifying to be delivered to the care of one's keeper or bail. For, as a man accused of crime is held, by our old common law, to be innocent until proved to be guilty, so, strictly speaking, no man should be imprisoned, or suffer bodily restraint or coercion of any kind, until sentence is pronounced against him. To prevent, however, the escape of the guilty, accused persons were required to be *baillé*, or bailed—to find sureties who would be answerable for their appearance when called upon to take their trial; and those who could not find friends or neighbours willing to undergo this responsibility, were, of course, committed to prison for security.

The Old Bailey, with the adjoining prison of Newgate, have been as famous in the annals of crime, as London is in the history of Britain. The prison, until just the other day almost, was pre-eminent as a school of iniquity; other prisons might have been bad, but considering that Newgate was the criminal receptacle of such a city as London, it was abominable. Every body has heard of the labours of Mrs. Fry; and this consideration should cheer all philanthropic labourers, that even if their aims are only individual, yet those very individual aims may powerfully help forward great general good. The main object of Mrs. Fry and her fellow-workers was doubtless the immediate personal reformation of the unhappy victims of iniquity confined in prisons; but in doing so, they powerfully aided the progress of the great question of prison reform.

We have already given in the London Saturday Journal (No. IV., pp. 60—62), some details respecting the gradual amelioration of the Criminal Law, and the numbers who were executed annually till within a very recent period, as contrasted with the milder administration of the law in the present day. As a sort of finish to those statements, we here present the reader with a picture of "The Condemned Sermon," as it used to be performed eight times a year within the prison of Newgate, over criminals condemned to die at the Old Bailey. The writer of this sketch is Mr. E. G. Wakefield, the well-known political economist, and author of "England and America." He was himself confined in Newgate, and had ample opportunity for studying the details, of which he has composed his picture. Some of our readers may be familiar with it, as it has repeatedly appeared in print; and others may think that there is exaggeration in the statements. But we have his own authority that not a circumstance is stated which he did not witness: it was written so recently as 1830, and may be taken as a powerful dramatic sketch of scenes, the memory of which is already fading away, but which, only a very few years ago, were performed, at intervals of six weeks or two months each, within the heart of the City of London.

"The condemned service is conducted with peculiar solemnity, being attended by the sheriffs in their great gold chains, and is in other ways calculated to make a strong impression on the minds of the congregation, who may be considered as representing the criminals of the metropolis. Whether the impression be a good or a bad one, I leave the reader to decide; but in order that he may have the necessary materials for deciding justly, I lay before him the following description of a condemned service, premising only this—that not a circumstance is stated which I have not witnessed.

"The sheriffs are already seated in their own pew, accompanied by their under-sheriffs, and two friends drawn thither by curiosity. Not far from them appear two tall footmen, swelling with pride at their state liveries. The ordinary is in his desk: his surplice is evidently fresh from the mangle: and those who see him every day observe an air of peculiar solemnity, and perhaps of importance, in his face and manner. The clerk is busied, searching out the psalms proper for the occasion.

"The tragedy begins. Enter first the school-master and his pupils; then the prisoners for trial; next the transports, amongst whom are the late companions of the condemned men; and then the women. Lastly come the condemned. They are four in number. The first is a youth, about eighteen apparently. He is to die for stealing in a dwelling-house goods valued at more than 5*l.* His features have no felonious cast: on the contrary, they are handsome, intelligent, and even pleasing. Craft, and fear, and debauchery, have not yet had time to put decided marks on him. He steps boldly, with his head upright, looks to the women's gallery, and smiles. His intention is to pass for a brave fellow with those who have brought him to this untimely end; but the attempt fails; fear is stronger in him than vanity. Suddenly his head droops; and, as he sits down, his bent knees tremble and knock together. The second is an older criminal, on whose countenance *villain* is distinctly written. He has been sentenced to death before, but reprieved, and transported for life. Having incurred the penalty of death by the act, in itself innocent, of returning to England, he is now about to die for a burglary committed since his return. His glance at the sheriffs and the ordinary tells of scorn and defiance. But even this hardened ruffian will wince at the most trying moment, as we shall see presently. The third is a sheep-stealer, a poor ignorant creature, in whose case there are mitigating points, but who is to be hanged in consequence of some report having reached the ear of the Secretary of State, that this is not his first offence; and, secondly, because of late a good many sheep have been stolen by other people. He is quite content to die: indeed, the exertions of the chaplain and others have brought him firmly to believe, that his situation is enviable, and that the gates of Heaven are open to receive him. Now observe the fourth—that miserable old man in a tattered suit of black. He is already half dead. He is said to be a clergyman of the Church of England, and has been convicted of forgery. The great efforts made to save his life, not only by his friends but by many utter strangers, fed him with hope until his doom was sealed. He is now under the influence of despair. He staggers towards the pew, reels into it, stumbles forward, flings himself on to the ground, and, by a curious twist of the spine, buries his head under his body. The sheriffs shudder, their inquisitive friends crane forward; the keeper frowns on the excited congregation; the lately smirking footmen close their eyes and forget their liveries; the ordinary clasps his hands; the turnkeys cry 'hush!' and the old clerk lifts up his cracked voice, saying, 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God.'

"People of London! is there any scene in any play so striking as this tragedy in real life, which is acted eight times a year in the midst of your serene homes?

"They sing the Morning Hymn, which of course reminds the condemned of their prospect for to-morrow morning. Eight o'clock to-morrow morning is to be their last moment. They come to the burial service. The youth, who alone, of those for whom it is intended, is both able and willing to read, is, from want of practice, at a loss to find the place in his prayer-book. The ordinary observes him, looks to the sheriffs, and says aloud the 'Service for the Dead!' The youth's hands tremble as they hold the book upside-down. The burglar is heard to mutter an angry oath. The sheep-stealer smiles, and, extending his arms upwards, looks with a glad expression to the roof of the chapel. The forger has never moved.

"Let us pass on. All have sung the 'Lamentation of a Sinner,' and have seemed to pray, 'especially for those now awaiting the awful execution of the law.' We come to the sermon.

"The ordinary of Newgate is an orthodox, unaffected Church of England divine, who preaches plain homely discourses, as fit as any religious discourse can be fit for the irritated audience. The sermon of this day, whether eloquent or plain, useful or useless, must produce a striking effect at the moment of its delivery. The text, without another word, is enough to raise the wildest passions of the audience, already fretted by an exhibition of gross injustice, and by the contradiction involved in the conjunction of religion with the taking away of lives. 'The sacrifices of God are a broken

heart: a broken and contrite heart, O God! thou wilt not despise.' For a while the preacher addresses himself to the congregation at large, who listen attentively—excepting the clergyman and the burglar, of whom the former is still rolled up at the bottom of the condemned pew, whilst the eyes of the latter are wandering round the chapel, and one of them is occasionally winked, impudently, at some acquaintance amongst the prisoners for trial. At length the ordinary pauses: and then, in a deep tone, which, though hardly above a whisper, is audible to all, says—'Now to you, my poor fellow-mortals, who are about to suffer the last penalty of the law.' But why should I repeat the whole? It is enough to say, that in the same solemn tone he talks for about ten minutes of crimes, punishments, bonds, shame, ignominy, sorrow, sufferings, wretchedness, pangs, childless parents, widows, and helpless orphans, broken and contrite hearts, and death to-morrow morning for the benefit of society. What happens? The dying men are dreadfully agitated. The young stealer in a dwelling-house no longer has the least pretence to bravery. He grasps the back of the pew; his legs give way; he utters a faint groan, and sinks on the floor. Why does no one stir to help him? Where would be the use? The hardened burglar moves not, nor does he speak; but his face is of an ashy paleness; and, if you look carefully, you may see blood trickling from his lip, which he has bitten unconsciously, or from rage, or to rouse his fainting courage. The poor sheep-stealer is in a frenzy. He throws his hands far from him and shouts aloud, 'Mercy, good Lord! mercy is all I ask. The Lord in his mercy come! There! there! I see the Lamb of God! Oh! how happy! Oh! this is happy!' Meanwhile, the clergyman, still bent into the form of a sleeping dog, struggles violently,—his feet, legs, hands, and arms, even the muscles of his back, move with a quick jerking motion, not naturally, but, as it were, like the affected parts of a galvanized corpse. Suddenly he utters a short sharp scream, and all is still.

"The silence is short. As the ordinary proceeds 'to conclude' the women set up a yell, which is mixed with a rustling noise, occasioned by the removal of those whose hysterics have ended in fainting. The sheriffs cover their faces; and one of their inquisitive friends blows his nose with his glove. The keeper tries to appear unmoved; but his eye wanders anxiously over the combustible assembly. The children round the communion-table stare and gape with childish wonder. The two masses of prisoners for trial undulate and slightly murmur; while the capital convicts, who were lately in that black pew, appear faint with emotion.

"This exhibition lasts for some minutes, and then the congregation disperses; the condemned returning to the cells; the forger carried by turnkeys; the youth sobbing convulsively, as a passionate child; the burglar muttering curses and savage expressions of defiance; whilst the poor sheep-stealer shakes hands with the turnkeys, and points upward with madness in his look!"

Such scenes are now of rare occurrence: the year 1838 (as was remarked in the article in this Journal already alluded to) passed without a "condemned sermon" having been preached in Newgate, and without an execution in the metropolis.

The Old Bailey was the great criminal court of the metropolis, and derived its importance from that circumstance. The chief part of London lies in Middlesex, and the large population of the metropolis afforded ample employment to the court. But its jurisdiction did not extend beyond the county; and, therefore, as London began to spread on the other side of the Thames, great anomalies presented themselves. A prisoner who committed an offence on the Middlesex side of the Thames, would be committed to Newgate, and tried, probably, in a few weeks, for the sessions at the Old Bailey were held eight times a year; while, if he crossed the river, and committed an offence in Lambeth, or at Greenwich, he would be transferred to the Surrey or Kent assizes, and might be in prison four or five months before trial. To remedy this and other inconveniences, an act of parliament was passed in 1834, creating a CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, to be held at the Old Bailey, which has jurisdiction over offences committed in all places within ten miles of St. Paul's,—an extent which includes portions of Surrey, Kent, and Essex, as well as Middlesex. Offences committed on the high seas, within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty of England, can also be tried in this court; so that the reader may observe occasionally in the newspapers, notices of sailors and others apprehended at such distant ports as Bristol or Liverpool, and brought up to be tried at the Central Criminal Court. Its sittings are held twelve times a year, or once a month; and, as each session generally occupies a fortnight, and sometimes nearly three weeks, the space between them is exceedingly brief.

We may easily learn the fact of the Court being in session by the scene presented in Old Bailey street. Straw is laid down in the narrow street, to deaden the noise of passing carriages; while groups of idling or curious individuals, policemen and witnesses in attendance, may be seen swarming about the entrances of the Court, or crossing over to the public-houses. In the earlier part of the session, the Grand Jury are busy in their own room, examining the bills of indictment; in the "OLD COURT," two of the Judges may be presiding; and, in the "NEW COURT," the Recorder or Common-Serjeant: so that, in fact, during each session of the Central Criminal Court, there may be said to be *three* tribunals sitting, investigating and trying offences.

The "Old Court" is the chief or main court at the Old Bailey; here the judges, from choice or predilection, generally choose to sit, the "New Court" never being honoured with the presence of a judge, unless there is a pressure of business. In the "Old Court," therefore, the more serious crimes are tried, and to it the public attention is more generally directed. The Recorder and Common Serjeant of the Corporation of the City of London preside in the "New Court," and also in the absence of the judges, in the "Old Court;" sometimes in the mornings before the judges arrive, and in the evenings, if they go away early.

Formerly, the Recorder used personally to report to the King in Council the cases of all those tried at the Old Bailey, against whom sentence of death was *recorded*. The sentences of the various prisoners were also pronounced by him after the trials were over. The accession of her present Majesty rendered necessary a change in the practice of reporting in Council the cases of those against whom sentence of death was recorded; there being, of course, many cases the details of which could not be, with propriety, gone into in presence of the Queen. An act was therefore passed, soon after her accession, assimilating the practice of the Central Criminal Court to those of other criminal courts, which has somewhat diminished the personal importance of the Recorder.

The "Old Court" is an oblong room, along one side of which is the "Bench,"—a range of crimson-cushioned seats, the central seat having a canopy over it, on which is the royal arms. The act of Parliament creating the Central Criminal Court, makes the Lord Mayor and Aldermen judges of the court, but they take no part beyond being present. There are seldom more than two or three members of the Corporation on the bench at a time. On the right hand of the bench is the jury box; in the centre of the room is a table, round which sit the counsel; and opposite the bench is the "dock"—a square box, the front of which is technically called the "bar." Over the dock is a small gallery for visitors, who must pay for admission, from one shilling and sixpence and upwards each, according as the door-keeper estimates the importance of the trial, or the eagerness of the persons to be admitted. This is a disgraceful practice. By the common law, courts of justice ought freely to be open;—you can walk without obstruction into the space below the bar in the House of Lords, during the arguing of an appeal case; the superior courts at Westminster Hall are as freely open as a place of worship; but the doors of the Old Bailey are only unlocked by silver keys.

We have entered, we will say, during the progress of a trial.—A witness is under examination in the witness-box; one or two of the counsel are eagerly consulting together; others are carelessly reading newspapers; and perhaps the prisoner at the bar trembling for his fate. Enter the grand jury, accompanied by an officer bearing a wand: the trial is interrupted; the clerk of the court reads aloud the "true bills" returned against prisoners; and the frequent recurrence of the word "felony," as he reads, soon tells the unpractised stranger that the larger portion of the business of the Central Criminal Court arises from those mean and petty crimes which spring from the combined influence of ignorance, vice, and poverty. When the grand jury retire, the trial is resumed; and after its conclusion, a crowd of men, women, and youths may be seen pouring into the dock, ascending by a staircase, through a covered passage, from the adjoining prison of Newgate. A strange medley they seem, and a humbling spectacle they present,—some in tatters, some decently clothed, some looking round with a frown or with an air of indifference, others gazing, tittering, or wondering. These prisoners are arraigned by the "batch," to save time; their crimes being of a class. They are told that they have the privilege of challenging the jury, but possibly the greatest number do not understand what that means. Then each juryman is sworn separately by the officer of the court—"You shall well and truly try, and true deliverance make, between our sovereign lady the Queen and the prisoners at the

bar, whom you shall have in charge, and a true verdict give, according to the evidence. So help you God!" After the usual proclamation has been made, calling upon all witnesses to come forward, &c., the group in the dock are conducted back to the prison, except the one or two whose particular case is to be taken first, and then a trial begins. It is only the mass of petty thieves, and professional dealers in crime, who are thus arraigned by the "lump:" important or peculiar cases generally stand by themselves.

We were in the "Old Court" the other day, when a decent-looking man was placed at the bar, charged with a paltry felony—the stealing of a few sovereigns. In looking at him, the first feeling was that of regret, that a man apparently so respectable—an honest-looking tradesman—should have had his moral sense so blunted as to incur the chance of standing at that bar for a matter of ten or eleven pounds. Straightway the prosecutor mounted the witness-box, and all eyes were fixed upon him. You might travel over London, and, amongst all its fops, witlings, and cinnamon idiots, find it hard to match him. His shirt collar was turned down, after the fashion stupidly called Byronic; his hair, parted across his head, and pasted tight down, terminated in most elaborately-formed curls behind. Some of the male portion of the audience sneered, and some of the ladies smiled—possibly one or two *might* have thought him a nice-looking young man. The book was put into his hand by the officer, who began—"The evidence which you shall give"—when he was stopped by the witness informing him that he *affirmed*. What was he? a Quaker? He was a Quaker in the matter of *affirmation*. That would not do: did he now belong, or had he ever belonged, to the Quakers? No. Well, then, what was he? a Separatist, or a Moravian? No—he was a *Christian*. He must be more explicit. What *sect* did he belong to? He was an *Israelite*. "Oh, then," exclaimed the counsel for the defence, (a well-known Irish barrister, who may be said to take the lead in the Central Criminal Court,) "swear him on the *Old* Testament." Ah! but he was not a *Jew*—he was a *Christian* Israelite: the result of the trial did not prove him to be "an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile." Search was now made in the books, to see under what act he could claim exemption from taking an oath; and, during the delay, the Israelite looked around him, now folding his arms, now leaning on the brass railing which surmounts the witness-box, and seemed to enjoy his self-importance. At last the judge informed him, that none of the acts of parliament which permitted certain classes of dissenters to give evidence on affirmation could be interpreted as reaching him, and that therefore his evidence must be given on oath, or not at all. "Well, then," exclaimed the magnanimous Israelite, "rather than *justice* should be defeated, I *will* take the oath!" A new difficulty arose, started by the ingenious counsel for the defence. How had he given his evidence before the grand jury? On affirmation. Then, it was contended, the indictment was a nullity—as worthless as a piece of waste paper. The grand jury had no right to take his evidence on affirmation, seeing he was not legally entitled to the privilege; therefore, their "true bill" was no bill at all. This was a poser; it gave rise to a tedious search in the books for precedents and cases in point, nearly all the law library of the Court having been brought down, to be thumbed and turned over. During the delay, the Israelite tried to shed light on the darkness; he more than once began a speech with—"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury," but was promptly silenced; the judge, on one occasion, saying—"Hold your tongue, sir! don't *you* interfere." At last the objection was *reserved*, for the purpose of allowing the trial to go on; the Israelite was sworn, and gave his evidence. He deposed to having left a carpet-bag in a lodging which he had quitted; and on returning, found it had been rifled, and eleven sovereigns taken from a purse. The money, he affirmed, was found on the prisoner, when his person was searched by officers whom he had introduced, in order to apprehend him. The result of the trial may be told in a few words. The prosecutor, who turned out to be a *hawker*, (a title, however, he would not acknowledge,) lodged in a house, sharing half a bed, at the rate of *one shilling and sixpence a week!* —(his appearance presenting a most remarkable and ludicrous contrast to this statement)—and had concocted his villanous charge for the purpose of gratifying some malignant revenge. The money was clearly proved to be the property of the prisoner, while the prosecutor was not worth a sixpence. The jury stopped the case, and the judge told the intended victim, that he left the bar without an imputation on his character: and yet, perhaps, but for the exertions of counsel, this oily-looking, affected, and sanctimonious pretending rascal, who swallowed his scruples, and took an oath, that *justice* should not be impeded, would have transported an honest man, if he could! To such uses may our courts of justice be occasionally perverted!

The number of persons tried at the Central Criminal Court is between three and four thousand annually. The number of criminal offenders within the range of the jurisdiction of the Court may be taken at upwards of four thousand, or about one offender in every five hundred of the population.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JOHN LEDYARD.

CONCLUSION.

When the anchor was raised, and the sails were spread to a fair wind, Ledyard believed that at last the wish of his heart would be fulfilled; but he seemed born for disappointment. The vessel was not out of sight of land, when it was brought back for some breach of the revenue laws, and ultimately condemned. This was a severe blow to poor Ledyard: he rallied manfully against it, and renewing his project of a journey through Siberia, and thence to America, a subscription was raised for the purpose of enabling him to carry his design into execution. Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Hunter, Sir James Hall, and Colonel Smith were his chief patrons. The amount raised could not have been very large, since we find that, on his arrival at Hamburgh, he had but ten guineas left. Here he found that Major Langbain, a very eccentric American traveller, had recently been at the hotel where Ledyard lodged, and that he had gone off to Copenhagen without his baggage, taking with him only one spare shirt, and very few other articles of clothing. His trunks were to be sent after him, but, being accidentally delayed, he had written for them in terms which induced Ledyard to believe he was in want of money. Ledyard hastened to relieve the imagined distress of his countryman, and, although it was far out of his way, he went straight to Copenhagen, where he found Langbain in a very awkward situation, without money or friends, and shut up in his room for want of decent apparel to appear abroad in. Ledyard's ten guineas soon vanished. He spent two weeks with Langbain, but could not persuade him to join him in his expedition even as far as Petersburg; Langbain refused, saying—"No! I esteem you; but I can travel in the way I do with no man on earth." Ledyard consequently prepared to set out for Petersburg by himself; but how was he to do this without a farthing? He drew a small bill on Colonel Smith, and he had the good fortune to meet with a merchant who consented to cash it for him. A sum had been left in the colonel's hands to answer such an exigence, but not to the full amount of the bill; which was, however, duly honoured when it came to hand. Thus furnished, he set out, and arrived at Stockholm about the end of January, 1787. The common route from Stockholm to Petersburg is across the Gulf of Bothnia to Abo in Finland, touching at the isles of Aland on the passage,—a journey performed over the ice in winter; but the season was so mild that the ice was too insecure to risk a passage, and no alternative remained but travelling round the gulf into Lapland, and thence through the whole extent of Finland to Petersburg, or staying at Stockholm till the passage to Abo was open. He did not long hesitate, but set out at once, alone and on foot, for Tornea, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, but a few miles south of the arctic circle, and thence he proceeded to Petersburg, where he arrived before the 20th of March, without money, and almost destitute of clothes. How he performed this surprising journey is not known, nor even the route which he took from Tornea; but, in a letter to Mr. Jefferson, he speaks of passing through the most unfrequented parts of Finland, from whence it is concluded that he did not follow the usual coast road to Abo. It is a most astonishing fact, that he was able to accomplish this formidable journey within seven weeks of the time of leaving Stockholm, making the average distance travelled about two hundred miles a week.

He had letters of introduction with him, and soon found friends at Petersburg, and, venturing to draw for twenty pounds on Sir Joseph Banks, was (for him) well supplied with money. Mr. William Brown, a Scotch physician, was proceeding to the province of Kolyvan, in the employment of the Empress. Ledyard joined him, and thus had a companion on his tour for more than three thousand miles. From this arrangement he enjoyed an important advantage, for Dr. Brown travelled at the expense of the Government; and, as Ledyard went with him by permission of the proper authority, his travelling charges were probably

defrayed—in part at least—from the public funds. The party left Petersburgh on the 1st of June, and in six days arrived at Moscow, where they hired a person to go with them to Kazan, a distance of 550 miles, and drive their kibitka with three horses.

They staid a week at Kazan, and then commenced their journey to Tobolsk, where they arrived on the 11th of July, having crossed the Ural mountains, and passed the frontiers of Europe and Asia. The face of the country had hitherto been level, with hardly an eminence springing from the great plain which spreads over the vast territory from Moscow to Tobolsk. The ascent of the Ural mountains was so gradual as scarcely to form an exception to this general remark, and nothing could be more monotonous and dreary than the interminable wastes over which their route had led them since leaving Kazan, with here and there a miserable village, and unproductive culture of the soil. Tobolsk is a city of considerable interest, having been once the capital of all Siberia. It stands at the junction of two large rivers, the Tobol and Irtish. It is a handsome, well-built town, and some good society is to be found there, as it is the chief place of residence for persons exiled for political offences; and, as has been *naïvely* remarked by Captain Cochrane, in his account of this place, "no government banishes *fools*." But, as it was the object of both our travellers to push on with the utmost expedition, they made but a short stay at Tobolsk, and proceeded forward to Bamaoul, the capital of the province of Kolyvan, where Dr. Brown was about to take up his residence. This place is, in many respects, one of the most agreeable places of residence in Siberia. The province, of which it is the capital, is a rich mining district, and this brings together in the town persons of science and respectability, who are employed as public officers to superintend the working of the mines. The surrounding country, moreover, is well suited to agriculture, abounding in good lands for pasture and grain, supporting vast herds of cattle, and producing vegetables in great profusion. In consequence of these bounties of nature, there is an overflowing and cheap market, an absence of want, and much positive happiness among the people. It is in the fifty-third degree of north latitude.

The following extract is from that part of Ledyard's journal which he wrote at Bamaoul:—

"The face of the country, from Petersburgh to Kolyvan, is one continued plain. The soil, before arriving at Kazan, is very well cultivated; afterwards, cultivation gradually ceases. On the route to Kazan we saw large mounds of earth,—often of twenty, thirty, and forty feet elevation; which I conjectured, and on inquiry found, to be ancient sepulchres. There is an analogy between these and our own graves and the Egyptian pyramids; and an exact resemblance between these and those piles, supposed to be of monumental earth, which are found among some of the tribes of North America. We first saw Tartars before our arrival at Kazan; and also a woman with her nails painted red, like the Cochin Chinese.

"Notwithstanding the modern introduction of linen into Russia, the garments of the peasantry still retain not only the form, but the manner of ornamenting them, which was practised when they wore skins. This resembles the Tartar mode of ornamenting, and is but a modification of the *wampum* * ornament, which is still discernible, westward from Russia to Denmark, among the Finlanders, Laplanders, and Swedes. In the United States of America, as in Russia, we have made an effort to convert our Tartars to think and act like us: but to what effect? Among us, Sampson Occum was pushed the farthest within the pale of civilisation; but just as the sanguine divine, who brought him there, was forming the highest expectations he fled, and sought his own elysium in the bosom of his native forests. In Russia they have none so distinguished; here they are commonly footmen, or lackeys of some other kind. The Marquis de la Fayette had a young American Tartar of the Onandago tribe, who came to see him, and the Marquis at much expense equipped him in rich Indian dresses. After staying some time, he did as Occum did. When I was at school at Mount Ida [Dartmouth College], many Indians were there, most of whom gave some promise of being civilised, and some were sent forth to preach; but as far as I observed myself, and have been since informed, they all returned to the home and customs of their fathers, and followed the inclinations which nature had so deeply enstamped on their character."

* The peculiar ornament of the North American Indians; it will be again mentioned hereafter. Ledyard's favourite theory was, that the North American Indians and Tartars were the same race, and he here adduces the wampum as an evidence of its correctness.

In a letter to Mr. Jefferson, written from Bamaoul on the 29th of July, 1787, he thus expresses himself:—

"How I have come thus far, and how I am to go still farther, is an enigma that I must disclose to you on some happier occasion. I shall never be able without seeing you in person, and perhaps not then, to inform you how universally and circumstantially the Tartars resemble the aborigines of America. They are the same people; the most ancient and the most numerous of any other; and had not a small sea divided them, they would all have been still known by the same name. The cloak of civilisation sits as ill upon them as upon our American Tartars. They have been a long time Tartars, and it will be a long time before they will be any other kind of people. I shall send this letter to Petersburgh, to the care of Professor Pallas. He will transmit it to you, together with one for the Marquis *, in the mail of the Count Ségur. My health is perfectly good; but notwithstanding the vigour of my body, my mind keeps the start of me, and I anticipate my future fate with the most lively ardour. Pity it is, that in such a career one should be subjected, like a horse, to *the beggarly impediments of sleep and hunger*."

It was arranged that he should travel from Bamaoul to Irkutsk, a distance of 1732 versts, or 1155 miles, three versts being equal to two miles, with the courier who carried the mail. This was another fortunate circumstance, and enabled the traveller to proceed much more rapidly than it would otherwise have been possible, and it appears that all the expenses were defrayed by the government. Between Bamaoul and Tomsk, the first halting-place, a distance of about 300 miles passed over in two days and three nights, the effects of the violent winds, which frequently desolate whole districts, were very perceptible. At Tomsk, a miserable town, the abode of the vilest and most wretched convicts, they were detained two or three days, but were hospitably entertained by the governor, a Frenchman. In ten days from the time of leaving Tomsk, they arrived in Irtusk, over a road of which he speaks in no terms of commendation. From Tomsk to Yenessey the country exhibited rather an agreeable aspect and marks of cultivation, and in this region he first found the "real craggy peaked hill or mountain," and from Krasnojarsk to Irkutsk was the first stony road which he had passed over in the Russian dominions. The streets of Tobolsk, and some of the other towns on his route, were paved with wood.

From Irkutsk, where he was delayed for some days waiting for the post, he proceeded to the river Lena, and there embarking in a bateau, arrived at Yakutsk, after a fatiguing voyage of twenty-two days. When he left Irkutsk, it was just in the midst of harvest-time, and the reapers were in the fields; but, when he entered Yakutsk, the snow was six inches deep, and the boys were whipping their tops on the ice. Here his travels in prosecution of his favourite scheme were put an end to. Under pretence that the season was too far advanced, the governor at first threw difficulties in his way, and at length absolutely prevented him from proceeding. Ledyard made several unavailing attempts to proceed, as he believed, and truly, that the difficulties were exaggerated, but he was forced to give way, and occupied himself during his sojourn in inquiries upon the condition of the country and its inhabitants; holding ever before his eyes his favourite idea, that the Tartars and the North American Indians were the same race; he was also curious in his inquiries respecting the variation of colour in different races, and the causes of those variations, as he felt a strong desire to prove that these were caused by exterior circumstances, and not from an organic distinction. His notes on this subject are loose and undigested; and we cannot afford room for them at present. Whilst at Yakutsk he met with Captain Billings, the commander of a Russian expedition of discovery, and an old fellow companion in Cook's voyage. Billings had been assistant to Bayly the astronomer, attached to Cook's expedition, and had had the good fortune to be employed by the Empress Catherine in the exploration of the North-eastern regions of her territories. Billings was going up to Irkutsk, and, without any idea of the fate that awaited his friend, persuaded him to accompany him, merely to pass away the time in society. One evening Ledyard was suddenly arrested by the Russian police, acting under an order just received from the Empress; he was hurried into a kibitka, and carried as fast as post-horses could convey him to the frontiers of Poland, where he was coolly turned adrift, and told that it was at the risk of his life if he ever attempted to enter Russia again. At first sight such a proceeding, after the great facilities that had

* The Marquis de la Fayette, who had shown Ledyard much attention at Paris.

been afforded to him in the earlier part of his journey, appears strange, but it is easily accounted for. When Ledyard obtained his passport and government protection the court was abroad, and occupied by amusements, and probably the Empress thought that by showing a trifling favour to an American, she would engage him in her service; and she was at that time extremely anxious to retain men of talent of any nation, and to spread abroad a good idea of her own administration; consequently, she considered it good policy to show favour to Ledyard, who was represented as a mere traveller, and from whom no harm was to be dreaded. The governor of Yakutsk must have known well that the views of Ledyard would, if realised, very much weaken the Russian power in Eastern Asia, and, at least, very much interfere with the establishments already made, and still extending, by which they then enjoyed a monopoly of the fur trade with the North-western American Indians. No wonder that he held Ledyard fast, till he could send home and get a ukase of banishment against our unfortunate traveller. Is it possible to conceive the feelings of a man, who, after triumphing over every difficulty, after penetrating from London to Yakutsk, one-half of the circumference of the globe, or nearly so, in the earnest pursuit of a purpose on which his mind was set; for the sake of which he had hazarded everything; for which he had suffered cold, hunger, and fatigue, when he found himself at length, after being trained on by flattering hopes, disappointed? Who that reads this narrative, and believes himself of sufficient spirit to have gone through what Ledyard suffered, would have borne up as he did?

He was turned adrift on the frontiers of Poland, without a penny, and commanded never to set foot again in Russia. He managed to raise five pounds on a draft on Sir Joseph Banks, and with these slender means contrived to reach London, where he arrived in the beginning of May, "disappointed, ragged, and pennyless." He was received with great kindness by Sir Joseph Banks, who gave him a recommendation to the African Association, who were then seeking for a traveller willing to explore the interior of Africa, and, if possible, discover the source of the Niger. Ledyard at once acceded to the proposition, and, on being asked when he should be ready to set out, promptly replied, "To-morrow morning."

He left London on the 30th of June, and proceeded without accident to Cairo, but just as he was on the point of setting out with the caravan to Sennaar, he was attacked by illness, occasioned by exposure to the sun, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians at Cairo, he expired towards the end of November, 1788, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

THE POOR MAN'S MAY.

SWEET MAY! they tell me thou art come:
Thou art not come to *me*;
I cannot spare a single hour,
Sweet May! to welcome thee.
God knows how hard I've worked this week,
To earn my children bread;
And see we have an empty board,—
My children are unfed.

And thou art still the same sweet May
My childhood loved so well.
When humming like a happy bee
Along some primrose dell,
I thought, oh! what a lovely world
Is this, dear God has given;
And wondered any one should seek
For any other heaven!

The hawthorn buds are come again,
And apple blossoms too;
And all the idle, happy birds
May sing the long day through.
The old green lane awakes once more,
And looks perhaps for me,
Alas! green lane, my heart may die—
I cannot come to thee.

From Poems by John and Mary Saunders.

THE STRUCTURE AND FUNCTIONS OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE lungs are only one of the organs whose primary office is the purification of the blood. There are other elements, besides carbon and hydrogen, which have a tendency to accumulate in it to excess, yet the lungs are capable of removing none but them. Moreover, the lungs alone would be unable to carry off the whole excess even of these two substances. Hence a necessity for other *excreting* organs,—that is, for organs whose function is to secrete from the blood, and carry out of the system, whatever, either by its noxious qualities or its superabundant quantity, tends to deteriorate the blood.

Azote is the basis of animal structure, to which it is indeed peculiar, not entering at all into the composition of vegetables. It has been mentioned that a quantity of this gas is absorbed into the blood at every inspiration, and the need of some apparatus to limit the amount retained in the system is therefore obvious. This office is performed by the *kidneys*, two glandular bodies, situated one on each side of the spine, and possessing a very complicated structure. The importance of these organs may be estimated from the fact, that about a thousand ounces of blood circulate through them every hour. The secretion of the kidneys consists of a large quantity of fluid derived from the aqueous constituents of the blood, and holding in solution a great variety of substances,—that peculiar to, and giving its name to the secretion, being *urea*, a highly animalised substance, the basis of which is azote.

The *skin* is an organ of great complexity and varied functions. It is composed of three layers,—the *cuticle* (or external skin), the *rete mucosum* (or mucous network), and the *cutis* (the true or internal skin). The cuticle is a thin, yet firm and strong, insensible membrane; the principal office of which is to diminish the force of external impressions; it also serves as a covering to the whole body, and confines and protects the soft tissues lying beneath. The rete mucosum connects the cuticle with the cutis, and is the seat of the colouring matter of the skin. The cutis is the chief part of the compound structure to which it belongs. It is composed of an infinite number of capillaries and nerves, of which, indeed, it wholly consists. These capillaries are the agents which perform the specific function of the skin,—the secretion and excretion of a large proportion of the superfluous hydrogen of the blood. Under ordinary circumstances, this element is removed by the skin in the form of an invisible vapour, which, when more abundantly evolved, condenses on the surface of the body. The former is called insensible, the latter sensible, *perspiration*. Along with these watery particles, and held in solution by them, a considerable number of other substances are conveyed out of the system. The quantity of matter excreted by the skin is exceedingly variable, depending chiefly on the degree of temperature to which the individual is exposed, which operates in this way by determining the distribution of the blood; great heat or exertion causing a large proportion of the entire mass of that fluid to flow into the cutaneous capillaries. In a state of health, insensible perspiration goes on uninterruptedly, and the average amount of this secretion in an adult has been estimated at from twenty to forty ounces in four-and-twenty hours.

The liver has been already mentioned as assisting in digestion by means of its secretion, the bile. We have now to show its uses as a depurating organ. The liver is the only organ in the body (if we except the lungs) whose secretion is formed from venous blood: the kidneys, the pancreas, the salivary glands, derive their respective products from arterial blood. Not so the liver. The

veins of the digestive organs, instead of returning the blood directly to the heart, unite to form a large vein, the *vena porta*, which ramifies throughout the liver, and furnishes the materials from which the bile is eliminated. The principal constituents of bile are carbon and hydrogen, so that, by this process, the blood sent to the liver is freed from a large portion of those elements, and prepared for being more completely purified in the lungs. The liver is therefore subsidiary to the proper organs of respiration, from which it differs chiefly in the mode by which it decarbonizes the blood.

Here may be mentioned the proper digestive function of the liver, by virtue of which it assists the stomach and other organs of digestion. Fluids, more especially fermented or spirituous liquors, are rapidly removed from the stomach by its capillary veins and absorbents, and are thus conveyed to the liver, to which, by similar means, are brought various products of the other organs, whose veins terminate there. Here these substances undergo a change, with the nature of which we are not acquainted, but which is doubtless a process of digestion, and are then transmitted with the blood into the heart and lungs. Hence it plainly appears that the liver is a digestive as well as an excreting and respiratory organ, being destined to operate upon substances on which the other digestive organs are not capable of acting. These various functions account for the great size of the liver, and its intimate connexion with the stomach, as well as for its extraordinary development in some of the lower classes of animals, as fishes and reptiles, whose respiratory system is simple and on a small scale.

The principal functions of the *intestines* are, as we have seen, the separation of the nutritious from the excrementitious parts of the food, and the removal of the latter. These are not all, however: the mucous lining of the intestines is thickly studded with glands, which secrete a large quantity of fluid, consisting of effete particles of every kind entering into the composition of the body, and which is ejected along with the excrementitious portions of the bile and aliment.

It frequently happens that more nutriment is formed than the system requires, and hence the blood becomes loaded with carbon and hydrogen. In such cases these elements combine, forming *at*, which is separated from the blood, and deposited, in various parts of the body, in the cellular tissue, by the capillary arteries of that tissue.

By the combined operation of these organs—the lungs, the kidneys, the skin, the liver, the intestines, and by the cellular tissue, the blood is maintained in the proper condition for the carrying on of its function with regularity and perfection. To this end they are all indispensable; and, although their activity varies with varying circumstances, and one or more may, for a time, take scarcely any part in this grand process, their inactivity being compensated for by the greater vigour of others, yet health is not compatible with the continued cessation of the function of any one of them. It is observable that more than one organ is provided for each of the matters excreted from the blood; the object of which arrangement is to prevent the serious evils which would arise from the temporary derangement of an organ of this kind, were there none to supply its place. Hence all the organs just enumerated are closely implicated with one another, all being affected, to a greater or less extent, by the condition of each. The practical consequences of this fact are of the highest importance, and will hereafter be pointed out.

The complicated and elaborate apparatus provided for the maintenance of organic life, especially as so much of it seems to produce no *positive* good, but merely to serve as preventives of evil, may, at first sight, appear to betoken imperfection in the original constitution of the animal economy. The human frame is, doubtless, a structure far from simple, yet no part of it is superfluous. On the contrary, we find in it a wonderful economy of instruments; various and apparently independent effects being produced by one set of means and agencies, in a way which never fails to excite our admiration, by the display of profound wisdom and perfect control over the materials employed which such manifestations indicate. Some remarkable instances of this kind next claim our attention.

One of the essential characteristics of life is a *temperature* more or less elevated, independent of that of the media by which living beings are surrounded. A certain degree of heat, varying in different classes of organised bodies, is indispensable to the continuance of life, every deviation from it being either a cause or a consequence of disease, and, when it reaches beyond a given point, destructive of life. The production and regulation of this temperature are effected by the organs of organic life: so long as they are healthy and vigorous, the exact degree of heat required is kept up in the animal economy, in spite of the influence of external agents.

The sources of terrestrial heat are both numerous and diversified, yet "the discoveries of chemists have referred most of these to the general head of *chemical combination*. Thus, fire, or the combustion of inflammable bodies, is nothing more than a violent chemical action attending the combination of their ingredients with the oxygen of the air." *

This brief quotation contains the explanation of the generation of animal heat. Carbon, an inflammable substance, the basis of coal, wood, &c., is continually entering into the blood, and as constantly being removed from it, by combining with oxygen. Here, then, are all the conditions necessary to the production of heat. Thus, the same process that purifies the blood also generates the vital heat, equally indispensable with the blood to organized existence: the accumulation of carbon in the blood is, therefore, not an evil,—not a circumstance indicative of imperfection,—but one absolutely essential to life, and a mark of beneficent design.

So far, the theory of animal heat is free from difficulty, but in other respects it is still, to some extent, unsettled,—that theory which appears most satisfactorily to account for all the observed phenomena involving several points in physiology which are yet matters of dispute. On this account, and as the subject does not bear directly on the object we have in view, we shall not enter upon it here, further than to quote the conclusion at which Dr. S. Smith arrives respecting the question. "The result of the whole is the complete establishment of the fact that the production of heat in the animal body is a chemical operation dependent on the combination of oxygen with carbon *in the capillary arteries of the system*,—that is, it is the result of the burning of charcoal at every point of the body."

Numerous experiments have decisively proved that this chemical process is greatly aided by the *vital* functions of the nervous system, which are, indeed, essential to its continuance. In what mode it is so, however, we are still ignorant: whether, as some suppose, by the electrical properties which they attribute to the nervous centres, or by the direct generation of heat, being undetermined.

One of the best ascertained laws of heat is *its tendency to equal distribution*. Now, since the media in which animals exist are liable to great and sudden variations of temperature, it might be supposed that the heat of animals would undergo corresponding changes. Such, however, is not the case. The natural heat of man remains, with little variation, the same in the hottest regions

* Sir J. Herschell's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, p. 312.

of the tropics and in the midst of the ice-bound oceans around the poles: nay, even when exposed to artificially created temperatures, higher than any that are met with in the warmest climates. The processes by which this is accomplished, and which come under the denomination of those which *protect* the animal economy from external agents, are next to be considered.

It has been proved by experiment that the quantity of oxygen consumed by man diminishes in proportion as the temperature of the atmosphere rises: for, as the air *expands* in the same proportion, fewer particles of oxygen enter the lungs, and consequently less carbonic acid is formed; the excess of carbon not removed by respiration being, in such cases, secreted by the liver, as already explained. Here, then, is a direct provision for counteracting the effect of too high an external temperature, by limiting the amount of animal heat generated.

The influence of heat upon the distribution of the blood has been before alluded to, and this is another means for effecting the purpose under consideration. When an animal is removed into a higher temperature, the action of the heart is increased, the circulation is accelerated, and thus a larger quantity of blood is sent to the lungs and skin. In these organs, being acted upon by the heat, a portion of the watery constituents of the blood is converted into vapour and poured out on their surfaces, whence it is carried off by the surrounding air. Now, the change of a substance from a state of less to one of greater *rarity* occasions the absorption of caloric; the vapour or steam arising from boiling water, for instance, prevents it ever rising above a certain temperature, whatever degree of heat it may be subjected to. In like manner, evaporation from animals lowers their temperature by absorbing and carrying off the superabundant heat; and so effectual is this process that persons may remain for considerable periods in an atmosphere many degrees hotter than boiling water, without injury and almost without inconvenience! In such circumstances the loss of substance is, of course, very great; men engaged in gas-works, &c. frequently lose four or five pounds in weight in a short time.

Man is exposed to degrees of temperature as far below his own natural heat as those just referred to are above it. In the polar regions the temperature of the atmosphere is sometimes as low as forty or fifty degrees below zero, that is, 140 degrees lower than that of man. which latter is nevertheless maintained in spite of the constant radiation of heat from his body. It must be noted, however, that man could not long exist under such circumstances but for the assistance of art; he clothes himself in the thick furs with which the lower animals destined to inhabit such localities, are provided, and which, being bad conductors of heat, diminish greatly the loss of caloric. The natural provisions for enabling man to resist the influence of intense cold are principally, increased consumption of oxygen and production of carbonic acid, and diminution of evaporation. Cold contracts the capillaries on the surfaces of the body, and thus lessens the quantity of blood contained in them, and thereby, and by the direct influence of low temperature, evaporation is, to a great extent, prevented. It may be observed, also, that the food of animals living in cold climates is almost exclusively animal, which contains a larger proportion than vegetables of carbon and hydrogen—at least, of those elements in a state fit to enter into and form part of the body, which thus receives a more abundant supply of combustible matter than it would if vegetables were the chief articles of food.

Before concluding this exposition of the laws of organic life, we must briefly describe two sets of organs which exert a general influence upon that as well as upon the animal life, namely, the absorbent system and the organic nerves.

The absorbent system consists of lacteals, *lymphatics*, and a peculiar class of glands, termed *conglobate*. Collectively, the office of those organs is, as the name denotes, to take up the various particles that come in contact with their extremities, and to convey them into the blood. The thoracic duct is the common termination of the whole absorbent system. The special functions of the lacteals have been already stated. The lymphatics are exceedingly minute vessels, closely resembling the lacteals in structure; they penetrate every part of the body, and are probably the sources of the absorbent power of the skin, and of the surface of several internal organs, by means of which substances placed upon them are speedily removed into the circulation. But the characteristic office of the lymphatics is, in conjunction with the capillaries, to build up and keep in repair the organs of the body. Pervading every tissue in countless numbers, they remove the worn-out particles from their various combinations, and thus prepare the receptacles in which the capillary arteries deposit the newly-formed particles, and hence they have been aptly termed the architects of the animal structure. On them is greatly dependent the condition of the entire frame. If they are too active, the body becomes emaciated and weakened; if insufficiently so, deposition proceeds too rapidly, and a plethoric state of the system is induced, and, at the same time, noxious particles are suffered to remain and accumulate.

Sensibility is generally regarded as an essential attribute of *nerves*. This, however, is an erroneous notion. The nervous system is composed of two parts, the *sentient*, of which the brain and spinal cord are the central masses, and the *organic*, which is not susceptible of sensation. The former presides over the functions of animal life; the latter over the processes by which vegetative existence is preserved. The organic nerves are developed before the sentient part of the nervous system, and consequently are originally independent of it; but afterwards these two systems unite and exert great mutual influence. Organic nerves take their rise in the abdomen and thorax, the cavities which contain the principal organs of the organic life, the great trunks of the arteries supplying which are completely enveloped in a complicated network of organic nerves, and filaments derived from which accompany all, even the minutest ramifications of the arteries, becoming larger and more numerous as the size of the arteries diminishes. Organic nerves are indispensable to the carrying on of all the processes of organic life: digestion, secretion, absorption, nutrition, would at once cease, but for their co-operation with the arterial capillaries. It is conjectured, and with much appearance of reason, that they perform their important part in the animal economy by means of the electric fluid, which they are supposed to convey to the capillaries, where it exerts a chemical influence on the blood. Numerous experiments have been made with a view to determine this question, but physiologists are not yet agreed respecting it. Be this as it may, it is certain that the functions of any organ are interrupted by the removal of its organic nerves, but may, for a time at least, be re-established by conveying a galvanic current to the organ affected.

We have thus completed a brief outline of so much of the organic life as is necessary for our purpose. Our readers will now be able to understand the principles on which the practical directions for the preservation of health, to be hereafter given, are founded, and to apply those general rules to their own individual cases, intelligently and beneficially. Health consists in the regular and natural performance of the functions of organic life, being influenced by the animal life merely through its action upon them. We have, therefore, given a far more full account of those functions, than it will be necessary to do with regard to the animal functions of locomotion and sensation. Our exposition is still necessarily imperfect; and those of our readers whom we may have succeeded in interesting in the subject, we refer for fuller information to Dr. Southwood Smith's work on "The Philosophy of Health," which contains a most complete and luminous exposition of every branch of the subject, and to which we take this opportunity of expressing our great obligations in the foregoing compendium.

WELLS CATHEDRAL.

It is very remarkable that Wells Cathedral was finished in 1242, two years after the birth of Cimabue, the restorer of painting in Italy; and the work was going on at the same time that Nicolo Pisano, the Italian restorer of sculpture, exercised the art in his own country: it was also finished forty-six years before the Cathedral of Amiens, and thirty-six years before the Cathedral of Orvieto was begun; and it seems to be the first specimen of such magnificent and varied sculpture, united in a series of sacred history, that is to be found in Western Europe.—*Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture.*

FAST DRIVING.

"Coachman," said an outside passenger to one who was driving at a furious rate over one of the most mountainous roads in the north of England, "have you no consideration for our lives and limbs?"—"What are your lives and limbs to me," was the reply; "I am behind my time!"—*New York Mirror.*

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Rent on the earth her maiden veil she throws,
That emulates the rose;
And on the sad attendants rolling
The trembling lustre of her dewy eyes,
Their grief-impassioned souls controlling,
That ennobled, modest grace,
Which the mimic pencil tries
In the imag'd form to trace,
The breathing picture shows;
And as, amidst his festal pleasures,
Her father oft rejoiced to hear
Her voice in soft mellifluous measures
Warble the sprightly-fancied air—
So now in act to speak the virgin stands;
But when the third libation paid,
She heard her father's dread commands
Enjoining silence, she obey'd:
And for her country's good,
With patient, meek submissive mind
To her hard fate resign'd,
Pour'd out the rich stream of her blood.

Potter's Æschylus.

A DUTCH ASSEMBLY.

An unfortunate Irishman known by the name of Lord Kerry, being the other night at one of the Dutch assemblies, and quite overcome with its stupidity, yawned so terribly that he fairly dislocated his jaw. It was immediately set again; but he has suffered much from the accident, and is still confined by it to his bed. He is a man upwards of fifty, and consequently, must have been frequently ennuied before. But such peculiar ennui was more than he had bargained for, or had power to resist. You may think this is a made anecdote, but I assure you I have told you the plain matter of fact.—*Letter of M. G. Lewis.*

FIRST INSTANCE OF BRIBERY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

1571 A. R. 13—May 10. Thomas Long, "a very simple man and unfit" to serve, is questioned how he came to be elected. He confesses that he gave the Mayor of Westbury and another four pounds for his place in Parliament. They are ordered to repay this sum, to appear to answer such things as should be objected against them in that house, and a fine of twenty pounds is to be assessed on the corporation and inhabitants of Westbury, for their scandalous attempt.—*Parry's Parliaments and Councils of England.*

DISPROPORTIONED PUNISHMENTS.

Whenever the offence inspires less horror than the punishment, the rigour of the penal law is obliged to give way to the common feelings of mankind.—*Gibbon.*

A NEGRO CHILD'S BURIAL.

A friend, who had resided some time in Brazil, told an anecdote, which was extremely pleasing to me, on account of the distinct and animating faith it implied. When walking on the beach, he overtook a negro woman, carrying a large tray upon her head. Thinking she had fruit or flowers to sell, he called to her to stop. On being asked what she had in her tray, she lowered the burthen upon the sand, and gently uncovered it. It was a dead negro babe, covered with a neat white robe, with a garland around its head, and a bunch of flowers in the little hands, that lay clasped upon its bosom. "Is this your child?" asked my friend. "It *was* mine a few days ago," she said; "but it is the Madonna's now. I am carrying it to the church to be buried. *It is a little angel now.*" "How beautifully you have laid it out!" said the traveller. "Ah!" replied the negro, "that is nothing compared to the beautiful bright wings with which it is flying through heaven!"—*The Mother's Book.*

THE TRIGGER FISH.

We were boarded by some little canoes, hollowed from logs, when fully ten miles from the shore; nor did the poor fishermen in these frail vessels appear to feel any concern at the distance. From one of these boats we obtained some fish of an oval shape, of one to two pounds in weight and a deep blue colour, spotted all over with white. Sailors call them "trigger" fish because their large back-fin cannot be pressed backward by a strong effort, but is levelled by the slightest touch on a smaller fin, planted a little below it.—*Voyage of the Brig Himmaleh.*

ANECDOTE OF KING JAMES I.

In the midst of the Spanish match, the king, who was at Theobalds, was much discomposed by missing some important papers which he had received respecting it. On recollection, he was persuaded that he had intrusted them to his old servant Gib, a Scotchman and gentleman of his bed-chamber. Gib on being called declared, humbly but firmly, that no such papers had ever been given to his care; on which the king, transported with rage, after much reviling, kicked him as he kneeled before him. "Sir," exclaimed Gib, instantly rising, "I have served you from my youth and you never found me unfaithful; I have not deserved this from you, nor can I live longer with you under this disgrace: fare ye well sir, I will never see your face more:" and he instantly took horse for London. No sooner was the circumstance known in the palace, than the papers were brought to the king by Endymion Porter, to whom he had given them. He asked for Gib, and being told he was gone, ordered them to post after him and bring him back; vowing that he would neither eat, drink, nor sleep till he saw him. And when he at length beheld him entering his chamber, he kneeled down and very earnestly begged his pardon; nor would he rise from this humble posture till he had in a manner compelled the confused and astonished Gib to pronounce the words of absolution.—*Miss Aikin's Memoirs of James I.*

THE SONG OF THE LARK.

The Lark proclaimed the joys of the coming year, and awakened endless hopes, while she soared circling higher and higher, till, at length, her song was like the soft whisper of an angel holding converse with the spring, under the blue arch of heaven.—*The Story without an End.*

WHO NEVER COMMEND BUT WITH A "BUT."

I knew a man who never heard any one praised but he damped the praise. He *did* praise, occasionally, but then it was to mortify the listener. If the listener praised, in turn, he would immediately change sides, and begin to censure the very person he had before eulogised. He went to church every Sunday; read the prayers audibly; sung with the clerk; would cry like a child in misfortune; and, in the course of an hour, sing a song to drive his care away. He never commended but with a "BUT." With him Naaman was an honourable man, and a mighty man of valour——BUT——he was a leper!—*Bucke's Book of Human Character.*

CHEAP.

A tradesman in the country tendered an account in which was the following item; and, considering the job, his charge was certainly moderate:—"To hanging wickets and myself, seven hours, five shillings and sixpence."—*New York Mirror.*

THE HONEY-BIRD.

In the country of the Amakasa wild honey is found plentifully, and the natives very frequently avail themselves of the assistance of the honey-bird, or bee-cuckoo, (Cuculus Indicator), in searching for it. This bird, which is of a cinereous colour, and somewhat larger than the common sparrow, is well known in South Africa for its extraordinary faculty of discovering the hives or nests of the wild bees, which in that country are constructed either in hollow trees, in crevices of the rocks, or in holes in the ground. Being extremely fond of honey, and of the bees'-eggs, or larvæ, and at the same time unable, without assistance, to obtain access to the bee-hives nature has supplied the Indicator with the singular instinct of calling to its aid certain other animals, and especially man himself, to enable it to attain its object. This is a fact long ago established on the authority of Sparrman, Vaillant, and other scientific travellers in Southern Africa. With the habits of this curious bird I was myself acquainted during my residence in the interior of the Cape colony, and have often partaken of wild honey procured by its guidance. It usually sits in a tree by the way-side, and, when any passenger approaches, greets him with its peculiar cry of *cherr-a-cherr! cherr-a-cherr!* If he shows any disposition to attend to its call, it flies on before him in short flights, from tree to tree, till it leads him to the spot where it knows a bee-hive to be concealed. It then sits still and silent till he has extracted the honeycomb, of which it expects a portion as its share of the spoil; and this share the natives who profit by its guidance never fail to leave it. Some of the native Hottentots assert, also, that to obtain access to the hives in hollow trees, the honey-bird sometimes calls to its aid the wood-pecker, a bird which finds in the larvæ, or young bees, a treat as enticing to its taste as the honey is to that of its ingenious associate.—*African Sketches, by Thomas Pringle.*

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

WHEN Drury-lane Theatre was burnt, Bannister the comedian was amongst the losers of property, as well as of situation. His wife was a relation of Rundle the goldsmith, who sent Bannister the following letter:—

"*Ludgate-hill, 27 Feb. 1809.*

"Dear Sir:—I have great pleasure in inclosing you a bank-note for 500*l.*, which I hope you will do me the favour to accept, in consideration of the loss you may sustain from the late serious change in the concern.

"I remain, dear sir, with the greatest regard for your welfare, your friend and humble servant, "PHILIP RUNDLE.

"I presume there will be a subscription opened for those in distress."

Bannister's Memoirs.

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ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

No. V.

CONCLUDING VIEW OF THE NATURE OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

"You are aware," continued M. de L., "that, besides light and heat, there are two other imponderable and prodigiously subtle bodies, which lend their concurrent aid in governing the universe of matter and its changes,—so far, at least, as regards the planet we inhabit: I mean electricity and magnetism. Many philosophers regard these four substances or elements as imparting condition to matter, rather than as forming any part of matter itself. But, imponderable though they be, they nevertheless occupy space, and two of them, at least, offer resistance; facts evident to the physical senses of organised beings: they may, therefore, justly be considered matter. I accordingly term them 'bodies.' By their nature, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, are fluids, but of more refined and penetrating action than the most subtle and expansive of the elastic fluids called 'gases.' The necessity of light, and its chemical action upon matter, needs not now to be discussed, any more than the properties of heat, by which all nature is maintained in form and life. But if light be necessary to bring about many changes in matter inorganic, and, in most cases, indispensable to the very life of organised matter; and if heat be indispensable to impart form and bulk to the material world; electricity and magnetism are equally so to direct the general polarity of matter,—a condition necessary, not only to marshal it to the laws of gravitation and motion, but to excite those changes arising from what is termed 'chemical action.' Besides the general polarity of the world, its component parts, even, no doubt, to its ultimate atoms, have individual polarity, governed by the same laws. This is, however, foreign to the subject now under our consideration, but may form a topic on some future occasion.

"Thus, then, electricity and magnetism have an action upon matter, from which it renders them as inseparable as light and heat. Volta having discovered galvanism to be identical with electricity, some other philosopher may hereafter show that magnetism is only a modification of the electric principle; that the polarity of matter, and the chemical arrangements dependent upon it, are directed by one fluid only, and not by two; that, in short, the whole material universe is under the control of a general directing or governing principle, which may be called 'electricity,' or 'magnetism,' or by some more appropriate name.*

"That there is a very close connexion between electricity and magnetism is evident from the discoveries of the Danish philosopher, Oersted, in 1819. His experiments have been since followed out and illustrated by Ampère, De la Rive, Arago, your own Davy, and many other illustrious men. These discoveries show most satisfactorily that the action of magnetism is under the direct influence of electricity. They further justify the well-grounded supposition that the immediate cause of the variation in the magnetic needle, which so materially affects navigation, is the action of electricity *under polar connexion*. I will endeavour to explain this to you more clearly.

"The two poles of a voltaic apparatus,—the positive pole, as you know, yielding vitreous, the negative yielding resinous, electricity,—are connected by a wire of platinum, gold, or iron. This wire, being rectilinear almost from end to end, is directed in the exact line of the magnetic meridian. If a magnetic needle, properly suspended, and attached to a diagram representing the points of the mariner's compass, be placed with its centre immediately *under* this connecting wire, the pole of the needle nearest to the negative electric pole will decline towards the WEST; but, if the needle be placed in the same situation *above* the connecting wire, its declination will be towards the EAST. In neither case, however, does the declination exceed an angle of ninety degrees. Some day, I will show you two or three singular experiments connected with this fact, which very materially strengthen the evidence it offers of so close a connexion between electricity and magnetism, that identity may almost be inferred.

"There is another point which I must notice. If light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, be matter, though imponderable, do they enter into chemical union with matter? My opinion is, that they do. Heat gives form and bulk to all bodies, by lying between their ultimate atoms, which it keeps asunder to the utmost extent permitted by the power of cohesion peculiar to the separate qualities of each body. The different bulks and specific qualities of bodies depend, therefore, upon the interposition of heat, the substances which contain the greatest quantity being the most porous, and therefore the lightest, because their constituent atoms are the farthest asunder. But the heat which regulates this specific gravity, and that also which maintains matter in its several conditions of solid, liquid, and vapour or gas;—that is to say, the constituent heat of matter—loses by its combination, by its very quality of constituent heat, its distinctive property of affording sensible warmth. Constituent heat does not affect the most delicate thermometer. But when this kind of heat is separated from the body to which it is united, it immediately resumes its power of affording warmth, and will act upon the mercury in the thermometer. For example: steam and boiling water are of the same precise temperature—100° centigrade*; but steam absorbs, beyond this, 555·8° † of constituent heat, although its temperature never exceeds 100°. Did it not absorb this heat, it would remain water at the temperature of steam. When this latter is re-condensed to water, it parts with its constituent heat, which, on being liberated, recovers the property it had lost, and sensibly affects the surrounding media. Again: ice, and water just melted from ice, show the same temperature, that of zero ‡; but the water has absorbed 77.812° § of heat, which has become insensible, but without which the water at zero would have remained ice. This latter

* The word electricity is derived from the Greek word ἤλεκτρον (electron), which signifies amber. This name was given from the circumstance that the discoverer of electricity, Thales of Miletus, found it to arise from the friction of amber. Magnetism comes from the Latin word "magnes," which means the lodestone, or stone that attracts iron.—"Magnes ad se ferrum allicit et trahit."—Cic.

* 212° Fahrenheit.

† 1000° measured by Fahrenheit's scale.

‡ 32° Fahrenheit.

§ 140° Fahrenheit's scale.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

solid will never melt unless the surrounding media supply this constituent heat; a fact which explains the cause of the atmosphere being sometimes colder during a thaw than before it commenced. Now, it is by chemical combination only that elementary bodies part with their distinctive properties; therefore, we are justified in supposing constituent heat to be in chemical union. With regard to light, we know that many chemical changes require its presence, and that it is necessary to the life of organized matter; yet, we cannot clearly trace its existence in combination. The case is different with electricity. This principle enters largely into the composition of many, perhaps of all, bodies. Your Dr. Faraday, the worthy and accomplished pupil and successor of that great and good philosopher, Davy, has recently shown that a single drop of water contains electric matter sufficient for a powerful thunder-storm: but this electric matter in union with water shows none of the distinctive properties of electricity; whence we have a right to conclude that it is in chemical union.

"What I wish you to understand is, that bodies, requiring electricity in its active state, contain it in its dormant or combined condition; that, therefore, such bodies may obtain their supply of electricity by the natural course of chemical action, without the aid of what, in the older philosophy of modern times, is called the *grand reservoir*, the necessity of a constant recourse to which would make them mere conductors of the fluid from the general mass of the earth, whilst their very constituent matter is full of it. This is more especially applicable to organized matter, which is never free from electrical influence; whilst inert or inorganic matter may possibly remain for ages without its active electrical power being called into operation. In all organic matter, both vegetable and animal, the electric action is always going on. It is well known that some vegetables, from the mere excitement of the atmosphere, give out electric sparks visible at night. A hairy man will produce, in the dark, visible electric sparks, by stripping a silk stocking from his leg. The back of a cat, when dry and warm, will, by friction, yield electric sparks; and, if the electric circle be formed, a shock may be given either to the animal itself or to the person who holds her. I have often in this way produced in my fingers a very sharp pain from the electric fluid.

"Both vegetable and animal bodies imbibe this fluid from every medium that tends to preserve their life. The former receive it from the soil they inhabit; from the atmosphere; from the water taken up by their roots as nourishment, and decomposed,—the oxygen being set free, the hydrogen retained, and the electric matter, liberated by the decomposition of the water, either brought into action or forming new combinations. Animals receive the electric fluid with the food they take, with the liquids they imbibe; it is present in every part of their bodies, and its influence is employed in every chemical change of the matter derived from their food, assimilated and converted into blood charged with the elements of life. This blood receives electricity from the atmospheric air inhaled in respiration. Not only is it decarbonised by the oxygen of the air breathed, which returns from the lungs in the form of carbonic acid, but the electrical action imparted by the air to the blood qualifies its chemical elements for those secretions which maintain the animal frame, and consequently animal life.

"Physical animal life is the mere machinery of organization set in motion. But there exists something more:—intelligence to direct that machinery; intelligence and volition to make it work to a profitable moral end; intelligence to distinguish good from evil;—that intelligence, in short, which constitutes spiritual life, and is, by a mysterious exercise of Divine will, united for a time to the physical life of the human body; though, when this latter is destroyed and extinct from any defect or injury, or by the wearing out or destruction of the organization that formed it, the immortal spiritual life is emancipated, in all its freshness, and vigour, and consciousness, to be eternally responsible for any misdirection it may have given to the physical life during their union in the body.

"There is another question, which I would pass without notice, did I not consider it necessary to my case. It is this. The most learned theologians, the wisest and best of our spiritual teachers, deny to the inferior animals the possession of any but the mere physical life. They consider that the life immortal, or the spiritual essence which constitutes mind, belongs solely to man,—he alone being called to fill a higher future destiny. After mature consideration, I am compelled to assent to this doctrine, for the following reasons:—The instinct of all the inferior animals is perfect the moment their organs are mature. They require no instruction, but their natural instinct never improves. When the young are able to take care of themselves, the parents cast them off, and know them no more. Intuitively the bird builds its nest, the beaver constructs its hut, the rabbit makes its burrow, the bee forms its honeycomb, the spider spins its web,—each as perfectly, but not more so, than at any previous period of the world's existence. Each animal exercises the several functions of its peculiar organization, because the sensations of physical life impel it to do so.* On the other hand, the attainments of man are progressive, because they result from the lessons of reason, which belongs to spiritual life. Moreover, this reason—this spark of spiritual life—showing man the difference between good and evil, makes him resist many improper calls and propensities of physical life, which the inferior animals instinctively indulge, because they have no such spiritual check. I could extend this argument much farther, and answer many anticipated objections; but by so doing, at present, I should lose sight of the main question. I will therefore at once make my point, which is this:—Animal magnetism being common to the inferior warm-blooded animals, as well as to man, it cannot possibly be other than an effect of matter, wholly unconnected with anything spiritual, because these animals possess only physical without spiritual life, and psychological action cannot exist where there is no soul.

"I now come to the real physical question before us, the nature and action of animal magnetism. I have already explained to you that a general governing principle, in the condition of an invisible and subtle fluid, pervades the world of matter; that all bodies contain this principle reduced to an inactive state by chemical operation; and that, in organised matter, the governing fluid, by the effect of the continued chemical action which supports life, is in never-ceasing progress of liberation and resumed activity. Not only does it direct every exercise of the animal functions, but it is the immediate agent of the will of motion; that is to say, it carries from the brain to the nerves, the volition by which any particular set of muscles is put in motion, and thereby enables the will belonging to the *physical life consequent upon organization*, to perform the voluntary functions of the body; whilst, unbidden by any but the eternal and benevolent God from whom it proceeds, it secretly directs the involuntary functions. THIS IS THE FLUID OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM. Now, physiologists admit that there is a 'nervous fluid' from which the organs derive their power of voluntary and involuntary, sensible and insensible muscular action, subservient to the laws of gravitation and dynamics;—but they have made no inquiry into the origin of this 'nervous fluid;' they have never sought from it any further action; they have never tried to discover whether any other voluntary or involuntary faculties are derived from it, independently of those appertaining to the known functions of *individual* life. They have very unjustifiably taken it for granted, that the origin of this fluid is one of the mysteries of the creation beyond the reach of human investigation; they have taken it for granted, also, that its action is limited to what they already know. Glimpses of facts, unobserved by them, have been caught by ignorant and credulous individuals, and advantage taken of such glimpses by quacks and cheats to delude the weak and excite the contempt of the wise. To these causes are we to attribute the present disreputable condition of animal magnetism, coupled, as it is, with all the lies that the most monstrous empiricism could invent, and with the delusions successfully practised upon badly informed and superficial minds, by even the very dregs of society.

"The hypothesis that electricity is the sole governing principle of material polarity and of chemical action, under the inference that magnetism is one of its varieties or modifications, naturally leads us to the conclusion that the nervous fluid, which is the governing principle of animal life, is likewise electricity. In addition to what I have already stated to justify this conclusion, I may adduce the further well-known fact that, on the nerves of animal bodies recently deprived of life, but before the muscles have become rigid and therefore incapable of renewed motion, voltaic electricity produces so powerful an effect as to induce considerable muscular action.† It is also most effective, when properly applied, in

* Much has been said and written concerning the reasoning powers of animals; and we daily see extraordinary instances of instinctive intelligence in those domesticated with man, as well as in those which range the forest and the desert in wild freedom. But this intelligence is the mere result of organization: it is directed solely to physical effects, and cannot reach a moral cause.

† One of the most striking instances on record is that exhibited by Dr. Ure, at Glasgow, November 4th, 1818, in his experiments upon the body of the executed murderer Clydesdale. The reality of muscular motion imparted by the apparatus not only to the limbs of the corpse, but to the muscles of

restoring the action of physical life suspended by suffocation. If the phrenic nerve be laid bare and exposed to the direct operation of the fluid, by means of conducting wires, the play of the lungs is instantly resumed, and the electric spark rekindles the flame of life, provided the animal heat be not exhausted. I have witnessed this effect on many occasions; I have myself produced it with the electricity of my own voltaic apparatus, the power of which is known to you. In my professional practice, I apply this process for restoring suspended animation, whenever an opportunity offers; because, in every case where no vital organ is disturbed, and the *minimum* of animal warmth necessary for the support of life is retained, I have found it successful. The nervous fluid, or, if it may be so called, the animal-magnetic fluid, is then most probably one of the forms of electricity,—a position the more tenable because it explains most of the known phenomena *really* arising from animal magnetism, and is in perfect accordance with the whole.

"I will endeavour to give you a brief general outline of these phenomena, so far, at least, as I am acquainted with them.

"By the power of the will, as I have before stated, the nervous fluid is, in an instant, directed by the brain to a nerve or set of nerves, in order to bring about muscular action, which is so rapid a consequence as to be almost simultaneous with volition. Now, such direction and its immediate consequence in muscular motion, show that the muscular fibre through which it passes is a good conductor of the fluid. If, therefore, the will can propel the nervous fluid to any nerve at the extremity of the body—let us say, for instance, at the tips of the fingers,—may we not justly infer that, as no known obstacle exists, the will can also drive the fluid beyond that nerve and out of the body altogether, provided there be any conductor to receive it? That such is actually the case is fully evident to the least informed of the magnetisers. I will go a step further, and tell you that not only can this be done by the force of volition and with perfect consciousness of the ability to do it, but it is constantly effected, without consciousness, by the inferior warm-blooded animals as well as by the human species. The caresses of the former bestowed upon their young; their lickings and rubbings, and the various modes of contact they employ, cause a transmission of magnetic fluid, which soothes the pains attendant upon the immaturity of animal nature. If the lickings of the dam quiet the cub, in like manner the human mother, or the human nurse will, by her caresses and her handlings, assuage the pains and stop the cries of the suffering babe. In both cases, there is a voluntary though unconscious communication of the nervous fluid, which is that of animal magnetism, or animal electricity—call it which you will. Further, this fluid is transmitted in the caresses of fraternal as well as parental affection, in those of holy friendship, in those of love. With reference to this latter, I have seen, in the course of my professional career, much to prove the extraordinary influence of animal magnetism in pregnancy, and during the whole period of gestation. In the exercise of the human feelings and affections, who has not, without knowing it, felt the power of animal magnetism! Who, in bodily suffering and anguish of mind, has not experienced its soothing effect! Do we not all know that actual contact induced by sympathy is more efficacious than verbal sympathy without it?—that the grasp of a friendly hand, the kiss of sisterly or conjugal affection, an embrace, the placing of a hand upon the head, or the shoulder, or the arm, or any other part of the sufferer's body, will produce a wonderfully quieting and consolatory effect, which the most tender words without it will fail to do? We have all felt this: we can all, therefore, bear witness of its truth. This is the unconscious exercise of animal magnetism; in all such cases, there is a transmission of magnetic fluid, arising from an exercise of the ordinary laws to which organic animal nature has been subjected by the GREAT AND BENEVOLENT FIRST CAUSE.

"The faculty of transmitting the animal-magnetic fluid, by an operation of the will, requires, like the exercise of every other animal faculty, a little practice to make it perfect. The mind should not wander, but the whole attention be devoted to the operation. I must also observe that, like every other fluid, that of animal magnetism has a tendency to equilibrium; therefore, the body containing the greater quantity will part with a portion to that which has less. Further: the active governing fluid of the animal body naturally resides in the blood. When, therefore, by an operation of the will, the direction of the fluid to a nerve is followed by muscular action, the same operation of the will has simultaneously charged with an excess of blood the vessels belonging to that nerve,—for every nerve, however minute, has an artery and a vein,—or, more properly speaking, it has charged the vessels attached to the numerous nerves, or ramifications of nerves, which are united to each bunch of muscle. It follows, therefore, that a phlegmatic individual, however robust, is less charged with the magnetic fluid, and therefore less qualified to magnetise, than one of sanguineous temperament. I will illustrate this. Feel my hand."

We did so: the doctor's hand was at the ordinary temperature of that of a man in health. A few moments after, he desired us to feel it again: it was in a burning heat, as if of strong fever.

"I am," said he, "of excessively sanguineous temperament, and therefore a good magnetiser. The first time you felt my hand, it was in its normal condition; the second time it was acted upon by my will to magnetise, and the vessels were therefore filled with an excess of blood: hence its high temperature. No doubt, in the contact, you received from me a portion of magnetic fluid.

"As I continue my explanation, you will naturally perceive that the science of medicine may gather many important advantages from the agency of animal magnetism. I confess to you, that, although in my practice I derive great assistance from the use of this agent, I am but an infant in knowledge of the results that I anticipate, when its separation from the monstrous lies with which it is now yoked shall have dispelled the prejudice that, like a thick mist, conceals it for a time from the attention of the learned.

"One of the most singular effects of animal magnetism is that of magnetic sleep. This is a sort of lethargic condition, arising from pressure on the brain, caused by an excess of magnetic fluid communicated by a transmission to that organ. The lethargy thus induced so strongly resembles sleep, as not only to afford rest under bodily fatigue, but to leave the mind unfettered to a certain limited extent. I am not, however, prepared to say that dreams ever occur during this kind of sleep, because I have never yet met an individual, even one who, whilst under its influence, had replied to questions, who retained the slightest recollection of having dreamed. You appear surprised at my allusion to answering questions; but of this you may be assured, that most, if not all, individuals who, in natural sleep, have an idiosyncratic propensity to somniloquence, will reply to questions when under the influence of magnetic sleep, although I know no instance of any such magnetised sleeper being the *first* to speak. The faculty of speaking must be excited. I may add, that as the action of the mental organs, which may correspond with the phrenological developments, is in great measure suspended, the sleeper who speaks unconsciously will always utter the truth. Such a faculty would prove a terrible engine for the discovery of personal crime. God forbid that it should ever be applied to such a purpose! the evils to which it might lead would be incalculably greater than any good it could afford.

"Mesmer certainly discovered magnetic sleep, but made no use of the discovery. His pupil, Puységur, having found idiosyncratic somniloquence under the magnetic action, *invented* somnambulism, and brought to light the alleged marvels of that condition. He was ignorant, weak-minded, and credulous; but not more so, perhaps, than those of my professional brethren who are now pursuing the same illusory course.

"Magnetic sleep is very easily communicated by any individual who has practised the transmission of the magnetic fluid. I need scarcely observe, that such transmission cannot take place even at the distance of a few feet, except by means of a conductor at a proper temperature,—a thing not easily obtained. The operator must, therefore, be near, and his fingers within half an inch of the patient's skin, if not in contact. Further, the electric circle is necessary. A great number of individuals of both sexes, utterly ignorant of the real nature of animal magnetism, produce this magnetic sleep, and are able to do so upon persons even unconscious of being the objects of magnetic action. This faculty is, like a medicinal poison, dangerous in the hands of the ignorant or unprincipled.

"In my practice, I have obtained many beneficial results from magnetic sleep. I may mention two severe cases of the most distressing hysterical or uterine affection, which have occurred within the last six months. One patient was fourteen years of

the murderer's face, to his eyes, and mouth, producing every variety of expression, from the placid and jocular to the most terrific, was so startling that one gentleman actually fainted, and terror drove several from the room. Dr. Ure expressed the opinion that, but for the sections made by the surgeons present, vitality might have been restored.

age; the other fifteen. Both cases had resisted all medical treatment. Four hours of magnetic sleep each day cured these young persons in a few weeks; the colour of their complexion was restored, their appetite returned, and they now enjoy the most robust health. In hundreds of cases, I have produced, by similar means, healthy action in females of all ages between sixteen and forty-five, upon whom the use of the most powerful emmenagogues had made no impression. In ordinary hysteria, which is peculiar to females, and also in many nervous complaints to which men are subject, I find magnetic sleep a very successful and admirable agent. I cannot explain to you the specific action of magnetism in any of the cases I have described, nor indeed in any other, because I know it not: I only state the facts I have witnessed, leaving the discovery of such action to more able heads than mine. I have always found the insomnolence arising from acute and from chronic disease, or from any other cause, yield to the magnetic action; and, by this agent, I have obtained refreshing rest for patients who otherwise would have had none. I employed this power upon yourself during your late severe attack, and the sleep from which you derived so much benefit was magnetic. If you remember, I always came to awaken you, having given strict injunctions to the nurse that you should not be disturbed. You always slept from the time I left you at night until I returned in the morning,—and that, too, without the dangerous use of sedatives.*

"I have told you that the lethargy, or sleep of animal magnetism, is produced by an excess of the fluid pressing upon the brain. It follows, therefore, that to put an end to such a condition, its cause must be removed by extracting the excess of fluid. This leads us to the following corollary: if the magnetic fluid can be communicated at will, it can also be withdrawn at will,—a very important point, as you will presently perceive. You are aware that the nerves are the sole organs of sensation, or feeling,—a property which they derive, not from their constituent matter, but from their being formed to receive, and from their actually receiving, by means of an action of the brain, a portion of the nervous or magnetic fluid, by which sensation is imparted. You know also that muscular action, both voluntary and involuntary, arises from precisely the same cause, the action of the brain which directs the fluid to the nerves. You further know that pressure upon the brain prevents that organ from sending the fluid to the nerves; and that paralysis is the consequence, because the nerves corresponding with the part under pressure lose their property of sensation and of action. Now, although the pressure of a subtle, imponderable fluid like the animal-magnetic, be not sufficient to cause paralysis, nevertheless, it suspends volition, and causes a temporary cessation of all muscular motion except the involuntary motion of the vital organs, necessary to carry on life. The limbs of the sleeper become powerless, and the respiration—added to the talking, where it occurs,—is alone indicative of life. Do you not think that, under such circumstances, the nervous or magnetic fluid that remains, might be extracted from any particular nerves, and the muscles and their appendages to which such nerves communicate feeling, be thereby deprived altogether of sensation? That this has been done, is beyond doubt. There are several well-authenticated cases on record; among them is that of a lady who, under magnetic sleep, and partially deprived of sensation in the manner I have described, underwent excision of a cancer from her breast, without being sensible of the operation. I will introduce you this very day to a retired officer of rank in our navy,—a veteran 'of a hundred battles,' and one whose word cannot be doubted. Dreading the consequence of the extraction of a dangerous splinter from his knee, he deferred it from time to time. Being advised to submit to the operation whilst under the influence of magnetic sleep, the limb being deprived of sensation by the magnetiser, he ridiculed the thing as impossible. The importunities of his family, however, prevailed, and he consented to undergo the extraction in the manner described. He will inform you, that he not only felt no pain, but was wholly unconscious of what was passing.†

"On individuals not asleep, the magnetic fluid has various kinds of action, arising, no doubt, from idiocratic causes. In some I have produced sickness and vomiting; in others, griping pains and catharsis. In some, I have assuaged pains in different parts of the body; in others I have caused pains, and even syncope. Applied to a patient in one way, its effect may be beneficial; applied in another way it may have an opposite result. Facts and experience should be the only guides to a medical man in its application, and these guides must themselves be governed by correct judgment. I frequently cure nervous head-ache by transmitting the fluid through the ends of my fingers, as I have cured it also by a transmission of the common electric fluid through a metallic point. I often put a stop to tooth-ache by touching the diseased tooth with my finger. In this case, no doubt, the magnetic fluid appeases the exacerbation of the nerve caused by contact with the air. But I will show you a variety of effects from the magnetic action, if you will devote a few weeks to the subject. You shall see my patients, not one of whom is conscious of being magnetised. Many of them would ridicule the idea of such a thing, and fancy that I was jesting if I told them the truth. Whenever, therefore, you see me lay one hand on the head and the other on the chest, or when I place *both* hands on any other part of a patient's person, pray observe the result."

M. de L—— ceased speaking. It is sufficient to add, that he convinced us of the truth of his theory by examples, to the evidence of which we should have been insane had we not yielded. It is quite impossible for us here to give a statement of cases;—these would fill a volume. It is also unnecessary; for, as we have explained in a former article, we do not pretend to teach animal magnetism; though we must, with candour, admit that, in writing for the information, and to satisfy the curiosity of the general reader, we have a lurking hope that the slight sketch we have given may induce some men of genius to investigate the subject, and examine the true character of animal magnetism as a new and useful branch of physiological science.

[In concluding this series of papers on ANIMAL MAGNETISM, we wish to remind our readers of what has been accomplished in them, and to inform them how far we are to be considered responsible for the speculations advanced in the present paper. In the first three papers, our able and intelligent correspondent gave a brief sketch of the history of Animal Magnetism; in the fourth, he gave the results of his own personal experience, which ended in his conversion to a belief that there *is* A MAGNETIC FLUID; and, in the present and concluding paper, he illustrates his belief by an attempt to elucidate it scientifically. His conclusions are—1. Magnetism is probably one of the modified forms of electricity. 2. Animal magnetism is simply electricity existing in warm-blooded animals. And 3. That this electricity may be communicated or withdrawn by an exertion of the WILL, and that therefore it is possible to make it a powerful subservient agent in the cure of disease. We leave these conclusions, especially the last one, to the consideration of our readers: not without a fear that some of them, like ourselves, may incline to be sceptical, in spite even of the eloquent enthusiasm of our correspondent. We, however, cordially concur in the recommendation with which he concludes this paper.

ED. LOND. SAT. JOURNAL.]

THE MAID OF ALL WORK'S HOLIDAY.

WHEN Mary gets leave to go out for the day, she not only leaves her "place," in the sense of quitting for a time the scene of her labours, but she literally leaves "Mary" behind, and becomes a kind of "Miss." She is elevated in the scale of society. She holds out the "flag and sign" of gentility in the form of a white pocket-handkerchief, which she carries in her right hand; and assumes a degree of oriental splendour in the shawl which depends from her left arm. Her feet and ancles display the step of temporary promotion from black worsted to white cotton. Her shoe-strings and her bonnet-ribands are crisp with their newness. But the prime touch of all is to be seen in her gloves, which are of white silk. And joy it is to poor Mary to sit for once at a tea-table in assurance of being undisturbed by missus's bell. She is now her own missus, and a *belle* into the bargain; and her laughing little clapper goes on at a delectable rate in ringing the changes of family gossip; and how the butcher's young man always wants to put his nasty greasy hands upon her whenever missus sends her to market; and one of the young gentlemen who visits her young master had the "imperance" to speak to her in the street, not recognising her in her holiday costume; and then she laughs herself to fits in thinking "how stupid to be sure he did look" when she told him of his blunder; and then, having enjoyed herself thoroughly, she returns home, and dreams that she and the butcher's man have made a match of it after all.—*Fraser's Magazine*, Jan. 1839.

* This was strictly true; and we were more than once surprised that the doctor should so frequently find us asleep.

† We saw this officer, who himself related to us the particulars of his case, which were perfectly corroborative of the doctor's statement.

FURTHER PARTICULARS RESPECTING PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

SINCE we last noticed this new art, which has so strongly attracted public attention, many experiments have been made, attended with the most gratifying results. It is evident that this art is destined to take a very high rank; and the ease with which copies of any design may be multiplied, without the intervention of a press and the necessity of great care and skill in the printer, as in engraving and lithography, will probably soon render it the favourite medium for the circulation of drawings. It remains, however, for us to explain how this multiplication of one design can be attained, as hitherto we have only described the process of obtaining a representation of any particular object.

To understand the means by which this is effected, it must be borne in mind that the whole surface of the prepared paper, if exposed to the light, will in a short time change from white to a deep violet, and, if very sensitive, nearly black; but if any opaque substance be interposed between the paper and the light, the portion so covered remains white, while all around it is coloured. Thus a white outline of whatever was desired to be represented was obtained, and in copying a print by this means a double operation was necessary; for in the first instance it was completely reversed, all the dark parts of the print being white in the drawing, and *vice versâ*, and it became necessary to obtain a transposed impression of the reversed drawing, to produce a correct copy of the print. In Mr. Talbot's first communication to the Royal Society, he omitted to state the means which he had used to procure accurately shaded drawings and dark outlines, and to multiply impressions of the same design; but the researches of artists soon led them to the method necessary to obtain these results. This circumstance has led to an unpleasant altercation between Mr. Wilmore, an engraver, and Mr. Talbot, as to their respective claims to the merit of this application. It seems very evident that both may "divide the crown," and we are sorry that any such dispute should have taken place. As we are not at all desirous of making our pages the arena of strife, we shall pass over the subject, and proceed to describe the process.

The desired effect is obtained by the medium of a glass plate, which in Mr. Talbot's process is smeared over with a solution of resin in turpentine, and, when half dry, held over the smoke of a candle, by which a dark ground, which will not rub off, is procured. Upon this a design is traced with a needle, leaving the glass transparent, and on the application of prepared paper a very perfect copy is procured, every line which the needle has traced being represented by a dark line on the paper. Mr. Talbot has also employed paintings on glass, executed "with transparent varnish of different colours, which, by the action of light, produce as many shadowy tints upon the resulting image. The blue colour gives a dark shade, the yellow, red, &c., &c., various feebler ones." A strong outline is given by the use of the needle, and drawings obtained by this process bear a strong resemblance to mezzotinto engravings.

Mr. Havell, the distinguished painter, has made use of a different process, productive of nearly the same results, but admitting of greater facility in producing effect. He published an account of his mode of process in the Literary Gazette of the 30th March, from which we transcribe it.

"My first attempt was a transfer of a powerful etching, by Rembrandt, of an old man reading; and instead of a bright face with black hair, I had a black face with white hair, white eyes, white nostrils, white mouth, &c., &c.; and I soon discovered the impossibility of getting any resemblance to the power of the original by a second transfer. Still there was the power of the new delineation before me; and to remedy its defects I applied it to a new process altogether, to produce the true lights and shadows in their right places. A square of thin glass was placed over the well-known etching, of 'Faust conjuring Mephistophiles to appear in the form of a bright star.' I then painted on the high lights with thick white lead, mixed with copal varnish, and sugar of lead, to make it dry quickly; for the half-tints made the white less opaque with the varnish, and graduated the tints off into the glass for the deep shadows. I allowed this to dry, and the following day (February 27th) retouched the whole, by removing, with the point of a knife, the white ground, to represent the dark etched lines of the original. The glass thus painted, when placed upon black paper, looked like a powerful mezzotinto engraving. I placed a sheet of prepared paper upon the painted surface; and, to make the contact perfect, put three layers of flannel at the back, and tied the whole down to a board. There happened to be a bright sun, and, in ten minutes, the parts of the glass exposed had made a deep purplish black on the paper. On removing the glass, I had a tolerably good impression, but the half-tints had absorbed too much of the violet ray. I immediately painted the parts over with black on the other side of the glass, which answers to the practice of engravers in stopping out, when a plate is bitten in too fast by the acid. This may be wiped off, renewed, or suffered to remain, at pleasure.

"There is no advantage in letting the glass remain too long in the light, as it deepens the middle tints, and does not blacken the shadows in the same proportion. The fixation with salt entirely failed; with the iodide of potassium, succeeded very well. The effect of the drawing may be heightened at pleasure, by touching the lights with strong iodide of potassium, and the darks with a strong solution of the nitrate of silver, dropped upon tin with a camel's-hair pencil: this instantly turns black. With these the drawing may be invigorated; and the whole will resemble a mezzotinto print, or a rich sepia drawing."

It requires the experienced hand of an artist to produce effects by this process; but the power of etching outlines on glass is more easily acquired, and can be applied with facility to obtaining copies of writings, as well as drawings, and may be not unsuccessfully adopted for circulars, &c.

The English process has been declared by M. Daguerre to be totally different from that practised by him, and it appears to be the case, since the accounts given of it represent the drawings obtained in the camera as at once giving figures, correctly shaded,—a result which can only be obtained with us by a double operation, or the use of shaded glass. M. Daguerre has, however, given no further description of this process, nor have we any accounts of further experiments upon it in France. His recent heavy misfortune in the loss of the Diorama by fire, has probably prevented him from giving attention to the "Daguerotype."

Mr. Talbot has communicated to the Royal Society a new recipe for the preparation of sensitive paper. It is as follows:—"Take good writing-paper, and wash it over with nitrate of silver; then with bromide of potassium; and afterwards again with nitrate of silver; drying it at the fire between each operation." This paper is found to be exceedingly sensitive to weak light, changing its colour from pale yellow to green and deep purple with extreme rapidity; but it does not appear to be preferable to the paper prepared by the former process, as the impression is said to be less deep; of this, however, we have not had an opportunity of satisfying ourselves. It may, however, be found extremely useful when a strong light cannot be commanded.

We observe that boxes fitted up with every requisite for the exercise of the photogenic art, are advertised by Messrs. Ackermann

of the Strand, and that prepared paper may be obtained at the shops of various opticians; but, for the benefit of those who are desirous of preparing the paper themselves, we will transcribe the proportions stated to be the best, as given by Mr. C. Toogood Downing, in a communication to the Literary Gazette, calculated upon the known chemical qualities of the materials.

For the first process of Mr. Talbot: thirty grains of nitrate of silver, ten grains of common salt, and twenty-nine and a half of iodide of potassium (the best medium for fixing the drawing), to the ounce of water.

If bromide of potassium be employed, as in Mr. Talbot's late process, the proportion should be twenty-one grains nearly to the ounce of water.

If hydro-sulphate of soda is used for fixing the shadow, instead of iodide of potassium, no definite proportion need be observed, as it acts in a peculiar manner upon the unblackened chloride.

We have now brought our account of this new art up to the present time, and have mentioned every fact of importance already made public. There is every reason to believe that its application will become very extensive, and that new facts in relation to it will be discovered. We regard the subject as one of great importance, and shall from time to time communicate all the intelligence we can gather concerning it to our readers.

JACQUERIE AMONG THE ANCIENT GAULS.

THE first exploit of Maximian, though it is mentioned in a few words by our imperfect writers, deserves, from its singularity, to be recorded in a history of human manners. He suppressed the peasants of Gaul, who, under the appellation of Bagandæ, had risen in general insurrection,—very similar to those which, in the fourteenth century, successively afflicted both France and England. *It should seem that very many of those institutions referred, by an easy solution, to the feudal system, are derived from the Celtic barbarians.* When Cæsar subdued the Gauls, that great nation was already divided into three orders of men—the clergy, the nobility, and the common people. The first governed by superstition, the second by arms, but the third and last was not of any weight or account in the public councils. It was very natural for the plebeians, oppressed by debt, or apprehensive of injuries, to implore the protection of some powerful chief, who acquired over their persons and property the same absolute right as, among the Greeks and Romans, a master exercised over his slaves. The greatest part of the nation was gradually reduced into a state of servitude, compelled to perpetual labour on the estates of the Gallic nobles, and confined to the soil, either by the real weight of fetters, or by the no less cruel and forcible restraints of the laws. During the long series of troubles which agitated Gaul, from the reign of Gallienus to that of Diocletian, the condition of these servile peasants was peculiarly miserable, and they experienced at once the complicated tyranny of their masters, of the barbarians, of the soldiers, and of the officers of the revenue.

Their patience was at last provoked into despair: on every side they rose in multitudes, armed with rustic weapons, and with irresistible fury. The ploughman became a foot soldier, the shepherd mounted on horseback,—the deserted villages and open towns were abandoned to the flames,—and the ravages of the peasants equalled those of the fiercest barbarians. They asserted the natural rights of men, but they asserted those rights with the most savage cruelty. The Gallic nobles, justly dreading their revenge, took refuge in the fortified cities, or fled from the wild scene of anarchy. The peasants reigned without control, and two of their most daring leaders had the folly and rashness to assume the imperial ornaments. Their power soon expired at the approach of the legions. The strength of union and discipline obtained an easy victory over a licentious and divided multitude. A severe retaliation was inflicted on the peasants who were found in arms; the affrighted remnant returned to their respective habitations, and their unsuccessful effort for freedom served only to confirm their slavery.—*Gibbon.*

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

NEXT to that pure and holy affection which a mother bears to her child, must that be ranked which subsists between the children of the same parents, the brothers and sisters of a family, when the feelings bubble up from the fountain of the heart untainted and pure. I do not mean to say that this affection is of the same class with the maternal one—that it springs spontaneously—that it is to be found *pure* in uncivilized and uncultivated man. No, it requires a MORAL process to purify it; and intellect and taste must be thrown in, to give that sweetness to the stream, which makes domestic happiness so refreshing. But when brothers and sisters, thus taught to love one another, can also regard each as bound to each by more than merely *natural* ties—"knit together in love for the TRUTH'S SAKE"—then the family becomes a Bethel, and the Spirit of Love dwelleth in the midst of it.

The touching story in the Gospel, where the Redeemer of the world visits and loves "Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus," beautifully exemplifies these remarks. We are not told of their parents: doubtless they were dead, gathered to that all but immortal slumber which comes over the faculties of man, and from which he shall not awake until the sound of the trumpet, "waxing louder and louder," shall peal into the deepest caverns of earth and sea, and assemble all—ALL—the millions of our race, "from Adam to his youngest born," around the great ARBITER. This was, perhaps, *one* of the reasons why He stept aside, as it were, in his probation, and tarried for a season in the orphan household. How completely does such a scene in his history prove him to be "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh;" every fibre, every feeling, in nice and exquisite sympathy with us; until manhood, unable to master its emotions, dissolved into tears at a brother's grave!

Such a family I am now about to describe, bearing in many striking and singular points a near resemblance to the family of Bethany. They were three in number—two sisters and a brother; their parents were dead, not indeed without leaving them as much of this world's goods as renders life a double blessing, but they died infinitely happier in the conviction that their children were "rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath provided for those that love him." So high was the mother's joy at the thought of all her children constituting a portion of the Redeemer's kingdom, that she held up her hands in her expiring moments, saying, "Lord, let now thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have *doubly* seen thy salvation!"

Isabella, the elder sister, was an active-minded girl; probably, having been early under the necessity of taking the management of household affairs, her education had given her character that activity which marked her; yet she must have been naturally of an energetic turn. To a stranger her air might have appeared distant, and her manner sharper than beseems the sex; yet to those who were intimate with her, she was known to possess a heart feelingly alive to all the charities of life, and a mind devoted to her God. The younger sister was more interesting in her appearance, but deficient in those mental qualities which so strikingly characterised Isabella. Nevertheless, she had the good sense—I may say, *the grace*—to look up to her sister as her superior; and to love her with the mingled affection which one might bear to a *mother*, a *sister*, and a *Christian*. Their only rivalry was in the path of duty, and they were not ashamed to hold frequent converse with each other on their everlasting prospects.

But the brother, how shall I describe him? With an intelligent mind, stored by an extensive though miscellaneous reading with a general knowledge, possessing a kind heart and a frank disposition, honourable in all his actions, and ignorant of the world and much of its depravity, he was yet a *dangerous* character. Dangerous! was he not a Christian man, one whose mental and moral qualifications entitled him to the esteem of all with whom he came in contact? Yes; but he was under the influence of *sensation* to an extreme degree; he was one of those who can attain such a standing in Christianity as to appear to an observer so spiritually bright, so determined on the side of God and godliness, so nervously scrupulous as to all that concerns consistency of character, that no man could possibly doubt that he would ever, by a *revulsion* of feeling, descend from his elevated position. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," was written upon him; every effort of his mind was like each wave of the flowing tide, sparkling in the sun-beam, until it breaks upon the shore, and dies away into foam. Alas! too many of such characters, even while they abhor the name of hypocrite, become a disgrace to Christianity!

The two sisters loved their brother with all the ardour which

nature and grace inspire, when their united voices chord within the bosom. A sarcastic observer of human weaknesses and foibles might have indulged in a sardonic grin at the doating attachment which they manifested towards *their* brother; he might have laughed his petty, nay, his spiteful, laugh, at the electric effect which the mention of his name produced upon them. Let these sneerers laugh away. They dwell but in the outer court of the temple of the feelings; they cannot enter its "holy of holies," and bow before nature in her sacred chamber; they know not "the untrodden ways beside the spring of love," neither can they taste of the cup which is full and overflowing with the pure waters of love and peace. If a stranger talked of the worth and talent of Erasmus, the full, dark eye of the younger sister would expand with a brilliancy as mild and radiant as ever streamed from under the eyelids of human being, and her countenance would lighten with a smile more glorious, more refreshing to the lover of unaffected simplicity, than the light of the harvest moon, when she walks in her brightness over the face of heaven. Isabella's temperament did not permit her changing feelings to appear so obvious in her manner; she was one of those who can control and conceal what is *felt*. Nevertheless, her pleasurable emotions were also easily excited when her brother's name was the theme of admiration, and there was no way in which a flatterer could sooner overcome her good sense than by dilating upon his accomplishments and virtues.

And he was worthy. No brother could be more kind, more affectionate, more devoted; the simplest act of courtesy was rendered more courteous by its *manner*; in the very tone of his voice, as he regularly bade them "good night," before retiring to rest, there was a richness and a fulness which indicated fervour of affection. In their dwelling there was light and peace; and the two sisters would often embrace each other in the fulness of joy, thanking the God of mercy, who, though he had taken the parents away, had yet left them such a brother.

But Erasmus walked not in his uprightness. There met him on his way, *first*, "the pride of life," *then* "the lust of the eye," and behind them, masked, "false though fair," came "the lust of the flesh," and he bowed his head and worshipped them. If angels strike their golden harps, and chaunt anew the anthem of salvation over every child of mortality who passes from "death to life," how must they veil their faces in sorrow, when one returneth from *life* to *death!* The soul dies again; it becomes a fearful spectacle to men, and the body is its sepulchre; and the depraved and excited passions are worse than a Roman guard, to watch that no friendly remembrance of God's love and mercy, no "repentance that needeth not to be repented of," may come to steal him away, in the vain hope that they are sleeping! Oh, ye who are yet in the freshness of your first love, may ye never have your feelings excoriated, may you never approach so near the fire of unhallowed passion as to be scorched by its power! They who are laid down in the tomb of the BACKSLIDER, are bound hand and foot in their grave-clothes, and are never again able to arise, until He pronounces the magic words, "Come forth!" and turning round to the Christian friends who are gazing with wonder and compassion, bids them, "Loose them, and let them go!"

Isabella and Helen marvelled exceedingly at the change in their brother's conduct, and their love blinded them as to its cause, until Isabella, who, though ignorant of the ways of the world, was sharp and shrewd, discovered it. Formerly these children of affection knew each other's movements and occupations freely and unreservedly; all their little pleasures were in common, and an angry or a fretful look seldom veiled their countenances. Now, Erasmus threw over his outgoings and incomings an air of mystery and concealment, resisted kindly inquiry with petulance, and shut his heart to those rays of affection which once expanded its blossom-leaves, and gave them freshness and colouring. In the early moments of his backsliding, conscience occasionally smote him, and he would return to weep, and ask his sisters' forgiveness, and then go out to sin again! I once thought of tracing him in his downward course, and presenting it to the reader's eye; to show how gradually the conscience becomes "seared as with a hot iron," and to warn the young Christian of the danger of listening to the voice of the "charmer," when he would seduce him from the path of duty. But it is a delicate and a difficult thing to do. It is exceedingly difficult to describe scenes which border upon those things "of which it is a shame even to speak," without their having a tendency to injure a delicate mind, and to pain a tender conscience. Let me, therefore, touch them not. It is sufficient to know that a departure from purity turned that happy threshold into a desolate and dreary abode; and the sisters mourned for their brother, and refused to be comforted—*because he was not.*

Months passed away, and Erasmus was still in the prison of his passions; at times he struggled to escape, but his efforts were never crowned with success, because never attempted in the right way. They were the fitful struggles of disgust, and mortification, and pride, and alarm; while that hearty determination, utterly and totally to forsake sin, was wanting. One Sunday he strolled into a well-known and well-frequented chapel, when a favourite hymn of his sisters' was being sung, and sung to the very tune which they most admired. Memory at once flew over the gulf which sin had created in his Christian course, and, as he looked back across the blackness and darkness of the chasm, he saw a sunny spot, where he had once "laid himself down in peace, for the Lord sustained him." He arose, and walked out of that house of worship, for its atmosphere was too ethereal for those living thoughts of horror and remorse which gnawed him within. And, as he walked along, the words of the hymn rang in his mind, and dark clouds gathered, and thunders rolled, for conscience was enjoying an hour of triumph.

A low, plaintive voice, soliciting charity, attracted the attention of Erasmus. It was a female's, whose countenance seemed to say, "Disease and poverty have worked their will with me! Even in this region of probation, suffering, the child of sin, hath blasted me with her touch!" He looked again, and there appeared something in her look and manner very different from that of those shameless and wretched beings, whose souls are, as it were, petrified in their bodies. "Poor creature!" he thought, "thou hast, perhaps, been exposed to unavoidable misery, while all *my* suffering proceeds from *myself!*" At the impulse of the moment, he emptied into the beggar's hand the contents of his purse, which consisted of a little loose silver; and, as he walked away amid a shower of extravagant blessings, PRIDE whispered the benediction of *complacency* in his ear. It grew upon him insensibly that he had laid an acceptable offering on the altar of universal charity, and that ALL *goodness* had not departed from him: he looked up to heaven, and vowed to the great God that he would no longer grieve him, but from henceforth walk in his ways, and keep his statutes for evermore. Little did Erasmus dream that he was, in effect, holding out, as it were, a *bribe* to the goodness of God to return and take possession of his heart; and that it might be said to him, as it was said to one of old, "Thy money perish with thee!"

Returning home to seal with his sisters, by the sacrament of affectionate confession and forgiveness, the vow he had made to God, he was met by a few gay companions, with whom he had grown familiar. They urged him to accompany them in their walk, and he consented, determining to preserve a gravity of aspect and seriousness of conversation in consistency with the vow which he had made. But he found it extremely difficult so to do; and, ere he was aware, he was entrapped into a consent to dine with the party. Why need I attempt to describe what followed? Remember, reader, it was the Sabbath day, "holy of the Lord, and honourable;" and marvel that a Christian man could spend such a day in such company. Erasmus felt himself sinking, and he drowned all thought in additional draughts of wine; and at last gambling was introduced, which absorbed every feeling of the soul. This was the guiltiest night that Erasmus had ever spent. The whole party rushed out about midnight, inflamed with liquor, to brawl and swagger in the streets, and enjoy what *they* esteemed mirth; and the poor fallen and degraded professor of Christianity sneaked after them, and, drunk as he was, trembling lest some one among those he met would recognise him. After rambling about till they were tired, they entered one of those private gambling-houses which so disgrace large cities; and here Erasmus met the fate of every novice in such scenes of iniquity. He was robbed, plundered, stripped; he sang, danced, and leaped, affected a careless air and gay attitude;—in fact, he did not need to *affect*, for he was delirious, mad, utterly mad; and the delirium did not terminate next day; for, with one or two wild associates, the debauch was prolonged, until nature, outraged and exhausted, suffered her perverter to fall prostrate on the earth.

As he was passing through the horrible sensations which succeed a fit of drunkenness, his first thought was to put an end to his existence. Disgraced and beggared, he could not face his fellow man; and yet he dared to think of meeting the Hidden One of eternity in his own everlasting abiding-place! No, no!

No self-murderer thinks of MEETING God. His idea is, (if pride and passion will permit an idea to be formed,) that he will escape into some remote corner of creation, and there hide himself from creature and from Creator. But another temptation entered the mind of Erasmus, and chased out the first. He had squandered his substance, and plunged himself in debt. With a fearful heart and a tremulous hand, he drew out a bill, to which he attached the name of a worthy man, who had been a friend of his father's, and was still a friend of the family. It was successful;—Erasmus received the money, and thus filled the measure of his iniquity by forgery!

His debts were paid; but there remained a *something* behind which he could never redeem—a debt which he could never cancel. When his fever had cooled down, and he could look calmly at the situation in which he had placed himself, he shuddered with horror. A prison and a gibbet rose before his eyes; the gay, and amiable, and much-loved Erasmus become an object of pity or idle curiosity to a rude and gazing mob; and his sisters—he almost leaped at the thought—his sisters! oh, agony, agony! He saw the soft and fair-haired girl, ever his peculiar favourite, borne fainting away from the last parting scene, while she whose firm step and unquivering lip betokened strength of nerve and mental endurance, wrung his hand with that expression of unutterable woe which lodgeth within the silent sufferer's heart. And he heard the loud laugh of the scorners, as they assembled at the wassail board, and talked of hypocrisy, and imposition, and priestcraft, and Christianity, and blessed themselves in their folly; and he saw good men hanging their heads abashed, and sighing over the fearful fall of one who had given promise of becoming a cedar in Lebanon.

Erasmus arose to fly for ever from his home, his country, and his friends. The stricken deer darts into the concealment of the forest, and wots not that the arrow is in its side: we may change country and climate—we cannot change the heart! His preparations, however, did not escape the notice of Isabella, and some vague expressions which escaped him roused all her suspicions. With her accustomed promptitude and energy, she questioned his meaning, and besought him, if there remained in his heart one spark of affection, to tell her what he was about to do. The appeal was rendered irresistible by the younger sister clasping him in her arms, and declaring that where he went there she would go, and where he died there she would die: he disengaged himself from her grasp, confessed his crime, and with a maniac look exclaimed he must fly from them, from happiness, and from God, a wanderer and a vagabond upon the face of the earth!

A scream burst from Helen; but she was recalled to her recollection by the authoritative air of Isabella, who never opened her lips, nor uttered any exclamation either of wonder or of sorrow. The support of the family was derived from a legacy, which was paid yearly, but which was to cease at a certain definite period. In addition to this, three equal sums of money had been deposited in the national bank, in their respective names, under the verbal condition that they should touch nothing but the interest until they were severally settled in life. Erasmus had already squandered his own, and the bill which he had forged amounted to more than what belonged to both his sisters. He saw at once what was *meant* by Isabella, and in passionate language declared he never would consent to beggar *them*, as well as himself. The tone in which she bade him hold his peace confounded him: she quietly gathered her mantle about her, commanded him to accompany her, and procured the money and the bill ere the forenoon had passed over their heads! On returning home, she walked deliberately up to the fire, and threw the cause of their terror and alarm into it, and, as she watched it blazing, a long convulsive sob escaped her, and a few tears trickled down her cheek. Not so Helen. She had remained at home in all the torturing misery of suspense and doubt; and, when she actually saw the fatal document burning, she looked alternately at brother and sister, and then ran about the room in an hysterical exuberance of joy. Then beholding Erasmus with his head reclined upon a table, and hearing his groans, she ran towards him, and kissed him again and again, telling him, "All is right, all is right!" The girls had destroyed their only means of independence as to worldly prospects—but they never thought of *that*—they thought of their brother.

But this prompt and energetic deed, and the temporal sacrifice of those noble-minded creatures, doubtless saved a brother from disgrace, and disentangled his soul from the snares of the destroyer. His future conduct showed that, though the fine gold had become dim, it was the precious metal still; for, with heart humbled to the very dust, he returned to the path of duty. A series of self-denials, and of kind devoted attachment, proved his gratitude to his sisters—what could repay them?—but all their cheerfulness could never remove the melancholy which the remembrance of his fall had settled down upon his spirit. In spite even of himself, it marred his future usefulness, for he became like one whose nervous system is destroyed, trembling at every step with excessive cautiousness.

NATIONAL SONGS.*

WE are not going to write an essay on National Songs,—albeit, many excellent things have been said, and doubtless many more might be said, on that fascinating and not unimportant subject. We have been too much delighted with those before us to think of those of other lands; nay, we cannot turn to those of other times, when we are full of Samuel Lover's modern "Songs of the Superstitions of Ireland." Many of them are already as "familiar in our mouths as household words;"—we cannot pass along the street without encountering "Rory O'More;" but the marriage of music to immortal verse is a union more advantageous to the former than the latter. Music, whilst it may make poor verses tolerable, takes from us the power of that undivided attention which good poetry deserves, and many a beauty is dimmed by its harmonious companion. But we have been gratified in perusing the little volume of Songs and Ballads recently published by Mr. Lover. We give one, which, though illustrative of a *German*, not an *Irish* superstition, is a gem.

"THE ANGEL'S WING.

"There is a German superstition, that, when a sudden silence takes place in a company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit among them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the passing seraph. For the purposes of poetry, I thought two persons preferable to many in illustrating this very beautiful superstition.

"WHEN, by the evening's quiet light,
There sit two silent lovers,
They say, while in such tranquil plight,
An angel round them hovers;
And further still old legends tell,
The first who breaks the silent spell,
To say a soft and pleasing thing,
Hath felt the passing angel's wing.

"Thus, a musing minstrel stray'd
By the summer ocean,
Gazing on a lovely maid,
With a bard's devotion:
Yet his love he never spoke,
Till now the silent spell he broke;
The hidden fire to flame did spring,
Fanned by the passing angel's wing!

"'I have loved thee well and long,
With hope of Heaven's own making!
This is not a poet's song,
But a true heart's speaking:—
I will love thee still untired!'
He felt—he spoke—like one inspired;
The words did from truth's fountain spring,
Upwakened by the angel's wing.

"Silence o'er the maiden fell,
Her beauty lovelier making;
And by her blush, he knew full well
The dawn of love was breaking.
It came like sunshine o'er his heart!
He felt that they should never part.
She spoke—and, oh! the lovely thing
Had felt the passing angel's wing."

* Songs and Ballads, by Samuel Lover. 12mo. London, 1839. Chapman and Hall.

MISSIONARY AND MERCANTILE VOYAGE TO JAPAN AND MALAYSIA.

We have just met with two very interesting volumes,* recently published in America, containing accounts of two expeditions sent out by the American house of Oliphant and Co., merchants at Canton, with the purpose of ascertaining what could be done to open up a commercial and religious intercourse for the United States flag with Japan and the Malaysian archipelago, one chief object being to ascertain the probability of success in establishing Christian missions in either of these countries. It appears that, although the firm are not the recognised agents of the American government, yet, in the voyage to the archipelago, they evidently acted in concert with it; since, in the instructions delivered to the captain, he is informed that any additions he might make to nautical knowledge by surveys, &c., would be appreciated not only by themselves, but by their government: and he is also authorised to promise that a consul should be sent to the capital of Borneo (Berni), if desired by the sultan. This method of employing private houses in the establishment of trade, and the extension of Christianity, would seem not to be without its advantages;—it is a mode of communication which appears most likely to prevent any jealousy of the interference of a foreign power, and to establish a free and amicable intercourse. There is, however, no intimation that the plan was successful in the present instance; but in regard to the whole of the commercial part of the expedition we are left very much in the dark, the information given being chiefly confined to the results of the inquiries made with the view of establishing missionary posts, and notices of the natural productions of the places visited.

We will, in the first place, advert to the voyage of the ship Morrison to Japan, which, although not the first in order of time, holds the first place in the volumes before us, and was undertaken whilst the Himmaleh was yet at sea.

In the early part of the year 1837 it singularly happened, that no less than three parties of shipwrecked Japanese were assembled together at Canton. One of these had been thrown on shore on the North-west coast of America, near the river Oregon, and had been rescued from the hands of the Indians by the superintendant of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had sent them to China, where they were received under the roof of Mr. Gutzlaff, the celebrated Danish missionary. This party was three in number. A second, consisting of six, had been cast away on the island of Hainan, and had been brought thence to Canton, under the immediate care of the Hong merchants. The third party, consisting of four, arrived at Macao from Manilla, and found a home with their countrymen at the house of Mr. Gutzlaff. Their account of themselves was, "that they had left a port in Satsuma more than two years before for Nagasaki; that they had been driven by a typhoon on the northern shores of Luzonia, one of the Philippine islands, and that they were there seized by men of black skin and curly hair, who carried them into the interior." There was nothing improbable in this story, it being well known that Japanese junks have been wrecked before on the same coast, and that there still exists a negro, or Papuan race, in the forests and inaccessible interior of that beautiful island. These men contrived to escape from their savage captors, and, reaching the Spanish settlement at Manilla, were conveyed to Macao.

The presence of these men suggested the idea of attempting to open an American trade with Japan, by an expedition undertaken for the return of his subjects to the emperor. The Americans had never had any trade with Japan, and might therefore plead that they were not included in the prohibition, by which the European nations formerly trading to Japan were interdicted. To show that their intentions were purely peaceful, the vessel was disarmed, and Mrs. King, the wife of one of the partners of the firm, who went as supercargo, consented to accompany her husband. It was a matter of debate whether any Japanese translation of the Scriptures, and other religious works, should be taken; but it was at length determined that nothing of the sort should be carried, from the fear of alarming the religious scruples of the people; it was considered that, since religious disputes had been the cause of the original banishment of the Europeans, it would be most prudent to establish a commercial intimacy on a sure footing, before venturing on the subject of religious intercourse. Even the Dutch, who enjoy a privileged trade at the single port of Nagasaki, are strictly prohibited from any propagation, or even mention, of religion; although the Japanese are quite aware that theirs is widely different from the Roman Catholic, at which they conceived so great a disgust.

This voyage ended in complete disappointment. After touching at Napakiang, the port of Loo-Choo, to take up Mr. Gutzlaff, who met them there in the English frigate Raleigh, the Morrison proceeded to the bay of Yeddo, the residence of the emperor, which was preferred to Nagasaki, as it was feared that the Dutch influence there might be prejudicial. Dropping anchor off Cosima, at the entrance of the harbour, they were boarded by some of the natives, and the despatches which had been prepared, explaining the motives of the visit, were forwarded; but no other answer was returned, save a smart cannonade the next morning, from which they had great difficulty in escaping. When they had got clear they began to consider what next should be done, as the Japanese declined any proposition to put them ashore, except by permission of the authorities; as they said, even if they succeeded in reaching their own homes, they would be immediately inquired after and punished for returning in an illegal manner. They recommended that an attempt should be made at Kagósima, the chief port of Satsuma,—the southern division of the island of Kiusiu,—and the residence of one of the most powerful and least dependent of the feudal princes. On their arrival off the port the Japanese were sent ashore at their own request, as they entertained an idea that their ill success at Yeddo was partly owing to their having been kept out of sight. They were received with many expressions of kindness and commiseration by the inhabitants, and on their return on board, brought one of the village officers with them. A packet for the prince was intrusted to this dignitary, who promised to forward it immediately. Two of the Japanese returned with him, and their account of their adventures was taken officially by the village authorities, and promised to be forwarded, together with the packet handed over by Mr. King. A pilot was furnished, who led them to an anchorage, and soon after a boat came from the village, to announce "that a high officer would be sent on the following day, and that meantime they should be carried to a safer anchorage. When this announcement was made, the packet which had been sent on shore was returned unopened, and unhappily in a way which made it impossible for Mr. King to refuse to receive it, *i. e.* without his knowing it."

The particular manner in which this return was effected we are not informed of, but as its return was unknown, Mr. King determined to wait till some answer was received. In the course of the following day "one coarse rude man, with two sabres (the distinguishing mark of a man in office), remarked, in the afternoon, that we should not be taken to a better anchorage, and that if we wished to trade we must go to Nagasaki. Mr. Gutzlaff was also told that there were serious disturbances, famines, insurrections, &c., in the country, and even at the capital; and that Osaca, the third city of the empire, had been burned, by order of the government, or of one of the contending parties; circumstances that might possibly have influenced the people in their reception of the Americans. The day passed over, and no demonstrations of hostility were made, but no official communications were received. A slight warning was given early next morning by a fisherman, who pulled alongside, and told them they had better go off,—apparently from the impulse of kind feeling. Soon after, cannon were brought down and placed on all the heights; but the operation was not immediately perceived, as everything going on was concealed by screens of striped cloths, such as are said by Golownin to be stretched, on great occasions, in front of the Japanese fortresses. A brisk fire was soon opened, and the Morrison was obliged again to beat a hasty retreat. Considering it now useless to make any other attempt at landing his unfortunate charge, Mr. King directed his course homewards, and the Morrison reached Macao, without any further mischance or any occurrence of particular interest. The shipwrecked Japanese were afterwards provided for in different services in China.

Mr. King, considering that, after the repulse of the Morrison, no new private American expedition has any chance of gaining a footing in Japan, and that it is an object of importance that such should be obtained, proposes that, in case a remonstrance made by a small armed squadron should be disregarded, that one of two modes should be adopted, for the purpose of proving to the Japanese that they are powerless against European coercion, if it be exerted against them.

* The claims of Japan and Malaysia upon Christendom, exhibited in notes of voyages made in 1837, from Canton, in the ship Morrison and brig Himmaleh, under the direction of the owners. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, French: London, Wiley and Putnam. 1839.

The first, is to intercept and turn back the supplies of rice and fish brought in junks to Yeddo: a project only objectionable from the misery it would cause to the people from the fault of their rulers. The other is to place a strong guard at Kagósima, the southernmost port of Japan, and then proceed to Loo-Choo, and the other islands at present in subjection to Japan, and declare them independent: a measure which Mr. King considers as likely to be productive of the happiest results, and to lead to a free communication with, and the great improvement of, all these islands, which are at present in a very impoverished condition, the effect of tyranny and oppression.

We have been brief in our notice of this voyage, which is chiefly curious as an additional instance of the persevering adherence of the Japanese government (for the *people* seem well inclined to strangers) in their singular line of policy. It appears very clear that unless some mode of coercion be adopted, it is not likely to be abandoned; but it is a question whether the trouble and expense of forcing a trade would remunerate the American, or any other government; since Japan is by no means a rich country, and her principal export consists of copper, which can be procured elsewhere.

The commercial advantages to be obtained from a safe and free communication with the islands of the Malaysian archipelago, rich beyond estimation in all the productions of the East, are infinitely greater; and the voyage of the Himmaleh, undertaken by the same house (Messrs. Oliphant and Co.) in the preceding year, and not completed when the Morrison set sail, had that object in view, and was especially directed to missionary purposes. The Rev. E. Steevens, a gentleman attached to the American mission, and highly esteemed for his talents and character, joined the expedition, and, on his lamented death at Singapore, his place was supplied by the Rev. James T. Dickenson, also a member of the American mission. G. T. Lay, Esq., "an accomplished Englishman, who had served under Captain Beechey as naturalist to the expedition of the Blossom in 1825 to 1828, and had lately come out as agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society," also accompanied this expedition. It is from his pen that the account of the Himmaleh proceeds; but, although of exceeding interest, it does not trace the whole progress of the voyage *. In explanation of this it is stated in the preface, that "circumstances out of the control of the owners have prevented them from adding to Mr. Lay's missionary and scientific notes any of a commercial or nautical character, and consequently there is less of value to communicate than was anticipated in the outset of the attempt."

The object of the voyage, as stated in the instructions given to the captain, were to proceed to Singapore, and there take in an investment for trade at Borneo, the chief city of that island, Berni, being regarded as the port of destination. An examination of the coasts of Borneo was recommended, and the captain was at liberty to examine Celebes, and any other places which time would permit, their return being necessary by the spring.

The death of Mr. Steevens at Singapore caused some delay, and the Himmaleh did not leave that place till the 30th of January, when their course was directed immediately to Macassar, which they reached on the 10th of February, and from whence they did not depart till the 6th of March, in consequence of the death of some of the seamen, and the difficulty of supplying their places with Javanese seamen. This place, which is a Dutch settlement, is situated at the south-west of Celebes. Its inhabitants, a Malay race, have some distinctive marks, which point them out as a different tribe from the Bugis, the inhabitants of the Bay of Bouin (many of whom are, however, to be found in Macassar), and the other tribes, who inhabit the different parts of the island. Here, as at other Dutch colonies, the policy has been, and still is, to check all native improvement, and to reduce the people as low as possible, by discouraging their trade; and hence the Macassars, who formerly were a people of some consequence, and carried on an active commerce with their neighbours, are now reduced to insignificance. Here, and at the other places touched at on the route to Borneo, Mr. Lay and his companion, Mr. Dickenson, made good use of their time in excursions into the country, and procured some interesting information, chiefly as to soil and climate; but at Macassar alone did they meet with any encouragement in the distribution of books. They had several in the Bugis' dialect, which was read without much difficulty by the Macassars, and great eagerness was manifested to obtain them.

Our limits will not allow us to dwell on each point of the voyage, and we must hasten on to Borneo, the most important object, and the most interesting, because least known.

After touching at Ternate, a small island near Iololo, one of the Moluccas, on which there is a Dutch settlement, and where Mr. Lay made an arduous ascent to the crater of a volcano, and at Zamboanga, a Spanish settlement on the southern side of Mindanao, the Himmaleh proceeded to Berni.

This place is one of the few of any consequence among all the archipelago which is not under foreign domination. It is peopled by Malays, who are governed by a sultan, who in his turn is governed by his minister; and a very amusing account of the audience-chamber is given by Mr. Lay, which we shall transcribe.

"A levee was an amusing sight. On one hand you might see the minister, in person a small man, sitting with a demure countenance at a most respectful distance, and now and then uttering some expressions in a subdued and plaintive strain: on the other, the sultan, with a proud stare mingled with a wild anxiety, who felt these soft words to be severe strictures upon his behaviour, coming, too, from a man who expected that they should not only be felt, but be considered as cautions for regulating his conduct in future. He resembled an animal with one foot in a trap, who would fain change his uneasy position with no less cost than the loss of a limb. The minister, to whom we have referred more than once, is the chief executive officer in the state. The distinction between him and the sultan was very concisely made by a brother of the latter in conversation with myself and fellow-traveller one evening. 'The one speaks, and the other acts.' The entire control and management of all public matters are placed in the hands of the latter, who, from the advantage of such a situation when a man of talent, like Muda Hasim, can enact his own pleasure, and so leave the sultan a mere pompous title, surrounded, indeed, with the habiliments of war and majesty, but destitute of any real power or authority."

The inhabitants are Mahomedans, but their observance of their religion is very lax. Their form of government, as is general among the Malays, is feudal; and, as each chief prides himself on having a number of his retainers residing round him for keeping up a numerous harem, each "great house" is surrounded by a cluster of little ones, which gives a very irregular appearance to this aqueous city; for, as it is very customary with the Malays, a great part of the buildings are erected on piles, over the shallow parts of the bay, and this not from want of room on shore, but from choice. The sovereign is elective; but he must belong to one particular family, and this mode of succession is, as is natural, often productive of serious disturbances. The soil is rich and productive, but ill cultivated; pepper, upland rice, and pines, are grown on the upland hills, and a good trade once set on foot would doubtless soon change the face of the island, and increase its products to an immense extent. The fine river on which the city stands affords very great facility for communication with the interior of this important island, which is three times the size of Great Britain, and the introduction of Christianity would, as must always be the case, tend materially to humanize the society. Here are no strong Mohamedan prejudices to overcome, since, although the religion is professed, it is but little reverenced. The abolition of polygamy would stand most in the way of the success of the missionary. It was, however, encouraging to find that no opposition was made to the introduction of the Scriptures; but, on the contrary, a desire to possess them evinced, even by the prime minister, Muda Hasim, who is represented as a man quite in advance of his countrymen, and exceedingly desirous of improving the condition of his countrymen, and introducing among them the knowledge of European inventions. But a sudden stop was put to the landing of a single copy of the Scriptures, or any other Malay book, by the captain, who was of opinion that, although they might be well received then, yet that the consequence would be, that "he should have his throat cut if he came that way another year."

This is the only intimation we have that the trade at Berni was of a sufficiently encouraging nature to render a second visit advisable; but that a considerable and very profitable commerce may be carried on by vessels properly manned and armed is very certain: the resources of these islands are not yet made available

* The remarks on the meteorology, music, and natural history, of the countries visited, appended, are very valuable: they are written in a delightful manner, and in the true spirit of philosophical inquiry. We regret that they are so short. We can here only thus briefly refer to them, but cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of making a few extracts from them in some succeeding Numbers.

to one-tenth of the extent a comparatively small regular intercourse would develop. Although the trade of piracy is a delightful amusement to the Malays, who, as is the case with most half-civilised nations of a warlike character, think there is no dishonour in robbing with the strong hand, yet they are not of a daring disposition, and are easily checked by an appearance of power. The inhabitants of Berni are already awed by the proximity of Singapore, and have ceased to practise piracy themselves, although they still too often afford a shelter to others who continue it.

The field now under our notice is a wide one, and deserving of great attention, both by the merchant and the missionary, and we hope ere long to hear of other voyages in those seas, more decidedly successful than that of the Himmaleh.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

" Queen of fresh Flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray:
In Nature's greenest livery drest,
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and heaven a welcome guest,
Thou Merry Month of May!

" Mark how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou Merry Month of May!

" Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains,
All hold holiday;
And Love—the life of living things,—
Love waves his torch, and claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou Merry Month of May!"

Bishop Heber.

When the opening Spring, "with dewy fingers cold," has shed its morning-light of hope on the coming year, and the succeeding sunshine and showers of chequered April have prepared the breathing earth for the renewal of its vegetation, then comes the consummation of the spring in all its rich freshness, and the Month of May opens wide its portals of clear and glorious light, inviting every created being throughout the wide universe of God's dominions to rejoice and be glad. "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." As the winter has passed from the face of nature, so the winter of the soul has gone from man, and the primeval air of Eden seems again to breathe around him, and all creation to glow again divinely with the Spirit of the Most High; and, as that "happy seat" of our first parents was dimmed and marred in its purity by sin and disobedience, so the soul of man, redeemed from the curse, looks fondly to its restoration to innocence and happiness in the paradise of "eternal spring" beyond the skies.*

May is the spring-time of hope and promise—the rainbow of the reviving year. Campbell, in his address to that "triumphal arch" of the sky, says—

" When o'er the green undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!"

And the mental eye, surrounded at this season with every cheering object in nature, to raise hope and encourage aspiration after that "better land," travels onward in vision to brighter and more perennial scenes, and penetrates the rainbow-veil of promise:—

" Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the gates of Death!"

The glorious Sun—the "god of gladness," "of this great world both eye and soul,"—now assumes his dominion, and, "with surpassing glory crowned," walks forth in his strength and brightness through the fields of air, and takes his meridian stand in the deep-blue vault of heaven; and while his radiant beams illumine the wide concave of the sky, "the light clouds sublime, spread thin and fleecy white," float gaily in his rays, and set off in vivid contrast the tint and beauty of the "summer heaven's delicious blue" and the purity of the glowing transparent ether. Light airs and gentle zephyrs skim over the meadows and fields, woods and hills, all mantled in green and decked with blossom, diffusing in soft eddies the breathing fragrance of the vegetable kingdom. The rivers and streams roll joyously on in their channelled course, through enamelled plains or craggy dells, with their rising trout and salmon, and sailing May-flies; the lakes reflecting, in "modest pride," and with dimpling wave, the wooded islands studding their bosom, and the cottages, woods, and mountains, stretching close along their shores; while the "birds on every bough," or passing on hasty wing of business through the air, the lowing herds of ranging cattle, and the shrill, intermitted, or drowsy notes of the insect tribes, make a mingled harmony to the ear. Even Man, laden with his thousand woes, real and imaginary, and endowed with his conscious "knowledge of good and evil," feels the spirit of life animate his inmost heart, and speaks the joy he feels, "where nothing strikes his eye but sights of bliss."

The month of May was the third of the year of Romulus, and the fifth of that of Numa and Julius Cæsar, as it remains at present. Its name existed at a period long anterior to the time of the foundation of Rome, as the *majus* or great month, from the vigour of nature at this season, but was adopted and confirmed by Romulus in compliment to the *majores*, or elders, who formed the senators of his council; in the same manner as the subsequent month of June was named Junius, in allusion to the *juniores* or younger subjects, who formed the warriors of his army. Others suppose it to have been originally derived from the goddess Maia, the mother of Mercury, or of Maia, the *bona dea* (or good goddess, that is, mother Earth), to whom sacrifices were offered on the first of May. By our Saxon ancestors it was termed the *tri-milchi* month, or month in which the cows could be milked three times a day, from the luxuriancy of the tender juicy grass. The Germans of the present day denominate it the *Wonne-Monat*, or month of delight and joy. The ancients characterised it as "adorning the earth with flowers," "chequering the fields with varied grass," and designate it as the green and verdant, the flowery and vernal, the showery and stormy, the dewy and fruitful, the bland and luxuriant, the pleasant and grateful—the joyous, sprightly, and festive month of May; and from the prevalence of sunshine, regarded it as sacred to Apollo. The English poets and people generally, seem to agree in conferring on it the epithet of "merry," though Milton, in the exuberance of his feeling, hesitates not to term it the "jolly" May; and in associating the name and remembrance of this happy month with every object connected with the season: thus we have our "May" or May-blossom, May-ings, May-games, May-poles, May-queen, May-lily, May-wort, May-weed, May-flower, May-apple, May-fly, and May-butter, besides many others. The ancient painters represented May as a youth of lovely countenance, arrayed in a robe of white and green, embroidered with flowers, having on his head a garland of white and damask roses, with a lute in one hand, and a nightingale perched on the fore-finger of the other. Less fancifully classic, but with a simpler dignity of genuine feeling and pure love of nature, our own ancestors have represented May as the loveliest of their village maidens, and have "rifled all the breathing spring" to deck her with garlands and flowers, as their Queen of May.

May is the season when nature assumes her new livery for the year. With what beauty, truth, and pathos, does the patriotic Burns depict the native charms of this season, in allusion to the captivity and hard fate of Mary Queen of Scots, who, in this month, was brought to England as a prisoner of state!

" Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea.

" Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing,
The merle in his noon-tide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring.

" Now blooms the lily on the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae.

* See Moxon's beautiful Sonnet on Spring.

> " The meanest hind in fair Scotland
> May rove their sweets amang,—
> But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
> Maun lie in prison strang."

"Groves, fields, and meadows," says Addison, "are at every season of the year pleasant to look upon, but never so much so as in the opening of the spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the eye;" and now indeed the living verdure beneath our feet, the buds just bursting into young leaves, and the rich blossoms of the trees, are in all their freshness, beauty, and fragrance, and charm every sense with their grateful influence. Luxuriant blades of tender grass carpet every field and bank, meadow and ranging hill, with mantling green; and the simple daisy, pale primrose, yellow cowslip, and rich glowing butter-cup, are spangling the banks and meads with their lively contrast. The hawthorn boughs, studded with white May-blossom, adorn the lanes and hedges in every direction, and perfume the country far and wide with their rich fragrance, and especially in the immediate neighbourhood of the villages—

> "Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way."

The sweet-briar, eglantine, honeysuckle, and woodbine, hang in festoons at the whitewashed porch of the clean humble cottage, with its "nicely-sanded floor;" while the orchards and gardens are "all breathing balm," with the bloom of their fruit-trees, lilacs, and laburnums, and glittering with gorgeous beds of waving tulips, virgin-lilies, and blooming roses. The water-violet and buck-bean unfold their petals as aquatic plants, the ferns of the forest expand their reticulated shapes, and the delicate blue-bells and forget-me-nots, "hidden from day's garish eye," unfold, in the seclusion of woods and ruins, their simple and modest beauty; while the "desert air" of moors and woodlands, heaths and wilds, have their "waste places" enlivened by the clear bright yellow flowers of the gorse and broom. The horse-chesnuts, too, are laden with rich white blossom, and the waving of the tender blades of the corn-field gladdens the anxious eye of the husbandman.

The favourite horse now enjoys the fresh paddock, while the younger and wilder colts of his species roam at large, in spontaneous gallops and unbridled joys, over the unfettered pastures of the hill-sides; the cows ruminate in full enjoyment of their new-springing herbage, and yield to the dairymaid their creamy stores, for fresh May-butter and abundant cheese; while the lowing herds of cattle, and bleating flocks of sheep with their young gambolling lambs, are heard far and wide throughout the land:—

> " See how the younglings frisk along the meads,
> As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind,—
> Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds!" THOMSON.

The antlered stag with his graceful company of nimble deer, now enjoy their new verdant lawns and ample parks, and give to the domains through which they range at pleasure an air of patrician dignity:—

> " Now the deer rustle through the thorny brake,
> And the birds sing concealed."

To the feathered tribes, indeed, the month of May is one of vital interest, for they now form alliances, build their varied nests with instinctive skill, and lay their eggs,—all circumstances to them of first-rate importance. The sky-lark is first to greet the break of day, and announce the early morning to the world, warbling with cheerful alacrity his lively cadences, while, poised in mid-air, he "singing up to heaven-gate ascends."

> "To hear the lark begin his flight,
> And singing, startle the dull night,
> From his watch-tower in the skies,
> Till the dappled dawn doth rise." MILTON.

Next comes the louder and more official clarion of nature's trumpeter-in-ordinary, the plumed chieftain of the poultry-yard, and *gallus cristatus* of the fable, who—

> " with lively din—
> Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
> And to the stack, or the barn-door,
> Stoutly struts his dames before."

The blackbird and thrush, with their melodious voices and mellow notes, bid a welcome from bush and brake to the cheerful May, and warble forth, says Izaak Walton, such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to. On the waters, or among their sedgy banks, the various kinds of wild-fowl make their appearance; the cuckoo's double note, of ominous import, sounds day and night across the fields; the stock and turtle-doves sound their harmonious love-tones in the depth of woods; and the active crows are seen flying with lusty wing on affairs connected with their own domestic polity. The spotted flycatcher builds her nest in vines or sweet-briar, against the wall and near our doors—the quietest and most familiar of our summer birds; the sedge-bird sings incessantly during the breeding time, and, imitating the notes of other birds, is called the English mock-bird; and the swallow skims the earth, and with plastic skill repairs or rebuilds her family mansion beneath the skirt and protection of our roof. As evening approaches, the goat-sucker, or fern-owl, searches for her prey, uttering a most disagreeable and discordant noise. All being hushed, the divine nightingale commences in this month her "love-laboured song," and entrances into ecstacy every mortal ear so favoured as to be an auditor of her unearthly melody. The poets of every age and clime have done honour to the celestial warbling of this favourite songstress; but the simple and beautiful reflection of the venerable Izaak Walton is, we think, not surpassed by any other meed of approbation:—"The nightingale," he says, "another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"

Among the insect creation, the bee swarms, the glow-worm gives her light, and the May-fly appears on the waters in this month.—The bee traverses on busy wing the realms of air, with headlong haste examines with her sucker the latent materials for honey and honey-comb in the petalled recesses of the flowery world, and "sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet," singing gaily at her toil, and returning laden with treasure, after miles of excursive travel, to her remembered hive. The glow-worm is seen, as evening advances, on the dry banks of woods and pastures, shedding her phosphorescent and brilliant halo among the dark leaves of her retreat. The May-fly of the angler is, according to Gilbert White, the shortest-lived of any of the insect race, emerging from its chrysalis-cerements in the water at about six in the evening, and dying at eleven the same night. Our young readers may be acquainted with the beautiful lines in reference to this brief span of existence, in the *Penny Magazine* of 1832, at page 64, written by Charles Knight, the well-known bookseller.

The finny tribes, during the month of May, are in full vigour, and the "patient angler" pursues his "contemplative recreation" to his heart's content and the full windings of his line. May is especially the fly-fishers' month; for the *Complete Angler* of Walton and Cotton has its dialogue entirely confined to the first and ninth of May. The opening of this matchless composition is a conference between an angler, a hunter, and a falconer, "stretching their legs up Tottenham-hill, on a fine fresh May-morning;" and Cotton, in discoursing on this month, says, "And now, sir, that we are entering into the month of May, I think it requisite to beg not only your attention, but also your best patience; for I must now be a little tedious with you, and dwell upon this month longer than ordinary: which, that you may better endure, I must tell you this month deserves and requires to be insisted on; forasmuch as it alone, and the next following, afford more pleasure to the fly-angler than all the rest." Cotton, indeed, "the affectionate son and servant," (as he respectfully styles himself), of his "most worthy father and friend, Mr. Izaak Walton, the Elder," was himself a Derbyshire angler, and resided near the celebrated Dove-Dale; and Walton says, in their commendation, "I think the best trout-anglers be in Derbyshire, for the waters there are clear to an extremity;" being also equally complimentary in referring to the romantic streams of the Peak of Derbyshire, for, in speaking of the Lathkin and the Wye, near Bakewell, he thus expatiates: "The Lathkin is by many degrees the purest and most transparent stream that I ever yet saw, either at home or abroad; and breeds, it is said, the reddest and the best trout in England; and the Wye is a most delicate, clear river, and breeds admirable trout and grayling." This honoured Wye, we may also add, rolls its clear and serpentine waters through the vale of Haddon, in every variety of depth and shallowness, or of slowness and rapidity, winding its playful course over the level meadows—in a straight line of only two miles from Bakewell to Haddon-hall, through an actual length of nearly nine miles in measured distance; and on its verdant banks, at this season of the year, the numerous assemblage of brethren of the angle and votaries of the

"gentle art" may be truly said to celebrate all the anglers' honours due to their merry month of May.

May forms the confine of boundary between spring and summer, and has, in all ages and countries, been hailed as the fresh glowing *forenoon* of the day of human life, whose bright vision dwells enshrined in the memory, associated with all those feelings which bloom in the heart in the May-tide of our lives. Our English poets have felt this truth in all its fulness, and have delighted to apply it.

> "Flushed by the spirit of the genial year,
> Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
> Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
> Her lips blush deeper sweets—she breathes of youth."—Thomson.

The month of May is the period when all nature is "blooming and benevolent," and the finer and more tender feelings of our nature develope themselves—the month of Love. The objects of the inanimate world are the glad reflectors of their Creator's glory, and in air or earth, sky or ocean, remind man of the imagined glories of that Eden he has lost;—the wild tribes of the brute creation evince their animal spirits with uncontrolled restraint;—while the heart of man, on the contrary, is vibrating in unison with mingled causes of excitement, and influenced by the thousand joys he feels glowing within him and around him:—"in short," says Addison, "our souls are delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasing delusion."

> "In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
> Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?" Campbell.

Shakspeare very pointedly speaks of this attribute of the month, when he says,

> "Love, whose month was ever May!"

And Milton sanctions its presence in the nuptial-bower of his vernal paradise:

> "Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
> His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
> Reigns here and revels."

But there are feelings and principles of a higher order than even the most refined affection of one human creature for another, founded on that love to the Creator which leads to the works of benevolence and Christian charity, so signally promoted by the public meetings in our metropolis which crowd the diary of the month of May. This is an homage to the God of the seasons, and his means of regenerating his "eternal spring" within the human breast, of a character incomparably higher, because more enduring, than the fugitive ecstacies and inward joys not based on an imperishable foundation.

CLAIMS OF SOCIETY ON YOUNG MEN.*

When Catiline attempted to overthrow the liberties of Rome, he began by corrupting the young men of the city, and forming them for deeds of daring and crime. In this he acted with keen discernment of what constitutes the strength and safety of a community—the VIRTUE and INTELLIGENCE of its YOUTH—especially of its YOUNG MEN. This class of persons has, with much propriety, been denominated the flower of a country—the rising hope of the church and society. Whilst *they* are preserved uncorrupted, and come forward with enlightened minds and good morals, to act their respective parts on the stage of life, the foundations of social order and happiness are secure, and no weapon formed against the safety of the community can prosper.

This, indeed, is a truth so obvious, that all wise and benevolent men, whether statesmen, philanthropists, or ministers of religion, have always felt a deep and peculiar interest in this class of society; and in all attempts to produce reformation and advance human happiness, the young, and particularly young men, have engaged their first and chief regards.

How entirely this accords with the spirit of inspiration, it is needless to remark. Hardly any one trait of the Bible is more prominent than its benevolent concern for the youthful generations of men. On them its instructions drop as the rain, and distil as the dew; around their path it pours its purest light and sweetest promises; and by every motive of kindness and entreaty, of invitation and warning, aims to form them for duty and happiness, for holiness and God.

I. The claims, then, of which we speak, are of the most weighty and serious character. They grow out of those indissoluble relations which you sustain to society; and those invaluable interests, social, civil, and religious, which have come down to us, a most precious inheritance, from our fathers, and which, with all the duties and responsibilities connected with them, are soon to be transferred to your hands and to your keeping. I look forward a few short years, and see the aspect of society entirely changed. The venerable fathers, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, are dropping, one after another, into the grave, and soon they will all be gone. Of those, too, who are now the acting members of society, some have passed the meridian of life, others are passing it, and all will soon be going down its decline, to mingle with the generations who have disappeared before them, from this transient scene of action. To a mind seriously contemplating this mournful fact, it is an inquiry of deep and tender interest:—who are to rise up and fill their places? To whom are to be committed the invaluable interests of this community? Who are to sustain its responsibilities and discharge its duties? You anticipate the answer. It is to you, young men, that these interests are to be committed and these responsibilities transferred. You are fast advancing to fill the places of those who are fast retiring to give place to a new generation. You are soon to occupy the houses, and own the property, and fill the offices, and possess the power, and direct the influence that are now in other hands. The various departments of business and trust, the pulpit and the bar,—our courts of justice and halls of legislation,—our civil, religious, and literary institutions,—all, in short, that constitute society, and goes to make life useful and happy, are to be in your hands and under your control.

This representation is not made to excite your vanity, but to impress you with a due sense of your obligations. You cannot take a rational view of the stations to which you are advancing, or of the duties that are coming upon you, without feeling deeply your need of high and peculiar qualifications. In committing to you her interests and privileges, society imposes upon you corresponding claims, and demands that you be prepared to fill, with honour and usefulness, the places which you are destined to occupy. She looks to you for future protection and support, and while she opens her arms to welcome you to her high immunities and her hopes, she requires of you the cultivation of those virtues, and the attainment of those qualifications, which can alone prepare you for the duties and scenes of future life.

Such, then, being the claims of society, let us inquire—

II. How you may be prepared to meet them.

1. And, first of all, it is demanded that you awake to a *serious consideration* of the duties and prospects before you. I mention this first, because, if a young man cannot be persuaded to consider what he is, and what he is to become in future life, nothing worthy or good can be expected of him. And, unhappily, this is the character of too many young men. They cannot be made to *think*. They seem resolved to live only for the present moment, and for present gratification. As if the whole of their existence were comprised in the passing hour, and they had no concern in any future duty or event, they never cast forward a thought to their coming days, nor inquire how they are to fulfil the great end of their being.

Of these gay and thoughtless triflers, society has nothing to expect. They may have their little day of sunshine and pleasure; then they will vanish and be forgotten, as if they had never been. This is unworthy the character of a rational being. Man was made for a nobler end than thus to pass away life in mere levity and trifling. He was made for thought and reflection; he was made to serve God and his generation, in a life of beneficent action; and he never exercises his faculties more in accordance with the dignity of his nature, than when he considers the end for which he was created, and inquires how he may best fulfil the great purposes of his being. And this, my friends, is an exercise peculiarly appropriate at *your* time of life. Joyous and flattering as the prospect before you may seem, let me tell you there is much in it that is fitted to make you serious and thoughtful. You cannot take a just view of your state and prospects, without feeling that you are placed in circumstances of deep and solemn interest. Your Creator has placed you here in the midst of a shifting and transient scene, to sojourn a little while as probationers for eternity, then to pass from the stage and be here no more. He has formed you for society, for duty and happiness; and has so connected you with the living beings around you, that they, as well as yourselves, are to feel the good or ill effects of

* From Lectures to Young Men, by the Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, New England.

your conduct, long after you shall have gone to render up your account at his bar. How imperious, to beings in such a state, is the duty of consideration! How wise, how all-important to inquire—What am I, and what is my destination in this and the future world? For what end was I created, and for what purpose placed here in the midst of beings like myself? What are the relations which I sustain to those beings and to society? What the duties which I owe to them? How can I be prepared to perform those duties, and how accomplish the great end for which my Creator gave me existence, and placed me in this world of probation and trial? The man who thinks lightly of such inquiries, or who never brings them home to his own bosom, as matters of direct, personal concern, violates every principle of reason and common prudence. Let me press them upon you, my young friends, as demanding your first and chief attention. They are indeed grave inquiries; and light, trifling minds may reject them because they are so. They are suggested by the reality of things; and never, without a due consideration of them, can you be qualified for the duties of life, or sustain the responsibilities so soon to come upon you as members of society.

2. Another requisite for meeting the claims of society is *intelligence*, or a careful cultivation of your minds. In despotic governments, where the subject is a mere vassal, and has no part either in making or executing the laws, ignorance is, no doubt, as the advocates of legitimacy claim, an essential qualification of a good citizen. The less he knows of his rights, the more contented he is to be deprived of them; and the less he understands of duty, the more pliable he is as a mere instrument of ambition and power. Not so in this country (United States). Here every man is a public man. He has an interest in the community, and exerts an important influence over the interests of others. He is a freeman; and this ought always to mean the same thing as an intelligent man. He possesses the right of suffrage; and, in the exercise of that right, he is often called to aid in the election of rulers,—to deliberate and act respecting the public welfare,—to fill offices of influence and trust, and to perform innumerable duties in the course of life, which can be well performed only in the possession of an intelligent and well-furnished mind. And certainly, whatever be a man's circumstances, he cannot but be a happier and more useful man by possessing such a mind.

It is not an extended, critical acquaintance with the sciences, on which I here insist; this must of necessity be confined to a few: but such a measure of knowledge as may be acquired by men of business, by all men who will but make a proper use of their faculties and time. Franklin was a man of business; he was an apprentice boy in a printing-office; but by a careful improvement of that time, which by many young men is thrown away, he became one of the wisest statesmen and most distinguished philosophers of his day. Sherman, too, of our own state, was a man of business; he was a shoe-maker; but by self-impulse, by patient, untiring effort, he rose from the bench of the shoe-maker, seated himself in the halls of congress, and there took his place with the first.

A small portion of that leisure time which you all possess, and which, by too many, is given to dissipation and idleness, would enable any young man to acquire a very general knowledge of men and things. A judicious economy of that time, for one year, would afford you opportunity to read a great many useful volumes, and to treasure up much useful knowledge. The means of intellectual improvement were never more abundant or accessible to all classes of persons than at the present day; and, I may add, never were there stronger inducements for young men to avail themselves of those means, and to aim at high attainments in knowledge. Society is rapidly advancing in general improvement; the field of enterprise is fast widening, and useful talents of every kind find ample scope for employment. And permit me to remind you, my friends, that, in respect to mental improvement, the present is the most important period of your life. It is, indeed, the only period in which you can enter upon such a course of improvement with any hope of success. *If from the age of fifteen to twenty-five a young man neglects the cultivation of his mind, he will probably neglect it till the end of life. If during that period he does not form a habit of reading, of observation, and reflection, he will never form such a habit; but go through the world as the dull ass goes to market, none the wiser for all the wonders that are spread around him.*

I am the more anxious to impress this subject on your minds, because I consider your usefulness, your present and future happiness, as most intimately connected with it. A young man who has a fondness for books, or a taste for the works of nature and art, is not only preparing to appear with honour and usefulness as a member of society, but is secure from a thousand temptations and evils to which he would otherwise be exposed. He knows what to do with his leisure time. It does not hang heavily on his hands. He has no inducement to resort to bad company, or the haunts of dissipation and vice; he has higher and nobler sources of enjoyment in himself. At pleasure, he can call around him the best of company,—the wisest and greatest men of every age and country,—and feast his mind with the rich stores of knowledge which they spread before him. A lover of good books can never be in want of good society, nor in much danger of seeking enjoyment in the low pleasures of sensuality and vice.

3. Another thing demanded of you by society, is *an upright and virtuous character*. If a young man is loose in his principles and habits; if he lives without plan and without object, spending his time in idleness and pleasure, there is more hope of a fool than of him. He is sure to become a worthless character, and a pernicious member of society. He forgets his high destination as a rational, immortal being; he degrades himself to a level with the brute; and is not only disqualified for all the serious duties of life, but proves himself a nuisance and a curse to all with whom he is connected.

No young man can hope to rise in society, or act worthily his part in life, without a fair, moral character. The basis of such a character is virtuous principle; or a deep, fixed sense of moral obligation, sustained and invigorated by the fear and the love of God. The man who possesses such a character can be trusted. Integrity, truth, benevolence, justice, are not with him words without meaning; he knows and he feels their sacred import, and aims, in the whole tenor of his life, to exemplify the virtues they express. Such a man has decision of character;—he knows what is right, and is firm in doing it. Such a man has independence of character;—he thinks and acts for himself, and is not to be made a tool of to serve the purposes of party. Such a man has consistency of character;—he pursues a straight forward course, and what he is to-day, you are sure of finding him to-morrow. Such a man has true worth of character;—and his life is a blessing to himself, to his family, to society, and to the world.

Aim then, my friends, to attain this character,—aim at virtue and moral excellence. This is the first, the indispensable qualification of a good citizen. It imparts life, and strength, and beauty, not only to individual character, but to all the institutions and interests of society. It is indeed the dew and the rain that nourish the vine and the fig-tree, by which we are shaded and refreshed.

4. Another thing demanded of you by society is *public spirit*. Every young man should come forward in life with a determination to do all the good he can, and to leave the world the better for his having lived in it. He should consider that he was not made for himself alone; but for society, for mankind, and for God. He should feel that he is a constituent, responsible member of the great family of man; and while he should pay particular attention to the wants and the welfare of those with whom he is immediately connected, he should accustom himself to send his thoughts abroad, over the wide field of practical benevolence, and early learn to feel and act for the good of his species.

I say *early*, because if you do not begin, in the morning of life, to cherish a public spirit—a spirit of active, enterprising benevolence, you will probably never possess much of it. This is a virtue that rarely springs up late in life. If it grow and flourish at all, it must be planted in youth, and be nourished by the warm sunshine and rain of the spring season of life. He who cares only for himself in youth, will be a very niggard in manhood, and a wretched miser in old age.

And consider what a poor, miserable kind of existence it is, to live only to one's self. It is indeed but half living. "Selfishness has been well termed a starveling vice. It is its own curse. He who does no good, gets none. He who cares not for others, will soon find that others will not care for him. As he lives to himself, so he will die to himself, and nobody will miss him, or be sorry that he is gone*."

Guard against this temper, my friends, as most unworthy in itself, and destructive of all respectability and usefulness. Cultivate a spirit of enlarged benevolence,—a generous, self-denying, public spirit, which shall cause you to feel and take an interest in whatever affects the happiness, or conduces to the improvement of your fellow-men. Especially is this a duty incumbent on you at the present day. It is a day of action,—of action in the cause

* James's Christian Father's Present.

of God and human happiness. The young men of this generation are called to a great work. God is fast preparing the way for this world's emancipation from the thraldom and misery under which it has been groaning for six thousand years; and to those who are now coming upon the stage, does he extend the high privilege and honour of bearing a part in effecting this glorious work. See to it, then, that you forfeit not the honour, by acting on the principle of a narrow and contracted selfishness. Cherish that noble, that disinterested, that rare patriotism, which will make you prefer the public interest to your own;—your country's prosperity and glory to your own honour and emolument.

III. In glancing at the motives which urge upon you the duty of being prepared to meet the claims of society, it is encouraging to observe,

1. That the qualifications demanded are *entirely within your power*. There is not one of you who cannot awake to a serious consideration of the duties and responsibilities that are soon to be devolved upon you; and this is the first and main thing necessary to your being prepared to sustain them. There is not one of you who cannot become intelligent, virtuous, public-spirited, and pious; and, adorned with these graces, you will be prepared to fill, with honour to yourselves, and usefulness to society, the various stations to which God in his providence may call you.

2. It is a consideration of great weight, that the claims, of which we have been speaking, are *fixed* upon you, and there is no possibility of escaping from them. God has brought you into being in circumstances of deep and solemn interest. He has cast your lot in the midst of a Christian and civilised society, and surrounded you with privileges of a very high and peculiar character. Soon you are to come upon the stage to act the part assigned you,—soon to have committed to you all the various and infinitely important interests of this community. And for the manner in which you sustain these interests, you are held accountable at the bar of your final Judge. In this matter there is no discharge, and there is no neutrality. Whether you shall exist as members of society, and finally give account of your conduct, is not submitted to your choice. This point God has decided. You must exist; you must exist in the midst of society;—burdened with the weighty responsibilities that grow out of the relations you sustain to the living beings around you, and to the generations that are coming after you; and you must take the eternal consequences of living and acting in these deeply interesting circumstances. Nothing more, one would think, need be said to excite you to a diligent improvement of your talents, and to an untiring, faithful discharge of the duties which you owe to yourselves, to your fellow-men, and to God.

3. Consider next the *value of the interests* that are soon to be committed to you. Much is said, and most justly, of the happy state of society in which our lot is cast. We may truly say, the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage. It is a heritage which is endeared to us by a thousand tender and sacred associations; for which our fathers laboured and prayed; for which they lived and died;—which has been preserved to us through many dangers and conflicts, and at a great expense of treasure and blood. It is a heritage, on which the smiles of Heaven have always rested,—which comprises more good with less evil, than is anywhere else to be found on earth: which contains, in short, all that is most essential to the perfection and happiness of man, both in this and the future world. Of this inheritance, young men, you are soon to be the guardians and defenders. To all its institutions and blessings, to all its privileges and hopes, you are the natural heirs, and on you lies the weighty obligation of preserving it entire, for the generation that is to succeed you. If you fail to be qualified for the high trust, or prove unfaithful in the sacred duties which it involves, how fearful the consequences,—how irreparable the loss! It is entirely in your power to turn this garden of the Lord into a desolation: to sweep from it all that is goodly and fair. Let but the rising generation come upon the stage, without intelligence, without virtue, without public spirit, without piety; inconsiderate, dissipated, vicious; and in thirty years, the dismal change would be realised. Yes, my beloved friends, on you it depends, under God, whether this goodly inheritance shall be preserved or destroyed; whether the morals, the religion, the good order and freedom which now so happily prevail in the community, shall be continued, or give place to profligacy, to irreligion, and wild misrule.

4. While you aim to fulfil the duties which you owe to society, you take the most effectual measures to promote *your own respectability and happiness*. The young man of inconsideration and thoughtlessness, of gaiety and fashion, may shine and sparkle for a little moment; and during that moment, he may be the admiration, and perhaps envy, of persons as vain and thoughtless as himself. But he soon passes the season of gaiety and mirth, and what is he then? A worthless, neglected cipher in society. His present course of life has no reference to the scenes and duties of riper years. His youth is entirely disconnected from his manhood. It is a portion of his existence which he throws away; and perhaps worse than throws away, because he contracts habits which unfit him for sober life, and cleave to him as an enfeebling, disgusting disease, all his days.

Beaux and fops, and the whole pleasure-loving fraternity, are short-lived creatures. They look pretty in the gay sunshine of summer; but, poor things! they cannot endure the approach of autumn and winter. They have their little hour of enjoyment, and that is the end of them.

On the other hand, the young man who seriously considers the nature and design of his being; who shuns the society and flees the amusements of the thoughtless and the vicious; who devotes his vacant hours to the improvement of his mind and heart, and aims at the acquisition of those habits and virtues which may qualify him for the duties of life,—such a young man cannot fail to rise in respectability, in influence, and honour.

His virtues and attainments make room for him in society, and draw around him the confidence and respect, the affection and support, of all worthy and good men. The pursuits of his youth bear directly on the enjoyments and usefulness of his manhood. There is no waste of his existence; no contraction of bad habits to obscure the meridian or darken the decline of life. The course upon which he enters, like the path of the just, shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. This motive, my young friends, you cannot duly consider without feeling its constraining influence. You are all in the pursuit of happiness; you all desire the esteem and respect of your fellow-men. Here is the way, and the only way, to attain it. An enlightened mind, a virtuous character, a useful life;—these are the dignity and the glory of man. They make him lovely in the sight of angels and God; and secure for him present peace and everlasting happiness.

5. Consider, again, how pleasant will be the *retrospect of past life*, if you faithfully serve God and your generation according to his will. It is but a little time, before you, who are young, will be looking upon a generation rising up to take your places, just as the fathers are now looking upon you. You will soon pass the meridian of life, and be going down its decline to the invisible world. Consider that time as come—as present. Think of yourselves as retiring from the scene of action; your heads whitened with the snows of age, and your limbs stiffened with the frosts of winter. O, how cheering to be able now to look back upon a life of beneficent and useful action; a life spent in the service of God and for the good of mankind! How pleasant and consoling to reflect, that you have done your duty as members of society, and have sustained, honourably, the great interests that were committed to you! How animating, too, the prospect before you,—how glorious the anticipations of the future! All the great interests of society safe; all its institutions secure and flourishing; a generation rising up under the influence of your example and training, intelligent, virtuous, enterprising; prepared to fill your places, and carry on the system of human affairs. To them you commend all that you hold most dear on earth,—the high interests of the church and society,—happy in the assurance, that they will sustain the sacred trust, and transmit the precious inheritance entire to those who shall come after them. To a mind gladdened with such reflections and prospects, how bright and benignant shines the sun of declining life? The shades of evening gather around him in peace; he reposes in joyful hope, and all his powers are invigorated and cheered by the delightful visions that burst upon his view.

And now, in view of the whole, may I not hope, that ere you rise from your seats, and in every future emergency of life, prompted by the warm impulse of duty, you will raise to heaven the expressive prayer,

> "Father of light and life! Thou good supreme!
> O teach me what is good! Teach me Thyself!
> Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
> From every low pursuit! And feed my soul
> With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
> Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss."

TALKATIVENESS.

A talkative fellow is like an unbraced drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits. Surely nature did not guard the tongue with the double fence of teeth and lips, but that she meant it should not move too nimbly. I like in Isocrates, when of a scholar full of words he asked a double fee: one to learn him to speak well, another to teach him to hold his peace.—*Owen Feltham.*

ANECDOTE OF A TERRIER.

At Dunrobin Castle, in Sutherlandshire, the northern seat of the Duke of Sutherland, there was, in May, 1820, to be seen a terrier-bitch nursing a brood of ducklings. She had had a litter of whelps a few weeks before, which were taken from her and drowned. The unfortunate mother was quite disconsolate, till she perceived the brood of ducklings, which she immediately seized and carried off to her lair, where she retained them, following them out and in with the greatest attention, and nursing them, after her own fashion, with the most affectionate anxiety. When the ducklings, following their natural instinct, went into the water, their foster-mother exhibited the utmost alarm: and as soon as they returned to land, she snatched them up in her mouth and ran home with them. What adds to the singularity of the circumstance is, that the same animal, when deprived of a litter of puppies the following year, seized two cock-chickens, which she reared with the like care she bestowed on her former family. When the young cocks began to try their voices, their foster-mother was as much annoyed as she formerly seemed to be by the swimming of the ducklings, and never failed to repress their attempts at crowing.—*Brown's Anecdotes of Dogs.*

RECREATION.

Make thy recreation servant to thy business, lest thou become slave to thy recreation. When thou goest up into the mountain, leave this servant in the valley; when thou goest to the city, leave him in the suburbs, and remember the servant must not be greater than the master.—*Quarles.*

INDIAN INK.

The Chinese, or, as it is miscalled, Indian ink has been erroneously supposed to consist of the secretion of a species of *sepia*, or cuttle-fish. It is, however, all manufactured from lamp-black and gluten, with the addition of a little musk to give it a more agreeable odour. Père Coutancin gave the following as a process for making the ink:—A number of lighted wicks are put into a vessel full of oil; over this is hung a dome or funnel-shaped cover of iron, at such a distance as to receive the smoke. When well coated with lamp-black, this is brushed off and collected upon paper; it is then well mixed in a mortar with a solution of gum or gluten, and when reduced to the consistence of paste, is put into little moulds, where it receives those shapes and impressions with which it comes to this country. It is occasionally manufactured in a great variety of forms and sizes, and stamped with ornamental devices, either plain or in gold and various colours.—*The Chinese, by J. F. Davies.*

CHEERFULNESS.

A cheerful companion is a treasure; and all will gather around you as such if you are faithful to yourself; exercise will make you cheerful, and cheerfulness will make friends.—*Todd's Student's Manual.*

ECONOMY.

All to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary art of contracting expense; for without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor. The mere power of saving what is already in our hands must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practise it with success.—*Rambler.*

DANGERS OF SOLITUDE.

He had need to be well underlaid that knows how to entertain himself with his own thoughts. Company, variety of employments or recreations may wear out the day with the emptiest hearts; but when a man has no society but of himself, no task to set himself upon but what arises from his own bosom, surely, if he have not a good stock of former notions, or an inward mint of new, he shall soon run out of all, and, as some forlorn bankrupt, grow weary of himself.—*Bishop Hall.*

UNIVERSAL ATTRIBUTES OF WOMEN.

I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, to a woman, whether civilised or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with a double relish.—*Ledyard's Siberian Journal.*

SECRETS OF COMFORT.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Sharp's Essays.*

THE GRATEFUL BONZE.

A mandarin, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old sly bonze, who, following him through several streets and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. "What does the man mean?" cried the mandarin. "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the other, "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I do not much desire." *Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.*

ANTS OF GUIANA.

In the far-extending wilds of Guiana, the traveller will be astonished at the immense quantity of ants which he perceives on the ground and in the trees. They have nests in the branches four or five times as large as that of the rook, and they have a covered-way from them to the ground. In this covered-way thousands are perpetually passing and repassing, and if you destroy part of it, they turn to and immediately repair it. Other species of ants, again, have no covered-way, but travel, exposed to view, upon the surface of the earth. You will sometimes see a string of these ants a mile long, each carrying in its mouth to its nest a green leaf, the size of a sixpence. It is wonderful to observe the order in which they move, and with what pains and labour they surmount the obstructions of the path.—*Waterton.*

CAPABILITY GREATER THAN PERFORMANCE.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.—*Horace Walpole.*

EARLY COMMERCE OF BRITAIN.

At the time of the invasion, the Romans flattered themselves with the hope of conquering an island of which the shores abounded with pearls, and the soil with ores of the more precious metals. Their avarice was, however, defeated. Of gold or silver not the smallest trace was discovered; nor were the British pearls of a size or colour which could reward the labour of the collector. Yet the invasion produced one advantage to the natives. They sought, and at last discovered, ores of the very metals after which Roman avarice had so anxiously but fruitlessly inquired; and the British exports, at the commencement of the Christian era, comprised, if we may credit a contemporary and well-informed writer, corn and cattle, gold and silver, tin, lead, and iron, skins, slaves, and dogs.—*Lingard.*

THE IMAGINATION.

The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition, or with our past attainments; and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some ideal excellence. Hence the ardour of the selfish to better their fortunes, and to add to their personal accomplishments; and hence the zeal of the patriot and the philosopher to advance the virtue and the happiness of the human race. Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes.—*Dugald Stewart.*

A FEW WORDS—TO THE WISE.

A few words may encourage the benevolent passions, and may dispose people to live in peace and happiness;—a few words may set them at variance, and may lead to misery.—*Miss Edgeworth.*

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SPEAKING AND WRITING.

A good speaker cannot fail to be at least a tolerable writer; waiving, as he must then do, all the personal and physical elements of figure, voice, manner, &c. that might go to constitute in part his oratorical excellence. But the faculty of writing is one that may grow up in the shade; many a man strong on paper, might go forth from his closet, and prove himself a mere child in the senate, at the bar, or on the hustings.

MEASURE YOUR STRENGTH.

I had been passing a day at St. Omer, on my way to Paris. To while away the time, to deliver myself from the tediousness of an inn, I had been playing draughts, drinking coffee, and discussing all sorts of subjects with a young Englishman, intended, I believe, for a physician, who had been educated abroad from his childhood. In the course of our conference, quite gratuitously, and without the smallest provocation on my part, he began to talk downright infidelity. I accepted his challenge, unadvisedly, for I was unequal to the contest. He had studied the subject, was conversant with the main arguments, had got up a variety of points upon it; and besides he was readier with his words than myself, and probably, with his wits also. On the whole, I was no match for him. We were long and deep in the discussion; it was only just as I was about to start, that he went away, and left me with my whole mind in a ferment.—*Self-Formation.*

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A TOUCH AT THE "TIMES."

We are very partial to a kind of dozing stare over the great advertising broadsheet of the *Times*. With reverence we speak it, we have often enjoyed as much instruction and as much amusement from it, as from a perusal of those interior columns wherein float the awful thunder-clouds. Not that we presume to be indifferent to the magical words which duly appear under the time-worn emblem—the dial, pointing everlastingly to precisely five minutes past six, and reminding us of all that has taken place in Printing-house Square during our tranquil slumbers; and the three books—the book of the Past, and the yet unopened book of the Future; while in the centre, broad, conspicuous, and staring, stands THE TIMES, claiming instant attention—

> "The present moment is our ain,
> The neist we never saw!"

But it is of the times, as reflected in the advertising sheet of the *Times*, that we wish now to talk to *our* readers. Lackington, the bookseller, in his "Life," and Fearon, the wine and spirit merchant, before a committee of the House of Commons, have spoken of the gratification which their respective businesses afforded them, in the study of the physiognomies and appearance of their customers. On the same principle, the collecting clerk in the counting-house of the *Times* must have a profound insight into the structure of our social state. The bearers of that flood of advertisements, which sets in daily and incessantly to Printing-house square, must present to him a study of the most varied and interesting nature. Yet, after all, he may be only an "honest rogue," who considers that looking in folks' faces is no part of his business, which is simply to take money, give receipts, and enter results accordingly.

To us every advertisement has eyes, mouth, and ears: it is the shadow of somebody; it is the expression of some individual's wishes, hopes, fears, or anxieties. We look upon the *Times* as a sort of social mash-tun, where the bruised malt of human society is laid, to undergo the first process of being converted into liquor. Cravers and canters, beggars and boasters, the poor and the proud, the careless loser and the honest finder, the enthusiastic inventor and the embarrassed tradesmen, the shabby genteel and the genteel shabby, the sanguine lazy man and the struggling industrious one, horse-dealers and quacks, ship-owners and auctioneers, booksellers and tailors, all meet here, as on common ground: it is a sort of great "shooting gallery," where every man, whether he be a marksman or not, may try his luck, on payment of an entrance-fee. There is but one door for the literary man, the author of several popular works, and the laundress who has good drying grounds and fine air. Are you a young man, a good classical scholar, a university graduate, willing to make yourself generally useful, and to whom salary is no object? Go to the *Times*, any day of the year, and you will be suited. Would you like board and lodging in a musical family, without young children, and where you could enjoy good society? Advertise in the *Times*, and you will receive 365 applications. Have you a sum of money "lying idle at your banker's?" Publish it in the *Times*, and you might as well upset a bee-hive. Do you want a baby taken care of "from the month," or a widow of respectability to superintend "your domestic arrangements?" or a young lady, who teaches music, drawing, manners, morals, and all the accomplishments, and speaks French as fluently as a native? or a young man who knows four languages, and has travelled much on the Continent? or a share in a lucrative business, where you can be a *sleeping* partner, and realise fifty per cent.? Go to the *Times*, for these and a thousand other wants, and it will be marvellous if you do not get somebody or something that will do.

There are certain titles and certain expressions in the advertisements, on which the *Times* must realise a handsome annual sum. Such, for instance, as—"Respectable references given and required," "Board and Lodging," "Sales by Auction," and "Want Places—all letters to be post-paid." A professional gentleman has a house larger than he can occupy himself, and would be glad to meet with two brothers or friends, or a married couple without children, who would help him to fill it—"respectable references given and required." A commercial man, whose flourishing business would be the better for additional capital to extend it, is desirous of meeting with a gentleman possessed of two thousands in cash—"respectable references given and required." A party who have engaged a yacht for a pleasure-trip to the Mediterranean, wish a few ladies and gentlemen to join them —"respectable references given and required." The friends of a lady, who has moved in good society, are desirous of obtaining for her a situation to preside over a gentleman's establishment— "respectable references given and required." The constant recurrence of such a phrase in the many advertisements of the *Times*, reminds us of the kissing of the marble toe of a statue by thousands of devotees.

A clever lady has told us "how to observe" when we are on our travels; and as there is no reason why we may not observe at home as well as abroad, we may here point out one or two *facts* to be observed by the reader of the advertising broadsheet of the *Times*. 1. From the great number of advertisements, in which respectable or unexceptionable references are offered to be *given*, as compared with those which also *require* them, we infer (of course) that more people *ask* favours than *bestow* them. 2. From the great standing number of BOARD AND LODGING *ads.* (this is the save-time abbreviation of the printers) we infer that there are a great number of unmarried young and middle-aged men resident in London, and that a considerable number of families live by administering to their creature-comfort. 3. From the number of offers of "Apartments," furnished or unfurnished, we infer that it is difficult in London to get a small comfortable house in a genteel situation, adapted to a limited income, or a small family; and that, therefore, people who wish to be thought respectable (though possessed of limited means) take larger houses than they require, in the hope of meeting with families to share them with them. Now, these three inferences are about as

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

good as some to be met with in travellers' books, sold at ten shillings or a guinea the volume.

But we have another "how to observe" observation to make, more important than the preceding—namely, the sameness, the want of distinctive character, which pervades the great mass of situation-asking advertisements. We do not allude to the advertisements of butlers, cooks, and housemaids, who must ask after a given and approved fashion; but to the advertisements of educated ladies and gentlemen. When we have read the advertisement of one governess, we have read five hundred. Poor things! it would not do for them to appear the least *outré*, or to scare the conventional proprieties of phrase; so they all march in full dress, wear a melancholy smile, drop a dignified curtsey, and, in quiet, lisping accents, announce, that they are competent to instruct in English, French, and Italian,—can handle the harp and piano,—and give the most unexceptionable references to families where they have had the *pleasure* of living for the last three or four years. Casually taking up a copy of the *Times* as we write, we observe that a family near town want a governess, who must be "a lady of decided religious principles and of cultivated mind, capable of instructing advanced as well as younger pupils in the usual branches of a refined and solid education, and of forming their characters on Christian principles." Here are lofty demands, qualifications, mental and moral, required of the rarer order; and one is tempted to ask what salary this family near town intends to give to such a qualified lady, should they meet with one, and what treatment they intend to give her. All we know is, that marriages, *comfortable* marriages, would be more numerous even than they are, if such ladies were more abundant. Teaching ladies are certainly more entitled to sympathy than teaching gentlemen; and yet we frequently feel our gorge rising at the numerous advertisements of Messrs. Squeers and Co., all of them asking for intelligent and educated young men to come and be kicked. It was, therefore, with a genuine hearty relish, that we read one the other day, asking for a tutor to go out with pupils to the East Indies, at a salary of first 200*l*., and then 300*l*., and to pass the hot months of the year at a cool station on the Nilgherry hills. Run, run, ye graduates of Cambridge and Oxford!

Talking of want of character in the advertisements, we may *observe*, further, that our pleasure in reading the advertisements in the *Times* is derived more from their variety in matter than in manner. When an advertising Englishman steps out of the usual routine, he rarely does it well, unless he be a professional quack, and advertising is a part of his regular business. Some time ago, an advertisement appeared, repeated at intervals, which announced that the advertiser wanted a situation as a sort of confidential hanger-on to a gentleman: he could talk, walk, run, ride, shoot, and sing an excellent song, but never better than his patron, unless required. This was out of the usual order, but it was vulgar, and only suited to catch the eye of a Marquis Fordwater. But, generally speaking, situations are sought, and people ask for partners, clerks, and servants, in a certain established phraseology, unless occasionally a young man announces that his "abilities are greater than his means," and that, therefore, he would like "to take a leading situation in a house, at a liberal salary, with a view of becoming a partner." Listen, however, to a foreigner. "I am," says Meyer, the Director of the Bibliographic Institution at Hildbourghausen in Saxony, "the sole proprietor of a vast copper ore formation, which, proved by two years' researches made upon it, extends over a tract of one and a quarter English miles in length." Then, after describing the present and prospective value of this property, and his wish to associate with persons of capital to "form an establishment on joint-account," he bluntly says, "in Germany it would be very difficult, if at all possible, to find qualified partners, therefore I will not try it."

For ourselves, when we wish to enjoy one of the advertising broadsheets, we begin with the beginning, and read on to the end. We have neither the intention nor the means of moving from our domicile in this great metropolis; yet we like to see what ships are sailing for Calcutta or Jamaica, and what steam-communication there is between London and St. Petersburgh, or London and Aberdeen. We have but little to spare in the way of charity; yet we read with keen interest appeals "to the benevolent and humane," not without suspicion, at times, that they are speculations on what five or ten shillings may produce; or in the hope that, if one be a "case of real distress," the humanity of Englishmen will not be appealed to in vain. We have but little interest in buying and selling; yet we like to see what chances are in the way, or what bargains are on the wind. Not a particle of concern have we in any company, either for making a railroad, or manufacturing moonshine; yet we sometimes con fresh issued prospectuses as earnestly as if we were about to take from two to five hundred shares. We require neither tutors nor cooks, governesses nor housemaids, roan geldings nor dappled grey cobs—but somebody always does; and, therefore, as we affect to be philosophers, we say, in the spirit of the old Roman, "I am a man; whatever concerns humanity concerns me." Above all do we sympathise with the ingenious inventors, who are persuaded that if any kind body would just hold out his purse to be emptied, they would realise fortunes. Such may be seen in every paper. We pick up one, out of several recent papers lying at our elbow, and looking in the most random manner. find one addressing "Promoters of Science," but warning people not to apply unless they can command £10,000; another telling "Capitalists" that he offers them an opportunity, "which is seldom or ever to be met with, of yielding an immense fortune," and asking for a gentleman with from £2000 to £3000; and a third from a lady—dear, honest, ingenious soul!—who would fill the pockets of anybody that would advance her £60.

But we cannot say that we like to see a clergyman "in full orders," and of "evangelical principles," advertising for a chapel to rent or buy, for that looks (though the transaction may be right enough in particular cases) like turning religion into a job; nor can we sympathise with those who offer five, ten, fifty, or a hundred pounds, for a situation, for that has the appearance of a sneaking bribe;—in Dublin they do it after an Irish and droll fashion, for, instead of saying openly and broadly fifty *pounds*, an advertiser offers fifty *thanks*. Nor do we like to see advertised, as was the case the other day, a genuine lock of Milton's hair, for that is on a par with the offer of a child's caul. And we feel a kind of half-nervous sensation when we see an advertisement for a secretary, or for a master to an endowed school, or for a matron to a workhouse, or for a manager to a banking company, or even for a porter to a warehouse: for we can see the news running like wildfire, the crowds running like mad, the certificates signing, the letters writing, heaven and earth moved, to secure the "berth." Oh! may it never be our lot to form one of a thousand candidates for a situation of £300 per annum; nor one in five hundred competitors for a prize essay, the successful candidate to receive fifty pounds! And this brings us to our last observation, for our glass is run: firstly, newspapers, in providing for the mere passing gratification of the moment, are storing up far more ample materials for future history, than an absolute monarch could accomplish, with a whole host of clerks, chroniclers, and annalists, in his train; and, secondly, if all materials for future history perished,

except the advertising columns of the *Times*, what estimate would be formed of our social state? "The people of the island which was called Great Britain," might the historian of the year 2555 write, "were cannibals of a strange and peculiar order; they not only lived upon one another, but they swallowed each other whole; and there was a huge worm in the entrails of their social existence, which had a million mouths, and every mouth cried Give, give! and yet they were never satisfied!"

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

Pierre du Terrail, of Bayard in Dauphiny, who obtained the enviable distinction of the good as well as that of the courageous knight, was born in the year 1476. He was the second son of Aymon de Terrail, also a distinguished knight; who, at the age of fourscore, feeling that death was fast approaching, called his four sons to his bedside, in the presence of their mother, to learn from their own lips the paths of life they each wished to pursue. The eldest, George, hoping to keep up the dignity of his family, desired never to leave the chateau, and dutifully to attend upon his father to the end of his days.

"Very well," replied the old man; "since thou lovest the house, thou shalt stay at home to fight the bears." An occupation, it must be stated, neither easy nor inglorious; for Sir Bruin was by no means a despicable enemy, and kept the hunters not only constantly vigilant, but afforded them great and frequent peril.

Pierre's turn came next; and, to the delight of his father, he chose the profession of arms; hoping, as he said, to emulate the fame of an ancestry, whose warlike deeds already graced the pages of history.

"My child!" exclaimed the father, weeping for joy, "may God give thee grace to do so."

The other two sons chose the church, of which they afterwards became important dignitaries. How Pierre fulfilled the high vocation he had selected, we shall presently relate; but what success the elder brother met with against the bears no historian hath recorded.

A more graphic picture of the latter days of chivalry could not be presented than that which the memoirs of Bayard affords; for, besides that kind of interest which is derived from adventurous deeds performed at a time when the son of every country gentleman in Europe, who aspired to knighthood, became the hero of many a romantic feat, the biography of the "good knight" exhibits many passing details of the domestic habits of the time,—every trait of his character and adventure of his life having been recorded, and carefully preserved.

So impatient was the father to see his young aspirant equipped, that, the morning next after the solemn scene by the bedside, he despatched a messenger for his wife's brother, Monseigneur the Abbot of Esnay, who arrived at the Château de Bayard the same evening. Other relations were assembled, and Pierre "waited on them at dinner."* After which, the family conclave agreed that he should enter the service of the Duke of Savoy, between whom and the house of Bayard there had long existed a firm friendship. The whole matter seems to have been conducted with the utmost haste; for the following morning was the time fixed on for his presentation to the duke. The bishop sent off in all speed to Grenoble for his tailor, who, promptly arriving with sundry assistants, worked all night with such diligence, that, after breakfast, the embryo soldier presented himself in the castle court in his new garments, mounted on a fine little horse, which his uncle had given him; and his daring and successful feats, in spite of the animal's efforts to throw him, excited the admiration of the beholders, and gave earnest of his future proficiency in horsemanship.

His mother, who had been sitting in one of the towers weeping, called him apart, and entreated him "to love and serve God, and never to omit the duty of praying night and morning,—to be loyal in word and deed,—to be kind to the widow and orphan, and bountiful to the poor." Then taking a little purse, containing six gold crowns, "from her sleeve," gave them to her son, delivering at the same time a little portmanteau with his linen, to one of the bishop's attendants, whom she also charged to pray that the servant of the squire, under whose care Pierre might be placed, would look well after him till he grew older; a request that was to be enforced by a gratuity of two crowns, with which she also entrusted the bishop's attendant.

Chamberry, the seat of the dukes of Savoy, was at no great distance, and Pierre arrived there with his uncle on the evening after his departure from home, and the next morning he was formally presented to the duke, who courteously accepted him "as a good and fair present; with the hope that God would make him a brave man."

A period of six months, passed in the family of the Savoy, was so well employed by the young *apprenti des armes*, in wrestling, leaping, riding, and throwing the bar,—besides frequent precepts and exercises of a moral and spiritual nature,—that he was thought worthy of presentation to Charles the Eighth of France, then at Lyons. But before that event, Pierre, as became an aspirant to *all* the honours and attributes of knighthood, had chosen from the ducal court of his mistress a "fayre ladye," on whom he set his affections, and who sincerely returned his passion which he hoped to increase by such deeds in her service as should be worthy of her virtue and beauty. The lovers parted with many tears, but alleviated their pangs by the mutual assurance of such frequent correspondence by letter as was practicable in those times; a promise which, notwithstanding an event generally fatal to such pledges, which afterwards occurred, was faithfully kept, even until death.

Bayard's exhibition of horsemanship before the king drew forth the applause of the whole court; which was in a manner perpetuated by the nickname of "Picquet" it obtained for him. Charles was so delighted with the curvetting of the horse, and the grace of his rider, that, desiring to see Bayard repeat the action, kept shouting to the young horseman, "*picquez, picquez!*" ("spur, spur!")—the royal pages and the rest of the bystanders echoing the word, the whole arena resounded with "*picquez, picquez!* The king transferred Picquet to the care of the Lord de Ligny, head of the noble house of Luxembourg, with whom he continued as page until arriving at the age of seventeen, and then was enrolled in De Ligny's company; but Pierre had made himself so great a favourite that he still retained his household appointment, with an allowance of three horses and three hundred crowns a-year.

We now approach a passage in Bayard's history which makes us tremble for the *sans reproche* applied to his character; but we are fain to be consoled by the striking example the following transaction affords of the dangers of ambition and bad company. At this time a Burgundian knight, one Claude de Vaudré, hung up his shields—the chivalric signal of a challenge—at Lyons, and, with the king's permission, invited all adventurers to encounter him, either with spear on horseback, or with battle-axe on foot. Picquet looked wistfully at the shields, and said, "Ah, good lord, if I knew how to put myself in fitting array, I would right gladly touch them!" by which action he would have signified his acceptance of the challenge.

Now, it happened that Bayard had formed an intimacy with a comrade named Bellabre, who was evidently one of those free, daring, unscrupulous young gentlemen with whom the profession of arms had for many years abounded. To this person Picquet communicated his regret that the want of fitting armour and horses would prevent him entering the lists against Vaudré. Bellabre replied, "Hast thou not a rich uncle in the fat Abbot of Esnay? *Par Dieu*, we will go to him, and, if he will not supply the money, we will make free with crosier and mitre. But I believe, when he knows your good intentions, he will produce it willingly."

Fired by this assurance, Picquet boldly touched the shields, to the utter amazement of Montjoye, king at arms, who was stationed in due form to write down the name of each appellant. "How! my young friend," exclaimed that officer, "and do you undertake to combat with Messire Claude de Vaudré, who is one of the fiercest knights in Christendom?" Picquet answered modestly, that "he only desired to learn the use of arms from those who could teach him;" and hoped that, "with God's grace, he might do something to please his ladye." In truth, the young adventurer felt much more apprehension at the preliminary interview with his uncle, than at the encounter with the "fiercest of knights."

The two friends instantly set off for Esnay, and the eloquence of

* Vide "The right Joyous, and Pleasant History of the Feats, Jests, and Prowesses of Chevalier Bayard, the good Knight, without fear or reproach. By the Loyal Servant." Translated from a curious old French work.—London, 1825.

Bellabre so far overcame the scruples of the half-grudging prelate, that it not only procured an hundred crowns for the purchase of a couple of strong horses, but also an order, under the abbot's own hand, to Laurencin, a merchant of Lyons, to furnish the now happy nephew with such apparel as he might require. But here comes that part of the affair which makes one regret that our hero was *sans peur* of abetting a dishonest act, and that his ready acquiescence in the scheme of Bellabre does not leave him quite *sans reproche*.

The moment the friends began their backward journey, the tempter exclaimed, while reading the good uncle's order, "*Ma foy*, when the gods send good fortune men should not refuse it;—the order is unlimited—let us make the most of it!" and, on reaching the merchant's house, Bellabre boldly stated that his instructions were to have his young friend fitted out in a manner that should eclipse the whole court; and, there being nothing to contradict him in the order, Laurencin supplied gold and silver stuffs, embroidered satins, with velvets and other silks, to the amount of eight hundred crowns; while, not many hours after, the abbot's messenger arrived to restrict the order to an hundred and twenty. Perhaps, opinions in the chivalrous ages were much more liberal concerning such matters than they are at present; for the royal serviteur, in relating this story, sets it in the light of an admirable practical joke, which the defrauded priest himself ought to have enjoyed.

The military part of the adventure passed off well. Claude de Vaudré behaved like a good and valiant knight; for, "whether it was Heaven decreed that the honour should be Bayard's, or that Messire Claude de Vaudré did not, in courtesy, exert his wonted prowess against so young a combatant, certain it is that no one in the whole combat played his part better or so well." In short, Picquet obtained from the ladies the honours of the day, and the trick which had been played upon the Abbot of Esnay became a popular court-jest.

After this adventure, Pierre was equally successful in a similar one. Having been sent to his master's company stationed at Aire, he gave a tourney himself, and carried off the prizes against no less than forty-six opponents, who all did their best, and were not, like Claude de Vaudré, merciful to his youth. But this mimic fighting was soon exchanged for active service. The expedition of Charles against Naples called Picquet into Italy, where he at once distinguished himself.

The French king having entered Naples without a struggle, a league was formed between the Pope, the Spaniards, the republic of Venice, and the treacherous Lodovico Sforza, to intercept himself and his whole army: they waited for him at Fornovo, with forty thousand men, but were beaten by the French, who, with their Swiss allies, only numbered nine thousand. Bayard had two horses shot under him; and was afterwards sent with the Lord de Ligny to Ostia, to threaten Rome. Four hundred Spanish men-at-arms having fallen into the hands of the little band of French, one of the captains, named Sotomayer, was, among others, put under Bayard's charge, and having broken his parole, the latter, though suffering from ague, challenged him to fight, and killed him on the spot by a thrust in the throat. This so wounded the pride of the Spaniards, that—there being a truce just then—they proposed a combat of thirteen to thirteen, which the French accepted, and won. Bayard and Lord Orosi having battled against thirteen adversaries during four hours, and at last gained the victory. On his return to France, Pierre, who had already attained the honour of knighthood, found the fame of his deeds had preceded him, and he was received with every token of honour by his countrymen.

During the interval of leisure which occurred soon after the accession of Louis XII. to the throne, Bayard paid a dutiful visit to the widow of his first patron, (for the Duke of Savoy had died during his absence); when he learnt, alas! that his "ladye love" had become the wife of the rich Seigneur de Fluxas. Instead of torturing himself with vain regrets, he rejoiced at the fair one's good fortune; while she "desiring, as a virtuous woman might, to let the good knight see that the honourable love which she had borne him in her youth still lasted," advised him to hold a tourney; while Bayard, so far from taking the smallest advantage of so frank a declaration, replied that he would rather die than press her with a dishonourable suit, and merely solicited "one of her sleeves," and presently sent a trumpet to the neighbouring garrisons, proclaiming a prize, consisting of the sleeve, with a ruby worth one hundred ducats, "to him who should perform best at three strokes of the spear and twelve of the sword, in honour of the Dame de Fluxas." As at Lyons, so in this instance, the good knight was pronounced the victor; and, having referred the disposal of the prize to the lady, she gave the jewel to the knight who was thought to have done best after him, and kept the sleeve "for his sake." Of all this the husband was a spectator; but so well did he estimate the characters of the dame and her first lover, that he entertained no feeling of jealousy.

In 1499, the Italian wars of Louis the Twelfth commenced, and Bayard was again summoned from jousts and tourneys to sieges and battles. While in garrison, about twenty miles from Milan, the good knight, having led out an adventure against three hundred of the enemy's horse, madly followed up an advantage he had gained into the very heart of the city, and was taken prisoner; but, when the general knew who he was, he generously set him free.

Soon after this occurrence, Bayard, being stationed at an outpost, received intelligence that a rich money-lender, escorted by a party of the enemy's horse, was on his way to the Spanish general. There were two ways by which the party might pass, and, stationing himself at one, and an officer, named Tardieu, at the other of the roads, the chevalier felt pretty secure of his prey. It happened that he fell in with the prize, which was found to consist of fifteen thousand ducats. Tardieu demanded half of the plunder, having assisted, as he said, in the entre*prise* (undertaking). Bayard refused the claim, saying, with a smile, "Truly—but you were not at the *prise*" (taking). Tardieu referred the dispute to the commander-in-chief, who decided against him; which, however, he bore with the utmost good-humour, swearing, "by St. George, that he was a most unlucky dog!"

"Are they not pretty things?" asked *le bon chevalier*, tantalising his comrade by displaying the ducats.

"They are, indeed," replied the disappointed Tardieu; "half that sum would make me rich for life!"

Bayard's answer was prompt as it was generous. "Only half?" he said; "then take them." The astonished soldier fell on his knees, and expressed his gratitude with tears of joy.

During this war, the chevalier concerted a scheme for capturing Pope Julius, whose allegiance to their enemies had rendered him extremely obnoxious to the French. His holiness would certainly have been taken, but for a snow-storm, which obliged him to return to the castle of St. Felice, whence he had started. As it was, Bayard so closely pursued him, that, had the Pope not leaped out of his litter, and actually helped to raise the drawbridge with his own hands, he would have been taken.

Though the good knight would have rejoiced in making his holiness a prisoner by stratagem, yet he would not countenance treachery against him. While at Ferarra with the duke, the latter proposed to get the Pope poisoned by means of a spy; whereat the good knight said, "O! my lord, I can never believe that so worthy a prince as you will consent to so black a treachery; and were I assured of it, I swear to you by my soul, I would apprise the Pope thereof before it were night." The duke shrugged up his shoulders, spat upon the ground, and said, "My lord Bayard, would that I had killed all my enemies as I did that! Howbeit, since the thing is not to your liking, it shall be given up." Thus, for the want of the good chevalier's concurrence, the scheme was abandoned.

Bayard next appears at the siege of Padua, which having been recovered by the Venetians, was besieged by the allies associated by the league of Cambray, to which the French were subscribers. The command of the whole army was entrusted to the Emperor Maximilian "the moneyless." The place was fortified with consummate labour and skill, and before the besiegers could take up their ground there were four barricades to be won upon the Vicenza road, two hundred paces apart from each other. The charge of winning them was entrusted to Bayard, who gained the first and drove the enemy back to the second, which was also taken after a good half-hour's assault. The defendants were pursued so closely, and with such good effect, that instead of making a stand at the third barrier, they betook themselves at once to the last; where they made a resolute stand, and the conflict continued for about an hour with pikes and arquebusses. The good knight grew impatient, and said to his companions, "these people detain us too long, let us alight and press forward to the barrier!" Some thirty or forty gens-d'armes immediately dismounted, and raising their visors and couching their lances, pushed on to the barricado. But the besieged were continually reinforced by fresh troops from the city, and Bayard seeing this, exclaimed, "they will keep us here these six years at this rate; sound the trumpet, and let every one follow me!" and he led on so fierce an assault that the Italians retired at pike's length from the barricade. "On,

comrades!" he cried, "they are ours!" and leaping the barrier, he was gallantly followed, and not less perilously received; but the sight of his danger excited the French, and he was speedily supported in such strength that he remained master of the ground. "Thus were the barricades before Padua won at mid-day, whereby the French horse as well as foot acquired great honour; above all, the good knight to whom the honour was universally ascribed."—This was all the glory won by the besiegers, for the town proved too well fortified for their most strenuous efforts, and the siege was raised.

The siege of Brescia, which was laid in 1512 by the French under Gaston de Foix, the young and heroic Duke of Nemours, was not less disastrous to Bayard than it was to the town and inhabitants. The chevalier, having objected to the plan of attack, proposed the substitution of dismounted cavalry for infantry at a particular point, exposed to the deadly aim of the enemy's arquebussiers. The Duke replied, "You say truly, my Lord Bayard, but where is the captain who will expose his troop to so much danger?" "That will I," said the good knight, "and be assured that the company whereof I have the charge, will this day do honour to the king and you."

After the duke had summoned the city, and the assailed had refused to surrender it, a general assault was determined on. The ascent being slippery, De Foix, "to show that he would not be among the last, doffed his shoes," and many followed his example. They won the rampart, and Bayard was the first person who entered, almost immediately receiving a deep wound in the thigh, from a pike which broke and was left hanging in the wound. "Comrades," said he, "march on, the town is won. As for me I can go no further, I am slain!"

As soon as the citadel was taken, they carried him into the goodliest mansion they could find. The owner, a man of great wealth, had fled to a neighbouring convent, leaving his wife and two fair daughters to the mercy of a soldiery, who pillaged and massacred the inhabitants without restraint. The daughters hid themselves in a hay-loft, and the mother beseeching Bayard and his troop to spare their lives, was answered, "Madam, it may be that I shall not recover from this wound of mine; but while I live no wrong shall be done to you or your daughters." He then sent an escort for the husband, who was conducted safely home. The family, however, considered themselves as his prisoners, and all their goods and chattels as his property by the lot of war; and, seeing the generous temper of the good knight, administered to his wants with such assiduity, and treated his wound with so much skill, that he was not long in recovering. On the day of his departure, hoping that a handsome offering might prevent his exacting a ruinous sum, the lady entered his room, and presented him with a steel box full of ducats. Bayard laughed, and asked how many ducats there were there? The lady answered only 2,500, but if he were not content therewith a larger sum should be produced. He refused to take any, but being entreated with an earnestness which proved the sincerity of his hostess, he sent for her daughters, and giving each of them one thousand ducats towards their marriage-portions, desired that the remaining five hundred should be distributed among the poor nuns whose convent had been pillaged. Such instances of Bayard's generosity were by no means few. Indeed, he never retained more of the money which the fortune of war brought into his possession than was sufficient to supply his immediate wants, generally distributing the ransoms he received for his prisoners amongst the soldiers of his troop.

Scarcely recovered from his wound, Bayard was summoned to France to fly to the relief of Terouenne, hotly besieged by the troops of the then young Henry VIII. of England. Though the encounter which ensued did no honour to the French army, Bayard did not partake of the disgrace. From the exceeding haste with which the Gallic horsemen thought it prudent to fly from the English lances, the fray before Terouenne has been celebrated as "the Battle of Spurs." During that precipitous retreat, the good knight, coming to a narrow pass through which only one soldier could advance at a time, he commanded a halt, and succeeded in gaining sufficient time for the French army to re form and renew the action; but was, unhappily, taken prisoner for his gallantry. Being taunted by one of his enemies with the question, "How came it that Bayard, who it was said never retreated, turned his back upon them?" he replied, "If I had fled, I should not have been here." His country was too sensible of his value to allow of leaving him long in the hands of enemies, and the good chevalier was speedily ransomed.

Soon after the accession of Francis I. to the throne of France, in 1515, Bayard returned to Italy, the old scene of warfare, and fought against the Swiss allies of Ludovico Sforza by the side of his sovereign at the battle of Marignano, one of the most sanguinary conflicts that had ever been fought on Italian ground; for it is a curious fact, that the warfare in those times—before the universal employment of "villanous saltpetre"—were much in the nature of *assauts d'armes*, performed according to strict rule. Whatever combatants were weary of fighting withdrew, their places being supplied with fresh men; and the battle was always interrupted by the approach of night. Hence the loss of life at Marignano—of which it has been recorded that "all other fights compared with this were but as children's sport; this is the war of giants"—was looked upon by the Venetians, who came up just at its close, as prodigious. Francis having been witness of Bayard's romantic and daring feats, desired to receive the honour of knighthood at the Chevalier's hands, and Bayard had the honour of dubbing his majesty on the field.

After various services—among the most signal of which was the successful defence of *Meyières* on the Netherland frontier—we again find the good knight in the heat of battle at Ravenna, and though success attended his companions in arms, he received a wound which laid his shoulder-bone bare. He was, however, able to cross the Alps, and visit his uncle at Grenoble, where he was seized with a fever.

At the disastrous battle of Sesia the *bon chevalier* received his death-wound. He was conducting the rear of the French army when retreating in good order before the Spaniards, when a stone from a hacquebut struck him across the loins and fractured his spine. He instantly knew it was a death-stroke, and exclaimed, "Jesus!" and, after a pause, added "O God, I am slain!" He then drew forth his sword, and kissing the cross at its handle, pronounced these words audibly: "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam!*" He did not immediately fall from his horse but held by the saddle-bow, till his steward lifted him off and placed him under a tree; and there, earnestly gazing on the cross of his sword, confessed to his servant, there being no priest near. No entreaties would induce him to consent to being moved, and he urged his companions not to linger with him lest they might be taken by the Spaniards. When they came up and understood who he was, they treated him with the most honourable kindness. A tent was spread for him, and he was laid upon a camp-bed; and a priest having been procured, he confessed devoutly. The Spanish general, the Marquis of Pescara, on seeing him, exclaimed, "Would God, gentle Lord Bayard, that by parting with a quart of my own blood (so that could be done without loss of life), and by abstaining from flesh for two years, I might have kept you whole and my prisoner; for my treatment of you should have manifested how highly I honoured the exalted prowess that was in you." After this eulogium, Bayard uttered a prayer:—

"My God! I am assured that thou hast declared thyself ever ready to receive into mercy, and to forgive whoso shall return to thee with a sincere heart, however great a sinner he may have been. Alas! my Creator and Redeemer, I have grievously offended thee during my life, of which I repent with my whole soul. Full well I know, that had I spent an hundred years in a desert on bread on water, even that would not have entitled me to enter thy kingdom of heaven, unless it had pleased thee of thy great and infinite goodness to receive me into the same; for no creature is able in this world to merit so high a reward. My Father and Saviour! I entreat thee to pass over the faults by me committed, and show me thy abundant clemency instead of thy rigorous justice."

With these words expired in the year 1524, at the age of forty-eight, Pierre de Terrail, "the chevalier without fear or reproach," one of the last and best representatives of the days of chivalry.

The Spanish general appointed certain gentlemen to bear his body to a church, where solemn service was performed over it for two days; and his own people carried it home for interment. The magistrates of Grenoble, with most of the inhabitants and nobles of the surrounding country, went out to meet the much-honoured corpse, and it was finally deposited in the convent of minims which the Abbot of Esnay had founded. A monument was afterwards erected to him there, not by the king whom he had served so faithfully—not by the nation of which he is the proudest boast, but by an individual no otherwise connected with him than as being a native of the same province, and an admirer of his worth.

THE JEW OUTWITTED BY THE SAILOR.

It is curious and amusing to witness, on pay-day in a man-of-war, the operation of dealing between a seaman and a Jew. They meet with a perfect understanding that each shall endeavour to over-reach, or, more plainly speaking, to cheat the other. The seaman, whose character for disinterestedness is proverbial, although scrupulously honest in other respects, has not the smallest compunction in cheating,—or rather in attempting to cheat, for he seldom succeeds in cheating—a Jew. We need hardly state that, in the endeavour, he generally becomes the prey of his more wary and subtle opponent.

During the time that large payments were made in bank paper, a very common and successful practice adopted by the Jew to defraud his sailor customer, was to return change for a note of less value than the one he had accepted in payment. The seaman, having received a large sum at the pay-table, in notes of different value, crammed into his pockets, thought himself clever in bating a few shillings in the value of an article, when he was often put off with change for a *two* or a *five*, instead of a ten-pound note. Disputes sometimes arise; but, as the men are usually half-stupid with drink, and can give no clear account of the mode in which they have spent their money,—as, moreover, they are frequently robbed by the women,—and the accused party is loud in protesting his innocence by the most solemn asseverations, there is a difficulty, or nearly an impossibility, in obtaining proof and redress. We, however, recollect an occasion (and it is a solitary one) when a seaman cheated a Jew at his own practice; and the truth was only discovered several months after the event happened, by the confession of one of the parties.

Upon an occasion of paying prize-money to the crew of a frigate in Plymouth Sound, at the commencement of last war, a boatswain's mate complained to the first lieutenant, that a Jew had defrauded him of a ten-pound note, which he had given in payment for a hat, tendering him the change of a two-pound note instead. The charge was sifted with more than ordinary attention, as both parties courted investigation, and reference was made to the prize-agent's books, for the number of the ten-pound note paid to the complainant. The note in question was missing, but it appeared that the two-pound note, which the Jew insisted he had received in payment, had formed part of the complainant's share, and as the missing note could not be found upon him, the case was dismissed, on the supposition that the charge was either unfounded, or that the Jew had put away the note before a search was made. The reference to the prize-agent's books in the cabin, when the business of payment had not concluded, gave the seaman the idea of a deep-laid scheme, which he put in practice about a twelvemonth afterwards.

The frigate having been fortunate in captures, prize-money or wages were always paid (oftentimes in considerable sums to the petty officers), on the day before sailing. The share of the boatswain's mate on the next occasion was upwards of seventy pounds, and he was paid in a fifty-pound and smaller notes. When matters had arrived at a tolerable state of bustle on the main deck, the business of the dealing at its height, bank-notes passing in payment for watches and other articles with extraordinary rapidity, this boatswain's mate, having taken a messmate into his plot, exchanged his fifty-pound note with his colleague for a five, and sent him to the devoted Jew, with instructions to purchase a jacket. This was effected, the note tendered, and the change received. Not long after, the boatswain's mate approached the same stand, and, after a little haggling, bought a handkerchief, or some cheap article, and gave the five-pound note in payment. Now, it is contrary to the practice of the children of Israel to conclude any bargains so long as a buyer seems disposed to extend his purchases, and although on these occasions they take the precaution to secure payment for the first article delivered, they are reluctant to render up change and close the dealing, until further solicitation to buy becomes hopeless. After a while, a final denial for further dealing was accepted, and the change tendered. Our strategist required the balance of fifty, instead of five pounds; high words arose, recriminations and allusions to the former affair were bandied, and an appeal once more made to the same first lieutenant, on the same quarter-deck. The officer adopted his former course, and, on reference, ascertained that a fifty-pound note found on the Jew was paid to the complainant. So far things looked suspicious; but the dealer asserted that he could point out the man from whom he received it. The hands were turned up, the crew passed in review, and he immediately selected the individual, who denied the charge, stating, in explanation, that he had paid for his purchase with a *five*-pound note, and received change for the same, which he produced. No other money than what he accounted for was found upon him; whilst reference to the prize-agent showed that *he* had received the very five-pound note produced. The matter was now clear: the Jew attempted to call witnesses, but no further hearing was permitted. He was turned out of the ship, with his wares, amidst the opprobriums of the crew; and even his own fraternity joined in the cry, so conclusive did the case appear.

We have related this circumstance because it is *one* case—certainly the only one we ever knew—where a seaman succeeded in cheating a Jew; and it is remarkable, that the two men concerned in this dishonest proceeding were the best seamen in the ship, and would probably have given their last shilling to any deserving object. When, after a length of time, the matter became known to the first lieutenant, he obliged the boatswain's mate to make restitution to the suffering party, on the ship's return to port; but the Jew was never afterwards permitted to come on board; neither could the two seamen be persuaded that they had committed any offence in conspiring to "do a Jew."

THE GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flow'rs, and trees, do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find.

Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
As at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets, and claps its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flow'rs, and herbs, this dial new:
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs?

Andrew Marvel.

THE MUD-BATHS OF THE CRIMEA.

To the many peculiar and remarkable objects in the Crimea which attract the attention of the scientific traveller, the mud-baths of Sak certainly should be added. Sak is a large Tartarian village in the south-western part of the Crimea, and is situated near the north-eastern shore of Tusly, one of the largest of the numerous salt lakes in that peninsula. This lake is about six or seven wersts long, and nearly two or three broad. Its banks, which are of clay, are generally high and steep; but near the village of Sak, they are flat, or gently sloping. The country around, even to a great distance, is a slightly wavy and almost uniform plain, which only produces grass and a few plants of a kind of wormwood; but no tree of any description is to be seen. There are flocks of dromedaries, horses, black cattle, and sheep; and near the banks of the lake, are a few larks and whistling plovers. Towards the end of the month of June, when the writer resided in the village of Sak, almost all the plants of the plains were burnt up, by an unusually early and very scorching heat; a dead stillness reigned around, which was seldom interrupted except by the cry of the whistling plover, and the chirping of the grasshopper.

In winter, and the early part of spring, when the moisture of the atmosphere has thoroughly soaked the parched plains, the rain-water and melted snow swell the salt lake, and cause it to overflow the lower parts of its banks. Later in spring, on the contrary, and during summer, when the heat is excessive and there is but little rain, the water in the lake becomes very much diminished in consequence of evaporation, and leaves the flat parts of its banks exposed, particularly near the village of Sak. When the water first recedes, the soil only remains soaked with a solution of the numerous salts which the lake contains; but when it recedes farther, it leaves behind it, on account of its becoming by degrees more concentrated, a thick layer of salt, which gradually extends over the surface of the exposed parts, and forms a general covering, that has exactly the appearance of smooth and shining ice.

The salt is collected in summer, and heaped up on the banks of the lake in immense quantities, where it is purified by the rains and the action of the air for a whole year; and it is then sold for domestic purposes. Those parts of the soil that are cleared by the removal of the salt are found to contain a great quantity of liquid, consisting of various kinds of salts of a black colour, and this is particularly the case in the neighbourhood of Sak; where, for a great length of time, this saline liquid has been used for medicinal purposes from May to September. A long and tolerably deep trench is dug, which, with the mud that is taken from it, is left to warm in the sun; the patient is then laid in the trench, and covered up with the mud, except his head and throat, when a copious perspiration soon takes place all over the body, and he must remain in this situation as long as he can. He is afterwards washed with water from the lake, or is put in a bath of the same water, and is then laid in bed to promote a perspiration, which is considered highly efficacious in promoting his cure.

This mud-bath has been found to be of the greatest service to persons afflicted with chronic rheumatism, chronic gout, and many other diseases. Many have been entirely cured by it, when all other remedies have failed. Yet it must be observed, that some patients, who have submitted to this mode of treatment, have been obliged to give it up after the first or second trial, because their skin has become irritated, their nervous system suddenly disturbed, and their pulse violently agitated.

The very efficacious effects which these baths have produced have extended their fame not only over the Crimea, but also over the adjoining continent, and patients resort to them in greater numbers every year. The accommodation in the poor and miserable huts of the Tartars was not only very uncomfortable, but for many patients even dangerous; and it was also very expensive. It must, therefore, be a great satisfaction to those who wish to try the mud-baths at Sak, that, for two years past, a tolerably large and well-arranged dwelling-house has been erected there by the Russian government, in which any respectable person may have a very comfortable lodging, entirely free of expense. This house stands quite by itself, between the village of Sak and the lake, and consists of one story of solid stone-work, of an oblong form, standing nearly due east and west. It is ornamented in the Eastern style, with several small towers. That side of the building which faces the south, and commands an extensive view of the lake and the surrounding country, has a projection the whole length of the house, which contains two dwelling-rooms, and a deep verandah supported by wooden pillars; so that any of the inmates may be protected from the scorching rays of the sun while walking under it, or while inhabiting those rooms facing the south. A similar, but narrower, verandah is on the north side of the building. The rooms have all tolerably high ceilings, but vary in length and width. Some of them are large enough for a family. The doors and passages are so arranged, that several rooms may form a separate lodging for one family; or one may be so separated from the others, that a person may live in it alone. The windows are large and of clear glass, and the rooms have deal floors. They are almost all much better furnished than those in any of the inns in the Crimea, with the exception perhaps of the Hôtel de Paris, in Feodosia. Even beds and bedclothes are found in this new building, which are but seldom met with in the inns of the Crimea. It is also kept exceedingly clean throughout, and strikes those who come to it from the hotels of Sympheropol with a most agreeable surprise. There are two wings on the north side, which also contain dwelling-rooms to which are added, stables, coach-houses, the house of the manager of the establishment, the kitchen, and two small houses for the servants; and there are high stone walls which divide these buildings. The whole forms a quadrangle, with a large court-yard in the centre. There is plenty of cool, pure, and well-tasted water; and the domestic arrangements are undertaken by the manager of the establishment.

The season for the baths begins on the 1st of July, when the principal physician of the city of Eupatoria comes to reside in the mansion. A large tent, divided by partitions into a great many small apartments, is then erected over the place where the mud-baths are to be formed; the ground having been previously covered with a suitable floor of boards, so that neither the tent nor the visitors may be in any danger of sinking in the mire. The writer unfortunately arrived somewhat too late to see the tent erected and the baths used, but he was informed, that one side of the tent consists of a long wooden frame covered with canvas, and contains as many doors as there are divisions within. These doors are all towards the south, and, when a trench is dug in any apartment for a patient, the door is left open, so that the rays of the noon-day sun may sufficiently warm the trench and the mud that was taken out of it, before the patient is put into his bath.

OUTLINES OF MODERN DEPREDATION.

The only remnant of the "mounted highwayman" which we have in England, is the dead body of Dick Turpin, galvanised by Ainsworth, Dickens, Bentley, Colburn, and Co. and made to perform sundry strange antics, as if it were yet alive. So highly civilised have we become, that robbery and thieving have lost every particle of their supposed romance, generosity, and daring—the thieving of modern times never exhibits anything of the daring of the lion, though it still continues to be practised with all the sneaking cunning of the cat. On the strength of the old and trite axiom, that a knowledge of a disease is half its cure, we proceed to lay before our readers the outlines of modern depredation, as sketched for us by the Commissioners for inquiring into the best means of establishing a Constabulary Force throughout England and Wales. The following facts are all drawn from their Report, recently published.

"We find," says the Report, "no traces of mounted highway robbers amongst the class of habitual depredators, and could find no recent cases of the robbery of mails, or of travellers in stage coaches by robbers of that description. The last case of robbery by a mounted highway robber, was that of a man executed for an offence of this description committed near Taunton in the year 1831. The suppression of highway robberies in the vicinity of the metropolis dates from the appointment of an armed horse-patrol. At present, the roads in the suburbs of the metropolis are traversed by your Majesty's subjects at all hours of the night, almost with the same security as in the day. Robberies in the neighbourhood of provincial towns are rendered more hazardous than heretofore, by the increased number of turnpikes and other means of recognition and of detection. To the stoppage of coaches, and robberies by such acts of violence, have succeeded the simple thefts of parcels, which is a species of delinquency more safe and lucrative, and, as far as we are informed, they are more frequent than highway robberies were formerly. But footpad robberies, the robberies of single passengers committed with violence, are still so far frequent as to render travelling at night in many districts extremely insecure." The number of persons apprehended and committed for trial, in England, charged with robbery committed with violence, was 334 in 1836, and 290 in 1837. The following are some general statements:—

First: it is stated that there are, on an average, a hundred thousand commitments annually, of the able-bodied population to the jails of England and Wales; and second, that from twelve to twenty thousand persons are constantly in the criminal jails. But we would, of course, form a very wrong notion of the *amount* of crime, if we were to frame our estimate of it from the number of commitments. The commissioners conjecture that there are at least 40,000 persons in England living wholly by depredation. The common answer of prisoners, as to the number of depredations in which they have been engaged, is "Impossible to tell," "Can't recollect," "Too many to remember." Pickpockets—that is to say, the lowest class of thieves, who live by small and petty crimes—calculate that they must steal, *at least*, about six pocket handkerchiefs (or things of that value) *a day*, in order barely to live; and these pocket-handkerchiefs are sold to the Jews in Field Lane, and similar places, for a shilling or one shilling and threepence, each; if one happens to be very good, the thief may get eighteen-pence for it. There are, reckoning in round numbers, about 800 professed pickpockets in the metropolis, and about 3700 common thieves. If each of these steal, on an average, seven shillings' worth *daily*, in order "to live," there is an amount of nearly sixteen hundred pounds of value taken from the pockets &c. of the people of the "great metropolis," every day, in the working out of *one* department of crime! One can hardly believe this—and yet the good folks of the Town Council of Liverpool reckoned in 1836, that in their town there were a thousand adult thieves, whose weekly income being not less than 40*s*. per week each, amounted to a total annually of £104,000; 500 ditto, who work and steal, whose fruit of crime was a round annual sum of £26,000; and 1200 juvenile thieves, earning weekly 10*s*. each, amounting to £31,200; while the entire annual amount earned by the professors of crime and vice in the borough of Liverpool was set down at £734,240.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the following table. In Liverpool, Bristol, Bath, Hull, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, there are police establishments framed and conducted upon the principle of the Metropolitan. The following, therefore, is a comparative statement affirmed to have been prepared with great care, showing the *character* of the districts with which a police, acting upon the principle of an incessant and vigilant superintendence, has to deal.

TABLE showing the number of Depredators, Offenders, and Suspected Persons, who have been brought within the cognizance of the Police of the following districts or places in the year 1837, comprehending—I. Persons who have no visible means of subsistence, and who are believed to live wholly by violation of the law; as, by habitual depredation, by fraud, by prostitution, &c. II. Persons following some ostensible and legal occupation, but who are known to have committed an offence, and are believed to augment their gains by habitual or occasional violation of the law. III. Persons not known to have committed any offences, but known as associates of the above Classes, and otherwise deemed to be Suspicious Characters:—

District or Place.	Number of Depredators, Offenders, and Suspected Persons.	Numbers in these Classes Migrant.	Proportion of known bad Characters to the Population.
Metropolitan Police District . .	16,901	2,712	1 in 89
Borough of Liverpool . .	4,711	. .	1 in 45
City and County of Bristol . .	3,481	605	1 in 31
City of Bath . . .	1,601	. .	1 in 37
Town and County of Kingston-on-Hull	937	303	1 in 64
Town and County of Newcastle-on-Tyne	2,014	454	1 in 27

What! some of our readers may exclaim, the proportion of known bad characters in the metropolis is to the population as 1 in 89! Then, deducting the very old and the very young, and the sick, and the home-occupied, and the absent, every second or third person we pass in the streets must be a bad character, ready for cheating, swindling, robbing, or pocket-picking, as circumstances or inclination may permit or prompt! It is difficult to keep down a suspicion of exaggeration; the returns are prepared by the only parties who can do so, the heads of the police; and yet, however honourable these parties may be, one can hardly help thinking that there must always be a strong tendency to *augmentation*, when people, who live by their profession, are called upon to state the amount of business which they have to transact.

But the table requires some explanation. Amongst the 17,000 bad characters of the metropolis are set down 2768 "habitual disturbers of the public peace," about 1300 vagrants, and about 7000 females leading an infamous life. This will leave about 5000 who may be considered as habitual criminal offenders; and when we consider (as was stated in a recent Number) that there are between three and four thousand persons tried annually at the Central Criminal Court, it does not appear that the numbers stated are wide of accuracy.

There is another matter in the table which merits the attention

of the reader. It is the column headed "Numbers in these classes migrant." Thus, out of the 17,000 bad characters in the metropolis, 2712 (say 3000) are set down as *migrants*. These, it will be readily concluded, are vagrants and thieves, who start upon provincial excursions, either at stated periods or when they find it *convenient* to do so. For the reception of these travellers, there are lodging-houses—thieving hotels—over the whole country. "The trampers' lodging-house is distinct from the beer-shop or the public-house, or any licensed place of public accommodation; it is not only the place of resort of the mendicant, but of the common thief; it is the 'flash-house' of the rural district; it is the receiving house for stolen goods; it is the most extensively established school for juvenile delinquency, and commonly, at the same time, the most infamous house in the district." These houses abound everywhere: a tramper states, that there is a lodging-house for "travellers" in every village; and that these travellers tell the people that they are seeking for work, but inwardly pray to God they may never get it! Metropolitan lodging-house keepers have establishments in the provinces, managed by their "agents." These low lodging-houses issue their "cards." It is stated that there are from 150 to 200 of them in Chester; they are numerous in Brighton; and about 2000 trampers frequent Chelmsford in the course of a year. In the small town of Llanfyllin, there are three lodging-houses. One of these is kept by an old woman, known by the name of Old Peggy. She never lets a tramp go to bed without money or money's worth, and the broken victuals a tramp brings home is sold by her to poor persons who keep dogs,—such as rat-catchers, &c. One man told a druggist of the town, that for twopence Old Peggy would give him scraps enough to keep his dog for a week or more. This druggist stated that Old Peggy has often come to him, saying, "God bless you, doctor, sell me a ha'porth o' tar." When first applied to, he asked, "What do you want with tar?" The reply was, "Why, to make a *land sailor*. I want a hap'orth just to daub a chap's canvas trousers with; and that's how I makes a land sailor, doctor!'"

We shall give, in another article, some details, taken from the personal narratives of thieves, as communicated to the commissioners, which will illustrate the manner in which these "travellers" carry on their operations: meantime, we proceed with our "outlines."

Plundering the cargoes of passage-boats on the canals has hitherto formed a great branch of modern thieving. Owing to the number of small tunnels through which the boats on the canals have to pass, the goods are covered with a tarpaulin, instead of having a hatchway over them. The "art and mystery" of abstraction has accordingly been extensively practised, from the captains of these boats down to the humblest labourer on the banks or about the locks. Mr. Pickford, of the firm of Pickford and Co., says, they "can pilfer from a bale of silk almost, if not quite, without its being known; they can take out of a bale of silk just one hank, without undoing the stitches, and it makes a very trifling deviation in the weight, which can hardly be detected. Then with tea. If they have a large lot of tea on board, they make just a little sort of break in the corner of the chest; a tea-chest is never without some sort of break; and they take, a handful out of one and a handful out of another." The packages that go aboard of these boats are packed by hydraulic presses, and so firm as to form an arch, so that the centre, when drawn out, will not decrease the bulk of the whole. The boatmen rob the packages in the most ingenious manner, taking impressions of the seals on corks, and resealing; matching the cord with which the packages are secured,—the captain of the boat generally keeping an assortment of cord for that purpose; and stopping at convenient places for the purpose of "breaking bulk." "When," says a depredator, "we took wine or spirits, we knocked a hoop aside, and made a hole on one side for letting out the liquor, and one on the other for letting in air: when we had taken what we wanted, we put water in to make it up, and pegged up the hole, and replaced the hoop. We had a borer for drawing sugar or dry goods; we slipped the hoop, made a small hole under it, and took what we liked." "As an honest labourer," says another depredator, "for factory work, I got eleven shillings to thirteen shillings; but, while I was boating, I have made fifty shillings in one trip, by taking goods out of packages. I have cleared five pounds in a week by depredations." And another says, "When boating, I always took a little of something every journey. The highest sum I got was twenty-five pounds one trip. The whole crew were engaged in depredations, and I did as my companions did, and took goods of all sorts, which they sold to the different receivers on the canal. If we got one half for it, we thought well: the captain was the salesman, and used to have two shares for his trouble and risk, he having to make all deficiencies good." "We never feared anything," adds another, "for there are no constables on the canals. There are a few bank-riders on the canal, but the driver gives us the signal, and we get the cloth down, and make all right."

Poaching, sheep-stealing, highway robbery, and pilfering, prevail in the rural districts. Near towns, where facilities exist of disposing of farm and garden produce, thieving is carried on systematically. At one place, it was a practice for thieves to take orders from purchasers for fruit whilst it was growing. "A farmer told me the other day," says a witness, "of a great bargain he had made; he got from such a one twenty-eight shillings a ton for his mangel wurzel. 'Why, the fellow sells it himself again at twenty-five shillings; there must be something wrong somewhere.' The farmer took the hint, and investigated the case. A day or two day after, the man came again for *half* a ton. He had it as usual; but he was followed, and, on examination, we found the half-ton to be twenty-two hundred weight, instead of ten!"

A prisoner was asked, "What is your calling in life?—A labouring man on a farm.

"What are you here for?—They said I took some potatoes.

"They very often steal in your neighbourhood?—There is a deal of robbery.

"What sort of robberies are committed in your neighbourhood?—Sometimes housebreaking; sometimes one thing, sometimes another, just as they gives their minds to.

"When persons are plundered, they go and tell the constable?—No, they don't; they 'make it away' (they compromise it) with the people as robbed them.

"Do they break into gentlemen's houses?—Sometimes; but they break more into one another's cottages, and take just what they may like.

"Is there any sheep-stealing?—Yes, sometimes a sheep goes.

"If a sheep is stolen, do they sell it to the butchers, or salt it down for their own use?—They salt it, and bury it in some place under ground, and put a large flag (stone) over it.

"Do the farmers go to the constable?—No.

"Are they afraid?—Yes; they are afraid that worse may happen after to them.

"Is there any magistrate?—Yes, about five miles off; they be terrible strict about poaching.

"Do the housebreakers go in gangs?—Yes, seven or eight to a housebreaking job.

"Do they travel any distance to commit robberies?—Yes;

they will go twelve or fourteen miles out to housebreaking or poaching.

"Do these men spend their time idling about all day?—They are always idle by day, and spending money at beer-houses.

"They have plenty of money?—Lots of it, always.

"Is it well known that they are housebreakers and thieves?—Yes.

"Are they watched?—The farmers watch their own houses, not knowing when they may be attacked; these fellows are getting so uncommon 'hard-faced' (daring)."

The coasts of England are disgraced by the practices of "wreckers," to an extent which one can hardly believe of this humane, civilised, and Christian country. It is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good—so say the wreckers of Cornwall and Cheshire. On a portion of the Cheshire coast, not far from Liverpool, the habits of the people are those of reckless wreckers. They will rob those who have escaped the perils of the sea, and come safe to shore; they will mutilate dead bodies for the sake of rings and personal ornaments;—a hurricane generally produces to them a glorious harvest. Similar charges can be brought against the people of the south-eastern and the south-western coasts of England, though those of Cheshire and Cornwall are the worst. We lift up our hands in amazement and horror, when we hear of an African or a New Zealand tribe seizing some of our luckless shipwrecked countrymen, and either putting them to death or carrying them off captive; yet at this very hour, not only foreigners, but "our own people and our own kindred," can bear testimony to the fact, that tribes of savages dwell round the English coasts. But for the coast-guard, matters would be worse even than they are.

PETRIFYING SPRINGS IN TIBET.

An extremely interesting account is given in the Asiatic Researches, vol. xii., of a journey undertaken, and, after many dangers and privations, accomplished, by Captain Moorcroft, to explore that part of Little Tibet where the shawl goat is pastured; and also to visit the celebrated lake Mánsarowar, in the neighbourhood of which the Indus has its origin. The lake has no outlet; but as it is difficult to imagine that evaporation can be sufficiently powerful, in so cold a climate, to dissipate the large quantity of water brought into the lake, in the season of thaw, from the surrounding mountains, Mr. Moorcroft imagines that it may, when thus swollen, and at its highest level, communicate with lake Rawan, with which the river Sutlej is supposed to have a communication. Of the difficulties and dangers of the journey it would be impossible to give a condensed account; paths were traversed which appeared impassable to any creature except the sure-footed goat of Tibet; paths, before which even the "mauvais pas" of the Alps shrinks into insignificance; torrents were crossed by means of bridges which seemed scarcely passable even for the light tread of the goat; and to crown the whole, the party were obliged to endure molestation, delay, and even temporary captivity, by the savage inhabitants of these uncivilized regions. But the object was eventually gained; and the account remains but one of the thousand proofs of what intrepidity and perseverance may achieve. The following is the description of some petrifying springs near Tirtápúri, on the river Sutlej, which is an affluent of the Indus.

"To the west of the town, and about a quarter of a mile distant, are the hot springs, forming one of the most extraordinary phenomena I have ever witnessed. From two mouths, about six inches in diameter, issue two streams, bubbling about four inches higher than the level of the stony substance whence they escape. The water is very clear, and so hot, that the hand cannot bear to be put into it for an instant; and a large volume of smoke curls round them constantly. They burst forth from a table of calcareous stone nearly half an inch in diameter, and raised in most places ten or twelve feet above the plain on which it stands. This has been formed by the deposite from the water of the springs while cooling. Immediately surrounding the springs, the stone is as white as the purest stucco. The water flowing over a surface nearly horizontal, as it escapes from the vents forms shallow basins, of different size and shape. The edges of all these basins are curiously marked with indentations and projections, like the tops of mushrooms and fleurs-de-lis, formed by calcareous matter, prevented from uniting in one uniform line by the continual but gentle undulation of the water entering into and escaping from the several basins, which are emptied by small and successive falls into the surrounding plain. By degrees, however, the fringed edge becomes solid, and contracting the basin, of which the hollow fills likewise, the water takes a new course and makes new reservoirs which in their turn become solid. Although the water appears perfectly transparent, the calcareous earth, which it deposits, is of different colours; in the first instance, near the mouth, it is delicately white without a stain; at a little distance it assumes a pale straw tint; and further on, a deep saffron hue; in a second, the deposite has a rosy hue, which, as it recedes from the source, becomes of a deeper red. These various colours are deposited in the strata, which hardening, retain the tinges they received when soft; and give rise to variously stratified and veined stone and marble. The whirls, twists, knots, and waves, which some of the fractured edges exhibit, are whimsically curious, and show all the changes which the stony matter undergoes, from soft tufa to hard marble. I observed that the marble is generally formed in the middle of the depth of the mass, rising up with nearly a perpendicular front of the height before mentioned; the table must have been the work of ages. The calcareous matter, which is so largely dissolved and suspended by the water whilst hot, is probably furnished by the chalky mountains above Tirtápúri; but the origin of the heat, I have no clue to discover. The water must be most strangely situated, for two streams so inconsiderable to throw down such a prodigious quantity of earth; and the surface, where quiet, is also covered with a thin crust of semi-transparent matter like that which rises on supersaturated lime-water."

INDIAN PICTURE-WRITING.

The Rev. Mr. West, who was a chaplain to the Hudson's-Bay Company, in a narrative of a journey which he undertook, in 1820, within the territory of the Red-River colony, says, "We forded Broad River, on the banks of which we saw several dens which the bears had scratched for shelter; and seeing the smoke of an Indian tent-fire at some distance before us, in the direction we were going, we quickened our step, and reached it before we stopped to breakfast. We found the whole family clothed in deer-skins, and upon a hunting excursion from Church-hill. The Indian, or rather a half-breed, was very communicative, and told me that, though he was leading an Indian life, his father was formerly a master at one of the Company's posts, and he proposed accompanying our party to the factory. He had two sons, he said, who were gone in pursuit of a deer; and, on quitting the encampment, to travel with us, he would leave some signs for them to follow us on their return. They were drawn upon a broad piece of wood, which he prepared with an axe. They were, 1st, a tent struck, to intimate that a party had gone forward in a particular direction; 2d, five rude figures, indicating the number of the party, and exhibiting, by their dress and accoutrements, the rank or condition of each individual,—viz. a European chief, a European servant, an Indian attendant, and the two Indians from the encampment; 3d, a curvilinear figure, with the two extremities of the curve pointing towards the hindermost of the figures, to intimate to the Indian's two sons that they were to follow the party."

ADVENTURES OF A SCOTCH CAMERONIAN IN SEARCH OF A UNIVERSAL CHURCH.

The Cameronians are so called after the Rev. Richard Cameron, who was killed in a conflict at Airdsmoss, in Ayrshire, on the 20th of July, 1680. They are also called "M'Millans," or "M'Millanites," from the name of the first minister who espoused their cause after the revolution; and also sometimes "Covenanters," from their adherence to the national covenant of Scotland, and the solemn league and covenant of the three kingdoms. But their proper designation is that of "Reformed Presbyterians," or, in Scotland, where they had their origin, "Old Presbyterian Dissenters." There are upwards of thirty churches of Cameronians in Scotland, and a few in Ireland, besides a considerable number in America.

The Cameronians are noted as being the straitest and sternest of the Presbyterians, in their adherence to practice as well as doctrine, as handed down to them by their forefathers from the "times of persecution." Until recently there were considerable numbers of the old people amongst them, who presented fine specimens of what the old Covenanters were, when they met to worship on the hill-side, armed with Bible and sword. But the modern Cameronians are becoming fast modernised, and do not present many noticeable peculiarities to distinguish them particularly from their other Presbyterian brethren.

The parents of Amicus Veritatis (the "friend of truth,") were Scotch Cameronians, staunch, stern, and sturdy, possessing all the peculiarities of their peculiar party, with no small share of its piety and devotedness. They carefully trained up their children in the way they wished them to go—set before their eyes a fair example of the power even of *gloomy* Calvinism, in teaching to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, mingled at the same time with a cordial affection for four-hour sermons, and a patient zeal in undertaking ten and twenty mile walks on sacramental occasions. They plumed themselves highly on their complete and total separation from Antichrist, both in word and deed, and yet all the while were fast fettered by one of his chains. Deeming themselves to be walking in the light of Scripture purity, they disdained to listen to any preacher of another sect—and set down those of their own communion who did so, as having "itching ears." If their own worthy minister (and he *was* a worthy and a good man) happened to be prevented, by any circumstance, from "holding forth the word," in their own place of worship, they never dreamed of going anywhere else, but stayed at home, and carefully read "the Buke." The sacred volume was not to them "a spring shut up, and a fountain sealed;" for by the law and the testimony did they strive to measure both doctrines and deeds—and duly morn and even were the family gathered together to attend the *reading*, as it is emphatically called. The shortness of the breakfast hour shortened their morning devotions—but in the evening the psalm was regularly sung, or rather *crooned*, to the same tune which had been regularly used for a long series of years—and then the patriarch of the family, after reading the chapter in his own quiet and monotonous tone, would accompany it with remarks not inappropriate; and afterwards kneeling down, breathe a heart-felt prayer to the Father of the spirits of all flesh, imploring for his household mercy and grace, that they might be kept from falling, and guided all their journey through, until they arrived at the Canaan above. Ah! *their* worship was indeed "worship in spirit and in truth." Though the services were occasionally prolonged until the junior portion of the family were asleep—still the prayer ascended from sincere lips, and faith unfeigned.

Amicus was a favourite from his birth; and as he was a "douce auld-farrent chap," the favouritism was not thrown away. One thing, however, vexed his parents—as he grew up, he manifested symptoms of what they termed "a new-fangled disposition;" and this was first observable by sundry objections to the lengthy sermons he was accustomed to hear, and occasional scruples to commit to memory the huge portions of Scripture assigned him on Sunday afternoons. As he got older, he manifested still more of it—endeavoured to break through the regular mill-horse round of duties, which were scrupulously and unswervingly observed in the domestic course of instruction and devotion—and at times absented himself from the meeting-house, if any popular preacher happened to be near at hand. The truth was, that Amicus, though an obedient and obliging son, was labouring to follow in the wake of the "march of intellect," and the light was pouring through the crevices of the Cameronian shutters with which his mind had been darkened. He had sense and penetration enough to observe, that pious as his parents and their party might be, their religious system tended to contract the mind, and tinge it with gloom—and as he approached manhood he felt an irresistible desire to walk abroad, and view that world of which he had hitherto only heard as it were by the hearing of the ear—so, like most Scotchmen, prudently and judiciously revolving the idea, that though his own country was a very good country, he might do better in another, he gathered up all he had, and departed to what he considered, in his simplicity, a comparatively distant land, carrying with him the prayers and the counsels of his father and mother, and the kind wishes of his friends.

Amicus arrived in London, with all that peculiar aversion to the Establishment which his education might be supposed calculated to inspire. He had never been trained to entertain any great reverence for popery or prelacy; and though ignorant of the Articles, Liturgy, and form of worship of the established church, and that from the best of all reasons, having never read the one nor seen the other, he yet regarded her as a daughter of the "mother of harlots," decked and adorned with her trimmings, and pitching her tent in the immediate vicinity of Babylon. But being now free from observation and control, he thought he might do worse than enter an episcopal church. He gazed around with a mingled feeling of curiosity and admiration; but when the first tones of the organ pealed upon his ears, all his antipathies rushed to their citadel, and a cold shuddering sensation crept through his veins. He ventured, however, to stand it out; and as the service proceeded, he listened with more composure and less contempt, until at last his taste (for he *had* taste) was so gained upon by the beauty and sublimity of the prayers, as almost involuntarily, at one time, to bend his knee, though he could not bring it to the ground. The prayers and responses were read and given with that solemnity and emphasis of accent and manner, so much desired by those who combine correct taste with deep devotion; and even though Amicus shrunk a little at the bowing of the head at the name of Jesus, because he fancied it was so *popish-like*, he began to admit the thought, that a *read* prayer might be sincere, and that many bowed not merely their heads, but their hearts. The sermon, however, crowned the measure of his astonishment. A man who was "sae daft as to change his goon," actually preached an excellent sermon—and Amicus departed, surprised and pleased that any good could come out of Nazareth. He repeated his visits, and each visit found him better pleased; there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and he looked up, determining no longer to walk in darkness, or, mole-like, to hide himself from the light of day. Just about this time he came in contact with the Roman Catholic objection to Protestantism—its want of unity. The objection is good, thought Amicus; it must do nothing for *that* church which, in spite of all its infallibility, has been torn by divisions: yet it comes powerfully upon Protestants who claim the right of judging for themselves, and appeal to the Bible as their only rule of faith. Surely if there be but one God, and one Bible, there can be, or ought to be, but one church: and how does it come that there are such a vast variety of sects in the Christian world? The idea was startling, and he determined to pursue it to the uttermost. To find out the sect nearest the purity of the truth, became the absorbing desire of his soul, and to it every other consideration was compelled to yield. But notwithstanding his new-formed admiration of the establishment, his prejudices were too strong for him to consider *it* as the purest; and so out he went a sect-hunting—though it might truly be said, he went out not knowing whither he went.

The Methodists—the bustling, laborious, indefatigable Methodists—first attracted his attention. Their zeal was manifest, their activity was pleasing, and their piety truly persuasive. Amicus walked over to them at once, and felt for a while pleased and happy. Their prayer-meetings, class-meetings, band-meetings; their love-feasts, their sermons, their exhortations, from house to house; their teaching of the young, their kindness to the old, and their visits to the sick, all indicated a people whose hearts were warm in a good cause, and zealously affected in a good thing. Moreover, they were under active discipline, providing their own spiritual officers, building their own places of worship, raising their own funds, divided into rank and file, ready to assail the foe, wheresoever he might entrench himself; and fearless of peril by land or sea, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing sons of Adam. Surely, thought Amicus, of a truth God is with them: the good they have done, proclaims that his blessing is upon them; their increasing numbers testify their success, and if any marks can identify a Christian people, it

must be such as these. But, alas! in the very midst of his pleasure and satisfaction, he was cruelly disturbed. The doctrine of election met him fair in the face, and like the angel with his fiery sword, that stopped the progress of the covetous soothsayer, prevented him from turning to the right hand or the left. He had never considered it before, having taken it upon trust, like many more of his opinions. Now, justice and impartiality demanded a fair examination; and as his puny intellect approached the subject, it seemed like a pigmy attempting to unseat the Andes. There it lay, a gulf, deep, dark, and unfathomable; it seemed like the Deity himself, veiled in clouds, while darkness was under his feet. The more he read, and the more he thought, it became more dark and obscure—"My sheep shall *never* perish"—"I myself *might be* a castaway"—"No man can *come* unto me except the Father *draw* him"—"Give diligence to *make* your calling and election sure." "Oh, where am I?" cried Amicus; and he turned his feeble brain away from a contemplation so profound.

Another doctrine now presented itself, and renewed his vexation and disappointment. What! do the Methodists teach the possibility of attaining *perfection* in this life? Amicus looked inward and sighed. He opened his Bible, and could find nothing to bear it out, though one or two passages were strained to prove the doctrine. "I will never be a *perfect* Methodist!" he exclaimed; and just at this unfavourable moment he detected some inconsistencies in the conduct of one of the most vehement of his new friends. "Oh, I see it all—they screw up their feelings so high, that they lose their elasticity; they climb their devotional ladder with such rapidity that they lose their balance, and down they tumble to mother earth, with a velocity which astonishes the bystanders." He now began to scrutinise everything connected with Methodism with severity. "I am sadly afraid," said he, "that they sometimes substitute their own feelings for that complete and full salvation they so freely preach;" and becoming more and more dissatisfied because he could not immediately find the *perfection* that *he* wished, away he walked, just as he came, and halted not till he landed right among the Quakers.

What a total transition! from the land of bustle to the region of repose. The very atmosphere seemed charged with *stillness*, and the world shut out, with the hum and din of its perplexing and petty affairs. Novel as it was, the spirit of Amicus was charmed and captivated; the entire absence of pomp and parade won upon his mountaineer prejudices; and though the silence was broken by a female voice, a strange sight to one who had never heard the weaker vessel admonishing publicly the lords of creation, yet the feeling it excited was anything but one of contempt. He cast his eye over the whole assembly; the gravity of the men, not a muscle discomposed, but every feature apparently indicative of peace within; the modest attire, the shamefacedness and sobriety of the females—it was irresistible. "Here are the fruits of Christianity,—what more can I want? what more do I seek?" And withal there sprang up along with the wheat a tare in the mind of Amicus. "They are all well-to-do in the world; people say, they are very kind to each other—they seem to enjoy *this* life, and to be sure of the *next*." He saw this, but passed it by; for corrupt motives surely could not influence *him* in seeking after truth. He thought, too, that (but reader, *this thought* was at the very bottom of his heart—he could hardly *see* it himself) he might want a wife, and there seemed some very excellent young ladies in the connexion. Let that pass, however; it is hardly worth mentioning. He began to examine their principles, and wanted to know how he would acquire them. Barclay's Apology was put into his hand. "What a thick volume! it will take me a long time to read that." He turned over the leaves, and read the contents. "Universal light—immediate revelation—the influence of the Spirit—election—Tut! there is election again. I tremble when so much is said about it—WAR—what about war? Yes, war is a most unchristian practice—the fruit of evil passions—but, what! no fighting at all, not even in self-defence?" All the covenanter rose within his soul. He recollected with what emotion his good old father used to tell of the time, when upon a hill side, the tender female with her child in her lap, and the stern husband and son, girded with belt and bandoleer, would listen to some venerable Poundtext, a Bible in one hand, and a sword in the other, and all the while a scout on some neighbouring height to give notice of the approach of the enemy. "No, no," he would mutter again, "war is detestable, but it is necessary sometimes." And just at the back of this idea came in another. "I wonder how I would look in a Quaker garb?" And then to learn the dialect of the men of Ephraim! He saw that if he became a Quaker, he must emphatically become a "new man." All his religious doctrines, taught him from the time he could sit round the fire, must be torn up by the roots. His *practice*, too, must be changed; he must doff his old hat, and make a wig of his new, remould his speech, and submit to a renovation, unequivocal and complete. The *perfection* doctrine also met him here, and he concluded that if he could not be a *perfect* Methodist, he could as little be a *perfect* Quaker; and so away he walked, fretted and annoyed that as yet he had made no progress in his discovery of a *perfect* sect framed upon a *primitive* model.

He was in that *happy* state of mind, which some affirm is requisite for the "calm inquiry" after truth—indifferent to every thing. One day he would be in raptures with the glorious birthright of Protestants—freedom of inquiry. Mind—immortal mind, was never intended by its Creator to be controlled, except by HIMSELF—good, great, everlasting good, has been the result of its free, unfettered exercise—it ought never to bow beneath the yoke of mortal man, or submit to the impositions of priestcraft. Next day all would be changed. He could find no rest for the sole of his foot amid the flood of opinions that covers the face of Christendom. He wished for some standard, some infallible standard, forgetting that *there* was the Bible, and *here* was his mind. In this state of doubt and indecision, he became alarmed at an idea he had met with, that men might go down to hell with a lantern in their hand. "True, true, it is an appalling truth—the light which is in me may be darkness, thick palpable darkness—I may walk for a time in the light of my own fire, and the sparks which I have kindled, and then lie down in remediless sorrow!" He had latterly been disposed to admire the hackneyed couplet of Pope, but now he began to weigh its value;—"graceless zealots" may fight for "modes of faith," and equally graceless liberals may think that his "cannot be wrong whose life is in the right"—but there is one mode of faith, for which his servants do *not* fight, and the only one which produces the right sort of life. Afraid of being found among the despisers of God and his unspeakable gift, Amicus, without much consideration, joined a body of Independents, and was again restored to happiness and self-satisfaction. Amongst these good people he concluded himself settled for life. So much plainness and simplicity—so much scriptural purity, and so much love for one another—they seemed to hold the commandments of the Redeemer with a single eye. Besides, though they believed in election, they told him not to trouble his head about it, for it was among the secret things of the Almighty. "This is just what I want," said he, and congratulated himself on having arrived at *ne plus ultra*. He was invited one Sunday to dinner, and another Sunday to tea—he was cordially shaken by the hand when met upon the street—a smile of good-humoured content sat upon many of their countenances—they were so strict, and yet so liberal—their faith seemed to purify their hearts, and to work by love—and all apparently were so desirous of walking in all the commandments of the Lord blameless—that Amicus marvelled how he had shut his eyes so long, and overlooked such a truly excellent body of Christian people. He attended their private meetings, and was called upon to pray occasionally; the fervour of his prayers gained him a high reputation; and the one thought he was where he ought to be, and the others concluded that they had added to their number a pious and a devoted young man. The novelty passed away, and Amicus began to imagine that every thing was not so pleasant and delightful as at first. His mind required more than ordinary excitement; and, as all went on quietly and smoothly, he began to feel restless. They seemed to be overlooking him, and there appeared to be some among them who made themselves of more consequence than the rest. His pride was touched, and he ventured, during a case of discipline, to express what he thought. "Young men are exhorted to be sober-minded," was the pastor's reply,—and vexed and chagrined, Amicus sat down. His love was cooled, and he did not much care if he was away—but decency required him to suppress his feelings.

A new subject, however, started before him and diverted his attention. The millennium absorbed his every thought, and he was in raptures with the glorious scheme. The personal reign, the resurrection of the saints, the restoration of the Jews, and the Redeemer presiding in grace and grandeur over the nations of the earth, filled his heart and elevated his soul. He could scarcely endure a contradiction of his new opinions; it must be so—see how many good Christians believe it—the idea is rich—it is a wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort. He now exhorted his friends to prepare for the coming of their Lord; and if any one ventured to hint that he did not believe he *would* come, Amicus could scarcely be restrained from counting him as worse

than an infidel. One discovery led on to another. Europe could not have been more amazed at the discovery of America, or filled with more valorous adventurers, than the mind of Amicus with lofty and daring imaginations. Truth must be followed whithersoever she will lead, became his *motto* and his *motive*. He descried new land again, and made right for it. Christ died for *all* men—for ALL—yes, for ALL; "not for ours *only*, but also for the sins of the *whole* world." It was perfectly plain—nothing could be plainer; and Amicus set about with zeal and assiduity to propagate his new doctrines. Another and another imagination crowded in upon his mind; he embraced the idea that it was likely the saints would eat and drink after the general resurrection, and began to *contend* for it. Wherever he went he could not rest, until, like some gallant cavalier, he would lay down his new opinions, glove-like, upon the table, and challenge the whole company round. He had no time to talk about any thing but the millennium, the personal reign, and the universality of Christ's death. The drivelling preachers of a drivelling generation kept the people in bondage; and one day he attacked his pastor, for presuming to preach a sermon on the subject, in which not a single *new* idea was contained. Now came the tug of war; and Amicus silenced, but not convinced, determined to leave men whose minds were so contracted, and who only seemed to sleep the sounder as the coming of our Lord drew near. A deputation was appointed to wait upon him, and inquire his reasons for withdrawing. This only increased his self-importance, and he would listen to no terms of accommodation, unless his new doctrines were received and embraced. His zeal swallowed up his common sense; and he seemed utterly unaware that, while ranting about the downfall of Antichrist, he was doing his best to uphold him. He was now left to himself, and for a season disdained to enter within the walls of a church. A friend met him and hinted, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." He started; the cold waters of amazement flowed in upon his soul. A cloud, dark and heavy, gathered round his mind: the Christian world assumed the appearance of a stage, and all the men and women merely players. Time and eternity, heaven and hell, salvation and damnation, appeared as figures of speech, to which nothing definite could be assigned. The pearl of great price was an ingenious device, a crafty invention to gain to a number a portion of this world's goods; and the wicked one, with all his hosts, were dramatis personæ, introduced to overawe the timid, and keep them in subjection to the clergy. This cloud passed away, and Amicus feared exceedingly as he entered into another. "Ah, an angry God has given me over to a reprobate mind! The evil spirit once cast out, has returned, and finding his former habitation swept and garnished, has taken with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they have entered in and taken possession! Oh! it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God—to count the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, and to do despite to the Spirit of his grace!" The mind of Amicus was now in a state pitiably dreary. His morbid imagination and fanatic feelings pictured himself as a withered thing upon the face of the earth—withered for a time, and lost for eternity. When it was evening he wished it were morning, and when it was morning, he wished for the evening. Without God, and without hope in the world, there seemed to remain nothing else for him but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. He trembled lest death would soon come, and gibbet his soul for ever, a spectacle to angels and to men. He regarded himself as a vessel of wrath, fitted for destruction, and waiting to be filled with the lava of the wrath of a holy God. He looked around him and about him, to see where the thunderbolt would issue that was to level him with the earth. But time passed on, and nothing strange appeared. The blue heavens were still over his head, and the ground still firm beneath his feet. Hope, which appeared to have bid him farewell, now unveiled her calm, benignant face, and smiled again upon him. He looked into his Bible, which had been neglected, and there he found the same promises, the same exhortations, the same threatenings, as he had seen before. No alteration had taken place in the text of the Sacred Volume. The waters of salvation were as clear and sweet as ever they were—and the invitation was still, "Whosoever *will*, let him take of it freely." What is wrong with me? said Amicus, and he rubbed his eyes. He had cried out, "Oh, that I may know where to find him! I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments." But here HE was still, sitting where he had ever been, on a throne of grace and love, extending the regal sceptre to all who came within his courts, and granting peace, and light, and joy, to those who craved his favour. "Oh! my God," Amicus cried, "I have circumscribed thy salvation and thy grace—I have doubted thy free love and thy free favour—and been aiming to walk by sight, and not by faith." He now began to suspect that all was wrong in his religious system—that he must have built upon a wrong foundation—that he had mistaken the great end of religion—and that he had been substituting HIMSELF for the truth which he had been seeking. Gradually, peace and composure regained possession of his mind, and the troubled waters of a morbid imagination subdued to a calm, which was the more pleasing and delightful after the storm.

Amicus now resolved to reject all his fancies and his whims, and walk quietly in the old way and beaten path of righteousness; concluding it better to leave it to others to hunt for truth, than to break his own head and heart in the chase. Alas! it is said there is no peace to the wicked—and poor Amicus, though striving to walk in the narrow road, concluded there was to be no peace for him. A new dilemma awaited him—in the present state of the Christian world, divided into sects and parties, he could not hold communion with all, and he could not stand aloof from all. He was just where he was when he began the search—with this difference, that he was quite indisposed to begin it over again. He sighed for primitive simplicity, but it was gone with the years before the flood! He looked at the aspect of the Christian world, and it seemed broken into segments—diversified by many-coloured strata—but which, instead of running in parallel lines, intersected each other at angles of all sorts and sizes. The Church, instead of looking forth, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, resembled a scattered and a divided host, "faint, yet pursuing." He sighed, and almost sickened at the sight. Oh, that she would fling away those petty differences which weaken her strength and impede her powers—gather herself up like a giant refreshed with wine—and go forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty! A gleam of hope dawned upon Amicus. A single individual, when his heart is right, may do a great deal of good. What could or would hinder Amicus from calling the attention of Christians to the duty and expediency of a catholic union? The very idea was charming. He felt his heart beat with joy at the prospect of having his talents usefully employed; and he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and breathed a hasty prayer that he might be the humble and the honoured instrument of effecting a change so great, so glorious, and so good. Down he sat, to draw out a plan for a grand combination. The state dignity of the Establishment was to be lowered—the vulgarity of the Methodists was to be improved—the sternness of the Presbyterian was to be softened—the rough garment of John the Dipper was to be smoothed down—the pride of the Independent was to be laid low—and all the fry of small sects were to be charmed out of their holes and corners at the sound of the music, and the blast of the union trumpet—while last, though not least, the tribes of Ephraim, and the half tribe of Manasseh, abstracted from their spiritual abstractions, were to be seen slowly and deliberately moving up to join the camp, their coats angled, and their broad brims cut—and the surety and the certainty of their allegiance to the cause certified by a yea, yea. Nothing could be finer than such an idea. Amicus saw the whole scene before him—he saw the Macedonian phalanx drawn up in battle array; and as the sun of righteousness shone upon its burnished armour, the brilliant reflection scared the infidel birds of prey, that were hovering around, and sent them screeching, hooting, and flapping their wings, into the den of darkness from which they sprung.

No time was to be lost, for every moment was precious. Amicus wrote letters—copied out his plans—and strove by every figure of speech to rouse and alarm the sons of Zion to the guilt of disunion, and the immediate necessity for a general effort. He showed how Antichrist could not stand such a sight—that the very thought would paralyse his frame, preparatory to his giving up the ghost—the angel was about to fling the mill-stone into the sea, and the other angel was stretching his wings, to take his wondrous flight in the midst of heaven, and proclaim the everlasting Gospel round the globe. No man could resist such reasoning; and accordingly, Amicus carried his papers and his plans to a friend, to take his advice as to the first things to be done, or the first persons addressed. The papers were read, and the plans detailed; but his friend was silent, or evidently endeavouring to suppress a smile. "What do you think?" asked Amicus. "Nothing." "Nothing! what makes you smile?" "I was reading a book called the Spiritual Quixote, the other day, and—" Amicus gathered up his papers, and rushing out of the house, scampered off like a hare before the wind. He tumbled into bed—wondered that he had never before found out that he had but one eye—and,

after calling himself an ass and a fool, fell asleep. Next morning he awoke, and was astonished at the view his pillow had enabled him to take of the subject. "I see it all," said Amicus, "and I might have seen it before. We might as well try to kick the mountains into the sea, as attempt, instantaneously, to lop off the prejudices of men in religious matters. Time will work it—the diffusion of knowledge will work it—co-operation will work it—and men will yet become as united together as the nature of the human mind will permit. But what am I to do? I am neither a churchman nor a dissenter;"—and, had Amicus not been taught by experience, he might have fallen into another fit of amazement. But something seemed to whisper what he ought to do. Decide for yourself, instead of trying also to decide for other people; act upon your own convictions of what is Truth, and give a similar liberty to all who claim it. Perhaps all these various sects may one day be fused into a homogeneous mass, as MAN ascends to that higher platform of JUDGMENT which he is yet destined to reach. Meantime, wait in PATIENCE, and wait in HOPE. You, yourself, a mere particle of humanity, may be dead, and in your quiet grave, long before that time arrives, when Roman Catholicism, and Church-of-Englandism, and Presbyterianism, and Independentism, and all the host of them, are fused down, and compounded into one vast and compact frame of Christianity. But do your duty. Assist in sowing the seed, from which is to spring that great tree, the leaves of which are to be fair, and the fruit thereof much, and in it food for all; under whose shadow the beasts of the field are to abide, and the fowls of heaven to dwell in its boughs; and all flesh are to be fed by it.

CONFESSIONS OF AN IDEAL ORATOR.

FROM the earliest moment that my hearing could appreciate sound, and the heart be moved at the music of speech, oratory has been the darling passion of my soul. Not that I ever set my desires upon being an orator myself—not that I ever actually wanted or wished personally to command the applause of a listening senate, or move an outrageous mob at my will. No—I am an *ideal* orator—a *dreamy* preacher—and my audiences are all men of straw. When but an urchin, the carelessness of my guardians permitted me to attend the theatre, and even at that early age, whether walking or sitting, in the silent field or the crowded street, amid the chorus of nature's aviary, or the rumbling of the carts and the rattling of the coaches—all was alike to me. I saw nothing, I heard nothing, I knew nothing, but a crowded amphitheatre of human faces, rising, as it were, from earth to heaven, spotted with eyes like a peacock's tail, or sparkling like diamonds on a dowager's *ball* head—then the slow music of the orchestra—then, anon, your humble servant would make his appearance, either as a crooked little man, or a tall majestic Roman—of course, either a "laughing devil" in my sneer, or a dark "frown of vengeance" on my knitted brow—while the hitherto calm, but expectant audience, rolled a thunder of applause, which came as sweet upon the soul as the south wind from the spice gardens upon the grateful sense. Often have I stood on the street with my arms folded, until the "three times three" had evaporated, perfectly indifferent either to applause or censure, and possessing no feeling but the consciousness of my powers. Delivered from the peril of theatrical contamination, I had my mind more immediately directed towards religion; and during the course of a short life I have preached perhaps as many sermons as all the ministers of the British islands have done, put together. The royal circle have again and again been melted into tears by the overflowing tenderness and faithful expostulation of my discourses; I have enchanted both houses of parliament into a silence so profound, that the falling of a pin would have sounded like the tinkling of a cymbal—while my versatile humility and versatile talents can at once fly from the chapel royal to Salisbury plain, appear clad in all the gorgeousness of sacerdotal dignity, addressing the nobles of the land, or in primitive simplicity, and with stentorian lungs, alarm ten thousand case-hardened colliers. I have disembodied every popular preacher of the present day, and, while their audiences never perceived the *transmigration*, have carried their several styles and manners to the loftiest pitch of sublimity. I have superseded Chalmers—annihilated Wardlaw—and extinguished all and every of the lights that adorn the Establishment or the dissenters. Nay, with less excuse and more impudence than Saul, I have resuscitated the Samuels of all former ages, just to make them die again, of mortification, or to jump into their graves, in order to hide their diminished heads.

Now, I am not, properly speaking, *an absent man*. Let reality lay her cold hand upon me, and all my visions vanish. Let me be addressed by any one, and in a moment the *drop-scene* falls, which veils my glories, and no mortal man or woman would ever suspect that I had been up in my own third heavens, and had come down like a flash of lightning. But let me be left again in silence, either in company or in solitude, and up I go, like a feather on the wind. Oh, what labours I go through without fatigue or flinching! However incredible it may seem, I have preached fifty powerful sermons in a day to overflowing and delighted audiences, whose admiration of my amazing abilities could only be matched by my meek and humble spirit, smiling good-naturedly at the foolishness of the people in running after me. And I might long have enjoyed my popularity. I might long have trudged like the ploughboy, not whistling, but preaching as I went, had not a piercing, probing, dissecting philosopher, cruelly unseated my happiness, and disturbed my sweet, dreamy, preaching repose.

This man has succeeded in convincing me, that to allow my imagination to absorb and monopolise my waking moments is absurd, and selfish, and unchristian. He says that it is absurd, because all creation becomes to me a sealed book, and that, instead of looking abroad upon the earth's surface, and drinking in new ideas from the light and loveliness that surrounds me, I creep like a snail into my own shell, or like a land-crab into its hole, or rather like a solitary cormorant preying upon putrid matter, when fresh fish might be had for the diving; or like the sloth on its tree, stripping it bare, and then dropping down on the ground of real life with a heart-rending cry. Moreover, he says it is selfish, for nobody shares with me my mental feasts. I hide my spoil, and then turn inward, the moment I am left alone, to gormandize, like the grave, never saying, "It is enough." The horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, "Give, give!" but my imagination has a hundred mouths, or rather like a whirlpool that sucks in everything—like "loud Loffodon," that

> "Whirls to death the roaring whale!"

and draws in corks and weed with the same ease and facility, and without either rhyme or reason. But further, the deponent said it was UNCHRISTIAN; for the domineering influence of imagination was a vice requiring to be mortified as much as any other vice of mind or body, and that I planted my shadow on a throne, making the powers of my mind dance round, or nod perpetually, like a Chinese mandarin, or like a notable Scotch baronet, always "boo, boo, booing:" and thus, after ransacking *his* imagination for figures to show me the folly of *mine*, he, with a smile, concluded the lecture by assuring me that I would make a wretched bad Quaker; for at the silent meetings I would be up and away, over mountains and rivers, or else pouring out an impassioned strain, petrifying, if not electrifying, the children of gravity.

I heard all, and was astonished. I vowed that, if ever my imagination played vagrant, and ran away with me again, I would scourge it to the Mendicity, or lock it up in the House of Correction; nay, I determined to break its impudent spirit, and give it hard labour and dry food: but it grins at me. Just when I think I have it, like the boy with the butterfly—away—whiz!—up it goes, mounts the pulpit, opens the Bible, gives out the text, and I, with open mouth, look on, till my own eloquence carries me away, not in a fainting fit, but in a fit of sublimity. I have handcuffed it—I have put drags on its feet—I have loaded its body with chains; but it slips the handcuffs, kicks the drags at my head, puts the chains in its pocket, and then off it flies, not to the tombs, but to the pulpit, and there labours mightily in its vocation An old frigid mathematician told me, the other day, that, like foolish parents, I must eat the fruit of my folly; for I had indulged my bantling to such a pernicious extent, that it was no wonder the spoiled child would play freaks! What consolation is this for me, that wishes, above all things, to be a decent, jogging Christian man! So indignant am I, at times, that, if scourging my poor

flesh would frighten the tormentor of my existence, I would imitate the monks of La Trappe, and "not spare." But permit me to detail a few of the inconveniences I have suffered in consequence of the exercise of my talents.

1. I could not sleep one night, and getting up, walked about the room. My mind was disposed to be solemn, and I thought of the time when the heavens would depart as a scroll, and the millions of the human race, from Adam to his youngest born, should meet at the close of time's chronicle; and my heart sunk at the indifference of men to the awful truth. The voice of the watchmen spoke of hours, and days, and years, rushing past like a flood. An immense auditory was round me in a moment, and I carried them beyond the boundaries of visible, and scaled the heights of the everlasting hills; yea, I bore them aloft into regions "forsaken of the foot," and skirted, with untiring pinion, the gulf that separates heaven and hell: when, lo! a sharp jingling sound scattered my audience, and comfortably assured me that I had shattered the looking-glass into a hundred fragments. I was not long out of bed.

2. Once, when on a very pleasant excursion with a few friends, among whom was a young lady in whose good graces I wished to stand rather favourably, we spent an hour or two at a well-known waterfall. Silence reigned among the company, as if all wished to enjoy the turbulence of the waters. An incidental observation was made on how fine and forcible a figure a cataract supplies to the orator. Gradually a film passed over my eyes,—rocks, trees, and water, receded from my sight—a copious perspiration broke upon my body—I was literally bathed in dew; and no wonder, for I was pouring out a torrent of eloquence to as crowded and respectable an auditory as ever surrounded a pulpit. My theme was the progress and the triumph of eternal truth. I compared it to a flood rolling majestically on, and that over all opposition it would dash, like the cataract in its course. Ay, the powers of darkness might combine, but as soon could they blot out the sun or dry up the ocean! Yes!—A shock paralysed my powers. I have no distinct recollection of my situation, till I was drawn out of the water, shaking my shaggy locks, and looking foolishly forlorn. We had been standing on the bank, and, just as I reached the climax of my oration, I clasped the young lady, and both went into the stream. After we had all recovered our "propriety," and were put to rights, a sharp investigation was made into my motives, which ended in a hearty laugh, and we drove merrily home; but, alas! the young lady has ever since regarded me as a sort of innocent musing idiot, very fit to laugh at, but very unfit for being her proper lord and master.

3. At an anniversary meeting, one of the speakers did not particularly attract my attention: in truth, he was a dull, plodding fellow, rather injuring his cause, than serving it. After a few minutes' reverie, by a sort of light-footed, fairy magic, I exchanged situations with him, and produced such an effect that many thousand pounds were instantly collected. The president proposed a special vote of thanks, but I started up and declared that I would not permit it, as it was invidious. A faint scream made me open my eyes: in my gesticulations, I had struck a respectable lady on the face; everybody was staring, some whispering that I was mad, and others that I should be handed over to the police; when my own indescribable ludicrously-looking embarrassment saved me.

4. Having gone to church one Sabbath in rather a high state of excitement, from the expectation of hearing a splendid and popular preacher, and feeling annoyed at seeing a reverend Dry-as-dust in his place, I crept, as usual, into myself. On this occasion I was so gloriously sublime, that I was very nearly confounded. My theme was the Bible. What a range did I take, in tracing the past, the present, and the probable progress of the blessed "Book!" I beheld it emerging at the Reformation, and gathering itself up in its strength, like a giant refreshed with sleep, arousing the human mind from its lethargy, and shaking Europe to its centre—I saw it now knocking at the palace-gates of Eastern monarchs, wrestling with superstition, and smiting the hydra to the earth—I saw it now touching the chains of the slave, and they dropped from his arm—I saw it now breathing upon the mists that overhung the earth, and they rolled up the mountains' sides—I saw it kindling a fire in the frigid zone, and the ice melted away—I saw it pouring oil upon the tempestuous waves of this world's affairs, and, as far as the eye could reach, billow after billow sunk down into a sea of glass—I saw it stretching its wand over contending hosts, and the warriors dashed their weapons on the ground, and rushed into each other's embrace—I saw it standing with one foot on the land, and another in the sea, and stretching a canopy of light and love over and around the globe—I saw it rooting up the thorns and nettles and briars of the wilderness, and the rose smiled in their stead, and the wild beast vanished, and the vine and the fig-tree yielded their fruit, and old men came from the chimney-corner to sit in the evening breeze, and multitudes of little children sported in the beams of the setting sun, and the lowing of the cattle broke upon the ear, and the fields waved their peaceful banners, and nodded to mother earth, chanting "Plenty, plenty, plenty!"—THEN—and I took the Bible in my transport, and held it up to the view of my audience—THEN!—and the Bible flew out of my hand, and I strained to catch it, and flew out of the pulpit myself, and came down with a tremendous crash on the head of the clerk below, whose neck was nearly broken, and I—looked up, and found myself lying at the bottom of the pew, with several books on the top of me, and some young ladies tittering, while a kind matron raised me up, whisperingly hoped I was not hurt, bade me remember the young man in the Acts, and never sleep during sermon again!

These are but a specimen of the miseries I endure; and being naturally sensitive and bashful, I dread the idea of ridicule and eccentricity, and yet I am continually making myself ridiculous and eccentric. What concerns me most is, that these dreamings do actually incrust a coat of selfishness about the spirit, and shut up the natural flow of the charities of the heart. It incloses the dreamer in a world of his own, to which he retires on every possible opportunity. Every attempt to coerce my oratorical powers is just attempting to bind Samson in his strength, or to tie an eagle with a rope of sand. I preach daily, hourly, without ceasing, but I preach without profit. I can scarcely read more than a verse of the Bible without preaching, or follow a sentence of a prayer without preaching, or hear a few animating expressions without preaching. I have heard of a disease which turns all aliment into water. My mind turns everything into preaching; and it will soon be as porous as a sponge, unless some benevolent friend can suggest a cure for me.

WAR ABOUT WORDS.

In most of the domestic broils which have agitated civilised communities, the result has been determined, or seriously affected, by the nature of the prevalent *talk*,—by the nature of the topics or phrases which have figured in the war of words. These topics or phrases have been more than pretexts; more than varnish; more than distinguishing cockades mounted by the opposite parties.

For example. If the bulk of the people of England had thought and reasoned with Mr. Burke,—had been imbued with the spirit, and had seized the scope, of his arguments,—her needless and disastrous war with her American colonies would have been stifled at the birth. The stupid and infuriate majority, who rushed into that odious war, could perceive and discourse of nothing but the sovereignty of the mother-country, and her so-called right to tax her colonial subjects.

But, granting that the mother-country was properly the sovereign of the colonies,—granting that the fact of her sovereignty was proved by invariable practice,—and granting her so-called right to tax her colonial subjects, this was hardly a topic to move an enlightened people.

Is it the interest of England to insist upon her sovereignty? Is it her interest to exercise her right without the approbation of the colonists? For the chance of a slight revenue, to be wrung from her American subjects, and of a trifling relief from the taxation which now oppresses herself, shall she drive those reluctant subjects to assert their alleged independence,—visit her own children with the evil of war,—squander her treasures and soldiers in trying to keep them down, and desolate the very region from which the revenue must be drawn? * * * But arguments drawn from utility were not to the dull taste of the stupid and infuriate majority. The rabble, great and small, would hear of nothing but their *right*. "They'd a *right* to tax the colonists, and tax 'em they would—ay, *that* they would." Just as if a right were worth a rush of itself, or a something to be cherished and asserted independently of the good that it may bring.

Mr. Burke would have taught them better,—would have purged their muddled brains, and "laid the fever in their souls" with the healing principle of utility. He asked them what they would get, if the project of coercion should succeed, and implored them to compare the advantage with the hazard and the cost. But the sound practical men still insisted on their *right*, and sagaciously shook their heads at him, as a refiner and a theorist.—*Austen's Province of Jurisprudence determined.*

INGENUITY IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE FEET OF WATER-FOWL.

The web-foot of a water-fowl is an inimitable paddle, and all the ingenuity of the present day exerted to improve our steam-boats makes nothing to approach it. The flexor tendon of the toes of the duck is so directed over the heads of the bones of the thigh and leg, that it is made tight when the creature bends its legs, and is relaxed when the leg is stretched out. When the bird draws its foot up, the toes are drawn together, in consequence of the bent position of the bones of the leg pressing on the tendon. When, on the contrary, it pushes the leg out straight, in making the stroke, the tendons are relieved from the pressure of the heel-bone, and the toes are permitted to be fully extended and at the same time expanded, so that the web between them meets the resistance of a large volume of water.—*Lord Brougham.*

FIRST APPEARANCE AT COURT.

Lennard Solikoffer, a Swiss nobleman, who, on the conclusion of the Swiss union, went to Paris as ambassador, had a large dog, which on his departure he ordered to be shut up for eight days. This was done; yet, at the end of that period, the dog traced his way to the French capital (400 miles), and on the day of audience, rushed in, all covered with mud, and leaped up mad for joy upon his master. In the family castle of Thuringia there is a painting of the story.—*Anecdotes of Animals.*

THUNDER STORMS.

To determine the distance of a thunder storm, it is only necessary to ascertain the number of seconds which intervene between the sight of the lightning and hearing the sound, and these multiplied by 1090, the number of feet that sound travels in a second, will give in feet an approximate estimate of the distance of the electrified cloud from the place of observation.—*The Earth, by W. M. Higgins.*

INSTINCTIVE DREAD OF HYDROPHOBIA.

A man, who used to come every day to the celebrated Dr. James's house, was so beloved by three cocker spaniels which he kept, that they never failed to jump into his lap, and caress him the whole time he staid. It happened that this man was bitten by a mad dog, and the very first night he came under the influence of the distemper, they all ran away from him to the very top of the garret-stairs, barking and howling, and showing signs of distress and consternation. The man was cured, but the dogs were not reconciled to him for three years afterwards.—*Browne's Anecdotes of Dogs.*

A JOKE, NO JOKE.

I heard of one neer Oxford who borrowed 50*l.* of his father-in-law, so itt was to be concluded when it was to be paid, and they being a little knavish concluded the 30th of next February; hee being an ignorant fellow, assented, the lawyer drew the writings accordingly, but the fellow cannot get his money to this day, hee lives at Marston, near Oxford.—*Diary of the Rev. J. Ward.*

VISIONS OF ANGELS.

Our modern young gentlemen are but ill plants, grow like cucumbers more to belly than head, and have but little pips for hearts. It was quite different in my younger days. Who would believe it now? But we were certainly in some way gifted then. We saw angels—and now one scarcely even hears of them. It was an angel-seeing age; I have myself seen many. I first began to see them about seventeen years of age; and that was in the year—but no, there is no occasion to mention the year; the angels might not like again to visit me if I did, and I still live in hope. I cannot exactly say how many I saw before I was twenty; but they all struck me as having very beautiful hair; their eyes were heavenly: but, if the first sight was enchanting, the first touch of the little finger of one thrilled me all over, and then I knew and felt it was an angel.—*Blackwood.*

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten!—*Dickens.*

EGOTISM.

Contempt is egotism in ill-humour. Appetite without moral affection, social sympathy, and even without passion and imagination—in plain English, mere lust,—is the basest form of egotism, and being *infra* human, or below humanity, should be pronounced with the harsh breathing, as *hegoat-ism.*—*Coleridge.*

TOLERATION.

I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the memory of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at but rather pity the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or contemn the miserable condition of friars; for, though misplaced in circumstance, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the *Ave Maria* bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt; whilst, therefore, they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering mine own.—*Browne's Religio Medici.*

A CURE FOR EATING TOO MUCH.

A certaine woman did eat much before her husband, and hee complained of her to her mother; shee told him itt was her fault, for shee advisd him to let her have her home to worme her; and she advisd her to eat little before her husband, but to pay itt in private: and so shee did, which very much pleased him, insomuch that hee forgave one pound of her portion which was left behind, for worming her.—*Diary of the Rev. J. Ward.*

THE TROPHY OF VICTORY.

The following instance of the fidelity and courage of a terrier occurred at Glasgow:—One evening, as a young gentleman of the name of Hardie was passing through St. Andrew's Square, on his way home to his father's house in Charlotte-street, he was stopped opposite the north-west corner of St. Andrew's church by a man armed with a large stick, who seized him by the breast, and striking him a violent blow on the head, desired him instantly to deliver his watch. As he was preparing to repeat the blow, a terrier belonging to Mr. Hardie sprang at the ruffian, and seized him by the throat, and his master at the same time giving him a violent push, he fell backwards and dropt his stick, which the other immediately seized and carried off. The terrier soon after followed him home, bearing in his teeth, as a trophy of his courage, nearly half the front of the man's waistcoat, in the lining of which half-a-guinea was found carefully sewed up. The waistcoat was of coarse woollen stuff, with a black stripe, much worn and tattered, and not at all corresponding with the elegance of the walking-stick, which had a gilt head, and contained a handsome small sword.—*Anecdotes of Dogs.*

ADVANTAGE OF THE MODERNS.

Though there were many giants of old in physics and philosophy, yet I say with Didacus Stella, "a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant, may see further than the giant himself."—*Burton.*

BEGIN NOTHING OF WHICH THOU HAST NOT WELL CONSIDERED THE END.

A certain Cham of Tartary, travelling with his nobles, was met by a dervise, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice." The Cham ordered him the sum, upon which the dervise said,

"*Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.*"

The courtiers hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer, "The dervise is well paid for his maxim." But the king was so well pleased with the answer, that he ordered it to be written in golden letters on several parts of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the Cham's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet at the time he let him blood. One day, when the Cham's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the surgeon's hand, he read on the basin,

"*Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.*"

He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand. The Cham observing his confusion, inquired the reason: the surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned; but the conspirators were put to death. The Cham, turning to his courtiers, who had heard the advice with contempt, told them, that counsel could not be too highly valued which had saved a Cham's life.—*Spectator.*

INTELLECTUAL MODESTY.

We should never estimate the soundness of principles by *our own* ability to defend them; or consider an objection as unanswerable, to which we can find no reply. It is an absurd self-confidence, especially in a young person, to abandon his principles as soon as he may find himself worsted in argument. There is no defence against flippant sophistry so effectual as an intelligent modesty. Indeed, genuine firmness of mind consists greatly in an habitual recollection of our own moderate powers and acquirements.—*Taylor's Elements of Thought.*

HABIT.

We are so wonderfully formed, that, while we are creatures vehemently desirous of novelty, we are as strongly attached to habit and custom. But it is the nature of things which hold us by custom, to affect us very little while we are in possession of them, but strongly when they are absent. I remember to have frequented a certain place every day for a long time together: and I may truly say, that so far from finding pleasure in it, I was affected with a sort of uneasiness and disgust; I came, I went, I returned without pleasure; yet if by any means I passed by the usual time of my going thither, I was remarkably uneasy, and was not quiet till I had got into my old track. They who use snuff, take it almost without being sensible that they take it, and the acute sense of smell is deadened, so as to feel hardly anything from so sharp a stimulus: yet deprive the snuff-taker of his box, and he is the most uneasy mortal in the world.—*Burke.*

COST OF ADVERTISING QUACK MEDICINES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The cost of advertising quack medicines in the twenty-four States, annually, is supposed to amount to two hundred thousand dollars. A peck of pills a day is considered necessary for Boston, and half a bushel for New York. On an average, only one in twenty-five who take them is actually sick; and the proportion of those who dispense with some necessary of life to purchase nostrums which do them a positive injury, is in the ratio of eighty-seven to every hundred throughout the country.—*American Medical Journal.*

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NO. VIII.

PAY-DAY.—ROUTINE AT SEA.

"Come all hands ahoy to the anchor,
From friends and relations to go."—DIBDIN.

OUR ship is now ready for sea, and the last thing to be performed, before proceeding on a cruise, is to pay the crew the customary advance of wages.

It has always been the practice to delay this important event until the vessel is on the point of quitting the port; not only to prevent desertion, but owing to the difficulty of restraining seamen when they have money at command; and also because it is probable—nay certain—that many of them would dissipate every shilling, regardless of providing clothes, and the necessaries they require, during their contemplated absence from England.

The payment of this small sum is, however, but an indifferent affair, compared to the scenes which our recollections associate with pay-days of former times, when seamen received the arrears of several years' wages in a lump, and lavished the whole in a few hours, after the usual manner of this prodigal and thoughtless class, who are truly said to

"Earn their money at sea like horses,
To squander it idly like asses on shore."

Nevertheless, between two and three thousand pounds being circulated in the issue of two months' advance, the affair still merits the attention of the children of Israel, who, by long prescription, claim an exclusive right to the appropriation of seamen's earnings in London, as well as the outports, and maintain it so pertinaciously as to render the competition of other dealers hopeless.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, the superintendant of the dock-yard, attended by several pay-clerks from the Cheque Office, provided with the cash and duplicates of the ship's books, arrive on board; but long before they make their appearance—generally from the first dawn of day—the ship is surrounded and beset with shore boats, the occupant of each being most indefatigable and incessant in his prayer to be admitted on board, assuring the officers he has the best and cheapest goods that can possibly be provided for the seaman's wants. It is remarkable that, by some mode of obtaining intelligence through their brethren in the metropolis, the Jews are always acquainted with the day appointed for making payments of wages, or prize money, to a ship of war, even before the post-admiral himself, much less the officers belonging to the vessel.

The Jews succeed generally in obtaining admittance in the course of the day, in sufficient numbers to occupy, with their wares, the spaces between the guns on the main-deck, which now assumes the appearance of a fair, or bazaar, where all sorts of articles, such as wearing apparel, gown pieces for the ladies, watches, and trinkets that attract the seamen's attention, are ostentatiously exhibited.

The payment of wages takes place in the fore-cabin, the captain always attending; the men are mustered in squads as their names stand on the books, and kept in readiness to be called forward singly to receive their quotas. As nothing is deducted from the two months' advance for slops, or other charges, the business proceeds rapidly, and in a ship of this class is finished in two or three hours. It is usual to keep open some of the petty officers' rating until this day, in reserve for volunteers that may appear; but now every man's rating must be assigned him, as upon that depends the amount he receives.

When the superintendant departs, and the day advances, the dealing, like Tam O'Shanter's mirth, grows "fast and furious;" considerable relaxation of discipline is tolerated, for it is difficult to prevent the introduction of spirits upon such an occasion as this, when many strangers are admitted, and the "right of search," so rigorously maintained at other seasons, cannot be strictly exercised.

Every man is expected to provide himself with the following articles of wearing apparel, and if he cannot afford to purchase all he wants to complete his "kit," as his wardrobe is called, out of the advance, the deficiency is made up of slops supplied by the purser, and charged against his accruing wages:—Two blue jackets, two blue trowsers, one waistcoat, four shirts, one pair of shoes, two hats, one scrubbing-brush. If the ship is ordered to a warm climate, four white duck frocks, instead of shirts, and four ditto trousers. These articles are indispensable, but most of the seamen have more, and nearly all have, in addition, pea-jackets.

In the appropriation of purchases, the ladies of course assert their claim for a share, and the Jew dealers fail not to display such articles of female attire as women delight to adorn themselves withal. On occasions when large payments are made, these are to be had in every variety, and what with one outlay or another, poor Jack is generally minus of his receipts before sunset, when strangers are ordered to quit, and the first-lieutenant congratulates himself, not without reason, that the business of the day—a weary one to him—is over.

The seaman is your true philosopher—the morning finds him renovated by rest, minus his money to be sure, but little regretting the want of it, and resolved, in the words of the song, "to go to sea for more." Preparations are now made for unmooring, and boats arrive to take the women on shore. We confess we have never happened to witness a realisation of the affecting "partings" described by the poet; on the contrary, this matter has always appeared to us accomplished somewhat in a style of indifference. However that may be, a scene such as a poetical imagination might conceive seldom or never occurs—some waving of hands—very different from lily white—there is, "and there an end;"—the work of the ship soon absorbs the seaman's attention. As the morning advances, Blue Peter is hoisted, the captain and all persons belonging to the vessel repair on board, the pilot shortly after appears, the sails are loosed and set, the ponderous anchor hove up (lifted) to the bows, and, wind and tide permitting, the ship proceeds to sea.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

Until fairly clear of the port, the vessel is under the pilot's charge; when that is effected he takes his leave, receiving a certificate entitling him to his fee. A course for the destination is then shaped by the master, and the watch is set, or called, as it is styled. During the time the ship is in the neighbourhood of the land, and in soundings, it is usual to keep a leadsman heaving the lead, and ever and anon denoting the depth of water by a peculiar song, the correct performance of which is considered essential in an able seaman.

It generally takes the whole of the first day at sea to stow away different articles, and get matters to rights; as soon as this is accomplished, on the morrow generally, things assume a certain routine. We shall describe the usual occurrences of *one* day, noting generally such variations as are made weekly, or monthly; prior to which it may be as well to specify briefly the duties of the different classes into which the ship's company is divided, reserving a more minute detail of the several duties of the officers for a future occasion.

The crew are divided into starboard and larboard watch, and each watch has a certain proportion of men in the following classes:—Gunner's crew, 9; carpenter's crew, 4; forecastle men, 22; fore-top men, 22; main-top men, 25; mizen-top men, 9; after-guard, 30; waisters, 58; marines, 50.

The boatswain's mates and quarter-masters, being always kept on the alert, are generally placed in three watches, as well as the lieutenants, mates, and midshipmen. When it is necessary to obtain more strength during the watch, the *idlers* are called, a body of about 40 persons, composed of the mechanics, servants, &c., who are excused from keeping regular watch, but liable to all calls during the night.

The denominations we have enumerated require men of various abilities to perform their duties properly. The quarter-master's and gunner's crew are composed of the best and oldest seamen, and these have no very active duties to perform, that require great physical exertion. The boatswain's mates are good seamen, selected for strength and activity, and it falls to their duty to wield the "cat" at punishment. The forecastle men are the most distinguished in the able seamen's ratings, and generally supply leadsmen, steersmen, &c.; they are heavier men than the fore and main-top men, also smart active sailors, though not necessarily thorough seamen, their principal duty being aloft about the sails and rigging. The mizen-top men are lads, or first-class boys, who emulate the fore-top men, and as they grow strong and perfect themselves they are advanced to that station, and obtain the rating of "ordinaries."

The afterguard and waisters are half seamen, or landmen, more particularly the latter, upon whom, and the marines, the principal heavy work of pulling and hauling falls. The waisters perform all the dirty drudgery of the ship. Each of these classes has leaders, called captains and second captains, being good seamen, capable of directing the others how and where to apply their labour. The strongest portion of the second-class boys, not required for servants, are stationed in different parts of the watch, for the purpose of instruction, and as these are capable of becoming smart active men-of-war seamen, if properly attended to, it behoves the captain of every ship to insure that this shall be done.

It would be entering more minutely than our design warrants to describe at length how the men are stationed, either at "all hands," "the watch," or "the watch and idlers," for different evolutions; suffice it to say, that, although no general arrangement is specified, this is accomplished in all ships much in the same manner, every precaution being taken that nothing shall be left undone that may insure speed, decision, and uniformity, in the various evolutions; for upon perfection in these matters the credit of a ship, as to discipline and consequent ability to perform any service of which a vessel is capable, depends.

Taking the routine for one day, and commencing with the *morning* watch, which relieves the middle watch at four o'clock; the watch is mustered by one of the midshipmen, each man passing before the lieutenant as he answers to his name, and the captains of different classes testifying for those placed on look-outs, in the sick list, or absent from any sufficient cause. The ropes are then coiled up, and preparations made for washing decks, an operation invariably performed every morning, when the weather permits, by scrubbing the quarter-deck, main-deck, poop, and forecastle, with sand and brooms, followed by plentiful ablutions of water, thrown about in all directions, so as thoroughly to cleanse away the dirt. Twice or three times a week the decks are holy-stoned * in addition to the broom-scrubbing, and under this treatment they very soon assume a beautiful whiteness, the grain of the wood relieved by the black streaks of pitch seams. As daylight begins to dawn, look-out men are ordered to the fore and main-top-gallant-masts' head, and those stationed around the gangways &c. withdrawn. In war time it is usual for an active mate or midshipman to go aloft and sweep the horizon with his telescope as the dawn breaks, for sometimes a fast-sailing vessel, which would escape in chase, is brought under the guns, and captured, before she becomes aware that an enemy is so near. For this reason a wary cruiser keeps everything prepared for making sail on the instant, and a couple of guns on each side always ready to be brought to bear on a vessel discovered under such circumstances.

The first lieutenant and master generally appear on deck at daylight, and the former takes charge of the watch whilst the proper officer goes below to make his toilet. The boatswain and carpenter are also required to make a visit of scrutiny to each mast-head every morning, and to report any defect that they may discover in the spars, sails, or rigging, whilst the gunner goes round the decks to inspect the artillery. Meanwhile, the cooks are preparing breakfast, and at six the people below are aroused, and required to lash up their hammocks, which are brought up by notice of the boatswain's pipe at half-past six, or seven o'clock. The watch below is then set to clean the lower deck, and prepare the mess places for breakfast, whilst those on deck coil down the ropes, set the required quantity of sail neatly, and clean the small-arms, usually kept at hand ready for use, a measure of daily necessity to prevent their rusting in the saline atmosphere.

The captain may, or may not, make his appearance thus early. His motions are entirely regulated by his will, for he is supreme on board. The officers, denominated idlers (the marine officers, surgeon, assistant-surgeon, chaplain, and purser, and naval instructor, as well as the young gentlemen volunteers too young to be stationed in watches), usually come on deck about an hour before breakfast, to inhale the fresh air. At half-past seven the cook appears with a sample of the morning's meal, which he tenders to the officer of the watch for his approval, and the men intended to relieve the sentinels, the wheel, and the look-outs, are ordered to get their meal. At eight o'clock precisely, if no special duty interferes to prevent it, the word is given to "pipe to breakfast," and the boatswain and his mates perform a flourish of whistling upon their silver calls, peculiar to the occasion, which though not particularly musical, is a very acceptable hearing to the men with appetites sharpened by the healthy breezes of the sea. Thus ends the morning watch, eight o'clock being the hour when all classes, officers and men, retire to breakfast, and at which, or at other meals, they are never disturbed, unless on special occasions, when it cannot be avoided. The first-lieutenant generally, and sometimes the officer and one of the midshipmen of the morning watch, breakfast with the captain, and it is usual for the mate or one of the midshipmen to be invited to breakfast in the ward-room.

We should have stated, that the duty of heaving the log, and marking the ship's rate of progress on the log-board, devolves upon the mate of the watch; and this is afterwards copied into the log-book, by the second master, who hands it to every officer of a watch, in order that he may attach his initials to certify its correctness. The mate of the watch also calls the lieutenant who is to keep the next watch, whilst a quarter-master warns the midshipmen. At half-past eight the forenoon-watch is piped up, and the officers of the morning-watch relieved. Between this and noon is the busiest period of the day, for all the crew, above and below, are in full employment. A division is exercised at the guns, or at small-arms, the mechanics are engaged at their several crafts, the captain receives the reports of the surgeon and others, visits the sick-bay (hospital), and occasionally every part of the ship, whilst the people below are employed in cleaning the lower-deck, orlops, and store-rooms, and various minor affairs. In the course of the forenoon, the captain and ward-room stewards deliver the message of invitation to those selected to dine in the cabin and ward-room. At half-past eleven, the officers and young gentlemen are summoned on deck with their sextants and quadrants, to take the altitude of the sun. The cook appears again on the quarter-deck with a

* "Holy-stones" are square pieces of freestone, and so called because in using them the men go on their knees. "Hand-bibles" are billets of wood, about the size of bricks, and used to rub the sand on the deck in the same position. The seamen have assigned these names to the articles, which are known afloat by no other.

sample of the soup prepared for dinner, and as noon approaches, all work is suspended, and the decks cleared up and swept.

Reporting noon, is an amusing routine, and exemplifies the great authority of the captain, for he actually assumes the power which Joshua possessed of making time stand still. It is usual for the master, when he has ascertained that the sun's ascension is at its height, to salute the captain, or officer of the watch, informing him that it is "twelve o'clock." If all things are ready, he replies, "Make it so, and pipe to dinner;" but if anything remains to be done which requires a few minutes' labour, he hesitates not to suspend the event until such is accomplished; and when ready, and not before, he declares his pleasure, that it shall be noon.

We have already detailed the ship's allowance; in serving it out, the utmost fairness and impartiality is observed. An indifferent person being selected, he takes in his hand the cook's fork, a large iron instrument called by the seamen "the tormentors," and as each mess is called, pricks for a piece of meat out of a tub, where it has been all thrown promiscuously together.* Vegetables and puddings are boiled in nets, or bags, having attached to them a line with a copper label bearing a number, and the cook of each mess attends with his utensils to receive these and the allowance of meat, which are all appropriated and removed in a few minutes. Meanwhile, the important operation of mixing the grog is going forward, a master's mate superintending the whole; whilst a quarter-master, another petty officer, and a sergeant or corporal of marines, attend on behalf of the crew, and the purser's steward on the part of the purser, on this, and indeed every other occasion where provisions are served out, to see that justice is done to both parties. The mates and midshipmen invited to dine in the cabin and ward-room, relieve those who have the watch, in order that they may get their dinner.

At one bell (half-past twelve), a boatswain's mate gives one chirp on his call, and sings out "grog ho." The summons is obeyed instanter, and the allowance delivered to the cook of each mess, who carries it below, and divides it amongst his messmates, using a measure somewhat smaller than that above, by which means due allowance is made for waste, and a portion of surplus, called for shortness "plus" is reserved as the perquisite of the cook, in consideration of his extra labour. As may be supposed, the office of cook is coveted, and appropriated in rotation, day after day.

At one o'clock the *afternoon*-watch is called, and the business of exercising, &c. resumed. At two o'clock (usually the ward-room dinner hour), the officer of the forenoon-watch, who is invited to the captain's table, relieves the lieutenant in charge of the deck, who resumes his post at three, when the captain's dinner is announced. As the afternoon-watch approaches its termination of four o'clock, the decks are again cleared up and swept, and at four the boatswain's mate pipes to supper, when the men either receive tea ready prepared, or hot water from the cook, in proportion to the number in each mess. The next is the *first dog-watch*, during which the work to be performed depends upon the season of the year. In some ships the men are allowed all the time after four o'clock for relaxation or pastime, until the drum beats to quarters, when every person flies to his station, and answers to his name, as it is called over by one of the midshipmen attached to his division. When an examination has taken place as to the condition of the guns, and the stores ordered to be kept in readiness, and the lieutenant of every division has made his report, the men are formed in a line, and the captain, or should he decline, the first-lieutenant, usually accompanied by the surgeon, passes along in front of the ranks, minutely scrutinising the features of every man in order to ascertain his sobriety, for it is extremely dangerous to leave a drunken man free from restraint on board a ship, not only on his own account, but on account of the mischief he might do to others; indeed, the safety of the ship requires that every one in that condition should be deprived of the power of doing injury. It is incredible in what a short space of time the officers are familiar not only with the features, but the voice of every man in the ship, and it is necessary that they should become so as early as possible in order to judge correctly, for a seaman will never admit that he is drunk, so long as he can stand upright, or walk a plank, which means keeping his feet within the lines made by the seams on each side of a plank in the deck. By the time all these matters are accomplished, in the first or second dog-watch, the period generally arrives for putting the ship under the sail intended to be carried during the night, and should time permit, or the work be lubberly performed, the men when aloft are exercised at reefing, until they effect what is desired, to the satisfaction of the captain. The hammocks are next piped down, and as it grows dark, look-out men are withdrawn from the mast-head, and others placed around the ship, who call out every half hour during the night from their stations as follows: Starboard-quarter, starboard-gangway, starboard-bow, larboard-bow, larboard-gangway, larboard-quarter—life-buoy. These look-out men are relieved every hour, and kept alert by constant visits from the midshipmen of the watch. The person stationed at the life-buoy has the charge of that instrument, which is suspended at the stern, and primed by a gunner's mate at quarters every night: it is capable of being instantly detached by pulling a trigger-line, that also fires off a lock igniting a blue light, which burns for a considerable time, directing the man in the water to a means of help, as well as the boats despatched from the ship, to what point to row to his assistance, and to pick up the life-buoy.

The *second dog-watch* ends at eight o'clock, and at the beginning of the *first* watch the captain issues his written or verbal orders for the night, which the officer of every succeeding watch communicates to the one who relieves him. At midnight, the *middle* watch succeeds to the first, and at four o'clock we arrive at the point where we commenced our routine, namely, the *morning* watch. During the first and middle watch the decks below are visited every half-hour, and no work is done beyond pumping out the ship should it be required. Prior to the introduction of tanks, and force-pumps, which communicate with the coppers, it was usual to hoist up butts of water during the middle watch: at present the men are not disturbed with any work of this kind; but all those not on the look-outs, or in bad weather stationed in positions to reduce the sails suddenly, are permitted to lie down in their pea-jackets under cover from the weather.

This is the daily routine, only varied by washing clothes on Mondays and Fridays; Divisions at which every man is expected to appear clean shaved and with a clean shirt, Thursdays and Sundays. Divine service on the latter day. Washing the lower deck on Saturdays, after which it is thoroughly ventilated and dried; also slinging clean hammocks, and airing bedding. A monthly muster of clothes and serving out of slops and tobacco. One evening in each week is allowed the crew to mend their clothes. All other matters which require a more minute detail will be described under the head of the Duty of each Officer belonging to the Ship.

* The casks of salt meal contain fifty-two pieces of pork, four pounds each, or thirty-eight pieces of beef, eight pounds each. In cutting up, these pieces are reduced to portions of three pounds, being the allowance for four men. The scraps are called "skewer pieces," and, being made into lots, are served to every mess in its turn. Of these the men make "sea-pies" and "lobscouse;" nautical dishes peculiar to themselves. In cutting up fresh beef, one pound extra in every seven (or five, according to the quality,) is changed for prime pieces.

MORE'S UTOPIA.

The "Utopia" is a philosophical romance, in which More, after the manner of Plato, erects an imaginary republic, arranges a society in a form entirely new, and endows it with institutions more likely to secure its happiness than any which mankind have hitherto experienced. But, with all the model of Plato, the republic of the Utopians assumes an actual existence: it is discovered by an adventurous navigator in a distant part of the new hemisphere, where it had for many ages continued to flourish; and More duly communicates to the world what he learned from the narrative of this intelligent eye-witness. The work is divided into two books, of which the first is occupied by a dialogue, containing a number of strictures on the most prominent defects in the political institutions of the old world. The pleasing manner in which this part of the work is written, the felicity of the style, the elegance of the satire, the acuteness of the remarks on men and manners, the freedom and manliness of the opinions, would have raised it to distinction in any age; but in the rude and ignorant period when it appeared, they entitle it to high admiration. Similar praise is due to various passages in the second part, where the country, the manners, and the political institutions of the Utopians are described. Yet, while we allow much to the ingenuity, much to the judgment of the author, it must be acknowledged, that many of the laws and practices of this new republic are by no means improvements; that the author has been more successful in exposing defects than in providing remedies; and that his regulations are often fitted rather for beings of his own fancy, than for those with whom the Creator has peopled this world.—*John Macdiarmid.*

HOURS WITH THE POETS.—KEATS' "ENDYMION."

Books are your true magicians: here are we now seated in a small room, scarcely eight feet square, yet large enough, by the assistance of these Magi, to contain all the greatest minds of the earth. Little is our wealth, but we have only to utter our "Open Sesame!"—the leaves fly asunder,—and what mines of Golconda are half so rich as the heaped-up store the poets have here spread before us? What monarchs can claim the possession of jewels so bright, rich, priceless, and enduring as their thoughts? A dazzling treasure! We possess ourselves of as much of it as we are able; we fill our hearts and souls with it, and, what is once thus possessed, no earthly power can lessen or deprive us of: yet all the while the glittering heap dwindles not; we invite others to share with us, and the wealth, instead of diminishing, grows—ay, visibly swells—as more and more is taken away! Blessed and beautiful ordination of God, that our truest perceptions should be those received in the light of a common sympathy; that our highest, purest, and fullest enjoyments should increase as they become more social!

But are these dumb enchantments—books only "wealth" to us; are they not friends, to sorrow with us when we sorrow, to joy with us when we joy; are they not at all times sweet and elevating society? When worn out by the toils or anxieties of the day, never do they refuse to discourse us their most eloquent music. What a world of ennobling impulses there is contained in the thought that Shakspeare and Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Scott, are content to dwell with the meanest of us! No roof can be too poor for them, no hearth too humble: we may have them telling, whenever we please, of the wonders of that nature it is their mission to expound.

We select, on the present occasion, Keats' "Endymion," and have opened the leaves at its commencement.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!"

is the poet's utterance as he bounds forth, expressing, in those few and simple, but exquisite words, the faith that has o'erinformed his own spirit, and now bids him go on his way rejoicing to teach it to others.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing;
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of th' inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live on; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heavens' brink."

These are beautiful lines,—"a joy," indeed, "for ever," to all who can receive them into their hearts with a cordial apprehension of their truth, of their surpassing loveliness and power. How deeply their author felt what he inculcated, his biography affectingly proves. Born in one of the humbler ranks of life, his genius burst the trammels of circumstance, and elevated him to a position in the loftiest department of literature;—he was emphatically acknowledged to be a poet! Unfortunately for him, during the period of the publication of his poems, party politics raged high,—his opinions were too ardent to be concealed, and, according to the infamous custom of the time, the poet was to be crushed for the politician. On the publication of "Endymion," from which poem all our quotations are taken, Keats was assailed by the then Quarterly Reviewer, and the morbidly-acute sensitiveness of his victim enhanced a thousandfold the effect of the attack. The poet's life, destined by disease to be short, was made shorter; the poisoned arrows struck deep into his heart; in vain he went abroad to inhale, as he had wished, "the warm south:" he died at the early age of twenty-four, though not without creating for the world, even in the short time allotted him, poems that it certainly will never "willingly let die," and which, if equalled in one instance (Shelley's), have never been surpassed by any of our "*young* poets." Measuring what he had done only by the standard of perfection he had set up in his mind, he was unjust to himself, and his assailants had the gratification of fancying that the young poet, in the bitterness of his heart, whilst lying on his death-bed, had paid homage to their prowess, in desiring that his epitaph should be—"Here lies one whose name was writ in water!" And did not all this fling a "pall" over his spirit, which no "shape" could move away? Was the poet's faith still unchanged? Leigh Hunt has recorded that, "a little before he died, he said 'he felt the daisies growing over him!'"

The subject of the poem before us is one of the most beautiful passages of the beautiful mythology of Greece—Endymion is the youth enamoured of the Moon—and exquisitely has our author touched it! Here is part of an invocation to Pan.

"O thou, whose mighty palace-roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolated places; where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx,—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!"

Hamadryads are no more, fugitive maidens no longer escape by metamorphosis into trees or plants, Pan himself has not only lost his divinity, but his very existence is shrewdly questioned. But let us cry with our author,

"O, sweet Fancy! let her loose!"

She may still delight in these charming poetical fictions; still people the woods with ideal forms; still afford to us some spiritual glimpses, without which the world were indeed forlorn. In the following passage, Endymion describes to his sister the dream, or vision, in which the divine object of his adoration appeared to him in her earthly guise.

"Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the milky way
Among the stars in virgin splendour pours;
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appear'd to open for my flight,
I became loth and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward glance:
So kept me stedfast in that airy trance,
Spreading imaginary pinions wide.
When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view:
At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,
And dropt my vision to the horizon's verge;
And lo! from opening clouds, I saw emerge
The loveliest moon that ever silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet; she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingling with her argent spheres did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapoury tent.

* * * * *

Again I look'd,—and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?

Speak, stubborn Earth, and tell where, O where
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair:
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun;
Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
Such follying before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
Her pearl-round ears, white neck, and orbèd brow;
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighbourhood envenom all.
Unto what awful power shall I call?
To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet,
More bluely vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
From out her cradle shell. The wind outblows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion:
'T is blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed
Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
Handfuls of daisies."

Here is a corresponding picture, and both may hang together in that palace of the Soul the poets from all time have been decking out for that noblest of sovereigns. The subject is Adonis, who, after his death by the boar, was again restored to life, "each summer time," by Jove, in pity to the entreatings of Venus, and, by her care, is he thus watched and tended during his long sleep. After Endymion had

"a thousand mazes overgone,
At last, with sudden step, he came upon
A chamber, myrtle-wall'd, embower'd high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
And more of beautiful and strange beside:
For, on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth,
Of fondest beauty; fonder, in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach:
And coverlids, gold-tinted like the peach,
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds.

* * * *

——— Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbery pout; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and trammell'd fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine;
Convolvulus in streakèd vases flush;
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush;
And virgin's-bower, trailing airily;
With others of the sisterhood. Hard by
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touch'd the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes."

Our quotations have been long, but how could we shorten them? In the passages we have now laid before our readers will be seen the intensely poetical character of Keats' poetry; by that we mean the full, luxuriant, almost riotous enjoyment of, and single-hearted devotion to, beauty, whether of the world around or the universe within,—of nature or man's soul,—and which is the element wherein the poet "lives, moves, and has his being." In most other poets, this influence, in a pure unmingled state, is less discernible; their beautiful passages are not so frequent in proportion to the entire amount of their writings as his; they do not affect us with so great a sense of freshness, and they are truly *passages* to something: whereas, with him, the beautiful is its own great reward,—its stream, as in the poem we have been noticing, winds through his pages "at its own sweet will," luxuriating in the pleasant verdure, the bright flowers, and the serene sky, in the bright shapes and the intoxicating enchantments of the faery-land through which it is passing, and where it would be content for ever to stay.

PHENOMENA OF CLOUDS.

Among the natural appearances near the equator, we noticed the fixidity, and the varied configurations of the clouds in fine weather. We see them moulded into every diversity of form, and of a texture so dense, that they seem as if they were destined to be permanent decorations of the evening sky. Connected with this circumstance is a superior brilliancy of colouring,—blue, red, and umber colour, in all their life and freshness. These effects appear to vary as the mean temperature, and, consequently, are proportional to the cosine of the latitude. These clouds are not only the glory of the heavens, but the children and pledges of fine weather. Their structure is due to electricity, excited by a change of temperature; for they are seen in the hottest weather, and never pass into the form of a rain-cloud without thunder and lightning. Clouds, in general, afford the best hints for predicting the state of the weather in time to come; and when we study them with a reference to the weight of the atmosphere, and the relative heat of the invisible vapour, they will prove almost infallible guides in this respect. In pursuing our observations, we must not forget the effect which their site upon the imaginary sphere has upon their appearance. To deduce their *real* from their *apparent* form, is a problem which every student in meteorology must solve for himself; though I think he will find some assistance by attending to the following, which are the more worthy of his acceptance, as I am not aware that any one has hitherto taken any notice of the subject. Let a semicircle be described, with a radius of three or four inches; draw the diameter, and then upon the arc 5°, 45°, and 90°, depict loose sheets of vapour, in lines parallel with the diameter, and similar in density to each other. If the eye be supposed to be at the centre, and a line be drawn from it to the arc, it will be obvious how the same cloud may assume the shape of cirro-cumulus, cirro-stratus, and stratus, just as it happens to be over-head, at middle altitude, or near the horizon. He will perceive, from the diagram I have suggested, that, at 45°, the visual line does not fall upon the farther edge of the sheet, but runs obliquely across it; two things which, taken together, will account for the even texture and greater density in the lower parts of the cumulo-stratus. A little theory and a little practice will show how much clouds may be modified by their situation, and the importance of taking this matter into account when we register or reflect upon what we see in the heavens. The theory of Hutton, that clouds are formed by the meeting together of currents differing in temperature, is almost a matter of daily experience; and we see an inverse but a beautiful proof of it, in the disappearance of those highly electric clouds which we described at the beginning of this paragraph. We have said that they do not pass into the nimbus without explosion; yet they vanish oftentimes as the temperature of the day rises, and supplies them with an element, to the lack of which they owe their origin. But, though unseen by us, they have not, perhaps, wholly lost their composition, but are ready to resume their fantastic but lovely forms, as soon as the additional spring is drawn from them by that decline of temperature which ushers in the evening. The belief that they are in regions near the equator, still existent, though invisible to the eye, is supported by the shortness of the time in which they form or disappear in the finest weather, when no traces of counter-currents, or any atmospheric disturbance, can be seen. The connexion between lightning, or "light," and the nature of clouds, is adverted to in the book of Job, and their use in the economy of second causes touched upon with great beauty and inimitable accuracy; so that, when we pry into and admire the formation of these meteoric bodies, we do it under the countenance and with the encouragement of the very highest authority.
—*Voyage of the Himmaleh.*

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS, BY A LAME GENTLEMAN.*

SOME months since, I blended pleasure with business, and took a trip to Louisville. After spending three or four days in that hospitable city, most delightfully, I embarked on board the steamboat Mary—I use a fictitious name, and, like the lord of poets, "I have a passion for the name of Mary,"—to return to Cincinnati. All was bustle on board—the captain was hurrying to and fro among the hands, uttering strange oaths, and vowing that he must be off before the other boats.

Ah! a race on the carpet—or, to speak without metaphor, on the river—thought I, and as one on crutches, unless he has certain powers possessed by the devil on two sticks, which for his soul's sake he had better not have, unless he has the gift of Asmodeus, if any accident happens, is just in as bad a predicament as the liveliest imagination, expatiating on our western waters, could possibly fancy. I cannot swim, thought I—it will be a tempting of misfortune—I'll quit the boat. I passed out of the cabin to carry this resolution into effect, and beheld the firemen pitching the huge logs into the furnace, as though they were so many Lilliputian splinters. The heat from the apparatus passed over my face like the breath of the scirocco. At this instant the steam gave a hiss full of fumy fury—it seemed to me the premonitory symptom of a bursted boiler; just as the hiss of a snake is the avant-coureur of a bite. I could not pass that boiler; it was impossible. While I stood eyeing it—irresolute—I heard the paddles splash in the water, and the boat moved under me—we were on our way. I now hurried into the cabin, determined to get the sternmost berth, number one—the farthest off from the boiler—and ensconce myself in it until supper; and then I could just pop out, and take the nearest seat at the table.

When I opened the book to set my name down to number one, lo! every berth was taken but number ten, the nearest of all to the boiler.

"There must be some mistake about this," said I, aloud, "I believe I took number one."

"No mistake at all, sir," exclaimed a thin, dyspeptic old man, starting up from a chair which stood jam against the door that led to the stern of the boat; "no mistake at all, sir, I came three hours ago and took the berth—I have no idea of being near that boiler! Did you see that account in the paper this morning of the bursting of the boiler of the Return! Horrible! horrible!"

Here the conversation among the passengers turned upon such accidents, and we talked ourselves into a perfect fever. Every jar of the boat—and somehow the boats on the western waters have a knack at jarring—seemed to be the last effort of the boiler to contain the boiling-waters within. I tried to philosophize:—I began to think about Napoleon, and to reason myself into a belief of destiny. I always was something of a predestinarian. "But confound it!" thought I, just as I was settling down into a fatalism as doubtless as a Mussulman, "if I had quitted this boat, or even got berth number one, it would certainly influence my destiny should that boiler burst."

I determined to try once more to get the berth, and I addressed the old codger again: but in vain. He vowed he would leave the boat—be put ashore, before he would give up number one. He, I discovered, had never been out of sight of his own chimney before, and had often sat in its snug corner and read of steamboat accidents. He had a decided taste for such things. A connexion near Wheeling had left him a piece of property, of which he was going to take possession, and, I verily believe, the price of it could not have induced him to change berths with me.

Habit is everything. By the time I had despatched more cups of coffee than I choose to tell of, and more eggs and bacon than might, under other circumstances, have been compatible with the health of a dyspeptic, for such I was, and seated myself on the stern of the vessel, with a fragrant cigar, watching the setting sun as it threw a gorgeous hue on the glittering waters. By this time, by a process of ratiocination with which, I fear, the sensual had more to do than the intellectual man, I had partly reconciled myself to the dangers that encompassed me.

I discovered that the other boats were out of sight, and I began to reflect that every situation has its pleasures, as well as perils. And there arose, vividly to my mind, the fact that when, not a very long time previous, I was approaching Dayton, through the woods, in a carryall, all alone by myself, as an Irishman would say, with a greater desire for a straight course than the trees would allow me to practise—the fore-wheel of my vehicle—I was in a full trot—quarrelled with a tree that stood in its way, got the worst of it, and broke short off. Its trotter behind took up the quarrel like a true brother, and the consequence was, I was pitched out into the road with much less ceremony than a carter unloads his cart. My better half, my crutch, kept its seat and bounced up, I thought with a spirit of rejoicing and devilry, delighted, no doubt, to get rid of a burden that I had compelled it to carry for years—a burden which, unlike Æsop's, grew heavier on the journey. Crutch and I have never been friends since. In taking a long walk, after this event, it bruised my arm so terribly, that I have been an invalid for five months. This infused into my arm a spirit of nubtuation. It ran up the single star, at once, and vowed it would not bear the weight of the whole body—that it was not made for that purpose, and wouldn't and couldn't. I had several times threatened this unruly member with dismemberment, but it knows very well it is bruised too near the shoulder for *that*, and is, like South Carolina, too close a part and parcel of my body to entertain many fears on that score. In fact, I played politician with it, and brought in a compromise till I have agreed not to use the crutch until my arm gets well, and to endeavour to contrive some other means of walking. For amusement, and to get rid of ennui, in the mean time, I scribble. But, where was I in my story?—Ah! away went the horse with the broken carryall, my crutch driving, while I lay in the road, happily unhurt, but, like King Darius, "deserted in my utmost need." In an instant I recovered myself, and called out "wo! wo!" in the most commanding tone I could assume. The horse stopped, but, you may depend, I had a hop of it to reach him.

Some one of old boasted to one of the philosophers—which one was it? I forget,—that he could stand longer on one leg than any man in the country: "That you may," replied the philosopher, "but a goose can beat you." Now, the fact is, I can beat the best goose of the whole of them: and this is something to brag of, when we remember that these sublime birds saved the now "lone mother of dead empires," then in her high and palmy state, by cackling. A good many cackle now-a-days in vain, to save our state; but, gentle reader, they are not geese. And, my fellow-citizens, if you think I have any qualities for saving the state—which our statesmen want, though even geese had them of old, but they were *Roman* geese, and the last of the Romans, both of geese and men, rests in peace—if you think I have any qualities for saving the state, be it known to you, that I have adopted the motto of various elevated, disinterested patriots of our country, viz.—"neither to seek nor decline office." I have a right to jest with my misfortunes,—it is the best way to bear them.

I had to lead my old horse up to the broken carryall to mount him. He feared to look on what he had done, like Macbeth; and the ghost of Banquo never startled the thane more, than did that ghost of a vehicle my steed. How he curveted, twisted, turned, kicked up! At last I mounted him, and shared, with my crutch and the harness, the honour of a ride into Dayton.

In this way I entered that town for the first time, and drew up at Browning's in a state of grotesque dignity, I ween, that has seldom been surpassed.

I chewed the cud of this incident for some time, and then thought of another. The winter before last, I was returning from Columbus in the mail-stage. We had passengers,—a reverend gentleman, who, with myself, occupied the front seat. He was one of the biggest parsons you ever saw. Opposite to the reverend gentleman sat a Daniel Lambert of a Pennsylvanian,—one of your corn-fed fellows. He believed emphatically that Major Jack Downing was as true-and-true a man as ever wrote a letter, and his political bias led him to remark, that "he didn't think the major was any great shakes after all." Alongside of the Pennsylvanian, face to face with your humble servant, was a young man with demure features, saving and excepting a twinkling eye. He was a southerner, he said, travelling for his health. On the back seat sat an old and a young lady, with an elderly respectable-looking man between them. The young lady was like a dream of poetry: her features were finely formed, and her eyes were the most expressive and intelligent I ever beheld. She mechanically—from the impulse of good feeling—stretched out her hand to take my crutch, as I ascended the steps of the stage; and, remembering Dr. Franklin's tale of the deformed and handsome leg,—I often have cause to remember it, and I promised it a test,—I felt an instinctive admiration for the fair lady.

We were soon dashing along, not on the best roads in the world. I like to observe character: I'd shut Shakspeare any day, and turn a deaf ear to Booth any night, though representing his

* From the Gift of 1839.

best character, to hold converse with an original in the lobby. I sat in silence, and listened to the talk of my travelling companions for a mile or two, when I made up my mind as to their characters. My mind was made up from the first as to the fair lady. In coming to a fine prospect, I caught her eye glancing over it, and I commenced, gently, to expatiate upon it. I made a hit—I thought I would. We broke out at once into a cantering conversation, in which our imaginations sported and played on the beauties of the poets and of Dame Nature. I tried to find out who she was, but you must remember I had to deport myself with great delicacy and tact—she was an accomplished, young, and most beautiful woman, and I was merely a stage-coach acquaintance, without not only the pleasure of an introduction, but ignorant of her name. These parsons beat us young men out and out; for, when we stopped to dine, the reverend gentlemen took a seat by the fair lady, in the corner on the left-hand side of the fireplace; and they carried on a conversation, in a low voice, for some time. I began to form a bad opinion of the whole tribe of black coats, and to think them no better than "*the gentleman in black*, with the black waistcoat, inexpressibles, and silk stockings, black coat, black bag, black-edged papers tied with black tape, black smelling-bottle and snuff-box, and black guard," whose adventures have lately been published. Well, thought I, if I were an old limb of the law, instead of a young one, I might play old Bagsby with him, but I am not, and—. I was interrupted agreeably in these reflections by the reverend gentleman, or the "gentleman in black," leaving the fair lady, and walking to the other side of the room to the fireplace,—for there was a fireplace in both ends of the room,—and commencing a conversation with the elderly gentleman and lady seated there. I was left tête-à-tête with the fair lady, and divers and sundry things were said by both of us not necessary to record. How fast the time flew! I felt a cold chill as the driver entered the room. We arose; he said "he was sorry to have kept us so long, but he was having the wheels of the stage greased, the former driver had neglected it, and his horses couldn't stand it." "So long!"—I sat down—you know my feelings—and I hoped, and hope, my fair companion did not regret a great deal the delay.

Long ere this, of course, I had discovered the lady was as intelligent as she was beautiful, and I offered her a newspaper I had put in my pocket at Columbus, that I might read for the third time a beautiful tale which it contained. The editor of the paper praised the story very highly, and I commended his taste and the public's.

"What is the name of the tale?" asked the lady.

"'Constancy,'" said I: "I fear it is but a day-dream—but the story is beautifully told—and I hope the author, if ever he has a love affair, may realise it."

She blushed, and asked me to read it. I pride myself somewhat upon my reading—I had a motive, you see, for offering the newspaper,—and in a voice just loud enough for her to hear, I complied.

We were soon seated in the stage again, rattling away. The Pennsylvanian had eaten to sleepiness; he nodded and nodded fore and aft. The young man beside him, with a face as grave as the parson's, would every now and then slily tip his hat, so as sometimes to cant it nearly off; at which the unsuspecting sleeper would rouse up, replace his beaver, cast his eye to the top of the stage, as if he wondered if a bounce of the vehicle could have pitched him so high, and then nod again.

We changed horses at the Yellow Springs, still keeping up a brisk fire of conversation. I did my best to beat the preacher; but these preachers are bad men to deal with,—they stand on a place Archimedes wanted; for while I was musing upon some fairy thought the fair lady had uttered, the reverend gentleman, or "the gentleman in black," took advantage of the pause, and proposed that we should sing a hymn! I have no voice in the world—I mean for singing, and, with a jaundiced mind, I thought at once the reverend gentleman wished to show off. I asked him rather abruptly if he was married! he smiled peculiarly—I didn't like his smile—moved his head—I couldn't tell whether it was a shake or nod, and gave out the hymn.

Just as you pass the Yellow Springs, on your way to Cincinnati, is a branch, which, at this particular time to which I allude, was very muddy. We descended into it in full drive—the ladies and the parson in full voice—and sweetly sounded the fair lady's. I was just watching her upturned eye, that had the soul of the hymn in it, when the fore-wheel on my side entered a mud-hole up to the hub, and over went the stage! Were there bones broken? you ask. Bones broken! I would have compromised the case, and used a dozen crutches. We had a verification of Dean Swift's proverb,—it gave consolation to him to whom the dean addressed it, but none to me:

> "The more dirt,
> The less hurt."

The big parson fell right on me! Do you wonder that I felt myself sinking into the mud! I seized time, as I was rapidly disappearing, as I thought, altogether, to ask the fair lady if she was hurt? She was not, she assured me, and, in a plaintive voice, inquired if I was? There is consolation, thought I, in that tone, if I should sink to the centre of the earth; and when I reflected how muddy I was, I contracted myself into as small a compass as possible, determined to disappear. Here the Virginian called out in a long angry voice, which satisfied us that he was not killed, though he felt himself in danger.

"Halloo, Pennsylvany! are you never going to get off of me?" The sleeper was not yet fairly awake.

"Don't swear, don't swear!" said the preacher, persuasively, and, making a stepping-stone of my frail body, he got through the window. The Pennsylvanian used the body of his neighbour for the same purpose—engulfed him—and followed after the parson. The fair lady was unhurt, and (not to be too particular) we all got safely out. And—and, no matter—it's no use for a man to make himself too ridiculous—I shall not commit a suicide on my own dignity—I forgot my situation but for a moment, and that was in observing the parson by the roadside on his knees, with his clasped hands uplifted, and his hat reverently cast aside. I forgot my situation but for that one moment, and in that one moment my opinion of the parson was entirely changed.

The stage was uninjured; in ten minutes we were on our way. I—I—I can jest with some of my misfortunes—with my crutch; but there are some misfortunes a man can't jest with.

In about half an hour, the stage stopped at a neat farm-house, and the fair lady with her companions left us, but not before I seized an opportunity of uttering, notwithstanding my discomfiture, in my very best manner, one or two compliments that had more heart in them than many I have uttered to many a fair acquaintance of many years' standing.

When we were on our way again, I learned from the parson that (he had caught it all between the two fireplaces where we stopped to dine,—it gave me serious notions of reading divinity,)—that the fair lady was travelling under the protection of the old lady and gentleman, who were distantly connected with her. She was on her way home from boarding-school in Philadelphia; she had stopped at a relative's. Her parents lived at —— (a great distance, thought I.) She was the authoress, he told me, of "Constancy."

Not long after this little event, I received a newspaper, the direction—my address in full—written in a fair delicate hand, (a hand meant for a "crow-quill and gilt-edged paper,") containing a beautiful story "by the authoress of Constancy." I didn't think it possible for my name to look as well as it did in that direction.

Whenever I travel, and often, often when I don't travel, and am an invalid as now, that fair lady is the queen of my imagination; but a cloud always passes over my face, (I've looked into the glass and seen it,) and another over my heart, (I feel it now,) whenever I think of the branch by the Yellow Springs. Yet, in spite of the upturning, even on board of the boat, in the fear of a boiler's bursting, when her image crossed my mind, gone were the dangers around me. The smoke ascended from my cigar, not in a puff like the steam from the boiler, but soothingly, lingeringly, placidly;—it curled above my head like a dream of love. I fixed my eye on the rapidly varying landscape, and renewed a vow I have often made, (and I always keep my vows,) that if—bah! your "if" is a complete weathercock of a word, a perfect parasite to your hopes and to your fears, used by all, faithful to none, a sycophant, but I must use it,—if I ever—no matter—if it turns up as I hope—I'll make a pilgrimage to the shrine of that fair lady, though I go to the uttermost parts of the earth.

TRANSLATION OF THEKLA'S SONG, IN SCHILLER'S PICCOLOMINI.

> THE oak-woods crash, the storm-clouds flee;
> The maiden, she wanders by the sea;
> While the wild waves roll with might, with might,
> Hark! she sings forth to the murky night;—
> See, tears have dimm'd her eye!
> When the heart is withered, what is there more?
> The empty world hath not a wish in store.
> I have lived—I have loved—why longer roam?
> Thou Holy One! call the wanderer home;
> Now suffer thy child to die.

WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

HAMPTON COURT.

We have been too long at home, and must once more don our walking shoes, and, in the right pleasant company of our gentle reader, leave behind us the murky atmosphere of the great city, and inhale vigour of body and freshness of soul from the balmy air of a May morning. And whither shall we bend our steps? Shall we seek the gipsies of Norwood, or go botanizing and butterfly hunting on the breezy hills of Hampstead, and pursue our researches, with the learned Pickwick, upon the nature of the tittlebats in the seven far-famed ponds? No;—these we will visit some other time; but let us devote this splendid day to the ancient palace of kings at Hampton, where art and nature are combined to please, and where (thanks to the growing good sense of the times) the public are permitted to wander about at pleasure, free from the vexatious annoyance of a ciceronizing housekeeper, gaping for fees, and hurrying visitors through rooms, which require days fully to examine, in the space of an hour.—Now comes the weighty question, how shall we go? Shall we walk the full distance of thirteen miles, as the fittest preparation to a day of joyous fatigue, bodily and mental? (for the contemplation of beauty, natural and pictorial, becomes at length fatiguing;)—shall we preface such a day by tiring ourselves with the weary traverse of a dusty road? By no means. Three ways to Hampton are open to us; let us choose the best for the purpose we have in hand. Shall we take coach or omnibus the whole way? Shall we go to Richmond by land or water, and thence proceed to Hampton Court, or shall we go by omnibus to Isleworth, and thence take our "departure," as the seamen say, when they begin their reckoning on a voyage? Let us not crowd too many pleasures into a brief space of time, or we shall not enjoy any of them fully. Let us leave Richmond to a future day, and not sully its beauties by making them the stepping stone to our main object. But, remember, we are pedestrians, and it would disgrace our pretensions to ride all the way. We will then go by way of Isleworth, and passing Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green, and Brentford, we at length pause at a turning a little beyond the turnpike, and tread the earth with a feeling of independence. It is well to put the thoughts of the country out of your head till now, when the city-like omnibus passes away, and with it fly all thoughts of smoky London; but the sweet scent of the wallflowers, so plentiful in the gardens for miles on the road, have well prepared us for the full enjoyment of the perfumed breeze. Summon up your energies, my kind companion, and let us go joyously along the road; we meet with some dust, but the hedges are green and greener as we advance. We feel a difference in the air. It is more balmy, and our spirits begin to dance within us. See that country-house: its hospitable hall, with door wide open; and see the vista through the glass door at the end,—the true old-fashioned *comfortable* garden. We could well stop short here, and pass away the day on the smooth-shaven lawn, listening to the hum of the bees, and breathing the fresh air redolent of sweet odours. Alas! we know not the owners, and yet the door is so invitingly and unsuspiciously open! Are we only eight miles from London? I thought I was a hundred. On, on! We are at Twickenham. How far to Hampton Court? Four miles, if you go through Bushy Park. Let us push on. Twickenham has many claims on us, say you. Let us stop an hour, and view the villa of the poet. No, no, kind reader. Remember we are on a voyage, and have no liberty to stop. We set sail from Isleworth, bound to Hampton, having been towed out so far by the Omnibus. No stopping, or the captain is responsible;—we are the captain, and you must obey orders. Here we arrive in front of Bushy Park, the channel by which we approach our haven. The fields have been growing greener and greener as we approach, and here we burst upon a glorious avenue. A wide gravel walk, in length the full third of a mile, flanked on each side by magnificent chesnuts, and then by treble ranks of fine wych elms. And see, on the left hand beyond the elms, that long line of ancient hawthorns, glorifying the fern among which the deer are grazing. Let us sit down on this bench. We can go no further; for our souls are rapt in the melody that resounds from every tree; each is peopled with birds rejoicing in the beauty of spring: their voices awaken sweet respondent chords in the breast, and we feel the harmony of nature.

But we must yield no longer to this enchantment: proceed we up the avenue. Ha! what is this? We cannot call it a lake, yet can we offer so great an indignity to a circular piece of water, in whose centre, perched on an antiquated (not an *antique*) pedestal, a gilded goddess proudly lifts her head, the guardian of the—pond, we must term it, albeit it savours of the bathos.

But we have arrived at one of the gates of Hampton Court. Grim lions grin upon the pillars, but we undauntedly pass on. Yet hold. See where, all benignantly, the sign of the King's Head invites us. Our walk has made us hungry; let us, unless you have providently stored your pockets with "provant," prove the good cheer of mine host, and, thus refreshed, pass onward rejoicing.

Bushy Park, in the full summer season, often presents a scene of much pleasant merriment and enjoyment. It is lawful then to spread the sylvan feast, the laughter-inspiring pic-nic; and here resort the citizens of all degrees,—some in the dignified barouche, bearing with them cold chickens and champagne; others, in more humble vans, contenting themselves with bread-and-cheese and porter. But there they all take up their rest under the greenwood tree, and pleasantly disport themselves on the soft turf; and when the feast is done, as they repose in the cool shade, and watch the moving shadows as the gentle summer wind wafts to and fro the light boughs above their heads, while the full chorus of birds makes glorious music, the kindly feelings of their hearts are stirred, and we doubt not that many a man has forgiven an enemy, moved by the sweet influences of the beauty of nature. If such be the effect upon the cold and stern, what is it on the young and tender heart? Soft whispers, "wood-notes wild," have often been murmured in those shades, and low sweet voices answered to the plea. Many a marriage dates from Bushy Park. But all this while we are forgetting Hampton.

We enter the gardens of the palace by the iron gates, and proceeding through the walks, pass by a door in the wall to a broad gravel-walk, running immediately before the eastern front of the palace, and extending from the Kingston road on the north to the banks of the Thames on the south. Before we go in, let us walk down towards those gates which open on the road. They are called the Flower-pot Gates, from those carved vases of fruit and flowers, supported by naked boys, surmounting the gate-posts. The carving is light and elegant, and the figures well proportioned and natural: we have no trace of the artist, but his name is surely worthy of remembrance. Turning up this soft turf-walk, let us repose for a few moments in this alcove. It is of iron work, and elegantly designed; it looks out upon a beautiful avenue, leading down to the central approach to the palace. On one side is a narrow Dutch-like canal, which extends for a considerable distance, winding and turning among the walks and grounds; on the other is a sunken alley of smooth turf, evidently once a bowling-green; beyond, a straight line of flower-beds, bordering the grand terrace walk. The whole garden is planned by line and square, and those

yew-trees we perceive in the distance were, in good Queen Mary's days, clipped by the shears into fantastic shapes, the pride of the Dutch gardener's heart. But now the trees have escaped from their unnatural education, "and shoot and flourish fair and free;" the alcove, where queens have reclined, is moss-covered and neglected, and the palace of the proud Cardinal is but as a show to the multitude. Let us sit down here, and recal for a moment the various scenes which have passed in Hampton Court, the creation of the great "King-cardinal" when in the plenitude of his power. Wolsey founded Hampton Court in 1515, (he himself, according to tradition, furnishing the designs,) and here he resided several years in that magnificent style and almost regal pomp, so well described by his faithful chamberlain, Cavendish. His retinue numbered eight hundred persons; and the splendour of his housekeeping here, and the magnificence of his entertainments, raised envy in the breast of his royal master, for whose gratification they were displayed. Wolsey politicly quenched the rising feeling of dissatisfaction, by declaring that his only intention in erecting so grand a palace was to provide a fitting present for a king, and that it was his grace's property; a reply "which gained him much favour." This transfer was made in 1526, and in return the king presented the cardinal with the palace at Richmond. Henry took much delight in Hampton, and frequently visited it, and here his son Edward was born, on the 12th October, 1537. This palace was the scene of the last marriage of the royal Blue Beard. The nuptial ceremony between him and Catherine Parr was celebrated at Hampton Court, on the 12th July, 1543.

Hampton Court long continued to be a favourite resort of our princes. Edward VI. held a chapter of the Garter here, in the last year of his reign; and his sister Mary, and her husband Philip of Spain, here passed their honey-moon in seclusion. Elizabeth frequently honoured it with her presence; and it was the scene of the celebrated conference between the presbyterian and episcopal clergy, at which "King Jamie" acted as moderator. Queen Ann of Denmark, his wife, died here, on the 2d March, 1618. There is a melancholy interest connected with Hampton Court. Charles I. was brought a prisoner to this palace, which had been a favourite place of retreat in happier days, and which he had delighted to adorn with the pictures collected and arranged by his refined taste. These were all dispersed when the palace fell into the hands of the parliament, and those now hanging on the walls have been collected by his successors. The present state of Hampton Court, its grounds and gardens, is the work of William III. The situation of the place suited his taste; he made it his favourite residence, and caused the gardens to be arranged in the Dutch fashion, in formal avenues with clipped hedges, rich flower-beds, and the indispensable canal. The plan is still the same, although the trees have been (barbarously, as his ghost would say, could he behold them,) suffered to escape from the shears. Yet there is one green walk, arched over by cropped lime-trees, which still shows what the gardens were. We shall see it from the window of the guard-room; and now let us walk down the avenue and enter the palace. Are you chilled by the stone seat? It should be wood, and then the alcove would be perfect.

We now stand opposite to the grand entrance. There is little architectural beauty in the façade, it must be confessed. The brick wings pierced by numerous windows with heavy white frames do not well harmonize with the stone centre; and the three parts being all on the same line, there is no relief from the contrast of light and shade. But there is something, perhaps its extent, which impresses us with an idea of magnificence. There is a bas-relief on the pediment, intended to represent the triumphs of Hercules over Envy, a fact which it is necessary we should be informed of, as otherwise it might be difficult for us to discover it. We enter the vestibule, a large square hall supported by disproportioned and mean-looking pillars, and separated from the open air by gates of iron-work. The band which on summer evenings plays in front of the palace, here takes refuge when the heavens are unpropitious; and here the presence of a sentinel reminds us that we are in a royal mansion. Passing straight through the vestibule, we enter the Fountain Court, a quadrangle surrounded by a cloistered walk, and in the centre a fountain which would be an ornament were there the least attempt at improving its appearance; it is, however, no more than a round pool of water, with a little impertinent jet dancing in the middle on an ugly iron pipe. But turn round, before you go further, and look back through the vestibule. The sun is glancing on the smooth walks, and brightening the dusky yew-trees; the fountain, at the bottom of the walk, is sparkling; and far beyond, stretching into the recesses of the forest, is the grand avenue of the Home Park, its distance softened by the warm mist rising from the heated earth. It is a beautiful sight. But we must now turn from the contemplation of nature to regard the works of art. Proceeding to the south-west corner of the quadrangle we find an opening, and an inscription on the wall informs us that this is the way to the royal apartments; proceeding a little further, we reach the foot of the grand staircase, where a policeman is in waiting to receive umbrellas, sticks, &c. Umbrellas there are none to deliver, for there is not a cloud in the sky, and the vain support of a stick we stout pedestrians despise.

The walls and ceiling of this staircase are covered with allegorical figures, painted by Verrio *. Whilst we can scarcely avoid laughing at the substantial clouds and ponderous gods and goddesses, there is yet much to admire in the excellence of the execution, the brilliant clearness and exquisite harmony of the colouring. The figures immediately opposite to us, as we stand at the top of the staircase, representing Flora and Pomona, are especially worthy of attention. And now behold, from a lofty door, a man attired in the dress of the metropolitan police, but the freshness of whose garments proves that he is not much exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm, or the grillery of a beat on the sunny side of the street,† steps forth and offers us a "Stranger's Guide to Hampton Court Palace," price sixpence. It is welcome, and we willingly disburse, and enter the guard-room, hung all around "with pikes, and guns, and" no not "bows," but bandoliers, a piece of the musketeer's equipment now antiquated. There are a few pictures in this room, but none of any great merit. A view of the Colosseum at Rome, said to be by Canaletti, hangs over the chimney-piece; but if it be genuine, it does not redound to that great artist's credit. But before we leave the room look out of the window,—there is the shadowed walk, the "*pleached* bower" we spoke of. Whilst we look at it, it reminds us of the covered walk of acacias, by the side of Leman lake, which Gibbon paced with pleased satisfaction by moonlight, on the night he finished his great work, in the little arbour at the end. From the guard-room we proceed through a long suite of apartments, the whole forming three sides of the Fountain Court, and terminating at the north-west corner, where we descend by the Queen's staircase. There is too much to examine in one day, for the walls are, almost all, covered with paintings of various degrees of merit, arranged without much attention to order or effect. We will confine our attention to a few of the most attractive, or we shall be weary, and our eyes will

* This artist was born at Naples, 1634. He first exercised his art at Thoulouse, and was brought over to England by Charles II., who employed him in the embellishment of Windsor. He was so staunch a Jacobite, that, after the revolution, he for a long time refused to work for King William.

† The rooms are under the care of a section of the police, "specially appointed to the service."

ache, and become incapable of appreciating the merits of the paintings, before we reach the end.

In the King's Presence Chamber, which we enter immediately from the Guard Room, hang full-length portraits of the beauties of the Court of King William and Queen Mary. They are all painted by Kneller, and are none of them remarkable, except as good specimens of that master's style, save one, that of *a* Duchess of St. Albans. We know not her history, but she is represented as very young, with a figure *petite* and delicate, a sweet countenance, but a mournful thoughtfulness over-spreading it, like a shadow foretelling a premature death. We are likely enough to be wrong in our supposition, but such is the impression produced upon our minds. The picture is well, and, what is rare with the works of the master, chastely painted. A portrait by Titian, and another by Giorgione, are worth attention, though not to be ranked with the best of these artists performances. Giorgione's "portrait," as it is termed in the catalogue, represents a saint clothed in armour; there is a glory round the head. The views of ruins over the doors in this and the next apartment, are by Rousseau, a French artist, protected and patronised by William III., and are not ill painted. We must not leave this room without bestowing a glance on the state canopy, the same beneath which William III. was accustomed to give audience.

In the next chamber we remark an admirable work of Corregio's, a most characteristic portrait of the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli; he sought to rival Michel Angelo Buonarotti, but did not come within many degrees of that great artist. He was, notwithstanding, a good architect, and possessed considerable merit as a sculptor, but his disposition was mean and envious. A portrait of Alexander de Medici, by Titian, is very excellent; and our attention is attracted by a very fine duplicate of Vandyke's celebrated portrait of Charles I. on horseback. In the audience-chamber, a portrait of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, painted by Titian, deserves minute and particular attention. It interests us to behold so characteristic a portrait of this remarkable man, and as a picture it is every way admirable.

In the King's drawing-room we are involuntarily attracted by a painting of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, by Gentileschi. It has many faults as a painting, but is singularly striking. The Angels appearing to the Shepherds, by N. Poussin, must on no account be passed over. It is an excellent specimen of that great master, though not in his usual style.

In King William's bed-room we admire the celebrated beauties of the court of Charles II., amongst which are many of the best specimens of Lely's painting. The ceiling is by Verrio, and beautifully painted.

Passing through the King's dressing-room and writing-closet, and Queen Mary's closet, we reach her Majesty's gallery, rich in Holbeins, all worthy of attention. We would particularly point out the picture of his father and mother, in which warm filial feelings seem to have put vigour into the painter's pencil, and softened the usual harshness of his style. There are several other excellent pictures here. The Queen's bed-room contains the state-bed of Queen Anne, and several paintings; one, a Venus and Cupid, is curious from having been sketched by Michel Angelo. We pass into the Queen's drawing-room, filled with paintings by West, many being portraits of the family of George III.; thence through the Queen's audience-chamber, which does not contain much to interest us, we reach the public dining-room, in which are models of the new Buckingham Palace, and other buildings; but a portrait of Duns Scotus, by Caravaggio, will not permit us to attend to anything else. It is a wonderfully powerful performance. The Queen's private chapel is so dark, that it is difficult to view the few indifferent pictures hung there; let us hasten on through three or four more comparatively small apartments, until we reach the gallery containing the glorious works of Raphael, the incomparable Cartoons. There hang those seven noble works and the first glance shows you how magnificent they are. How grand in conception; how admirable in drawing, and how beautiful they *have* been in colouring! That glory has, alas! faded in some degree, but enough is left for imagination to supply the lost harmonious tints. You look down on the engravings, which are placed below on easels; you see Holloway's and Burnet's copies; how exact, yet how unlike. In opposite styles of art, yet both excellent, they give you no idea of the cartoons. How then can words do it? We must come again and spend a day in this room. Now let us gaze in silence—We must at last depart; this door leads us to the Queen's staircase; it is very fine, very—but we cannot look at it.

And here we find ourselves once more in the Fountain-court.

Let us glance at the Clock Court and Western Quadrangle, encircled by the apartments of those fortunate individuals who dwell in this princely palace; take a look into the Conservatory, and admire the gigantic vine, the prince of all its kind. It is above 110 feet long; at three feet from the ground, the stem is twenty-seven inches in circumference; it is of the kind known as the Black Hamburgh, and in some seasons has produced 2,500 bunches of grapes,—at least so says our "Guide." And now let us wander among these pleasant walks, refreshing our eyes with the cool green. Shall we venture into the "Maze?" There is a plan of it on the back page of the Guide, but even with that aid we should, we fear, be puzzled to get either in or out. But see, the sun declines. Let us stroll to the river-side, and then take boat for Richmond, and thence home by coach or steam-boat; but, if you like it better, there are coaches direct into London. No, we will take the water, and, as we glide along, meditate on the beauties of Hampton Court.—Good night; may your slumbers be light, and your dreams happy.

THE CHEGOE.

The chegoe looks exactly like a very small flea, and a stranger would take it for one. However, in about four-and-twenty hours, he would have several broad hints that he had made a mistake in his ideas of the animal. It attacks different parts of the body, but chiefly the feet, betwixt the toe-nails and the flesh. There it buries itself, and at first causes an itching not unpleasant. In a day or two, after examining the part, you perceive a place about the size of a pea, somewhat discoloured, rather of a blue appearance. Sometimes it happens that the itching is so trivial, you are not aware that the miner is at work. Time, they say, makes great discoveries. The discoloured part turns out to be the nest of the chegoe, containing hundreds of eggs, which if allowed to hatch there, the young ones will soon begin to form other nests, and in time form a spreading ulcer. As soon as you perceive that you have got the chegoe in your flesh, you must take a needle or a sharp-pointed knife, and take it out. If the nest be formed, great care must be taken not to break it; otherwise some of the eggs remain in the flesh, and then you will soon be annoyed with more chegoes. After removing the nest, it is well to drop spirit of turpentine into the hole; that will most effectually destroy any chegoe that may be lurking there. Sometimes I have taken four nests out of my feet in the course of the day.

Every evening, before sundown, it was a part of my toilette to examine my feet, and see that they were clear of chegoes. Now and then a nest would escape the scrutiny, and then I had to smart for it a day or two after. A chegoe once lit upon the back of my hand: wishful to see how he worked, I allowed him to take possession. He immediately set to work, head foremost, and in about half an hour he had completely buried himself in the skin. I then let him feel the point of my penknife, and exterminated him.

Waterton's Wanderings.

AN ENTHUSIAST'S VIEW OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

Amongst the various objects to which the human mind is directed, there are not very many that can outshine a general acquaintance with the literature of antiquity. It emanated from some of the noblest fountains of human knowledge and human greatness; it comprises works which, as objects of study, may challenge competition with those produced through the long ages that have succeeded. While man is man, there must be a charm in those great and glorious productions, which it would be a disgrace not to feel,—which it would be yet more disgraceful to attempt to depreciate. The Homerian poems have a freshness of human genius, which yet resounds in our ears like the multitudinous swell and roar of the billows of a distant foaming ocean; which appeal to men's hearts by comparisons of human feeling and character, which intertwine with these the most splendid passions of the imagination. While there is a power to appreciate whatever is beautiful in imagination, represented in all its powers and its abilities to teach pathetic feelings most connected with our sympathies; while there is anything else that responds to the ablest strains of oratory, and whatever is most mighty in the application of a powerful mind to the business of a community, in which the accumulation of facts and arguments to demonstration is blended with those spirit-stirring scenes of peril and danger in the battle-field, so fresh and so vigorous within them; while there is a pleasure in sitting at the feet of garrulous age, hearing recounted every tale of distant lands and ages, of wild adventure;—so long will the effusions of the oldest of poets, historians, and orators, excite enthusiasm,—so long will they be prized as among the most instructive treasures to force and excite the fancy, animate the aspirations of the soul, or satisfy the contemplations of the understanding.

MR. CORSTEN'S HYACINTH SHOW.

Rambling lately along the Uxbridge road, in search of an old thatched public-house, which I remembered stood on Shepherd's-Bush Green, my attention was caught by the name of Hyacinth Villa. The name struck me. "Hyacinth Villa," said I;—"I have already seen Cato Cottage, Homer Villa, and Addison Road, but this name belongs to another genus:" and so saying, I examined a ticket which was affixed to the gate, and which informed the reader that a show of hyacinths was within, admission to which might be obtained by paying the sum of five shillings. How different was all this to the image my fancy had pictured when I set out to examine this favoured haunt of boyhood! How vividly was the whole scene, as it had appeared in my boyish days, impressed on my imagination!—and how great was the change. I almost fancied that I had mistaken the place; but there was the village green, with the geese stalking across it, as in former times; and there was the old public-house, with its high-hipped roof; but the thatch was gone, and its place was supplied by blue slates; and, instead of an old willow which had stood beside it, was Hyacinth Villa, the residence of a Dutch seedsman, who exhibited his hyacinths to the curious at five shillings each.

It was a deathblow to romance; I could not get up my feelings again; and so, that I might not lose my walk, I paid my five shillings, and was ushered into the presence of Mr. Corsten's hyacinths. Here romance of a different kind was excited. Imagine a tent nearly two hundred feet long, and about thirty wide, with a walk covered with matting in the centre, and above three thousand hyacinths, of the most beautiful forms and brilliant colours, arranged in two beds, each 150 feet long, on each side. It was a temple of Flora, worthy of the presence of the goddess herself. At first my eyes were dazzled with the splendour of the colours, and I was unable to examine the individual flowers; but when I had calmed down sufficiently to examine them, I was astonished to find of what variety the flower of the hyacinth was susceptible. I now began to consider in what the perfections of a hyacinth consisted, and to examine the splendid flowers before me, according to my imaginary standard of perfection; and then to try to recollect all I had heard or read of the flower.

I first began to think of the nature and use of a bulb. We all know that the main root of the hyacinth is a bulb, which is taken up when the plant has done flowering, and planted again in autumn, to produce its beautiful flowers the following spring. We know this; and, if we have grown these roots in hyacinth glasses, we also know that the bulb is not their only root, but that, when they begin to grow, they send down others, long, white, and succulent, at the extremities of which are the spongioles, or mouths, by which the plant takes its food. The bulb then cannot exercise the usual functions of a root,—viz. that of supplying the plant with food; and the question is, what its use is? Linnæus considered bulbs as winter store-houses, intended to preserve the germ of the future flower while vegetation is at rest, and to afford it its first nourishment. It is, indeed, like the egg destined to feed the incipient chicken, full of albuminous matter, sufficient to nourish the flower itself; for it is well known that, if all the fibrous roots are cut off, the bulb itself, if supplied with sufficient heat and moisture, will expand the flower, though it exhausts itself in so doing. The bulb which has produced a flower solely from itself, and without deriving any nourishment from the ground, does not appear diminished in size outwardly; but it will be found to have lost its weight, and, when examined, the upper part will be found to consist only of empty coats.

The real roots of the hyacinth do not spread horizontally, like most other fibrous roots, but go straight down, penetrating into the ground to a great depth. For this reason, the Dutch prepare a deep bed of light soil for the roots to go through, with a rich layer of manure, to afford food to be sucked up by the spongioles. Mr. Corsten follows the example of his countrymen, and has had a trench, six feet deep, dug out; and, after putting a deep layer of cow-dung at the bottom, has filled it with sandy peat. In this bed his hyacinths have acquired an extraordinary luxuriance of growth. The kind he calls the Queen has a spike of dark purple flowers, a foot long; while that called the Duchess of Kent is of the most brilliant scarlet, or rather carmine. Others are yellow, buff, brick red, and a kind called the Robinson is of a most beautiful metallic blue; another called Tubiflora, with very large flowers, is of a delicate French white. In short, the whole forms one of the most splendid sights of the season, and it is well worthy of being visited by every admirer of beautiful flowers.

THE FETCH.

The mother died when the child was born,
And left me her baby to keep;
I rocked its cradle the night and morn,
Or, silent, hung o'er it to weep.

'Twas a sickly child through its infancy,
Its cheeks were so ashy-pale;
Till it broke from my arms to walk in glee,
Out in the sharp fresh gale.

And then my little girl grew strong,
And laughed the hours away;
Or sung me the merry lark's mounting song,
Which he taught her at break of day.

When she wreathed her hair in thicket bowers,
With the hedge-rose and hare-bell, blue;
I called her my May, in her crown of flowers,
And her smile so soft and new.

And the rose, I thought, never shamed her cheek,
But rosy and rosier made it;
And her eye of blue did more brightly break
Through the bluebell that strove to shade it.

One evening I left her asleep in her smiles,
And walked through the mountains, lonely;
I was far from my darling, ah! many long miles,
And I thought of her, and her only.

She darkened my path like a troubled dream,
In that solitude far and drear;
I spoke to my child! but she did not seem
To hearken with human ear.

She only looked with a dead, dead eye,
And a wan, wan cheek of sorrow;—
I knew her "fetch!" she was called to die,
And she died upon the morrow.

From Tales by the O'Hara Family.

PRACTICES OF HABITUAL DEPREDATORS.

In the Report of the Commissioners for inquiring into the best means of establishing a Constabulary Force throughout England and Wales, there is a variety of particulars respecting the practices of habitual depredators, which it may be useful to be made acquainted with. The following are a few specimens, which may serve as a sort of appendix to the article in our previous Number. We lay them before our readers, with the double view of assisting them to guard against these practices, and of stimulating them to aid in schemes for the prevention rather than the punishment of crime.

In the Appendix to the Report there is a paper, communicated by Mr. Chesterton, the governor of Coldbath-fields' Prison, containing a general statement of the career of thieves and their practices. It was drawn up by an intelligent prisoner, from the narratives of other prisoners.

Most thieves commence their career at seven or eight years of age, and are engaged for some time in petty thefts of loose articles from shop-doors, windows, stands, &c. Imprisonment confirms their character, and extends their range of acquaintanceship; and on being released, they generally take a higher degree in their profession. When a young thief commences picking pockets, he is launched into the routine of dissipation of a regular thief's life; he becomes united to a "mob," of which there are many in London; some named from the house they use, but more generally from the neighbourhood to which they belong. He frequents the flash-houses, where he is taught to drink, dance, smoke, and gamble; here cards, dice, shove-halfpenny, and other games, are always going on, so that sufficient opportunity exists of getting rid of superfluous money. It is a common opinion, that schools for the tuition of the younger thieves exist at these houses, but no regular system of such instruction is now carried on. Some years ago, it was customary for old thieves to select young ones, and form them into a mob, to act under their direction, and then a system of teaching was practised. But, since the establishment of the new police, the same facilities do not present themselves, and no regular system is now in practice. Occasionally, when an old thief is present amongst a number of young ones, the latter practise their craft upon one another, and sometimes receive gratuitous instruction.

The confession of one individual presents an affecting instance of the prevalence of evil associations and habits over good parental example and education. His father was a banker's clerk; and both parents were sober, industrious, and religious. He received a smattering of a classical education; and, having a predilection for reading, went through a great many books,—such, for instance, as the Waverley Novels. He chose a seafaring life, and went voyages to Lisbon, Genoa, Leghorn, Zante, and Constantinople, the Brazils, &c. He afterwards enlisted, in 1836, in the British Auxiliary Legion, and remained in Spain for ten months; when, tired of the hardships of the Spanish service, he deserted, along with sixteen others, escaping into France, and finding his way back to England. Now commenced his career of crime. He soon got acquainted with bad characters; and, from the facility with which he obtained money by depredation, soon became a regular and accomplished thief. One week with another, he obtained from 3*l.* to 4*l.*: on one occasion, he and a companion picked the pocket of a foreign lady, who had come from Manchester to Liverpool by the railway; they obtained a small pocket-book, which contained 273*l.* They afterwards saw bills posted up, offering a reward for the recovery of the money, which was supposed to have been lost. His share was rapidly spent in reckless dissipation. Not quite a fortnight elapsed from entering upon a course of crime to his first apprehension; but it was ten months before he was convicted. Eighteen months is, perhaps, on an average, the time before a depredator is convicted; he may be frequently apprehended, without being convicted, but some are apprehended and convicted for their first crime, while others go on for three, six, or even ten or twelve years.

Two boys, who were confined together in Coldbath-fields' prison, planned a thieving excursion to Kidderminster. They got a dog-cart, stole two dogs from Smithfield, and bought hardware, brooms, &c. at a shop near Farringdon-street, to the amount of 17*s.* While they were purchasing these articles, two companions stole for them a dozen and a half of hand-brooms from the door; they valued them at 5*s.*, making, as four were concerned, 1*s.* 3*d.* each. P. and H. paid them 2*s.* 6*d.* They also took with them twenty sixpences and ten shillings bad money, which they concealed in a large false bottom of the cart. Thus equipped, H. with 5*s*, P. with 15*s.* 6*d.*, they started off about twelve at noon, in the winter or end of autumn. At Wandsworth they sold a mat for 1*s.* 4*d.*, and a broom for 11*d.* They went on to Wimbledon, and called at a public-house, where they had a pint of beer, for which they gave a bad sixpence. The landlady served them, and then went into the inner bar and continued serving. The boy H. reached round, and took four silver salt-spoons which were on a shelf; he would have taken the salt-cellars, but was afraid they might soon be missed. They decamped, bought some bread and cheese, and hastened out of the town in about ten minutes after the robbery. At Kingston they went to a travellers' house, and sold the spoons to their landlord, who gave them board and lodging for the night and next day, with 5*s.* for the bargain.

They proceeded on their journey, and about half-past ten a coach passed them on the road; a small trunk was fastened on behind the seat. P. ran after the coach, climbed up, and cut it down. It contained a quantity of papers, and nothing else. They tore the papers into shreds, and, having destroyed the box, they hid the pieces. This box was subsequently advertised, and a reward of 50*l.* offered for the recovery.

At the next town (the boy did not recollect the names of the places), about eleven or twelve miles from Kingston, they went to a public-house; it was market-day. H. made cloth caps, and in the course of the evening he sold a dozen and a half, at 1*s.* 6*d.* each, to the countrymen in the tap-room. They stole a great-coat which belonged to one of their customers, and hid it in the false bottom of their cart. There was a hue-and-cry for it; some suspected the boys, but the landlady said she could be answerable that the poor lads were innocent. Having proceeded next day on their route, they sold it to a passing countryman for 3*s.* H. considers it to have been worth about 7*s.*

For three weeks they lived entirely on the produce of what they sold, and ultimately arrived at Kidderminster.

They put up for a short time at a travellers' house. Houses of this description are in every town, price 3*d.* or 4*d.* a-night; they have a common kitchen, where the trampers cook and live. (P. confirmed this, and stated that the better sort pay 6*d.*, and have the attendance of a girl to cook.)

At every lodging-house on the road, H. met plenty of trampers, and he did not see one face that he had not seen at St. Giles's. They also recognised him, and compared notes. Some were hawkers, some were going half-naked, some were ballad-singers, some were going about with false letters, others as broken-down tradesmen, some as old soldiers, and some as shipwrecked sailors; and every night they told each other of *good houses.* They all lived well, never ate any broken victuals, but had meat breakfasts, good dinners, hot suppers, and frequently ended by going to bed very drunk. Not one spent less than 3*s.* a-day, many a great deal more. They sometimes make 5*s.*, and average 3*s.* 6*d.* per day; some often get a sovereign where humane people reside.

P. having been employed at a carpet manufactory before he came to London, went to visit his old friends, and was soon able to introduce H. Every day these boys stole balls of twine and string from this place. They daily went there to take whatever they could lay their hands upon, and have brought out two or three dozen balls of a day in their great-coat pockets, finding a ready market for their plunder in the rag-shops. The first lot they sold was worth about 1*l.*, and they got 10*s.* 6*d.* for it. They did not dispose of any stock-in-trade while in the town, but lived by plundering the manufactory and picking pockets in the streets. Some of the property they pawned, some they sold to trampers at the lodging-houses.

P. and H. were very punctual in attendance at the churches, where they always robbed. They took three watches; one was pawned for 15*s.*, the other two for 1*l.* a-piece. P. is very clever at "easing a yokel [*i. e.* a countryman] of his watch."

They went to a fair about fifteen miles from Kidderminster, leaving their dogs and cart at a public-house about two miles from the scene. P., who can play "prick in the garter," soon got a mob, and soon found "bettors." He allowed them to win nearly all the money he had, and then won it back with double interest. In the mean time H. (who never appeared to know P.) was very busy rifling the farmers' pockets of their money bags. (He minutely described the bags, as being to him a matter of great singularity.) He took eight bags in a short time, but the richest of the eight contained only 15*s.*; he also took seven handkerchiefs. One of the party having lost a bet, applied to his pocket, but missed his purse: a row ensued, every one felt his pockets; the robbed and the swindled gave vent to their anger, and, having secured P., took him to a pond and ducked him. H. decamped when the storm was

brewing, as he had all the bags and property about him. This occurred at about four in the afternoon, and at about nine, P., having concealed himself after his ducking, joined H. at the public-house, and off they set in their vehicle.

They left the neighbourhood, and shaped their course for London. On their journey back, they entered a gentleman's house, about half-past eight in the evening. It stood upon a hill, and was to let. They opened the kitchen window, and rummaged all over the house for about an hour, taking away a great-coat, some glass decanters, and a hearth-rug. On arriving at the next town, which was about ten miles off, (and they travelled in the night after this robbery,) they told their landlord they had something to sell. His wife went out, and returned shortly after with a man, who bought the lot for 1*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; but H. remarked, "the fellow swindled us, for the decanters were worth all the money; but we were glad to get rid of them at any price." At some distance from this town they came near a large village, and saw several persons coming towards them, when P. put down the table for the "garter story." H. began betting, and the people, when they came up, stopped to see the fun. Shortly they began to play, and H. began to thieve; at length they became exasperated at their losses to P. H. had retreated, and, having packed away the property in the dog-cart, was moving off, when the storm broke out, and P. again got into a scrape. He was severely thumped and beaten; H. was accused of being an accomplice, and they were both locked up in the cage till next day, when the magistrates acquitted them; remarking that P., if guilty, had received punishment enough, and as for H., there was no charge against him. It remained a mystery amongst them what had become of the stolen property, for neither boy had been out of their sight, and yet nothing was found either on them or in the cart. They never suspected the false bottom.

About thirty miles off, they stopped a night at a public-house, and became friendly with some soldiers who were billeted at the house, being on a march with their regiment. While the soldiers were telling their adventures, the boys stole 2*l.* from them. The next morning the alarm was given, and P. was again the scapegoat. H. fled, and hid the purses here and there about the stable grounds as quickly as possible; some he threw down the privy, and they were found by one of the soldiers. The landlady in this instance took part with the boys, and, as no other person had been in the company, the soldiers (though there was no proof) had no alternative but to suspect the boys, or one of their own comrades: however, the boys got clear off.

At a short distance (that is, about twenty miles) from London, they stopped at a gentleman's house to hawk some things, and, while the servant went up stairs with some hearth-brooms, P. slipped into the parlour, and brought out a watch and a silver egg-stand. The servant bought about 5*s.* worth of things on her return, and they made the best of their way from the premises. In five days after, they were in London; having added to their plunder from the gentleman's house a pair of silver salt-cellars, which they stole from a public-house where they slept. This plunder they brought to London. The silver was sold for 3*s.* 6*d.* the ounce; the watch for 15*l.*

Another depredator, the son of respectable parents, thus tells his story.

For the last four years, up to 1839, I have "travelled" for a maintenance. I carried a covered hawker's basket with an oil-case on the top, with cutlery, trinkets, braces, Birmingham fancy goods, buttons, pearl, bone, and wood. This pack was not what I and others chiefly depended on; it was the excuse for travelling; and also something to fall back upon in case we could do no business of other kinds. The value of the contents would vary from 2*l.* to 4*l.* I have sold silk goods "stolen," bought of the shop-lifters; there are these in all towns, small as well as large. They will not sell to any unless they know them; if they supposed a man to be "a traveller," they will come up to him and say, perhaps, "Will you *stand* for some handkerchiefs, ribbon, anything in gold, or silver, or wearing apparel?" There are ring-stealers, on pretence of buying them. Needle-stealers from drapers' shops "buy 100, and steal a couple of thousand." There are cant words for everything you use or do. I have seen some old cant in print, but it is nothing to the cant now used. There are three sorts of cant, the gipsies', the beggars' (such as pretended sailors and others), and the thieves'. The cants are distinct in many words, but alike in others. A stranger to the cant words could not understand the gipsies or others, save a few words here and there. The gipsies have a cant word for every word they speak. The vagrant cant is a lower style than the thieves'; they use it to tell one another what they get at different houses; they are not always thieves, they will not push themselves forward to steal, and one-half of them, if they saw another stealing, would tell of him, and yet, if they could do it themselves they would. The gipsies are the worst of thieves: they live by fortune-telling; they make rings out of brass buttons and pewter, and the wives sell them as gold and silver; they have files and other implements for cutting them out; the metal ones are cast; many of them make bad money. They will coin the money in lanes, or buy it of the dealers in towns in the rough, and make it up themselves. This is extensively done, most "up" the country, the south and west of England; more round Sussex, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Northampton. They have no religion; are heavy cursers; go in families; never marry; many of them are sheep-stealers. The two families of the Boslems and Smiths, about sixty in each, are about Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire; hardly an assize or sessions, but some of this set are had up; in winter they live in towns, if very severe. They will be in one tent when out; as soon as old enough they "pair," and if they don't like each other, after a fight the woman will go to her own tribe again, and the man selects another woman. Play cards and drink the Sundays. "Travellers" will not "do business" on Sundays. There are some who will rob houses at chapel-time on that day, because they cannot get in at others. I know two sent from Leicester last March for a robbery on Sunday night. One got 15, the other 10 years. Amongst thieves there are several kinds. 1st. Those confined to picking pockets have boys to work for them, and close round them, that no one shall see them. This is very gainful; large towns furnish them, and they frequent all fairs, wakes, and races. They travel various ways, some with spring and covered carts. "Muffling" the cart is of use only when there is no watchman; the wheels and horses' feet are all clothed. I have not heard of its being done this long time. 2d. Robbers of the person with violence, mostly three together; two will hold the man, and the third rifle his pockets. All three will, perhaps, be behind when the attack is made, and one will put his arms round him, or he would hit him from behind with a stone in a handkerchief, or a heavy stick, to stun or "drop" him, and when the plunder is got, throw him out of the way. If a man is in a gig, one will get behind, and get his arms round him and drag him out, or one will hold the horse and cut the reins. A horseman will do well to take to the fields, but in a gig a man has only the chance of self-defence; few "travellers," *i. e.* thieves, will venture their lives if a pistol is shown. Few "travellers" are confined to one kind of robbing: in some places you will see the same persons with boys picking pockets, and others with a three-thimble table, gambling at fairs and races. It would be a good thing to stop it universally; they are thieves to a man; it would draw them to other things.

Take one with another, Manchester is the worst town in England for a thief. Liverpool is a better place for a thief than Manchester, if he be a stranger. If you say in any other part of England that you are from Manchester, you are at once supposed to be a thief; it is the same with London, Birmingham, and Liverpool; but they say that Manchester and Birmingham turn out more thieves than London and Liverpool. The Manchester and Liverpool are reckoned the most expert; they are thought to be of Irish parents, and to have most cunning. In fact, I'll be bound to say, that three parts of those who are travelling now throughout the kingdom have Irish blood in them, either from father, mother, or grandmother.

I should think there are some thousands of "travellers" in England, not to mention Ireland and Scotland; there are more in Scotland than Ireland, (Ireland is too poor, unless in the larger towns). I have seen 150 of different sorts at one place: at Boughton Green fair, near Northampton, in June every year, thousands of people assemble there; the police from London come to it. Then there is Lincoln, April fair; Boston, May fair; Newmarket in May; then to Birmingham or Sheffield fairs; then to Coventry, to Newport Pagnell (Bucks), then back to Boughton, and there is a place called "Stow Green Fair." Then Peterboro' summer fair, then Fairlop Forest, ten miles from London, where I have seen the most gipsies, hundreds at a time. Then to Liverpool spring meeting, and then follow the races in all the midland and northern counties, ending up with Doncaster. Then come on the winter fairs,—Nottingham goose fair, Leicester cheese fair, Mansfield statties, (all this was detailed from memory without the least hesitation); Rotherham statties, Leeds fair, Ottley statties, (statties mean fairs held by statute where servants are hired), Knaresborough, York; then come down to Sheffield fair, 28th November, then end up until Wrexham fair begins the

year on the 6th of March. I have gone this round three times, all except Wrexham.

Although, for the most part, a thief confines himself to the practice of one kind of thieving at any particular time, yet, as will be perceived, he can practise, as occasion may require, many different branches of the profession. Although the modes already described are the principal descriptions of thieving, they are by no means all; the varieties are innumerable, many equally deserving of notice. Stealing wet linen is a distinct game; dog-stealing is another; but of all those minor depredating crimes undescribed, there is none so extensively carried on, and more manifestly injurious, than uttering bad money; this is a trade for the indolent, in which hundreds are constantly employed. The money passes through several hands: first there are the makers,—silver is chiefly made in London, but gold at Birmingham; then we have the wholesale dealer, next the retail dealer, and last, the smasher or utterer, who, as usual, receives least of the "sweets" and most of the gall attending the prosecution of this game; most of the dealers are Jews, and from the maker to the utterer each has his profit, but as a general rule the retail dealer purchases 6*l.* of base coin for 1*l.* sterling. One individual has for some time supplied most of the town smashers; he meets them regularly every morning at an appointed house, and supplies each according to their means of purchase for that day's issue, the sovereigns at 4*s.*, the crown at 10*d.*, half-crowns at 5*d.*, shillings at 2½*d.* &c.

To guard successfully against the above plunderers of society is a task of no little difficulty: we must allow experience to be a good guide. Pickpockets say, that if a handkerchief be carried in the inside coat-pocket, hat, or even pinned in the outer pocket, they are foiled. Shop-thieves say, if a till be locked or a nail at the back part to prevent it drawing entirely out, they are balked. Pickpockets say, if they get a man into a push, he must be robbed, unless he be aware of them; if so, their cant words will save him: if he keeps out of a push, his cash in an inside pocket, his watch well guarded by a chain, or wears a cloak in the season, they are foiled. The house-breaker says, a plate of sheet-iron on the inside of the door foils him in his attempt at panelling, and that Chubb's lock gives a great deal of trouble in opening, but Bramah's has as yet defeated all their attempts. The thief who robs shop-windows says, wire gauze curtain inside the glass foils him; the thief who robs shops by "palming," that the shopkeeper must be aware of the game of palming to guard against his attacks. And the most notorious smashers say, that bad gold is known by its deficient standard weight, bad silver by its malleability and greasy feel.

THE CLOSE-EYED GUDGEON.

(*Periophthalmus.*)

In the island of Ternate, you seldom advance towards the edge of an estuary, or small inlet of sea-water, without putting to flight a swarm of little fish, which, alarmed at the sound of your feet, thus hurry away to take shelter in their native element. Their size is so small, and their motions so rapid, that without a previous acquaintance the spectator can hardly persuade himself that they are fish. "A fish out of water," is a condition so unnatural, that by tradition it has long been applied to a man in uncomfortable circumstances, and especially such as were not of his own choosing; yet in the close-eyed gudgeon, we have an example where the members of the "finny drove" come forth to bask in the sun, to catch their food, which consists chiefly of small shrimps, or to escape from their enemies at home. The pectoral or principal pair of fins have their base longer than it is in the generality of fish, and so furnished with muscles as to be capable of pointing towards the ground. In this position they answer the purpose of fore-legs, and teach us, that in use as well as position they correspond to the arms of man, and the first pair of legs in the higher order of the animal creation. The head, like most of the family, which includes the gobies and the blennies, is obtuse, and higher than the body. Upon the front, the eyes are placed close together,—a circumstance that is referred to in the meaning of the generic name, Periophthalmus. They are prominent, and have a lid that will cover the eye at the pleasure of its owner. As this fish lives a part of its time in the midst of light strongly reflected from the surface of the water, this provision may be intended to guard the eyes against that inconvenience. In addition to this there may be another object, which we shall understand when we recollect that the refraction is greater in water than in the air, so that the eye of a fish has a lens that refracts more than that of an animal living out of water, in order to give the rays the due degree of convergence. When the fish is out of water, this necessity is dispensed with, and the eye is no longer adapted for seeing distinctly. Too great a convergence is thus given in their passage through the lens to all rays except those that coincide very nearly with the axis of the eye, which, by the contrivance of half-shutting the eye, are excluded, while the former only are admitted. And that I may not take the reader into optical considerations that are out of his way, I need only refer him to the case of near-sighted young people, where the imperfection of sight results from too much convexity in the parts of the eye. These generally look at objects, when they wish to see distinctly, with the eye nearly closed. The little fish we are describing is, when out of the water, in the situation of a near-sighted person; and his Maker has given him the same means of abating the inconvenience.

In the goby we have a very obvious mark for family distinction, in the union of the two fins that are seated on the breast into one, which in form may be compared to a lady's fan. The periophthalmus is like the goby in this particular, as it also is in the length of the second fin upon the back, and the soft nature of the rays. The individual that I have before me was taken upon an island not far from Macao. The general colour above is bluish, passing into a silvery white below. The second fin upon the back, and that of the tail, are deep blue, with a range of white spots. The first fin is blue and speckled with white, and has three soft rays prolonged into threads. The tail is pointed, and the anal fin is narrow and white. The teeth are very small and closely packed together. The scales are small, and the body is covered with a slime to counteract the effect which drought would have upon the integument. The gill openings are small, and shut closely, so as to exclude the air from the bronchia; hence it can live a long time out of water, and may be packed in a piece of paper and carried some hours in the pocket, and when taken out will be fresh and lively: so that it is every way fitted for taking excursions upon the shore. Had the fins been prepared for moving upon the land, and no defence given against the air, the adaptation would have been of no use to it; and had no care been taken to cover the eyes, their position upon the front of the head would have exposed them so much to the light, and the appulse of diverging rays, that there again would have been a means of pain, and not of advantage. Thus, in the case of a little fish, has God so tempered the parts, and so nicely adapted them to one another, that they all conspire to produce one end. If so much wisdom and goodness are displayed in behalf of a creature so inconsiderable, what may we not expect for ourselves, who are of more value than many fish, not only in the conformation of the body and the furniture of the mind, but also in all the providential adjustments by which we are fitted for usefulness here and for enjoyment hereafter?—*Voyage of the Himmaleh.*

SPRING FLOWERS.

Bowing adorers of the gale,
Ye cowslips delicately pale,
 Upraise your loaded stems;
Unfold your cups in splendour: speak!
Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
 And gilt your golden gems?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
In purple's richest pride arrayed,
 Your errand here fulfil;
Go, bid the artist's simple stain
Your lustre imitate, in vain,
 And match your Maker's skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiders of the carpet earth,
 That stud the velvet sod;
Open to spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
 Your Maker, and my God.

CLARE.

THE PASSES OF THE CORDILLERAS.

The space enclosed between the gigantic ridges of the eastern and western Cordillera, or great and frigid mountain-chains of the Andes, is occupied by numerous table-lands, yielding short fine grass, and extensive hilly pasture-ground, very like in general outline to the Highlands of Scotland, though destitute of heath: and over this very uneven surface are interspersed lagoons and rivers, and deep, warm, agricultural valleys, in the bottom of which grow the richest fruits and produce of the coast; while the summits of the hills, that rise from and enclose these fertile dales, are exposed to the violence of the tempest in the elevated regions of cold and barrenness.

From one of these glens, where we once resided for some time, we left a house, at the door of which the lemon-tree was in perpetual fruit and blossom, and, in two or three hours thereafter, arrived at the rugged crags and peaks of the eastern Cordillera.

The lines of road from the western coast to the central Andes of Peru wind along narrow glens, sometimes contracting into mere ravines, edged by lofty hills or prodigious rocks that close in abruptly. The traveller thus journeys for days, leaving one hill behind, and meeting another rising before; but never arrives at that ideal spot, whence he may command a view from sea to sea,

> "Where Andes, giant of the western star,
> Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

The highest mountains in Britain, such as Ben-Nevis or Cruachan*, must appear very diminutive, when compared to the Andes, whose very vastness and extent preclude from the inland regions any view of the sun dipping under the waves of the Pacific, and whose magnitude limits the quickest sight to the groups of mountains, with their included dales, that go to form one stupendous pile of varied shape, production, and climate.

Many of the mountain roads, as they leave the bottom of the glens, and ascend, in more or less of a caracole, along the face of formidable steeps, seem to bear date of origin from the Quichoa era, when the llama was the only beast of burden in the country. These animals, like their Indian owners, delight most in the cool of the hills; but, when laden and on the road, their slow and stately gait must not be hurried or interfered with, nor their burden increased beyond their liking, which seldom exceeds seventy or eighty pounds weight on a long journey: the Indian understands their way, and rules them by gentleness. As the llamas are not for forced marches, and only make short stages of three or four leagues daily, the paths that lead through pasture-grounds are the best suited for them, and may have been considered by the ancient inhabitants of the land as a sufficient reason for striking off from a barren, though less elevated or precipitous path, and climbing to eminences that yield an agreeable temperature and some herbage to the indigenous companions of their toil.

When a person has occasion to traverse these narrow and fatiguing roads, it is necessary for him to keep a good look-out, lest he should clash with some rider or cargo-beast coming in the opposite direction; for there are places where it would be utterly impossible to pass two a-breast; and there would be no small danger, on meeting an impatient animal or careless horseman, that either party would be hurled over the brink, and consigned to the condors and eaglets that nestle on the cliffs and in the dark chasms of the crags.

Such dangerous passes are at some places so contracted that the stirrup of the muleteer is seen to overhang the foaming stream, or project beyond the verge of the boldest precipice; and every now and then they are made more formidable by abrupt angles and insecure breast-work without parapets, hastily constructed when the rush of a sudden torrent from the hollow of a hill, or large stones rolling from the heights, have cleft the way so as to render it for a time impassable.

There are also many cuestas or rapid steeps, with here and there flights of steps, roughly cut in the hard rock. By the wayside, in tedious cuestas of several leagues in extent, recesses are, in numerous instances, worked out on the higher side of the road, which serve for the passengers to draw up while those from an opposite direction are allowed to pass on, or where muleteers stop their cattle to adjust their cargoes, and tighten their lassos. But when a rock or shoulder of a cliff juts out from the road towards the lower or precipice side, leaving more or less room for a resting-place, then the little flat space is coarsely walled in with large fragments of rock, and such smaller stones as may be at hand, giving the idea of a rude but commanding fortress.

The famous Cuesta of San Mateo, on the Tarma road from Lima, we passed in the year 1834, and could not but wonder how, without any very serious accident, an army of cavalry, destined to celebrate the "fraternal embrace of Maquenguaio †," had been able to pass the same route a few months before, when the path and staircases were yet wet and slippery from occasional showers; and when the lower or proper post-road was unfortunately impassable, from the destruction of one of the ordinary rustic bridges on the river or torrent, that runs at the bottom of the rock-locked ravine through which the regular mule-way has been opened, and by which the waters rush foaming and raging in time of heavy inland rains. This stream, like all such impetuous torrents, during the force of the rainy season on the high mountains and table-lands, carries in its course a vast number of rolling stones, the thundering noise of which rises far above the roar of the white waters as these are thrown back, and resisted incessantly, by large blocks of rocky fragments that half-choke the narrow channel, which at this remarkable place is bordered by immense rocks, looking as if they had been separated by violence, or rent to give descent to the concentrated and united body of rivulets that come from many a snowy peak, mountain lake, and marsh.

The hill along which runs the Cuesta road, rising on the face of the steep that overhangs this part of the stream, is of itself a grand object; but that which is seen opposite to it has the greatest elevation of any single mountain in these narrow glens: and nothing of the kind can be more strikingly magnificent than to behold it, girdled in verdure and capped in snow, from the summit of the Cuesta, where the traveller, tired with climbing, is invited to draw breath, and look around him from the cross planted here, as in almost every similar situation, by the pious among the natives, who love to decorate this emblem of their faith with wreaths of fresh and fragrant flowers. But from the better route, which winds by the river underneath, nothing of this sort is to be seen; for here the hills on each side shelve in towards their rugged foundations, until they come so close as completely to overshadow the stream. Here, too, the rider may strain his neck in looking overhead; but his eye only meets, besides a strip of the sky, pendulous succulents and tangling plants on the face of the incumbent ledge, with now and then a flower-enamoured "pica-flor" (humming-bird), as he fans, with a gracefully tremulous wing, the expanding blossoms that yield him delicate food and pastime.

These wilds of San Mateo reminded us forcibly of the miniature wilds of Glencoe, remarkable in Scottish history; and we thought, as we passed them, of the bard of Cona (Ossian), who, in honour of the orb which the Peruvians once adored, sung with sublimity and touching pathos:—

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers, whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course?"—*Peru as it is.*

* "Cruachan," the loftiest mountain in Argyleshire, well known to tourists in Scotland.

† By this embrace the victorious troops under General Bermudes forsook his cause, and at once terminated hostilities by changing sides and declaring themselves soldiers of Orbegoso and the republic, which they ratified by embracing the troops that had fled before them on the day of battle.

SWIFT'S EARLY LIFE.

At Moor-park, an eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William Temple, as an amanuensis, for £20 a-year and his board, dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty, dark-eyed young girl, who waited on Lady Giffard. Little did Temple imagine, that the coarse exterior of his dependant concealed a genius suited to politics and to letters—a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can only perish with the English language! Little did he think that the flirtation in the servants' hall, which he, perhaps, scarcely deigned to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long prosperous love, which was to be as widely famed as the passion of Petrarch, or of Abelard. Sir William's secretary was Jonathan Swift. Lady Giffard's waiting-maid was poor Stella.—*Edinburgh Review.*

PROGRESSION OR RETROGRESSION IN MORAL CHARACTER.

If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts; they are a great deal worse.—*Coleridge.*

LEECHES UNHURT BY FROST.

Among the cold-blooded animals which resist the effects of a low temperature, we may reckon the common leech, which is otherwise interesting to the meteorologist, on account of its peculiar habits and movements under different states of the atmosphere. A group of these animals left accidentally in a closet without a fire, during the frost of 1816, not only survived, but appeared to suffer no injury from being locked up in a mass of ice for many days.—*Howard on Climate.*

A GAMMON OF BACON.

The custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter, still maintained in some parts of England, is founded on the abhorrence our forefathers thought proper to express, in that way, towards the Jews at the season of commemorating the resurrection.—*Drake's Shakspeare and his Times.*

HOME.

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thine head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that pride allots thee for thy board,
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river's brink or mountain's brow,
Yet e'en the cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

Leonidas of Tarentum.

THE SAP IN TREES.

The sap in trees always rises as soon as the frost is abated, that when the stimulus of the warm weather in the early spring acts upon the bud, there should be at hand a supply of food for its nourishment; and if by any means the sap is prevented from ascending at the proper time, the tree infallibly perishes. Of this a remarkable instance occurred in London, during the spring succeeding the hard winter of the year 1794. The snow and ice collecting in the streets so as to become very inconvenient, they were cleared, and many cart-loads were placed in the vacant quarters of Moorfields; several of these heaps of snow and frozen rubbish were piled round some of the elm-trees that grew there. At the return of spring, those of the trees that were not surrounded with the snow expanded their leaves as usual, while the others, being still girt with a large frozen mass, continued quite bare; for the fact was, the absorbents in the lower part of the stem, and the earth in which the trees stood, were still exposed to a freezing cold. In some weeks, however, the snow was thawed, but the greater number of the trees were dead, and those few that did produce any leaves were very sickly, and continued in a languishing state all summer, and then died.—*Aikin's Natural History of the Year.*

COLESHILL CUSTOM.

They have an ancient custom at Coleshill, in the county of Warwick, that if the young men of the town can catch a hare, and bring it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, the parson is bound to give them a calf's head, and a hundred eggs for their breakfast, and a grant in money.—*Blount.*

MEMORY OF THE BULLFINCH.

Tame bullfinches have been known (says Buffon) to escape from the aviary, and live at liberty in the woods for a whole year, then to recollect the voice of the person who had reared them, and return to her, never more to leave her. Others have been known, which, when forced to leave their first master, have died of grief. One of them having been thrown down with its cage, by some of the lowest order of people, did not seem at first much disturbed by it, but afterwards it would fall into convulsions as soon as it saw any shabbily-dressed person, and it died in one of these fits eight months after its first accident.—*Bechstein's Cage Birds.*

LONGEVITY.

In 1752 was living at Clee-hall, near Ludlow, in Salop, Lady Wadely, at the great age of 105. She had been blind for several years, but at that time could see remarkably well. She was then walking about in perfect health, and cutting a new set of teeth.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

EFFECT OF THE ATMOSPHERE ON HAIR.

My own beard, which in Europe was soft, silky, and almost straight, began immediately after my arrival at Alexandria to curl, to grow crisp, strong, and coarse; and before I reached Es-Souan resembled hare's hair to the touch, and was all disposed in ringlets about the chin. This is, no doubt, to be accounted for by the extreme dryness of the air, which, operating through several thousand years, has, in the interior, changed the hair of the negro into a kind of coarse wool.—*St. John's Travels.*

'ALL SOULS' COLLEGE.

Archbishop Chichly, having persuaded King Henry the V. to a warre with France built a colledg in Oxon, to pray for the soules of those who were killed in the warres of France. He called it Allsoules, as intended to pray for all, but more especially for those killed in the warres of France.—*Ward's Diary.*

CHILDREN.

Children in all countries are, as Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, says, first vegetables, and then they are animals, and then they come to be people; but their way of growing out of one stage into another is as different in different societies, as their states of mind when they are grown up. They all have limbs, senses, intellects; but their growth of heart and mind depends incalculably upon the spirit of the society amidst which they are reared. The traveller must study them wherever he meets them.—*How to Observe, by Harriet Martineau.*

RARE TIMES FOR SUITORS IN EQUITY.

Then was the chancery so empty of causes, that Sir Thomas More could live in Chelsea, and yet very sufficiently discharge that office; and coming one day home by ten of the clock, whereas he was wont to stay until eleven or twelve, his lady came down to see whether he was sick or not; to whom Sir Thomas More said, "Let your gentlewoman fetch me a cup of wine, and then I will tell you the occasion of my coming;" and when the wine came, he drank to his lady, and told her that he thanked God for it he had not one cause in chancery, and therefore came home for want of business and employment there. The gentlewoman who fetched the wine told this to a bishop, who did inform me.—*Bishop Goodman's Diary.*

SIR MATTHEW HALE'S CARE OF HIS WORKS.

The great Sir Matthew Hale ordered that none of his works should be printed after his death; as he apprehended, that, in the licensing of them, some things might be struck out or altered, which he had observed, not without some indignation, had been done to those of a learned friend; and he preferred bequeathing his uncorrupted MSS. to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, as their only guardians, hoping they were a treasure worth keeping.—*Burnet's Life of Sir Matthew Hale.*

INWARD BLINDNESS.

Talk to a blind man—he knows he wants the sense of sight, and willingly makes the proper allowances. But there are certain internal senses, which a man may want, and yet be wholly ignorant that he wants them. It is most unpleasant to converse with such persons on subjects of taste, philosophy, or religion. Of course, there is no reasoning with them: for they do not possess the facts on which the reasoning must be grounded. Nothing is possible, but a naked dissent, which implies a sort of unsocial contempt; or what a man of kind disposition is very likely to fall into, a heartless tacit acquiescence, which borders nearly on duplicity.—*Coleridge.*

AN OLD SNATCH OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

To tax any trade so that it cannot subsist under the payment, is not a means to raise the money, but to destroy the trade. That the dearness of a thing lessens the consumption, is a maxim which no man can deny; but there are some things of so diminutive a nature, that their spreading arises merely from the consideration of their being trifles. Such are the innumerable little printed tracts, from the ballad and primer at the price of one half-penny to the pamphlets of six-pence. When these come to be taxed, will they be sold? Let any man judge by the tax upon almanacs laid on last year, when a printer in Scotland returned 495 out of 500 stamps. It is stated that the number of almanacs printed was three-fourths less than usual, and that 60,000 stamps were returned to the government unsold.—*De Foe.*

TEA IN RUSSIA.

The Russians are the most inveterate tea-drinkers out of China; and with such excellent tea as they have, the passion is quite excusable. Tea in Russia and tea in England are as different as peppermint water and senna. With us it is a dull, flavourless dose; in Russia it is a fresh invigorating draught. They account for the difference by stating that, as the sea air injures tea, we get only the leaves, but none of the aroma of the plant which left Canton; while they, on the other hand, receiving all their tea over-land, have it just as good as when it left the celestial empire. Be the cause what it may, there can be no doubt of the fact, that tea in Russia is infinitely superior to any ever found in other parts of Europe. Englishmen are taken by surprise on tasting it; even those who never cared for tea before, drink on during the whole of their stay in Russia.—*Bremner's Excursions in Russia.*

THE HONEST MONK.

William Rufus having an abbey to bestow, several of the clergy, knowing the king to be covetous, bid large sums for the place. The king seeing a monk stand by who offered nothing, asked him, "And what wilt thou give for this abbey?" "Indeed not one penny," says the monk, "for it is against my conscience." "Then," says the king, "thou art the fittest man to be abbot;" and so gave him the abbey immediately.—*De Foe.*

NUISANCES.

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when, by frivolous *visitations*, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread; and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honour of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an intolerable load of *ennui*, and he sallies forth to distribute it amongst all his acquaintance.—*Colton's Lacon.*

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UPS AND DOWNS; A TALE OF THE ROAD.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

We are no enemies to improvement; yet improvement sometimes effects changes which we cannot help regretting. In its march, it occasionally sweeps away old land-marks, to which a long acquaintance had attached us. It now and then disturbs old associations, and removes objects and customs on which some of our pleasantest recollections were wont to dwell.

It is in a spirit of this kind that we contemplate the departing glories of stage-coach travelling, and all the joys of the road. The flashing, rattling, dashing carriage-and-four,—the good-humoured, civil, intelligent, and story-telling guard, full of anecdote and fun;—the village inn (the stage), the changing of horses, with all its exciting and amusing accompaniments;—the fresh start, and the general hilarity which the sense of rapid motion, seconded by a bright shiny day, never fails to inspire. All this is about passing away. The little that has been left by the steam-boat will soon be extinguished by the dull, monotonous railway.

One of the first, if not the very first, lines of road in Great Britain, whose prosperity was invaded by the steam-boat, was that between Glasgow and Greenock.* The steam-ships of the Clyde quickly laid up the Glasgow coaches in the coach-yard, turned adrift their guards and drivers, arrested the life and bustle that pervaded its whole length, and reduced it to what it now is—merely the ghost of a road.

But it was once otherwise with the Greenock road, and well do we recollect the long coaches, like so many Noah's arks mounted on wheels, that used to ply in dozens on that now despised and neglected highway, and the many pleasant and merry excursions on which they joyously bore us. It was on one of these occasions that we picked up the following incident.

On the occasion alluded to, we were proceeding to Greenock by the——we forget the name of the coach, but it was one whose panels were adorned by a series of pictorial representations of oak-leaves, green oaks; referring to the commonly believed but false etymology of the name of the town above mentioned. We were seated beside the driver, a fine intelligent old fellow, who had been upon the road for upwards of twenty years. It was a delightful day, and we were rolling cheerily along, when we came suddenly, at a turn of the road, upon a boy, of ten or twelve years of age, who was trudging the footpath towards Greenock. He seemed sorely fatigued, and so exhausted that he could hardly prosecute his journey. Compassionating the poor boy's situation, (for he was very indifferently clothed,) we called the driver's attention to him, and hinted that he might do a worse thing than give the poor lad a seat on his coach. Our friend demurred, alleging that he might be found fault with; and adding something about the boy's being, he had no doubt, some run-away apprentice from Glasgow, going to Greenock to enter on board ship as a sailor; such occurrences being frequent in these days.

"We will give you a reasonable fare for the boy," said we.

* Some of our London readers may not be aware that Greenock stands in somewhat the same relation to Glasgow that Gravesend does to London.

"That alters the case," replied the driver, and, without saying another word, he pulled up, and called on the boy to mount. The boy hesitated, and stared the surprise which he felt; he could not believe that the invitation was in earnest.

"Come up, you young rogue, you," repeated the driver;—"here's a gentleman going to pay your fare to Greenock, although I dare say you don't deserve it; for I'm sure you've run away from the loom, or some other honest calling, and left your mother with a heavy heart."

The boy now no longer hesitated, but, catching the projecting iron footstep of the coach, was in a twinkling seated on the top, apparently to his very great satisfaction.

"This affair, sir, of picking up the boy," said the driver, after we had again started, "puts me in mind of a rather curious incident that happened some years ago on this road."

"Ay," said we; "what was it?"

"I'll tell you what it was," said our friend the driver; and he immediately gave us the following story:—

"About fifteen years ago," he began, "there was amongst my passengers, one day, a lively, kind-hearted, buxom elderly lady, seemingly well to do in the world; for she was clad in silks, and sported a purse a yard long and well filled.

"Well, just as we were getting along, as we are just now, and not above a mile from this very spot, we overtook a boy in precisely the same situation as this one here; he was barefooted, too, and was sadly knocked up with walking; he could hardly crawl along, and his face was all begrimed with weeping. The poor boy appeared to be in sad case, to be sure. Well, the good soul, my lady passenger, seeing him, her honest, motherly heart bled for the poor boy. She thrust her head out of the window, and called on me to stop. I did so. She then pulled out her purse, and putting some silver into my hand (double the amount required), desired me to hand the boy into the coach, she having previously obtained the leave of the other passengers to do so. I immediately did as she desired me,—thrust the boy into the coach, slapped close the door, mounted to my seat, and drove off.

"I, of course, knew no more of what passed at this time. I laid down my passengers, boy and all, at the White Hart inn, Greenock; and there my knowledge of them ended.

"Two or three days after this, however, I happened to have one of the gentlemen up with me again who was passenger when the lady brought the boy into the coach, and he told me that she was extremely kind to him, as kind as a mother could have been. On their arriving at the White Hart, she took him into the house, and gave him a plentiful supper, paid for his bed there, and breakfast next morning, and at parting put a guinea into his hand. The boy stated that he had been bred a weaver, frankly owned that he had run away, but gave as a reason the harsh treatment of a step-mother, and an unconquerable aversion to the loom. He also added, that it was his intention to go to sea, and that he had a maternal uncle in Greenock, a carpenter, who, he had no doubt, would assist in getting him a ship, although he did not well know where to find this relative.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

"Well, you see, sir," continued the narrator, "time, after this, wore away as it had done before, year after year, and here was I still handling the whip, as I am doing now. Ten years, I think, or thereabouts, had passed away, and I had long since forgotten all about the boy and his kind patroness, when a swashing, fine-looking, gentlemanly young fellow, with the cut of a sailor about him, although wearing a long coat, and sporting rings on his fingers and a bunch of gold seals at his watch, mounted one day on the coach-box beside me. He had engaged and paid for an inside seat, but took the out from choice.

"'Well, old fellow,' said he, (for, like all his class, he was frank and cheerful;) 'Well, old fellow,' he said, sitting down beside me, 'up with your anchor, and get under weigh. Come, that 's it,' as he saw me lay the whip to the horses, 'give her way there,—send her through it, my hearty. It 's a long while since I was on a coach before, though I've been in a *gig* often enough.'

"'Well, then,' says I, 'sir, them 's more dangerous than coaches.'

"'Avast there,' says he, 'what sort of gigs do you mean?'

"'Why, two-wheeled ones, in course,' says I.

"'Aha, out there, old boy,' says he, slapping me on the shoulder; 'the gigs I mean have no wheels at all.'

"'Queer codgers they 'll be,' says I.

"'Not a bit,' says he. 'Aren't ye up, old fellow Don't ye know that a certain kind of small boat belonging to a ship is called a gig?'

"'Didn't know it, sir,' said I.

"'Well, you know it now, old chap; so bear it in mind, and I 'll give you a glass of brandy and water at Bishopton.'

"Well, you see, sir," continued the narrator, "all this is not much to the purpose of my story; but I just wished to give you some notion of the pleasant off-hand way of my passenger.

"Having cleared Cartsdyke, we were getting along cheerily, when the captain,—for I had by this time found out that my passenger was captain of a large West-India ship that had just arrived at Greenock, and that he was now on his way to Glasgow to see his owners, who resided there—I say, we were getting along cheerily, and were within about three miles of Bishopton, when the captain spied a decent-looking but poorly dressed old woman, trudging along the footpath.

"'I say, skipper,' says he to me, 'what do you think of our shipping that poor old girl, and giving her a lift on her voyage? She seems hardly able to make any way to win'ard.'

"Not being very fond of picking up stragglers in that sort of way, I at first objected. When I did so, he exclaimed, with a sailor's oath, 'I *shall* have the old girl on board. I 'll never forget that I was in a similar situation once myself; nor will I ever forget the kind old soul of a woman that lent me such a hand as I am now about to lend to her. I 'll never pass any poor devil in these circumstances again,—man or woman, old or young,—without offering them a berth in the craft in which I 'm sailing, so long as there 's room to stow them.' Saying this, and at the same time adding, that he would pay me all charges, he sprang off the coach, and had the old woman by the hand in a twinkling, leading her towards the coach, which I had now stopped.

"'God bless you, sir,' said the old woman, as she tottered along with him. 'It will, indeed, be a great relief to me. I am not so able to walk as I once was, and far from being so well able to pay for any other conveyance; and I have a long road before me.'

"'Where are you going to, my good old woman?' said the captain.

"'To Glasgow, sir,' she replied. 'I live there, and have been down at Greenock, seeing some friends there, who, I hoped, might have done something for me. But they all had some excuse or apology for not assisting me, and have sent me away nearly as poor as I went; and that, God knows, was poor enough.'

"'Never mind, mother, pop in there in the meantime,' said the sailor, holding the door of the coach in one hand, and taking the arm of the old woman with the other, to help her in. 'Pop in, and we'll carry you comfortably through to Glasgow, and give you a bit and a sup by the way, to keep your old heart up.'

"Having seen the old woman seated, the captain secured the door, and resuming his seat by me, we drove on.

"On reaching Bishopton inn, where we change horses and rest a bit, the captain, the moment the coach stopped, leapt down, opened the coach-door, and handing out the old woman, led her into the inn, and asked for a private room for himself and her. They were shown into one, when the captain ordered some refreshment to be brought,—some cold fowl, and some wine and brandy.

"He now placed the old woman at the table, and began helping her to the various good things that were on it. While this was going on, he sent for me. When I entered—'Come away, skipper,' said he, seemingly much delighted with his employment of helping 'old mother,' as he called her, to the nicest morsels he could pick out,—'Come away, skipper,' said he, 'and let us see how you can splice the main brace.' Saying which, he filled me up half a tumbler of brandy and water.

"In the meantime, the old lady had finished her repast, and, under the influence of the comfortable feelings which the refreshment she had taken had excited, she began to get a little talkative. 'Well,' said she, after again thanking her entertainer for his kindness, 'it is curious how things do sometimes come about; for I cannot but look, sir,' (addressing the captain,) 'on your kindness to me this day as a return from the hand of Providence for a similar act of charity that I once bestowed on a needy person, and that not very far from where we are at this moment sitting. It 's now, I think, about ten years since,' continued the old lady, 'that, as I was going down by coach to Greenock—I was then in easy circumstances—had plenty of the world, for my husband was then living, and carrying on a thriving business—I saw a poor boy limping along the footpath, and seemingly exhausted with both hunger and fatigue.

"'Well, sir, pitying the poor young thing, I had him taken into the coach, treated him as kindly as I could, and provided him with a night's quarters in the White Hart inn, and put a trifle of money into his hand besides.'

"I wish, sir," here interposed my informant, speaking in his own person, "you had but seen the captain's face while his guest was relating this incident. It grew pale, then flushed, while his eyes sparkled with an expression of intense feeling; he was, in short, greatly excited. At length, jumping from his seat, he rushed towards the old lady, and seizing both her hands in his, exclaimed in a rapture of joy—

"'God bless your old heart, mother!—I, and no other, am—or rather was—the boy whom you so generously relieved on that occasion. I recollect it well; and, now that my attention is called to it, I recognise in your countenance that of my benefactress. That countenance was long present to my memory, and the kind deed with which the reminiscence was associated is still treasured up in my inmost heart. I never—never forgot it, and never will.'

"It was now the poor old woman's turn to be surprised at the strange incident which had occurred,—and much surprised she was, I assure you. She clutched the young man's hand with her palsied fingers, and looked earnestly in his face for a second or two,

as if struggling to identify it with that of the boy whom, ten years before, she had relieved in his distress. At length—

"'Yes, sir, you are the same,' she said. 'I recollect that boy's look well, and though you are much changed—being now a tall, stout, full-grown man—I can trace that look still in your sun-burnt face. Well, sir,' she added, 'you have repaid the kindness.'

"'Have I, indeed! No, that I haven't!' exclaimed the captain. 'That's not the way I pay such debts. However, we'll talk more of the matter when we get to Glasgow; for the skipper here, I see, is impatient to get us off.'

"And such was the case—my time was up. So we all got, as the captain would have said, on board again, and started.

"I may mention here," continued the narrator, "that I, too, now perfectly recollected the incident of the boy's being picked up, and recognised, in my present passenger, the old woman, the person who had done that act of charity. The captain, however, I should not have known; of his face I had no recollection whatever.

"Well, sir, I have now only the sequel of the story to tell you, and shall make it short.

"Captain Archer—for that was the name of the gentleman of whom I have been speaking—having ascertained that his benefactress was in very distressed circumstances, her husband having died a bankrupt some years before, gave her a handsome sum in hand to relieve her immediate necessities, and settled on her an annuity of thirty pounds per annum, which was duly paid till her death by the owners of the ship he commanded."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MRS. INCHBALD.

This lady, whose name is well known as the authoress of The Simple Story, Nature and Art, and a host of dramatic pieces, was born at Staningfield, a farm in the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmonds, in the county of Suffolk, on the 15th of October, 1753. Her father, who died in her infancy, left a large family of daughters, all, but particularly Elizabeth, the subject of this memoir, remarkable for personal beauty. At the age of sixteen she is described as being "tall, slender, straight, of the purest complexion, and most beautiful features; her hair of a golden auburn, and her eyes full at once of spirit and sweetness." Her education had, however, been totally neglected, and although she possessed a strong love of reading, it was not to be expected that her choice should always be the wisest. Nor are we surprised that ill-directed reading, and a casual acquaintance with some member of the Norwich Theatre, should early have inspired her with a passion for the stage.

Her first effort to gratify this inclination was an application to the Norwich manager, which was unsuccessful. Her disappointment did not damp her resolution, and in April, 1772, she secretly left her home, and repaired to London, where she found herself in a situation of great difficulty. More than one of her sisters, it is true, had married, and were settled in London; but her object would have been frustrated had they been aware of her presence. She had therefore intended to seek a distant relation, who lived in the Strand; but on reaching the house, she found her friend had retired from business, and was settled in North Wales. It was near ten o'clock at night, and her distress at this disappointment moved the compassion of the people of the house, who kindly offered her a lodging for the night. This civility, however, awakened her suspicions: she had read in Clarissa Harlowe of various modes of seduction practised in London, and feared that similar intentions were meditated against her. These reflections, occurring directly after she had accepted of the proffered accommodation, and being strengthened by an appearance of prying curiosity in her entertainers, Elizabeth suddenly seized her band-box (all her luggage), and, without a word of explanation, rushed out of the house, and left them to conjecture that she was either a maniac or an impostor. She ran she knew not whither; at length she stopped at a house where a bill in the window proclaimed that there were "Lodgings to let," and was on the point of being received under the feigned character of a milliner's apprentice, when the man, from whose house she had escaped, and who had followed her, came up, and threw her into woeful confusion. She was treated as an impostor, threatened with the watch-house, and at length turned into the street. Here she wandered till two o'clock in the morning, when she found herself at Holborn Bridge. Seeing the York stage, which she understood to be full, set off, she entered the inn, pretended she was a disappointed passenger, and solicited a lodging. Here she remained for the night, and the next day was told that another York stage would set off in the evening. This intelligence being communicated with an air of suspicion, which was extremely mortifying, she immediately took out all the money she had, to her last half-crown, and absolutely paid for a journey she never intended to take. The landlady, now satisfied, invited her to breakfast, but this she declined, saying she was in haste to visit a relation. Thus she escaped the expense of a breakfast, and, on returning to the inn, stated that her relation wished her to remain in town a few days longer. By this means she secured her apartment, and avoided the expense of living at the inn, by subsisting on what she could afford to purchase in her walks, whilst the people at the inn supposed her to be entertained by her relation. Her finances were at length so exhausted, that for the last two days that she remained at the inn, she subsisted on two halfpenny rolls, and the water contained in the bottle in her bedroom.

Meantime she occupied herself in seeking an engagement with some theatre, and was willingly listened to by several managers, her beauty procuring her a ready hearing; but, alas! it also procured her insulting offers, which she indignantly rejected. It was under these circumstances that she sought advice from Mr. Inchbald, an actor of reputation, and a man of middle age, whom she had seen at Bury St. Edmonds, and accidentally met in London. He did all he could to soothe her sorrow, and calm the distress she felt at the conduct she had experienced, and recommended marriage as her only protection. "But who would marry me?" cried she: "I would," replied Mr. Inchbald, with eager warmth, "if you would have me." The lady consented, and they were married in a very few days after this singular declaration. Although there was very little love, on the lady's side at least, in this connexion, yet they lived comfortably together: it is true that some domestic discords are recorded by Mrs. Inchbald in a diary, some fragments of which have been preserved, chiefly on account of Mrs. Inchbald's desiring to appropriate some portion of their gains to the relief of her sisters, who had fallen into difficulties, a measure which Mr. Inchbald strenuously opposed. Further than this no disagreement appears to have interrupted the harmony of their union.

Mr. Inchbald carried his wife to Bristol, where she appeared in the character of Cordelia; they subsequently went to Edinburgh, and continued there some years, deriving sufficient emolument from their joint labours to enable them to live comfortably. Mr. Inchbald's health began to fail, and on leaving Edinburgh, a step, according to some biographers, caused by a disagreement with Mrs. Yates, the celebrated actress, she and her husband paid a visit to France, where Mr. Inchbald proposed to follow the profession of a painter, having a tolerable knowledge of that art. This scheme was unsuccessful, and, on their return from France, they were reduced to great straits for want of money, and found considerable difficulty in procuring permanent engagements. Liverpool, Birmingham, and various other places, were visited without success, until at length they found a haven at York, where they resided until the death of Mr. Inchbald, in 1779. At York their gains amounted to about two guineas and a half a week, from which they contrived to save somewhat, and Mrs. Inchbald was enabled to afford a little assistance to her sisters, two of whom were now widows, and in very reduced circumstances.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Inchbald still continued her profession, and in the beginning of the next year accepted a short engagement at Edinburgh; she then returned to York, but soon finally quitted it, and proceeded to the metropolis, where she had procured an engagement, and where she continued to perform till 1789, when she retired from the stage. Her success as an actress was never great, her histrionic powers not rising above the level of respectability; but her fine face and elegant figure gave her great advantages.

Immediately on her arrival in London, she began that course of

industry and economy which she pursued to the end of her life, and on account of which she has frequently incurred the unworthy reproach of avarice. It is true she worked incessantly, and saved every possible penny; but for what did she do this? For her own gratification?—to enjoy the sordid pleasure of gloating over her increasing treasure? Was it for this she denied herself comforts, and sometimes even necessaries? No. Her exertions were all made, and her gains were all applied, for the relief of her aged and infirm relatives. Speaking of one of them in a letter to a friend, she thus expresses herself:—"Poor woman, she is now so infirm that she cannot walk a few paces without resting—her hair as white as snow, and her teeth are all gone." And again—"Many a time this winter, when I cried with cold, I said to myself, 'But, thank God, my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every morning, all her provision bought, and brought to her ready cooked: she would be less able to bear what I bear.' And how much more would I have to suffer, but from this reflection! It almost made me warm when I reflected that she felt no cold."—"I say no, to all the vanities of the world, and perhaps soon shall have to say that I allow my poor infirm sister a hundred a year. I have raised my allowance to eighty, but, in the rapid stride of her wants, and my obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor, a few months, I foresee, must make the sum a hundred." For such objects as these did this noble-minded woman toil and save.

When she settled in London, she began to occupy her leisure hours in the composition of dramatic pieces; and though full half-a-dozen of the MSS., written in a vile cramped hand, on whitey-brown paper (for the sake of economy), and full of orthographical errors, had been rejected, still she persevered, and at length prevailed on Colman, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, to read a farce called "The Mogul's Tale:" it was performed with great applause in 1784, and Mrs. Inchbald received a hundred guineas. Fortune now began to smile on her; the rejected plays were brought forward, and managers no longer took fright at the whitey-brown paper. Mrs. Inchbald rapidly produced a variety of dramatic pieces, for which she received sums increasing in amount as her fame became better established: for the comedy of "I'll tell you What," produced in 1785, she received three hundred pounds, besides a considerable sum for copyright. She had begun her first novel, "The Simple Story," several years before, and had shown the sketch of it to John Kemble, in one of her provincial tours, soon after her return from France. She now drew forth the neglected MS., and completed the "Simple Story," which was published in 1791. Her second novel, "Nature and Art," did not appear until 1796. Besides producing these works and numerous dramatic pieces, she edited a very good collection of English plays, with short notices of each. This edition is still held in esteem.

Mrs. Inchbald did not depart, in the days of her prosperity, from the retirement and economy she had formerly practised. She strictly limited her expenses, which seldom exceeded thirty shillings a week, and to effect this submitted to many personal inconveniences. Although she seldom went into company, she kept up an acquaintance with many distinguished characters of the day, among whom the Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Opie, and several others, were numbered. An interesting anecdote is related of an interview between her and Madame de Staël, which had been contrived by Mrs. Opie. Madame de Staël, who greatly respected the authoress of "The Simple Story," begged her to explain her motives for shunning society. "Because," she replied, "I dread the loneliness that will follow." "What! will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company, than you did before you came hither?" "Yes." "I should think it would elevate your spirits: why will you feel your loneliness more?" "Because I have no one to tell that I have seen *you*,—no one to describe your person to,—no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my 'Simple Story,'—no one to enjoy any of your praises, but myself." "Ah! ah! you have no children!" and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. Mrs. Inchbald, however deeply she felt the pains of solitude, had reason soon to remember that it is not alone the possession of children that can ensure happiness. Two or three days after this interview, she called on Madame de Staël, but she could not see her: she was ill—sick of grief. Her son, a young man of nineteen, had fallen in a duel.

Mrs. Inchbald continued her life of honourable seclusion and virtuous self-denial till the year 1821, when she died at her residence, Kensington, in her sixty-ninth year.

THE PRESENT STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF PERU.*

NATIONS, like men, have their infantine period; and if freed from restraint before they attain to the age of discretion, they are pretty sure to play "fantastic freaks." Such has been the case with the Spanish and Portuguese American colonies. We have lately had occasion to notice Paraguay, where one man has monopolised the freaks of the whole nation, and in his own proper person has exhibited such a succession of enormities as to raise all voices against him. He has certainly succeeded in his professed object—the prevention of popular disturbances, but he has purchased a specious tranquillity at a fearful price. We now turn to Peru, where the people have had it their own way, but the result is only better inasmuch as there is still a possibility that the rising generation, born free, will have a better opportunity of learning—and we hope of exercising—the rights of freemen than their fathers. But a long series of years must elapse, and probably exterior influence, or perhaps coercion, will be required, before they can enjoy the real blessings of rational liberty,—before they can be capable of appreciating the difference between the name and the thing, the shadow and the substance.

The volumes before us contain the results of many years' observation, during a protracted residence in various parts of Peru. The author, Dr. Archibald Smith, left England in 1825, and accompanied the ill-fated Pasco Peruvian Mining Expedition, in the capacity of medical officer. On the dissolution of the company, he for some time betook himself to agricultural pursuits, and resided for a considerable time in the delightful valley of Huanoco; but the disturbed state of the country rendering farming unprofitable, he gave up his "hacienda," and pursued the practice of his profession in several parts of the country, but chiefly in Lima. Hence his opportunities of observation have been good, and the notes which he has now made public are well worth attention. We shall now proceed to glean from his pages some passages on the more interesting topics connected with the fine but disturbed, and consequently impoverished, country of which he treats.

When the general disturbance in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies took place, Peru was at first tranquil, and showed no disposition to throw off the rule of the Spaniards, arbitrary as that was in principle; but it must be recollected that it was mild in practice, and well suited to the people ruled: the influence of the priests over the Indians was exceedingly beneficial, and was exercised in a benignant and almost paternal spirit. Slavery existed, but the chain was so light as to be considered more as a tie of affection than as the fetter of bondage. The personal character of the old Spaniards was of a high order, and their probity and uprightness in commerce was remarkable. Nothing, in fact, could have induced the natives to have revolted, either in Peru or the other Spanish colonies, except the vexatious restrictions on trade; and to these the Peruvians were very indifferent, until they were urged forward by their neighbours. Although as early as the year 1810 the Buenos Ayreans carried the insurgent flag into Upper Peru, yet Lower Peru, or that which is now called the Peruvian Republic, was slow in following their example. In Lima, where Spanish influence and loyalty were strongly concentrated, it was not till 1819, when Lord Cochrane appeared with a liberating squadron on the shores of Peru, that any movement was made; and the presence of St. Martin and his Buenos Ayrian troops was necessary before that became general. Nay, the assistance of a third benevolent neighbour was found necessary to complete the downfall of the Spaniards, and the "Liberator" Bolivar had the honour of putting the finishing hand to the work.

This happened in 1824, and since that time the prosperity of the country has been retrograde. Old establishments have broken down, and no care has been taken to supply their place. Ambition has made men aspire to stations for which they were totally unfit; the resources of the government have been exhausted in the support of troops required for the suppression of continual insurrections, and the most destructive and oppressive means are taken to extort extravagant taxes and imposts, to the utter ruin of trade and agriculture—especially the latter. "In short," says Dr. Smith, "so great is the disorder in every department of the social and political system in Peru, that, to express the sentiments of a friend of ours, and a distinguished Peruvian statesman—'In Peru there cannot, for a long time to come, be any other than a military government: every state pretends to regulate itself by a moral

* Peru as it is; by Archibald Smith, M.D. Two vols. 12mo.—Bentley. London, 1839.

government, but, as we have little or no morality in our land, the bayonet must inevitably direct us. Here we have no industry,—there is not more than one man in ten that labours for his bread; and putting out of the question the "empleados," or those who fill public stations under government, and who are supported at the cost of the state, there is not one in thirty of those mannikins who are daily seen loitering about the streets that live by their own proper industry. Give to the Indian, in whose arm rests our physical strength, an idea of his wants,—let him know the conveniences of civilised life,—in short, enlighten the mass of our people so as to let them understand something at least of the nature and end of government, and then we shall not have daily revolutions. But, situated as we are at present, we have neither capital, industry, nor private security. All is insecure,—all is loose and common, unhinged, unprotected, and without order. Good men have nothing to hope for: the few individuals who have access to our rulers are guided by none but the most sordid motives. It is the ruin of my lacerated country that no man looks beyond his personal interest,—that no one attaches himself to the government with sound intentions, or with any view except that of plunder.' "

In the latter end of 1835, Lima itself became the seat of war. Salaverry, a man of extraordinary energy, and possessing a surprising influence over his countrymen, raised the standard of revolt. The government was paralysed. "Don Jose Louis Orbegoso, in his address to the Peruvians, dated Tarma, January 4th, 1836, and published in the Redactor of Lima on the 9th day of the same month, solemnly affirmed and promulgated that 'the very laws, dictated with the pure intention of securing happiness to the commonwealth, had concentrated within themselves the elements of her destruction. These laws had proved a safeguard to the seditious, and had been the bulwarks of rebellion. Through their operation the executive had been forced to feel the volcano at its feet, though unable to prevent an eruption. Yes, under the overseeing eye of the government, the revolutions had been hatched and brought forth, reared and strengthened into maturity.'

"This acknowledgment, from a president duly invested with extraordinary or dictatorial powers, renounced every rational idea of government, and virtually declared the incapacity of the supreme authority to protect the person, property, or rights of the citizen, or to sustain the necessary subordination of society. By this government, which so frankly declared its own imbecility, men either faithless or inept were, perhaps for want of better, appointed to fill offices of high trust and power; and in this way was kindled the train of that sanguinary revolution, which, in the year 1835, burst forth like the flaming combustibles and poisonous eructations of an overwhelming volcano; spreading consternation, outrage, and desolation, over the wide range of its fearful sweep. But, during the whole of this tumultuous period, the Limenian mob—made up, though it be, of mixed and most variegated castes—illustrated by their example how slow the mind is to cast off early and deeply-rooted habits; for, after the lapse of so many years of civil dissension, they showed that, as a whole, they still retained the feelings of public subjection (unfortunately not turned to account by any steady government) to which, in olden times, they were habituated under the jurisdiction of the Spaniards. For several days during this period there was no sort of police in the capital. The government and garrison had abandoned it, and shut themselves up within the fortress and castles of Callao; but yet the populace showed a singular measure of forbearance, and the instances of outrage and pillage committed in the streets were exceedingly few. At this conjuncture of danger and uncertainty, foreign property in the capital was guarded by marines, English, French, and American, from their respective vessels of war on the station: but, for several months previously to these days of general panic and dismay, the capital had been the theatre of daily broils; the banditti and soldiery being engaged in ceaseless though irregular contest for the mastery both within and without the walls. The inhabitants were affected with a sort of nervous infirmity, or morbid susceptibility of impression, proceeding from the unsubdued feeling of impending danger.

"A pillar of dust rising in the distance, or the smoke of burning weeds in the neighbouring farms, were sure to be attributed by the anxious spectator in the city to the less harmless fire of musketry and skirmishers. On the appearance of any such sign, notice was immediately given from the lofty steeple of La Merced, or the arcade of the bridge opposite the palace balconies. If a playful black boy was seen to gallop on his donkey by the trees of the old Alameda, or suburbs of Malambo, then some mercachifle* or pregonero would instantly give the alarm, which was conveyed by the vocal brotherhood with the rapidity of lightning—and 'Hay viene el negro Escobar y los ladrones!' (Here comes the negro Escobar and the robbers!) was soon ringing through all parts of the city—whereupon in every direction would follow the running tumult of 'Cierra puertas!'—Shut doors!—and then the creaking and heavy clash of massy doors, and the jarring of chains and bolts, as every street and area entrance were closed and barricaded. During these moments of self-imprisonment, suspense, and anxiety, the streets were entirely abandoned by the unarmed populace; and the noise from the pavement, caused by the gently progressive motion of an ambling hack, was exaggerated in fancy, so as to imitate the clang and tread of a hundred horses. It produced the same startling effect in the over-excited imagination of those within (who, to see what passed without, hardly ventured to peep through a key-hole, or from the corner of a latticed balcony), as the unwelcome rattling of a wheeled carriage or the dull Pantheon car, on the morning succeeding a desolating earthquake, never fails to produce on sensitive frames while under the still abiding influence of recent alarm. Under such circumstances of general consternation it was that the timely arrival of irregular troops, '*montonera*,' under the command of a patriot general, Vidal, delivered Lima out of the hands of a formidable band of freebooters under the celebrated negro Escobar, who had already begun the work of depredation, and whose sanguinary disposition, if excited by drink or excess, threatened to realise the worst anticipations of the dismayed citizens. In this very condition of infuriated exultation and inebriety, being in the act of plundering a house in open day, he was surprised, and in less than an hour afterwards shot in the plaza; where, only the day before, he had showed off very proudly under the balconies of the archbishop's palace, mounted on a magnificent black steed, which he had taken by force from the prelate's own stable. But now in his last moments his only intelligible prayer was said to be that he might receive forgiveness from the archbishop, whose sacred dignity he had so recently insulted; and, probably, of all the unhappy Peruvians who are brought to suffer death at the 'banquillo,' there falls not one but shows some mysterious respect for the church; and the greatest criminal among them is never, perhaps, entirely forgetful of his tutelar saint. Whatever their career of life may have been, their faith, well or ill founded, yields them hope at the last hour; and it is allowed by those who witness their tragic end, that they generally die the death of the wicked with the composure of martyrs.

"On the day that General Vidal, with his orderly montonera, entered at the invitation of the municipality—'cabildo,'—for the protection of the terrified city, it was interesting to observe the contrast presented by the negro Cimarones, when arrayed, in the cathedral square of the capital, by the side of the freemen of Huamantanga, and the poor but independent Indians of Yuyos, who, of all their tribe and fellow aborigines, are the least passive under political oppression. In the laughing negroes, the perpetual motion of their long and dangling limbs, never at rest in the saddle, betokened an exuberance and locomotive waste of nervous energy; while, on the other hand, the contemplative-looking and compact little Indian, mounted on his hardy nag, just emerged from the solitary and rugged wilds of the mountains, though surrounded with the novelty and excitement of a great city in confusion, never for a moment lost the composure and serenity of his countenance and demeanour.* These highland bands, together with a few other brave but undisciplined volunteers, inspired the lower order of the Limenians with that transient enthusiasm to which, on extraordinary occasions, they have more than once shown themselves capable of being raised; and simultaneously they rushed to arms as the bells from every spire, tolling the solemn 'llamada a fuego,' or the alarm of conflagration, summoned them to the defence of their beloved Lima, which was menaced, and ultimately attacked, by a formidable sortie from the castles of Callao. The assailants were led on by Solar the governor,* and

* The mercachifle is a licensed pedlar, and the pregonero a news crier.

* "Ever since Europeans became acquainted with the Indian race, self-possession has been noticed as one of their most striking characteristics. Atahualpa was unmoved in the midst of every danger; and Santa-Cruz (of Cacique blood) has, in our own day, signally illustrated the same high feature of character in the Inca family. Finding himself for a moment isolated in the field of battle, and on the point of being pierced through by a trooper, he called out in a commanding voice, 'Alza esa lanza y sigue me!' (Raise that lance, and follow me!) Thus, his presence of mind saved his life; for the mysterious power of a superior mind triumphed over the hostile arm of the infuriated soldier; who now, as we are told, occupies a place in the body-guard of Santa-Cruz."

cousin to the spurious president Salaverry, whose illegitimate cause, now on the eve of being lost for ever, his less energetic relative but faintly sustained. It is worthy of remark, that, even on this momentous occasion, the spirit-stirring 6th of January, 1836, the patrician youth ('los hijos de familia') took no active part. Educated with the utmost tenderness of indulgence, they are more inclined to love than arms. In short, the business of their life is pleasure.

"Until the last memorable rally and sanguinary struggle at Socabaya, near Arequipa, under that Limenian lusus naturæ, General Felipe Santiago Salaverry, the military name of the patriot officers of Peru had been rapidly sinking into utter contempt. By far the greater number of their spirited and intelligent country-women decried the turncoat fraternity, and regretted that they themselves were not born to carry arms, that they might redeem the fallen honour of their country. These degenerate officers seemed to take pleasure in calling every now and then the attention of the public to their vile 'pronunciamientos,' or open abjuration of honourable allegiance to those placed in just authority over them. Such vain and faithless vaunters, whose proudest achievements were but to forsake their duty, bind their chiefs, and desolate their native land, became the objects of public scorn, and were despised even by the softer sex, as being fitter to wield the distaff than the sword. But Salaverry, a man of vast though ill-directed energy and reckless spirit, made the sky re-echo to his shout of 'War to the death!' And such complete ascendancy did he acquire over the minds of his countrymen, by his almost insane impetuosity and appalling executions,* that he not only constrained them to a state of awe and submission, but (what is more remarkable) inspired them, when he pleased, with martial ardour, and made them emulate the deeds of Zepita, Junin, and Ayacucho. During the gloomy reign of the black banner, and continuance of the revolution of Salaverry, the Limenian women, uneasy beneath the accumulating evils of political oppression, made their way into the ranks of the insurgents. Disguised in their mysterious 'mantos,' they circulated patriotic proclamations, and whispered abroad the low and solemn murmur of public opinion,—until at length, on the famous 6th of January, 1836, when the populace rushed to the walls, it was shouted aloud from every mouth—ay, the cannon's mouth,—to the confusion of rapacious upstarts struggling for ascendancy. And still the women played their part,—as they raised the whirlwind, so they rode on it; for, without any metaphor, they were to be seen armed and on horseback amidst the crowd.

"Two days after this display of popular feeling, so unusual in Lima, the provisional president made his entrance into the city amid loud rejoicings that nothing could exceed. A few weeks after this event, the eminently brave General Moran by a gallant assault forced the castles of Callao, then under the command of the insurgent Solar, to capitulate; and, on the 7th of February, General Salaverry lost the hard-contested battle of Socabaya, also called Altos de la Luna, or Heights of the Moon,—a name singularly in character with that high and lunatic excitement which hurried to his doom this enthusiastic child of ambition. He escaped from the field of action with many of his officers, and the remainder of his wearied troops; and, when nearly in sight of their shipping at Islay, they were taken prisoners by our countryman, General Miller, under circumstances which demanded on the part of this very distinguished officer the exercise of that active vigilance, coolness, intrepidity, and self-possession, for which he has been so remarkable throughout his honourable military career.

"On Thursday, February 18, 1836, General Salaverry, and eight of his principal officers, were by sentence of court-martial condemned to death,—and accordingly were publicly shot in the great square of Arequipa. This event, though lamented by a few, was matter of rejoicing to the many, who now looked forwards to the re-organization of the political state of Peru, under the protection of General Santa-Cruz, the president of Bolivia."

In giving some particulars respecting the physical characteristics of this distracted country, we should naturally commence with a description of the mines of Pasco, had we not anticipated that subject in a very graphic description translated from the French, in our twelfth Number; and consequently we shall content ourselves with transcribing a passage descriptive of the effect of rapid transition from a maritime town to the upper regions of the Andes.

"We had not left Casacancha far behind, when one of our fellow-travellers experienced the most distressing headache: his face became turgid, the temporal arteries throbbed with violence, the respiration was difficult, and it seemed to him as if the chest was too narrow for its contents. The other gentleman complained less; it was only a vexatious headache that disturbed him, but his eyes were blood-shot. The writer was still differently affected from either of his fellow-travellers. His headache was moderate; but his extremities soon became quite cold as the sun declined; the skin shrank, and then came on a sense of sickness and oppression about the stomach and heart, with a short, hurried, and panting respiration. His kind associates on this occasion forgot their own ailments in attending to his more urgent wants. They had him carefully wrapped in warm sheep-skins, which formed the usual bedding of the poor Indian family within, and renovated his strength by a cordial basin of hot tea. In this manner, and immersed at the time in the pungent smoke that filled the whole hut, the natural warmth of the extremities and surface was soon restored, so that he became comparatively easy, and passed a better night than either of his two obliging friends.

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"The writer had frequent occasion afterwards to cross this same part of the Cordillera, and, profiting by his first lesson, he took care always to start early in the morning on his day's journey, so as to arrive early in the evening at his quarters for the night. He got refreshment, and turned into bed as soon as possible after his arrival; and took care that he slept warm and dry. By thus avoiding cold and wet, which check perspiration and overload the deep-seated blood-vessels, he ever after on this route avoided the Cordillera sickness.

"More than once we have witnessed the most affecting scenes of moaning and suffering, without the additional misery of the veta, when some wet and cold traveller arrived at Casacancha at a late hour, and threw down as his couch his already half-soaked pellon on a damp mud floor, or earthen bench, and covered himself up for the night with his drenched ponchos. In the morning, a traveller so circumstanced may find his ponchos half-frozen over him; and when he arises, and looks out, he often sees the plain covered with snow which has locked up the herbage from the reach of the shivering cattle that stand fettered on the plain."

The highly rarefied state of the atmosphere in these high regions frequently causes great distress for a long period, until the sufferer becomes acclimatised; but the very sudden change, both in the temperature and density of the air, must produce very deleterious effects on the constitutions of those frequently subjected to it. The journey from Pasco to Lima generally occupies four days, but it has been performed in fifty hours. So rapid an alternation of climates is sufficient to disorder the best-organised frame.

If the Limenians were frequently subjected to this trial, we should not be surprised at learning that they suffer much from indigestion and consumption; but, although Dr. Smith bears honourable testimony to many excellent qualities possessed by the Limenians, both of Spanish and mixed blood, yet he cannot conceal the fact, that they are generally, especially the pure Spaniards, indolent to an excess, and so absorbed by the pursuit of pleasure, as to render any attempt at the introduction, or at least the maintenance, of any regular system of education almost abortive. It is sufficient to say, that the children of the best families require to be coaxed and bribed before they will consent to go to school in the morning, to show the lamentable state of society, and the total want of that moral energy which alone renders a nation worthy to be free. And now the question naturally arises, how is it that such a people ever summoned up enough resolution to throw off their taskmasters, and take upon themselves the weight of self-government. Here we must quote Malvolio—'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them.' The latter was the case of the Peruvians: they were tranquil and happy under the rule of the Spaniards; grumbling occasionally at the restrictions under which they laboured, especially those which shut out all of mixed blood from participation in the honours of the state, and even from the exercise of all professions, except the medical, which, strange to say, was, and is, almost wholly in the hands of people of colour, men and women—the latter being especially esteemed. The Limenians are singularly delicate in

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* "Only three weeks before he made his revolution, he had suppressed another in the castles of Callao, and shot every fifth man engaged in it. His own treason, while it succeeded, he called patriotism; but he was doomed to suffer the punishment of a rebel."

their constitutions, and are so fond of being doctored, that they are very seldom well: the advice of one physician is never enough, —they are fond of seeking the prescriptions of several, and, as the one knows not that the other is employed, the jumble of medicines and contrary systems of treatment pursued, must assuredly send many to their long-home, who might have lived and done well, did not this extraordinary mania possess them. They cannot even die with satisfaction unless they die according to rule—*Morir en regla*.

"This expression, which means to die according to rule, is one which all good Catholics are most solicitous to realise for themselves and friends; and the custom it refers to is deemed of the utmost importance in a religious and professional point of view.

"When a physician visits a patient, and finds him in a doubtful or critical state, he must never omit to warn the patient or his friends of his real situation, with a view to enable them to call a medical consultation, and allow time for testamentary preparations and spiritual confession. The neglect of this precautionary measure would, in the event of the disease terminating fatally, bring great blame on the physician; but, after he has notified what he considers to be the patient's real condition, then, whether the parties interested in such communication choose to act upon his advice or not, he has acquitted himself properly; and when the patient, previously confessed and sacramented, dies with the benefit of a consultation, or duly assisted by a medical junta, he is said to die according to rule, that is, *morir en regla*.

"The great medical juntas in Lima, by which we understand consultations where more than four or five doctors are met together, are remarkable occasions of oratorical display. The warmest discussion frequently turns on the dose, composition, or medicinal operation of some common drug; and all the learning, method, and criticism, sometimes discovered at these solemn debates, terminate not unfrequently in the most simple practice, by which the nurse is enjoined to have recourse to the jeringa, and the patient told he must drink 'agua de pollo,' or chicken-tea, until the return of the junta. In former times such consultations were called oftener than necessary, because a great junta became a sort of ostentatious exhibition, in which all who could afford to cite a group of doctors desired to imitate the great and the wealthy.

"A sample, on a little scale, of such fashionable follies, is familiar to the Limenian in the well-known local story of the two doctors, who, for a month or more, daily met in consultation at the house of a family in town, where, as they retired to the supposed privacy of a consulting-room, the one would clear his throat, and ask the other, '*Come el enfermo hoy?*'—May the patient eat to-day?—to which the second doctor would reply, '*Como no? si, comera.*'—Why not? yes, he shall eat. Thus, day after day, began and ended the consultation, as far at least as its topics of discussion concerned the patient; while the good old doctors spun out a regular allowance of time before they rejoined the patient, or his attendants, serenely to announce the well-matured result of their conference. A man of *nous*, accustomed to listen behind the scenes, at length broke in upon their consultation; and dismissed them one day by paying to each his usual fee, and telling them both how happy he was to find that he now knew as much as themselves, for that he could repeat as well as anybody, 'Come el enfermo hoy?—Como no? is, comera.'

"A medical junta in Lima is commonly continued morning and evening, and from day to day, till the patient is pronounced to be out of danger. As the junta breaks up after each separate meeting, it is customary for the president of the meeting, or one of the physicians, to say, as he leaves his seat, 'Vamos a consolar al enfermo,'—Let us go to console the patient; and then all the doctors present re-enter the patient's apartment to soothe and to console him; and after this one of the number steps forward to lay down the regimen—'a dar el regimen'—agreed upon in consultation, and which one or more nurses and attendants are now ready to receive from the mouth of the physician. After the formality of a junta is thought no longer necessary, it often happens that, by wish of the patient or his relatives, two or more of the medical advisers return at separate hours, but by mutual agreement, for several days, by way of further security to the sick, or as a source of satisfaction to his family.

"After all the care possible bestowed on the part of doctors, it often happens that, when the patient recovers, San Antonio, or any other saint after whom the individual is named, has all the credit of the cure; but, when the case is unprosperous, then all the evil is ascribed to human agency.

"In Lima, as elsewhere, it will readily enough be admitted in general terms that all must die; but regarding this proposition, when death strikes any one in particular, difficulties at once suggest themselves; for the surviving friends are ever ready to assign many reasons why they are quite sure the deceased might have escaped, had it not been for this or that physician that misunderstood his malady. Hence it may be said that it is only in well-regulated juntas, and in public hospitals, that the people of Lima are supposed to glide to their latter end by fair and natural means. Upon this subject we heard it remarked by a sagacious native, 'Should a gambler lose at a cock-fight, he does not attribute the loss to any fault in the cock, but to some trick done to him; if a horse lose in a race, his owner never acknowledges the cause of the failure to be in the animal, but assigns it to some accident thrown in his way: and surely, when we know that on such comparatively trivial occasions men thus talk and think, it is but natural for them, in an affair of such moment and interest as life itself, never to believe that a friend or relative loses his existence from any fault of his own, or any defect in his organization, but rather that his demise should be charged, as we see it is, though often unjustly, on the blind and stumbling ignorance, or unpardonable carelessness and indifference, of the physicians.'

"One common consequence of this mode of thinking is, that, by a single fatal case in practice, all the former success of the practitioner is overlooked, at least for a time; from which it follows that various medical advisers are sure to replace one another often in those families where death is a frequent visitor.

"We seldom meet in families that shyness or reserve in divulging bodily ailments which can render them reluctant to change their family physician; and no physician, though specially intrusted with a patient, can be sure that others of the profession do not, at secret interviews, tamper with his peculiar treatment. This baneful custom leads to professional jealousies and mutual distrust. We believe many families countenance it from motives of consideration for the doctor *ostensibly* in trust, whose self-love they propose to spare by this clandestine practice, where they think a more open manner of proceeding would be repulsive to his feelings. There is, however, another very obvious reason which lends its influence to this furtive system of visiting the sick; and it is, that by this means the opinion of several advisers may be had at comparatively little expense. Should only two individuals be called to meet at the bedside of the patient at an appointed hour to consult on his case, the meeting is a *bonâ-fide* junta, and each member of it is entitled to his four or four-and-a-half dollars; whereas the single visits are only valued at one dollar each, and such detached visits are in many instances not paid by the sick, but by the friends at whose request the professional calls are made. Here then is great economy; eight opinions (and if the patient be poor, so that he is only expected to pay a half-dollar fee for a detached visit, *sixteen opinions*) may be procured for the standard price of two when given in consultation; and custom, as well as reason and prudence, require that several opinions should be taken in cases of hazard and difficulty.

"Owing in a considerable degree to the comparative poverty of the present times, medical juntas are by no means so frequent as they used to be; but yet it is a common saying on serious occasions, where the assistance of more than one medical adviser is thought necessary, that more is seen by four eyes than by two.—'*Mas se ve con cuatro ojos que con dos.*' By multiplying skill according to this rule, a score of eyes may be assembled in one junta to search into the patient's obscure malady, so as to point out the cause and the remedy; or, if there should be no other alternative, let him die according to rule."

We must here conclude, although we have been obliged, from want of space, to omit the mention of many topics to which we should have been glad to allude. Peru has once more been disturbed by an invading swarm of Chilians, who took possession of Lima, plundered the country, and ill-treated the people. The latest intelligence is, however, that Santa-Cruz had all but destroyed the invaders. We earnestly hope that Dr. Smith's anticipations will be realised, and that, under the protection of Santa-Cruz, Peru will enjoy tranquillity, and the blessings of a settled and energetic government, acting with wise and liberal views. This alone we believe to be necessary to call forth the dormant resources of the country, to revive her fainting commerce, to restore her ruined agriculture, and improve her ill-managed mines. Whilst the rest of the world is marching onward, let us hope that Peru will no longer continue to lag behind.

PADDY AND THE BEAR; OR, HOW TO TELL A STORY.*

OF all story-tellers, commend me to an Irishman! There is a roundness and a fulness in his brogue, a twinkling humour in his eye, a richness and a raciness in every word he utters, which renders him the glory of a social circle—the very heart-strings and life-blood of merriment! I presume all your readers have seen the caricature of the Scotchman, the Englishman, and the Irishman, admiring the pretty girl in the mercer's shop, and all anxious to have a chat with her. They must also have read the humorous anecdote of the experiment being tried which of the representatives of the three nations would give the best answer to the proposition to stand all night naked, during a storm, on the top of a steeple. John's ideas of the thing centred in his belly,—give him bread, cheese, and ale, and a certain sum, and he would "try the job." Sandy, with his usual caution, looked over his shoulder, and, instead of saying what he would *take*, inquired, "What will ye gi'e us?" But Paddy, ready-witted Paddy, replies, "Take! take! what would I take, is it? Arrah, I'd *take* a very great *cowld*."

Sitting one night, lately, in company with Scotchmen, Englishmen, and Irishmen, a dispute arose whether the Irish brogue or Scotch *patois* was best adapted for telling a story. This, of course, led to a very animated introductory discussion, in which it was admitted that the Doric dialect of the Scotch had been rendered classical by the great writers who have introduced it into their works, or made it the vehicle of conveying their ideas; and, of course, Burns, Galt, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Sir Walter Scott, were duly honoured. But the pride of an Englishman was roused; he volunteered to tell a story of *his own* as humorous as any an Irishman or a Scotchman could tell, and he thus began:

"Why," says he, "one dark and stormy night I found myself in the town of Paisley, the region of shawls and pullicates, and other woven commodities. The house of 'entertainment for man and *beast*,' into which I had the honour of being received, was graced by the presence of a little red-haired fellow, who from being weaver had turned waiter, and certainly there was more of the *loom* than of the *bar* about him. 'Hallo, waiter,' says I, 'what have you got in this here house?' 'What's your *wull*, sir?' 'Wool, wool! Zounds, sirrah, do you take me for a wool-seller, a sheep, or a negro?' 'I was just *speering*, sir, what your *wull* was,' replied little carrotty, with all due humility. 'What's my will! Why, what's that to you—do you want a legacy? Come, get supper, sirrah,' says I; and seeing as how he was an ignorant Scotch lump of a fellar, and didn't know nothing, I determined to have a little sport with him. So when he came in again, says I, 'Pray, my little fellow, what's o'clock?' 'It will be *half* ten, sir,' he replied. 'Half ten, sirrah; is it but five?' 'No, sir, it's half an hour from ten.' 'And what is half an hour from ten? Is it half an hour after nine, or half an hour past ten?' 'I only meant to say it will be half an hour after nine.'"

"Aisy, my darling," said an Irishman in company, "maybe your thravels have been printed afore, or you've helped yourself to a leaf from Captain Grose." "'Pon my honour, this here adventure did happen to me; and if it didn't, may I *never* stir *no* more from this here spot." "Never mind it, my dear; but take an Irishman's advice. When you tell a story, *invint*, but never *borrow*. When you write, let your pen be a diamond, and use the sun for an ink-bottle. Och, my jewel, *invintion* is the thing: I'll tell you a story that will just give you a bit of an idea of what I mean.

"Once upon a time," said Paddy, and his face was lightened with a smile, "once upon a time, my darlings, and it's not very long ago, an Irishman, and a friend of my own, took it into his head that he would leave his master dear, and try *a better country*. I do not mean to say that a better country there is under the whole face of heaven; but times are bad, and many a dacent man thinks he might get a better bit and sup by *emigration* than he can get in his own dear country. His master sent for him, and he says, mighty sharp, "Well, Thady, what's this I hear about you?'

"'Och, my jewel, you can hear nothing about me but myself, and I'm not speaking.'

"'But you are going away, Thady,—you are going away, they say.'

"'You may say that, sir, for I'm two stone lighter than when I came to you.'

"'But what's taking you away, Thady?'

"'Just my own feet and legs, dear!'

"'You are very short with me this morning, Thady.'

"'Why, then, I think I'm as long as I was yesterday. But, master dear, I'm going to *Amerikay*, to get a bit o' land for myself and Judy, and where we'll get praties for the childer just for the digging, and have a sweet little cabin of our own, far in the woods, and the never a morsel o' *rint* to pay!'

"'But, Thady, are you not afraid of the *blackamoor* wild Indians that live in the woods? They will come down some dark night, and *tomahawk* you!'

"'Afraid! is it an Irishman afraid? They *tummayhawk* me! There's not a man among them all could play long bullets with my brother Phelemy, and show me one o' them could touch me at the first fisteen! But sure, master dear, I would not know one o' them from Adam when I *seen* them.'

"'Oh, Thady, they are wild-looking black rascals, and you had better stay at home than venture among them.'

"'Stay at home, is it? Arrah, my dear, poor Thady has no home to go to; for the landlord put poor Judy out for three and sixpence, and now I'll stay no longer here. Och! sweet Mulligan, sweet Mulligan, and the days o' my youth, when I was fed like a fighting-cock, and Judy was my darling, and the world was light and easy on us! It was then that we had the great big noggins o' broth for dinner, instead o' the crabbed, pock-marked praties that the pigs in Mullingar wouldn't eat, and butter-milk as thin and sour as *crame o' thartar!* Farewell, master dear, and may God Almighty be wid yees all!'

"So over the salt seas poor Thady went, and Judy, that never had been on the rowling ocean before, now saw nothing at all at all for weeks but the green sea and blue sky. Och, but it's myself could discourse about the sea and the sky!—how the whales, and the dolphins, and the sharks, rowle in the water; and the pretty stars, and the moon, and the sun, look down upon the coral beds at the bottom o' the sea; and when the wind begins to blow like mad, and the waves go up and then go down, and the sails are torn into shreds with a noise like thunder, and the masts go by the board, and there's ten feet water in the hold, and the ship is sucked down into the bubbling sea; and, just before it goes down, men, women, and children send up one dreadful scream, that rises above the blast, and pierces the very gate of heaven! There's description for you!

"But Thady arrived safe in Quebec, with Judy and the children, and then off they trudged into the woods, to try and get a bit of land to settle on. Some Irish neighbours helped him to get up a cabin to shelter the family, and he says to one of them, 'Where do thim *blackamoor* negur Indians live, that I heerd about in our own country?'

"'Och, beyant there in the woods.'

"'And Corny, tell me, have you ever seen any o' them?'

"'Seen them! To be sure I have, there's scores o' them in the woods, black, ugly devils they are!'

"'And what makes them black, Corny? Sure, couldn't the dirty cratures keep themselves Christian white?'

"'It's the climate, they say; but what the climate is, myself doesn't know. Something they rub on them when they are young.'

"'The dirty heathen brutes! But sure they must have the stuff plenty among them—I wish we had some of it, and I would rub little Barney with it, for an *experiment*.'

"From that day forward, Thady was very eager to see a *blacka-*

* This little sketch, by one of our regular contributors, has already appeared in print.

moor Indian. One day roaming the woods with his hatchet in his hand, he saw a quare looking trout reclining at his ease on the green sod. Thady was sure he had now clapped his eyes on one of them, and coming up, 'Musha,' says he, 'bud I never seen one o' your sort afore—why, man, you'll get your death o' *cowld* lying there!'

"The wild man of the woods looked up. 'Queen o' glory, what a nose! They may talk o' Loughey Fudaghen's nose, but by the powers, your nose beats the noses of all the Fudaghens put together! Get up, like a good fellow; I've an odd tester left, and if there was a sheebeen near, I'd give you a snifterer.'

"The quare chap did get up, but my jewel, he appeared disposed to try a fall with Thady. 'And is it for wrestling you are? Cushendall for that—but stop, agrah, you grip too tight—take your fist out o' my shoulder, or I'll have an unfair *hoult* o' you! Oh! bad luck to you, and the tailor that made your clothes, he has left no waistband on your breeches—oh, murder, murder, you're the jewel of a squeezer!' But Thady contrived to get his tobacco knife out, and gave him a *prod* in the right place, and down he fell, to rise no more. 'Oh, murder, murder! I've *kilt* one o' them *blackamoor* blackguards! I'll be hanged, as I'm a living man, I'll be hanged—och, why did I leave ould Ireland? Poor Judy and the childer will see me die an unnathral death for this blackamoor thief! Och hone! och hone! what will I do? what will I do?' A neighbour in the woods came up. 'And what ails you, Thady? you roar like a bull in a bog.' 'Och! och! but I'm a sorrowful man this blessed day! I just gave one o' them thieves a prod, and there he is.' 'Mercy on us, Thady! that's a bear, that ten men couldn't kill!' 'Musha, is that a bear? By the powers, I'll drop them to you for a tester the dozen!'"

PRACTICAL JOKES IN THE EAST INDIES.

A GENTLEMAN in the East India Company's service, equally eminent for his hospitality and his love of practical jokes, derived almost incessant amusement from playing tricks on the fresh comers from Europe. No sooner had he heard of the arrival of a fresh batch of "griffins," than he hastened to the beach, and, as he was somewhat of a physiognomist, selected the most simple and innocent-looking for the exercise of his talent. He once met a young cadet, exceedingly puzzled about his luggage, which he was unwilling to trust to the *coolies*, or porters, who ply between the beach and the town. The crafty old civilian, with affected sympathy, inquired the nature of his distress, and related so many stories of trunks disappearing, and coolies running away, that the young cadet was quite terrified, and was easily persuaded to have his baggage placed inside the palanquin, while he proceeded to town seated on the outside. This was just as if, in the days of sedan-chairs, a person had placed his luggage within, and astounded the chairmen by perching himself on the top. In this singular guise, much to the amazement and amusement of all who met him, the young man proceeded to report his arrival at the town-major's office, where he was informed of the trick that had been played upon him, by which he was made the laughing-stock of Madras, and exposed to the danger of a *coup de soleil* into the bargain.

Some years elapsed; the cadet became an officer in the command of an outpost, and one day examining the passports, without which, until very recently, no European was allowed to travel through the interior, he recognised the name of the civilian who had given him so uncomfortable a ride. He went to the gentleman's tent, planning various schemes of retaliation, and found that he had gone to enjoy the luxury of bathing in a tank beyond the village. The officer immediately had all the civilian's clothes removed so craftily, that he did not discover his loss until he left the water. The scorching sun soon began to blister his naked body, and yet he could not venture to take the shortest road to his tent through a populous village, but was forced to make a circuit through thorny and pathless tracks. In the evening the clothes were restored, with a polite note, and the following lines:

> "You gave me a ride on a palanquin,
> I gave you a walk in the sun;
> Now, neither can laugh at the other, I ween,
> For both have been properly *done*.
> The difference between us I thus may express:
> I was done very raw in the town;
> And when you reflect, I am sure you'll confess
> In the country that you were done brown!"

Major Bevan's Thirty Years in India.

EXETER HALL.

ONE of the most striking and picturesque of the three great annual festivals of the Jews, was the Feast of Tabernacles. It took place immediately after harvest, when they had "gathered in their corn and wine," and their hearts were gladdened by the gifts of mother Earth. From all quarters of the kingdom flocked the Jews to Jerusalem, there to live in tents or booths, and to make themselves merry "with wine and strong drink," as they were commanded. Neither were they to appear "empty;" they were to carry "gifts" in their hands; and all ranks, high and low, rich and poor, were to enjoy a week of mirth and rejoicing.

Our "MAY MEETINGS" form the "Feast of Tabernacles" to our modern religious world. The analogy is certainly not quite complete: the Jews met in harvest, while we meet in spring; and the "wine and strong drink" are now supplanted by reports and strong speeches. Yet is not "strong drink" altogether banished from the precincts of Exeter Hall. Underneath that great room, where the Temperance Society sometimes hold their annual meetings, are vaults stored with bottled malt; and if the visitor wanders round by the back of the building, he will find out the entrance to Exeter Hall cellars, and see the placards of "Guinness's Extra Stout" outstaring those of the "Prayer-book and Homily Society." This, however, is a mere parenthetical observation, and may be passed over. As to the other points in the analogy between the Jewish and the Christian Feast of Tabernacles, we may remark that Exeter Hall is the Temple; the Jews met after harvest, when their hearts were disposed to be liberal, and we meet about the borders of summer, when the biting and blackening north-east winds are generally somewhat abated, when the "town" is filling with visitors, and Hyde Park is in full feather on a Sunday. Then it is that reports are made up, and Committees meet, and speeches are poured forth, and collections are made; day by day is the great room of Exeter Hall crowded with fair and fashionable audiences; placards on all walls announce sermons by "great guns," who have come up from the provinces, and the whole religious world of London is in a pleasurable state of excitement.

The RELIGIOUS WORLD!—what a curious phrase that is! It is a self-contained world, and revolves in an orbit of its own. Like the planet Saturn, it has many satellites and a ring, nevertheless it does not comprise the whole solar system. Hundreds, ay, and thousands, born and bred in London, have never been in Exeter Hall; and at the very moment that lions are roaring within, and the cheers of a crowded auditory are making the roof to ring again, the great tide of human existence sweeps up and down the Strand; and if you were to step into some adjoining confectioner's shop to eat a bun, and ask, "What's a-doing in the Hall to-day," the answer would probably be, "Really, I don't know, Sir." But, for all that, the "Religious World" is a large and influential one. Like the tribes of Israel, it is composed of many bodies, some of whom do not regard others with a cordial affection; but over the entrance of Exeter Hall is inscribed

ΦΙΛΑΔΕΛΦΕΙΟΝ

which, being interpreted, is supposed to signify the abode of the brotherhood.

What amazing changes do certainly take place, when once the hand of alteration and improvement is let loose! Where, now, is Exeter 'Change, that huge, clumsy, ugly building, that once jutted out into the street, obstructing and deforming the Strand? Upwards of a century ago, a writer on the buildings of London and Westminster complained bitterly of Exeter 'Change, as an abominable nuisance; yet there it stood, till about ten years ago.

It is supposed to have been built in the reign of William and Mary, as a speculation, and took its name from some adjoining mansion of the Bishops of Exeter. The lower story, at the beginning of the last century, was appropriated to the shops of milliners; and upholsterers had the upper. Here, also, exhibitions were held; and at last a portion of it was parcelled off into cages for a menagerie; and all visitors of London were expected to see the wild beasts at Exeter 'Change, as well as the lions at the Tower. "Passing one day," says Leigh Hunt, "by Exeter 'Change, we beheld a sight strange enough to witness in a great thoroughfare—a fine horse startled and pawing the ground at the roar of lions and tigers. It was at the time, we suppose, when the beasts were being fed." But an "emancipation act" was passed, and the beasts were not liberated, but somewhat enlarged; Mr. Cross carried them from Exeter 'Change to the Mews at Charing Cross; and when the ground on which stood the Mews was wanted as a site for the National Gallery, Mr. Cross crossed the Thames, and, in imitation of the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, founded the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

When it was resolved to pull down Exeter 'Change, and to widen the Strand, some of the influential leaders and movers in the religious world started the scheme of building an "immense edifice," for the meetings of the various societies. Hitherto, there had been no central point of union; some of the chief societies held their meetings in the fine room of the Freemasons' Tavern. But though this hall will hold 1,500 persons, it sometimes could not accommodate one-half who clamoured for admittance. In 1829 the project was taken up of building on the site of Exeter 'Change the present structure, which has received the name of Exeter Hall. It was erected by a company, who subscribed shares: and additional expense was defrayed by donations. The management of the Hall is under the direction of a committee or society, of which Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., is Chairman. The building was completed and opened in 1831.

The stranger, walking along the Strand, might miss Exeter Hall, unless he looked sharp. The entrance is of an ornamental character, but being narrow, and flanked by shops, it is apt to be passed in the bustle of the Strand. The entrance is a porch or portico, formed of two Corinthian pillars, with a flight of steps from the pavement. But the building extends a great way back. The principal room is 90 feet broad, 138 in length, and 48 high, and is lighted by 18 large windows. It will hold 3,000 with ease, and 4,000 crowded. The platform is at the east end, and can accommodate 500 persons: it is fenced from the rest of the Hall by a railing. Underneath the large hall is a smaller one, for meetings of a more limited character; and there are various rooms appropriated to the use of particular committees or societies. Sometimes, there are meetings in both the halls at the same moment; and a speaker in the lower room will occasionally be annoyed by the reverberations of the thunders of applause shaking the great room above him.

It is only societies of a religious and moral nature which hold their meetings in Exeter Hall; but though their objects are apparently one and the same—the improvement of the human race—there are some strong and startling contrarieties in their modes of action, their feelings and opinions. The only society which may be supposed to represent what is understood as the "catholic" character of Exeter Hall, is the BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY. Yet even this noble institution is losing its catholic character; its management has become more and more restricted in the hands of particular parties; and a cloud is now passing over it. If this be the case with such an institution as this, what may we not expect from other societies, more sectarian in their construction and management? At the present moment, the religious world is more widely divided than at any time since these societies came into operation. Members of the establishment, who used to glory in their co-operation with dissenters, now begin to stand aloof, and look stern; and dissenters, who used to join hand in hand with churchmen, are returning scowl for scowl. Antagonistic sounds drop more frequently from speakers in Exeter Hall; allusions to schisms, "even in our own university," draw forth an uproarious tumult of applause; and more frequently than ever are trumpet-blasts heard, and "boot-and-saddle" calls made upon the hearers to resist popery, Socinianism, and infidelity. All this is not exactly in the "spirit of meekness and love;" and if it spreads, the Greek inscription may be erased from the front of Exeter Hall, and "Ichabod" be written in its stead.

Exeter 'Change could not have exhibited a more varied combination of strange and contrary natures in its collection of "fine animals," than Exeter Hall does, in its various meetings. All kinds of sounds and all kinds of action are uttered and exhibited by the speakers. Classic English, broad Scotch, and strong Milesian accents are heard, mingled with Yorkshire, or Northumberland, or harsh north of Ireland; some speakers roar, others lisp, some stand perfectly composed, and others utter lachrymose and trembling sounds, as if awed into fear by the "sea of heads" before them. It is curious, too, to remark how speakers tone their speeches to the particular character of the society in whose behalf they are speaking. At a "Protestant" meeting every thing is screwed up to a high pitch; crowds of elegantly dressed ladies are ready to join the tremendous shouts that ring around the speaker, who has planted his foot on "No surrender," and seems determined to give battle to his invisible foe. A Bible meeting is of a more quiet and sober character; universal benevolence is not supposed to let its voice be heard so loudly in the streets, neither does it make Exeter Hall to tremble under the cry of war. But it would be difficult, indeed, at any meeting, to restrain, if any body wanted to restrain, the spirit of applause, which effervesces at a touch. A solemn appeal to the feelings is answered by a whirring sound, which commences at the platform, and eddies round the hall; some anecdote, told in a taking manner, provokes shouts of laughter, and the audience may be seen all looking at each other, and then at the speaker, some faces stretched into broad grins, and others dimpled with smiles; the announcement of the name of a favourite speaker is the signal for a hurricane; and when one sits down who has given the audience anything like a good speech, he gets value received in a noise, which, if it makes his heart glad, may also make his head ache. It is marvellous how some of the ladies get through the "May Meetings;" they sit for hours together in a crowded hall, and every now and again hear a noise that might waken the Seven Sleepers; but the truth is, without the noises the meetings would be exceedingly *dull*.

The characters who have appeared at Exeter Hall are as varied as the societies that hold their meetings there. On one occasion we may see noble-looking Earl Winchelsea, with his high Protestant principle and church conservatism; on another, silvery-toned Dr. Wardlaw, who lately came all the way from Glasgow to break a lance with Dr. Chalmers. Now stands up the Bishop of London, with his broad chest, high forehead, twinkling eyes, and determined air; graceful, classic Lord Glenelg speaks, as he has often spoken, in aid of the principles of universal philanthropy, and of the diffusion of the Bible round the globe; thundering Dr. Duff, whose slender serpentine figure and lion-like voice make a strange contrast, comes from India to renovate his health, and stir the public on behalf of the "Church of Scotland Missions;"

massive-made and brilliant Dr. Croly, whose glowing imagination is more than a match for his judgment, pours out his stately sentences; pale-faced and exact-looking Lord Ashley patronises the Church Pastoral Aid Society; and startling Hugh M'Neile blows his trumpet in behalf of the Protestant Association. But space would fail us were we to attempt to enumerate either the regular or occasional speakers at Exeter Hall. Burnet, the Independent minister at Camberwell, a splendid platform speaker; Cumming, the Presbyterian minister of Crown Court, a clever fellow; tall, graceful, earnest Baptist Wriothesley Noel, minister of St. John-street chapel, Bedford-row; pleasant Dr. Sumner, the Bishop of Winchester; and boisterous Hugh Stowell from Manchester. More remarkable characters appear at rarer intervals and extraordinary occasions. The "Wandering Jew," Joseph Wolff; doleful Sir Andrew Agnew, whose face has been described as the impersonation of despair; broad, burly Daniel O'Connell, the type of an Irishman in face, figure, and accent; and he, all brain and nerves, who will never rest till he rests in the grave, splendid, extraordinary, restless Lord Brougham.

But the reader would err grievously if he imagined that the May Meetings at Exeter Hall presented an invariable source of splendid intellectual excitement. A treat they are undoubtedly to all who take an interest in the proceedings of societies, whose objects are the good of their fellow-men. But it is not always that the meetings can boast of a succession of good speakers. Not seldom a kind-hearted prosy old man will spin a tedious yarn; or a timid young one, abashed at so many eyes staring full upon him, will tremulously hesitate, and perhaps rally with difficulty, even though buoyed on by a cheer. Yet it does not require a large amount of intellect to make a speech at Exeter Hall. "Here the poorest speakers have a certain degree of advantage, while those of a superior order are heard under less favourable circumstances. He who could not plead the clearest cause at the bar, or discuss a simple question in the Houses of Legislature, may here make a very respectable figure, by telling a few facts in an agreeable manner, and appealing even quietly to the hearts or principles of his hearers. On the other hand, a first-rate debater finds nothing to combat: there is no scope for argument or reply. Logic is thought dry, and definitions tedious; and he who could convince a jury against their will, or carry a senate away by the resistless force of his demonstrations, must here be content to take his stand on the same level with the man whom he may consider as a fifth or sixth rate; while, compelled to rely on his own declamatory talents, he may perhaps make a worse figure than those who possess not a tithe of his abilities or genius."

Perhaps the very best of all the meetings at Exeter Hall during the month of May, is that of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The magnitude of its operations, its professed freedom from all merely local or narrow interests, and the principle of its action—the diffusion of the Bible, and the Bible alone,—render its meetings not now exciting, but pleasing. Even he who refused to admit the Bible to be a revelation, might find much to excite reflection, on the fact of the existence of such a great engine for its diffusion, and translation into the various languages of the earth. The meeting of the London Missionary Society is also an exceedingly interesting one; the Hall is always crowded long before the proceedings commence.

From the latter end of April to the end of the month of May, upwards of thirty different religious societies have held their meetings here. One or two others have held their meetings in Freemasons' Hall and Hanover-square Rooms, and the Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty met last at the "London Tavern." And this mention of the London Tavern reminds us of a traveller's story. The word "tavern," which we have applied to the best of our public-houses, means in Italian the worst. "We remember," says our gossip, "some Italians were much puzzled in reading in the newspapers, that English princes, royal dukes, marquises, and lords, the very pink of our nobility, thought nothing of dining at the *Taverna di Londra* (the London Tavern), which to their ears sounded every bit as vulgar as the Pig and Tinder-box, or the Cat and Mutton."

One word more about Exeter Hall before we part. After the bustle of May, it obtains a long period of tranquillity, being only used at intervals for meetings of an extraordinary nature, arising out of particular circumstances. Some of the rooms are occasionally let for exhibitions of pictures, &c.; others are permanently occupied by the committees and secretaries of certain societies.

QUACKS AND QUACK-MEDICINES.

It is a remarkable fact that England, which claims to be the centre of civilisation, should contain a population more quack-ridden, more credulous as regards the efficacy of universal secret specifics for the cure of disease, than that of any other country in the world. Immense trading establishments are wholly supported by the sale of quack medicines; most of the provincial newspapers derive their principal profits from advertising these pretended remedies; and, as a winding-up of the climax, the government finds a most unholy and disgraceful branch of revenue in the sale of compounds which our rulers know and admit to be impositions upon the uninformed public. In the present enlightened age, there is no Englishman of liberal education to whom it is unknown that, as diseases frequently proceed from causes directly opposed to each other, the remedy that would cure one would aggravate another; that, consequently, a universal remedy, applicable to all diseases, is impossible. The legislature, therefore, in taxing secret remedies and permitting their sale, commits a dishonest act, and tampers with the public morals as well as with the public health.

"They manage things better in France," is now a trite saying, though often very unjustly applied. To the subject under consideration we may however apply it, without being taxed with injustice. In France, no secret remedies are allowed to be sold, under very heavy penalties, involving even corporeal punishment. This is a security to the public against improper and even poisonous compounds. It may be said, in justification of our own law, that the specification at the office of patents affords an equally good security. No such thing:—the specification is an absolute mockery. Scarcely any inventor of a patent medicine specifies the true mode of preparing it, or the real matters of which it is composed. If the medicine consist of a known substance and be the result of a secret process, this is almost impossible of detection; as in the instance of James's Powder, a preparation of antimony, which none of the chemists who aid the College of Physicians in compiling the Pharmacopœia can successfully imitate. If, on the other hand, the constituents of the medicine are unknown and consist of vegetable matters, it is equally difficult to discover them by ordinary chemical analysis, and, when discovered, to ascertain their quantitative proportions. Then, again, who is to bear the expense of such analysis? The government ought, but does not; and no official analysis therefore takes place. The specification is then a mere idle ceremony, upon which it is dangerous to rely.

To such an extent is the blind infatuation carried in favour of secret remedies, that even perfumers, who certainly possess no medical knowledge, nor an education that will qualify them for acquiring it, boldly compose and advertise their nostrums for specific disorders; the barber-surgeon of former times being thus replaced by the perfumer-physician of a more refined age. Every newspaper is eloquent on the miracles wrought by pills and extracts, balsams and ointments, the fruit assuredly of intuitive knowledge—if knowledge of any kind be the seed from which it sprang. Nor are letters and certificates wanting to confirm the impudent lies set forth in the newspaper advertisements. They who trust to them, often find themselves suddenly afflicted with premature and irremediable infirmities; and many, from the effects of such remedies, spend a life of torture and die a lingering and painful death. Thus, not only is the public poisoned with impunity, but the inventors and sellers of the poisonous trash protected and encouraged on account of the bribe paid to the state in the shape of a stamp duty, which, after all, comes from the purse of the dupe who buys,—the price of the stamp being always added to that of the medicine. By a singular inconsistency, many well-educated per-

sons, who rail against quack-medicines, and are well aware that such remedies are entitled to no confidence, use them, nevertheless, in secret. But the pseudo-doctors who compound them are too wise to be guided by such an example, as the following anecdote will show.

A brace of London advertising quacks, brothers we believe, sold, wholesale and retail, a balsam with a singular name, and claiming as many virtues as the far-famed balm of Gilead compounded by Dr. Solomon and his successors. One of these self-styled doctors, who belong to the scattered remnant of the unconverted tribes of Israel, being in bad health, applied to a regular practitioner for advice. "Why don't you take your own balsam?" asked the Christian, for such was the medical man "called in." "Because," the candid patient replied, "it will do me no good. Our balsam is made *for sale*. They who have faith in its virtues will purchase it; and the benefit they derive will be proportionate to such faith. *As I have none*, the balsam will not relieve me, and I have therefore recourse to your professional skill."

Why quackery should have grown to such a goodly tree in England, is matter of interesting inquiry and research. Are we more credulous than our neighbours, or is quackery a plant of indigenous growth in our soil?

In ages long gone by, when the house-leech was barber, surgeon, apothecary, and physician, and high-born dames were cunning in the healing art—when ignorance and superstition paraded arm-in-arm, as the joint guides of civilised man,—medical science consisted as much in charms and ceremonies as in the use, or, according to the technical term employed at present, in the *exhibition* of medicines and the application of medicaments.* This was the case throughout Europe; it is still so in many parts of England, among the ignorant rustics, in spite of the village apothecary, and is one of the consequences of the absence of education and useful knowledge.

In ages more recently past, even since the discovery of the circulation of the blood, the practice of medicine has scarcely been more rational. The Greek physicians of antiquity were to many the sole oracles of modern practice. The pretended science of alchemy was likewise connected with that of medicine, and the latter frequently wrapped up in as much mystery as the former. As the fermentation of human intellect forced men's minds to work, many vain theories were invented, and many books written by physicians whose names have descended to the generations which have followed them, because their theories, though far from perfect and in many instances founded on error, have nevertheless served as pioneers to clear a road for the discovery of the truth. During the period to which we refer, embracing the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the beginning of the nineteenth, the practice of medicine was a pursuit of systems, rather than an application of the discovered principles of pathology to idiosyncratic cases. The consequence was frequent failure. Many a life, during this period, has been taken by the doctor, and not by the disease; many a bereavement has followed the physician's attendance, which would not have occurred had nature been left to her own resources and exertions. Is it a subject for gaping wonder, then, that quacks should have sprung up and undertaken to repair the blunders of the regular practitioners; or that many of these latter should themselves have become quacks; or that nostrums for particular diseases, and pretended universal specifics, should have been the consequence, and have been eagerly purchased by sufferers who had tried the physician's golden knowledge, and found it nothing but base metal?

Such indeed was the state of medical science throughout Europe; and the ludicrous pictures of the professors of the healing art drawn by Le Sage and other satirical writers are scarcely caricatures. But when, at length, chemical science arose in its infant purity, and shook off the tinsel trappings with which its half-insane mother, Alchemy, had bedizened it, the nostrums and secret universal specifics of quackery were submitted to the test of experiment and found wanting: 1st, because they possessed no chemical properties to produce the effects ascribed to them; 2dly, because, since diseases of different natures often proceed from opposite causes, the remedy which would cure the one would aggravate the other. We will practically illustrate this latter point; the other requires no illustration.

Dr. Broussais states irritation to be the cause of all general and organic disease, however produced. He further alleges that there are two kinds of irritation, the sanguineous and the nervous. The former originates from an excess of the principle of life, in which the germ of disease engenders inflammation. All inflammatory diseases, therefore, are effects of sanguineous irritation and must be combated by depletion. Nervous irritation, on the other hand, owes its origin to a deficiency in the principle of life; and the fever or irritation arising from any of the diseases belonging to its class, requires strengthening and stimulating medicines. Now, sanguineous irritation may be immediately succeeded by nervous, or this latter by sanguineous, in the same patient; and the symptoms of both kinds of irritation bear sometimes so strong a resemblance to each other, that to distinguish them is a very nice test of pathological knowledge. Yet the necessity of not mistaking the one for the other is so great that, if depletion were applied to nervous irritation or stimulants to sanguineous irritation, loss of life would be the consequence.

Medical men are fond of trite sayings and maxims, as well as of systems; they delight to dazzle the understanding of uncultivated minds. The adage which for ages past has been the "open sesame" of medical practice, is *contraria contrariis curantur*;* but Dr. Hahnemann has lately started forth with a fresh adage, upon which he founds one of the most absurd systems which it ever entered the feeble imagination of man to conceive—that of homœopathy. This new maxim is the exact opposite of the former: it is *similia similibus curantur*.† As men dearly love a paradox, especially when it floats upon novelty, Dr. Hahnemann's saying has spread, dragging along with his system. A race of homœopathic practitioners have rapidly sprung up, because it requires but comparatively little previous study and training for the *exhibition(!)* of Dr. Hahnemann's infinitesimal doses of medicine, pathology being the loadstar of his system, and as much clouded from the sight of his followers as it is from the sight of very many practitioners who pursue the old system. Anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, cannot be necessary to the homœopathist, because when he has ascertained the disease of the patient, he has only to turn to the good Dr. Hahnemann's tables, ascertain what drug will *communicate* the same disease, and give his drug to his patient in the minute doses peculiar to the system he follows. The result will, or will not, be a "similar cured by a similar," that is to say, a disease cured by the agent that would produce it in a healthy person. According to this system, the best cure for the bite of a viper would be to let the reptile bite you again; the best remedy for hydrophobia from the bite of a mad dog, that of being again bitten by a rabid animal.

True medical science despises all sayings and maxims such as we have mentioned. It cures disease by first ascertaining its cause, which requires joint pathological, anatomical, and physiological knowledge, and then removing that cause by an application of such knowledge under the guidance of chemical science. There are many further requisites for a good physician, who should possess a general knowledge of the philosophy of matter. Trite sayings and maxims quoted in a dead language constitute, however, a part of that professional quackery which clothes ignorance in the garb of learning to impose upon the uninstructed. This description of quackery exists more especially among the practitioners of thirty or forty years' standing, but is rejected by those who have constantly elevated their practice to a level with the successive discoveries that have been made since they began to exercise their profession. Comparatively few of our medical men have done this, but among that few we have some of the most distinguished names in Europe.

Though, in most countries on the Continent, the light of chemistry has dissipated the illusions attached to the action of a great variety of pharmaceutical preparations, and the most simple medicines are used to combat disease concurrently with the other means indicated by science, the art of healing is still associated, in England, with the fancied necessity of swallowing nauseous drugs in great quantities.‡ In country places, besides the various nostrums compounded from simples, often assisted by a charm, and their preparation kept secret by those who have received them as a secret

* The word "medicine" [Fr. *médecine*] signifies a remedy taken into the stomach; the word "medicament" expresses a topical application.

* Contraries are cured by contraries.

† Similars are cured by similars.

‡ It will scarcely be credited that, in a work on pharmaceutics, published in 1821, the following remedies are to be found. We have selected them from a great number of the same description.

HUMAN SKULL. *Cranium hominis*. The powder, in doses of a drachm, used in epilepsy: those which have been long buried are to be preferred.

HUMAN BLOOD. *Sanguis hominis*. Anti-epileptic, dried, half a drachm in water every morning.

PUPPIES. *Catelli*. Live puppies split and applied while warm, have been employed as poultices to draw out venom from sores or boils.

even from their parents, the ignorant poor fancy they can never be freed from disease until they have taken "lots of doctor's stuff," as they term it. This notion is naturally encouraged by the village apothecary, practising under the act of parliament, who dispenses his own prescriptions, and therefore does not spare his drugs, which prove to him an abundant source of profit.

There is another reason why the practice is still pursued of giving patients an unnecessary quantity of nauseous, and frequently of poisonous drugs, not only by the apothecary-physician, but by graduated medical practitioners as well. The former has a natural desire to sell his drugs at an enormous profit, and has a legal sanction to do so. It is notorious that many of the latter receive a per-centage upon the profits of the druggists whom they recommend; and that not a few are in actual commercial partnership with a druggist, to whom they always insist upon their prescriptions being sent. Such things are disgraceful to a learned and liberal profession, and ought to be punished either by suspension or total revocation of diploma. These partnerships are very frequent at fashionable watering-places.

THE DIVER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.*

"Who'll venture it among ye all, my knights and pages brave,
A plunge into the darksome depths of yonder boiling wave!
A golden goblet, rich with gems, I cast into the deep,
He who will dive and bring it thence, the shining bowl may keep."

Thus speaks the king, and from the cliff, that flings its rugged pride,
In sullen majesty above Charybdis' howling tide,
A glittering cup of burnished gold he hurled into the sea,
"Who is there, then, I ask again, will fetch that bowl for me?"

The knights and pages hear his words, yet answer none is given;
They gaze upon the raging sea, then on the smiling heaven,
And no one cares, for golden bowl, to tempt that yawning grave,—
A third time speaks the king: "How now! will none the venture brave?"

But all were silent; when a page, of free and gentle blood,
And gallant mien, stept forth from where his tim'rous comrades stood,
Undid his silken sash, and cast his broidered cloak away,
Ladies and lords, in wonder great, the noble youth survey.

And as he neared the rocky verge, and gazed upon the main,
Each wave she drank Charybdis gave, loud-bellowing, back again;
And still with sound like booming peal, from distant thunder given,
Forth, forth, from out the black abyss, the rushing stream is driven.

It bubbles up, it gurgles forth, it hisses and it roars,
As when on raging fire a stream of gushing water pours;
Wild sheets of foam shoot up to heaven, waves dash into the air,
As if old Ocean's pregnant womb another sea would bear!

At length the stormy Power is laid, and through the foamy rack,
Down, down, as if to hell, there yawned a gaping gulf of black;
And ever as the boiling waves that whirling vortex near,
Sucked far adown its darkling depths, their waters disappear.

Now quick, or e'er the swell roll back, the page looks to the sky,
Breathes forth a hasty prayer, and then—that wild and warning cry!
The greedy surge has swept him down, far, far from mortal ken,
And over him mysteriously the waters close again.

And now above the water-gulf the waves are calm once more,
From Ocean's sullen depths alone upsounds the hollow roar,
"Now, fare thee well, high-hearted youth," thus lords and ladies cried,
While still, with deep and deeper moan, howled dark Charybdis' tide.

"Cast in thy kingly crown, and say, 'whoever brings it me
Shall wear it too, and in my stead shall Lord and Sovereign be.'
The costly prize seek him who lists; for who may live to say
What hidden things that prison-deep shrouds from the light of day?

There many a gallant argosie has sunk, to rise no more,
A shattered keel, a shivered mast, are all the waves restore."
And still with ceaseless tempest-roar, like voice of winter blast,
Loud and more loud that ocean-strife its deafening din upcast.

It bubbles up, it gurgles forth, it hisses and it roars
As when on raging fire a stream of gushing water pours;
Wild sheets of foam shoot through the air, waves thunder toward heaven,
As forth from out the black abyss the billowy tide is driven.

And see, upon the flood's dark breast a streak of silver gleam!
A snow-white neck! a nervous arm divides the rushing stream:
'Tis he! and lo! with gesture glad, aloft in his left hand
He bears the dear-won bowl, and gains at last the long'd-for land.

Long, long and deep, the swimmer breathed; then hailed the glorious light;
Exultingly they welcomed him, both lord and lady bright.
"He lives! from out the whirlpool's depths, from out a wat'ry grave,
Right gallantly has he prevailed his soul alive to save."

He comes! the joyous crowd gives way. He sinks unto his knee,
And to the king presents the cup. The king—well pleased is he—
Signs to his daughter fair, and she steps forth with gentle smile,
And fills the cup with sparkling wine; and blushes still, the while.

"Oh king! let him rejoice who breathes in rosy light above,"
(Thus speaks the youth:) "In yonder gulf what living horrors move!
Let no man tempt the gracious Gods, and dare the impious sight;
In mercy they have covered it beneath eternal night!

"Down was I dragged with lightning speed; and from some deep sea cave,
Drove forth against me, as I sank, the whirl-stream's raging wave;
It seized me with resistless force, it dashed me round and round;
In giddy circles sweeping on, far through that vast profound.

"I cried to God, at utmost need, to rescue me from death,
And lo! a sharp rock's salient point, projecting from beneath;
I grasped it; there the goblet hung, on pointed coral cast,
Else had it fallen into the depths of that unfathomed waste.

"For still the purple darkness lay, beneath me, mountain deep;
And there, although to human ear all sounds for ever sleep,
The eye revolts at monstrous forms, and shudders to behold
Newts, dragons, snakes, and loathsome things, to shapeless masses rolled.

"It teems, that hideous ocean-hell, with black and frightful swarms,
There giant polypi stretch forth their thousand slimy arms;
There looms th' unwieldy cuttle-fish, there haunts the stinging ray,
And grinds his teeth th' insatiate shark—hyena of the sea.

"And there I hung; and on my heart with conscious horror smote
The dreadful thought, that there, alone, from human aid remote,
In the vast ocean-solitude I clung, in helpless dole,
Amid that noisome cavern-spawn, the only conscious soul.

"And while I shuddered at the thought, crept some huge creature on,
It moved a hundred joints at once—it snapped at me—'twas done!
Blinded with fear, I loosed my hold, and then the whirlpool's might
Seized me, but haply swept me up, to safety and to light."

Marvelled the king, and soothly said—"The goblet is thine own;
This costly ring, too, shall be thine, enriched with precious stone,
If once more thou wilt venture down, and bring me word again,
Within Charybdis' deepest cave what wonders may be seen."

With softened heart the daughter heard, and spoke, in fluttering tone—
"Father, forbear this cruel sport! Bethink thee, he has done
What no one dared; and if thy heart's wild wish thou canst not tame,
Let some among your knights step forth, and put the page to shame."

* From the United States Magazine.

The king has snatched the goblet, and has dashed it in the sea,—
"Fetch me that bowl once more," he cried, "and thou shalt be to me
The first among my belted knights—ay, more! as wedded wife,
This very night, shalt her embrace, who pleads to save thy life!"

It kindles in his inmost soul, it lightens from his eye;
He sees her blush, that lovely one; he hears her wistful sigh;
He marks her cheek fade deadly pale; she sinks! The youth is gone!
In death or life, that costly prize must soon be lost or won.

They hear the thund'ring ocean-surge, they note its backward sweep;
And fair young eyes, bedimmed with tears, look out o'er that lorn deep:
They come, they come, the lone sea-waves, they swell and they subside,
But no sea-wave brings back the youth, to claim his ling'ring bride!

FAITH IN ASTRONOMY.

We believe everything that the astronomers agree to tell us. We could not run a mile in a minute, to win a wager of a thousand guineas; but we believe that this huge globe on which we dwell is trundling along at the rate of nineteen miles in a second. Forty miles an hour is to us a startling velocity; but we believe that light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles in the time occupied by a single snap of our fingers. We have a natural propensity to think that, when a boy throws a ball, it falls again of its own accord; but we believe that, but for the mysterious power of gravitation, it would travel on through space to all eternity. We can, at times, distinguish with difficulty the person of a friend, separated from us by the narrow interval of a street; but we believe that astronomers can sweep at pleasure over our "Milky Way," resolve it into combinations of million suns, with ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, and we furthermore believe that, on the very extremity of penetrable space, they can discern a double of our "Milky Way," an infinite duplicate of the infinite—space that is to us eternal, met, on its confines, by eternal space. We love repose, and hate to be disturbed; but we believe that not only the earth, and moon, and planets trundle, but that the solar system is trundling—yea, that the stars which we call fixed are not fixed at all, but that the whole host of heaven is on the move, and that a star which is distant from us four hundred and twelve thousand times the distance of the sun, that is, 412,000 times 95,000,000 of miles, has been ascertained to be flying through illimitable space at the annual rate of *ninety-five millions of millions of miles.* We have always thought ourselves something more than nobody, and not much below the average height of the human race, but we believe—and this is the hardest belief of all—that our size, in proportion to the comparative speck of a globe on which we live, is as if we were an animalcule so small, that between three and four millions might be drawn up, rank and file, in the space of an inch.

Therefore, believing as we do, it was with some spurning feeling of contempt that we read the other day an intimation from a gentleman, informing the public that he was prepared to lecture on astronomy, on the principle of the *earth being at rest;* and offering his services to mechanics' institutions and scientific associations. What! said we, does this feeble body think that he can pull an "enlightened" public back two centuries and a half?—a dwarf holding up his finger to wrestle with the giants who have scaled the heavens! So we set him down as an English edition of a droll Irish fisherman, commemorated by Mr. Lover, in one of his humorous stories. This honest man was somewhat bemazed by the information that the world was round, yet were not his reasoning faculties overwhelmed. "Round, is it?" said he; "it is hard enough to go down hill by land, but it must be the 'dickens' to go down hill by water!" He came to the conclusion that any man who attempted it must "go sliddherin away entirely."

But we could not get over the offer of the worthy gentleman to prove that the earth is at rest. It disturbed our faith. We looked up, and the heavens seemed the same as when David sang of the sun going forth like a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. England is still where it it was when Julius Cæsar landed on her shores—the Thames still runs,

> "Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

When we were an urchin, the Great Bear and the polar star shone brightly over our head, and we have watched with keen interest the apparent motion of the constellation;—now that we have reached the age of manhood, and at a distance of some hundred miles from the scenes of childhood, there they are still, sparkling brightly over head, though we have already lost the enthusiasm of youth, and have become cold, dull, sluggish, selfish, and stupid, even in middle age. As we mused, scepticism became stronger; we felt inclined to deny that the earth moved at all; and shouted aloud, "Since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation!"

Now came there a deep-thinking and honest-minded man still more to stagger our faith. William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," "Political Justice," &c., thus writes, in a work called "Thoughts on Man," published in 1831:—"It can scarcely be imputed to me as profane, if I venture to put down a few sceptical doubts on the science of astronomy. All branches of knowledge are to be considered as fair subjects of inquiry; and he that has never doubted may be said, in the highest and strictest sense of the word, never to have believed. . . . . . It gives us a mighty and sublime idea of the nature of man, to think with what composure and confidence a succession of persons of the greatest genius have launched themselves in illimitable space; with what invincible industry they have proceeded, wasting the midnight oil, racking their faculties, and almost wearing their organs to dust, in measuring the distance of Sirius and other fixed stars, the velocity of light, and 'the myriads of intelligent beings, formed for endless progression in perfection and felicity,' that people the numberless worlds of which they discourse. The illustrious names of Copernicus, Galileo, Gassendi, Kepler, Halley, and Newton, impress us with awe; and if the astronomy they have opened before us is a romance, it is at least a romance more seriously and perseveringly handled than any other in the annals of literature. A vulgar and a plain man would unavoidably ask the astronomers, 'How came you so familiarly acquainted with the magnitude and qualities of the heavenly bodies, a great portion of which, by your own account, are millions of millions of miles removed from us?' But, I believe, it is not the fashion of the present day to start so rude a question. I have just turned over an article on astronomy, consisting of one hundred and thirty-three very closely printed quarto pages, and in no corner of this article is any evidence so much as hinted at. Is it not enough? *Newton and his compeers have said it!*"

Is it simply because "Newton and his compeers have said it," that we believe in the wonders of astronomy? Surely we have something more to rest upon than that! A voice said, "Step down stairs—examine your foundations." We believe—wherefore do we believe? Sneer not at a man who questions established truths. He may question, because of incapacity to comprehend. He may cavil, because conceit urges him to cavil. He may doubt, and, in doubting, be driven beyond his depth in the waters of doubt. But wherefore do *you* believe? Great is *the* truth, and it will prevail, now or hereafter—it can afford to smile, but not to sneer—wherefore do you believe? To us a point is a point, if it be a point. A straight line is a straight line, if it be a straight line. A triangle, or a circle is a triangle or a circle, if it be a triangle or a circle. We know nothing of mathematics; for, though we crossed the *pons asinorum*, the asses' bridge, we stuck fast on the other side. Wherefore do you believe? We believe—but hold, let us call a lawyer to our assistance, one of

the acutest men of the present day: here is his "opinion," without a fee:—

"In the mathematical and physical sciences, and in the arts which are founded upon them, we may commonly trust the conclusions which we take upon authority. For the adepts in these sciences and arts mostly agree in their results, and lie under no temptation to cheat the ignorant with error. I firmly believe, for example, that the earth moves round the sun, though I know not a tittle of the evidence from which the conclusion is inferred. And my belief is perfectly rational, though it rests upon mere authority; for there is nothing in the alleged fact contrary to my experience of nature: whilst all who have scrutinised the evidence concur in affirming the fact, and have no conceivable motive to assert and diffuse the conclusion, but the liberal and beneficent desire of maintaining and propagating truth*."

We must qualify a sentence in the foregoing "opinion." Mr. Austen says, "there is nothing in the alleged fact contrary to our experience of nature." The revolutions of the Earth on its axis and in its orbit are not contrary to our *reasonable* experience of nature, but they are contrary to our visual and perceptive experience. "One of the most involved and complicated problems," says the Rev. Mr. Moseley, "ever proposed to the ingenuity of man, was the problem of the Heavens. A hollow concave above him, the whole of whose surface, go where he may, is apparently at the same comparatively small distance from him; the sun taking his journey across it, in a path which is not daily the same; returning day after day, through some unknown region, to flood again the vast canopy of the heavens with light; stars seen in thousands at night, on this vast canopy, moving with one common motion slowly across it, between night-fall and day-break; this host of stars, different at different seasons of the year, but the same at the same season, preserving, in the *general* alteration of their position, their *relative* distances, except six of them, which wander about among the rest with a most devious motion, and are therefore called planets; the moon, too, moving with the common daily motion of the rest of the host of heaven; but, besides, revolving completely through it every month; winter, spring, summer, and autumn, connecting themselves somehow with the variations of the daily path of the sun, and returning, year after year, at their appointed seasons; and eclipses of the sun and moon, dependent by some inscrutable relation upon relative positions of the sun and moon:—all these things requiring, as they must have done, and did, a great length of time, and much and patient observation to *discover*, constitute in their aggregate a relation of phenomena which as far surpasses every other offered to us in nature in its complication, and the vastness and dignity of the truths which it embraces, as in the simplicity of the scheme into which it resolves itself." Well, therefore, may it be added, that "the process of reasoning by which the complicated apparent motions of the sun, moon, and planets, are made to resolve themselves into their few real and elementary motions, is one of the highest and most successful efforts that has ever been made by the intellect of man †."

We come now to our grounds of faith. We believe in astronomers, because of their *prophetic power*. They affirm that, by laborious observation and calculation, they know accurately the roads which certain heavenly bodies travel, and also the rate at which they travel, and can therefore predict certain events years before they happen. And this prophetic power is not a mere empty sign, a thing of no account, beyond its serving as a seal of the truth of their testimony, but, like a miracle of healing, is fruitful to man. "The determination of the longitude and latitude by astronomical observation is the great problem of nautical astronomy; and with such accuracy is this problem now solved, that ships are frequently months at sea without sight of land, and yet is their course steered continually, and almost without wandering, to some little speck of land, of which they see nothing until they are within a mile or two of it, but towards which, for thousands of miles, their voyage has been directed through the pathless wilderness of waters."

We believe in astronomers, because they appeal to our common sense—that is, to our sense of the fitness and propriety of things. At first sight, it does appear somewhat bold for a creature so small as man, in relation to the bulk of the globe, to affirm that he has weighed and measured a floating mass nearly 25,000 miles in girth, and 8000 miles in diameter, and to lay down that "it does not occupy continually the same position in the centre of the sphere of the visible heavens—that its centre, and the axis within itself, about which its revolution takes place, are not at rest—that these are in fact moving at the rate of about nineteen miles in each second of time—that this motion is not directly forward in space, but continually round in a curve which returns into itself, and which is very nearly a circle, whose radius is 95,000,000 of miles—and that nevertheless this enormous circle of the earth's revolution is itself as nothing in its dimensions, compared with the dimensions of the great sphere of the visible heavens." On the first mention of it, one might be excused exclaiming, with Godwin, "Certainly the astronomers are a very fortunate and privileged race of men, who talk to us in this oracular way of 'the unseen things of God from the creation of the world,' hanging up their conclusions upon invisible hooks, while the rest of mankind sit listening gravely to their responses, and unreservedly acknowledging that their science is the most sublime, the most interesting, and the most useful, of all the sciences cultivated by man." But then, if we refuse to believe what the astronomers tell us, they have a right to call upon us for some explanations. If the earth is not a sphere, how is it that we never arrive at some termination or boundary, but, go where we may, have still the heavens concave above us, and a horizon where sky and earth appear to touch? Or how can a vessel sail out south-west to Cape Horn, go north-west to Van Diemen's Land, or New Holland, and then, proceeding to the East Indies, return home by the Cape of Good Hope? Ships have sailed in every direction over the earth's surface, and can find no termination—no limit—no spot where the sky and earth touch, and obstruct all further progress. Then, if the earth be a sphere, it must rest *upon nothing*. We have gone round it—how could we do so, if it rested on anything? But granted that the earth is a sphere, and rests on nothing, how do we prove that it *moves*? Something moves, that is very certain. Either the sun flies over our heads by day, and the stars by night, or our globe flies, and its motion deceives our sight, just as trees, banks, and houses, appear to fly past, when we are carried smoothly and rapidly along. The popular arguments for the motion of the earth are, however, all derived from circumstantial or probable evidence, or proof. There is direct evidence of the motion of the earth in the *aberration of light*, discovered by Bradley, one of the greatest of astronomers: but it requires mathematical science to understand it. However, the popular arguments are of a very satisfactory nature, and may be understood by a child. It is just to choose between two hypotheses—either to believe in the revolution of the whole host of heaven round our earth, or the double revolution of our earth on its axis, and in its orbit; and so simple, so effective, so grand, is the latter, that it commends itself to the understanding of every school-boy who hears, for the first time, a lecture on astronomy.

Our present space is exhausted, but we may, after this introductory paper, enter upon the vast and deeply interesting subject in future numbers.

* Austen's Province of Jurisprudence Determined.

† Lectures on Astronomy, by the Rev. H. Moseley. London, 1839.

NECESSITY OF SELF-CULTIVATION.

It was said, with truth, by Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, that he who was ignorant of the arithmetical art was but *half a man*. With how much greater force may a similar expression be applied *to him* who carries to his grave the neglected and unprofitable seeds of faculties, which it depended on himself to have reared to maturity, and of which the fruits bring accessions to human happiness—more precious than all the gratifications which power or wealth can command!—*Dugald Stewart.*

WHY CHURCHES ARE NOT ALWAYS BUILT DUE EAST AND WEST.

One end of every church doth point to such place where the sun did rise at the time of the foundation thereof was laid, which is the reason why all churches do not directly point to the east. For if the foundation was laid in June, it pointed to the north-east, where the sun rises at that time of the year; if it was laid in the spring or autumn it was directed full east; and if in winter, south-east; and by the standing of these churches it is known at what time of the year the foundations of them were laid.—*Chauncy's Hertfordshire.*

A TAME WOLF.

By way of enlivening the description of the structure of animals, he (M. de Candolle, Lecturer on Natural History at Geneva,) introduced many interesting particulars respecting what he called *leur morale*, or their natural dispositions, and the changes they underwent when under the dominion of man. Among other instances of the affection which wolves had sometimes shown to their masters, he mentioned one which took place in the vicinity of Geneva. A lady, Madame M——, had a tame wolf which seemed to have as much attachment to its mistress as a spaniel. She had occasion to leave home for some weeks: the wolf evinced the greatest distress after her departure, and at first refused food. During the whole time she was absent, he remained much dejected; on her return, as soon as the animal heard her footsteps, he bounded into the room in an ecstacy of delight; springing up, he placed one paw on each of her shoulders, but the next moment he fell backwards and instantly expired.—*Bakewell's Travels in the Tarentaise, &c.*

IDLENESS.

There is no greater cause of melancholy than idleness; no better cure than business, as Rhasis holds; and howbeit to be busied in toys is to small purpose, yet hear that divine Seneca,—"Better do to no end than do nothing."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

ANECDOTE OF BARRY THE PAINTER.

While Barry was a young man, residing at Dublin, an incident occurred which strikingly illustrates the character of the man. He was brought into contact with some young persons of dissipated habits, who on several occasions enticed him to form one of their tavern parties. As he was returning home late at night from one of these carousals, he was struck by a sudden conviction of the folly of the course he was pursuing, in thus wasting the time which might so much more properly be employed in laying the foundation of his future respectability and independence. Diffident perhaps of his own power of foregoing the gratifications which he had the means of purchasing, and certain that the most effectual preventive would be to rid himself of the means at once, he took all his money, which was probably at that time no great sum, and threw it into the Liffey, and afterwards shut himself up with great perseverance to his professional studies.—*Life of Barry.*

STRANGE MODE OF CURING A VICIOUS HORSE.

I have seen vicious horses in Egypt cured of the habit of biting, by presenting to them, while in the act of doing so, a leg of mutton just taken from the fire: the pain which a horse feels in biting through the hot meat, causes it, after a few lessons, to abandon the vicious habit.—*Burckhardt.*

CONFOUNDING THE NATIVES.

"I perceived the fires of the natives at no great distance from our camp, and Dawkins went forward, with a tomahawk and a small loaf. He soon came upon a tribe of about thirty men, women, and children, seated by the ponds, with half a kangaroo and some cray-fish cooked before them, and also a large vessel of bark containing water. Now Dawkins must have been, in appearance, so different to all the ideas these poor people had of their fellow-men, that on the first sight of such an apparition it was not surprising that they, after a moment's stare, precipitately took to the pond, floundering through it, some up to the neck, to the opposite bank. He was a tall spare figure, in a close white dress, surmounted by a broad-brimmed straw hat, the *tout-ensemble* somewhat resembling a mushroom; and these dwellers by the waters might well have believed, from his silent and unceremonious intrusion, that he had risen from the earth in the same manner. The curiosity of the natives, who had vanished as fast as they could, at length overcame their terrors so far as to induce them to peep from behind the trees at their mysterious visitor, who, not in the least disconcerted, made himself at home at the fires, and on seeing them on the other side, began his usual speech, 'What for you jerran budgery white fellow?' 'Why are you afraid of a white man?' He next drew forth his little loaf, endeavouring to explain its meaning and use by eating it, and then began to chop a tree by way of showing off the tomahawk; but the possession of a peculiar food of his own only astounded them the more. His last experiment was attended with no better effect; for when he sat down by their fire, by way of being friendly, and began to taste their kangaroo, they set up a shout which induced Dawkins to make his exit with the same silent celerity, which no doubt rendered his début so outrageously opposed to their ideas of etiquette, which imperatively required that loud '*cooys*' should have announced his approach before he came within a mile of their fires. Dawkins had been cautioned as to the necessity for this, but he was an old tar, and Jack likes his own way of proceeding on shore; besides, in this case Dawkins came unawares upon them, according to his own account, and it was only by subsequent experience that we learnt the danger of thus approaching the aboriginal inhabitants; some of these carried spears on their shoulders, or trailing in their hands, and the natives are never more likely to use such weapons than when under the impulse of sudden terror."—*Major Mitchell's Australia.*

USEFULNESS.

How barren a tree is he that lives, and spreads, and cumbers the ground, yet leaves not one seed, nor one good work to generate after him. I know all cannot leave alike, yet all may leave something, answering their proportion, their kinds.—*Owen Feltham.*

CHARACTERISTIC TRAIT OF BOSWELL.

"On the road to Bath it occurring to me that it might be useful for me to be early in seeing Sir W. Young, who is just come from the West Indies, and that he was not a quarter of a mile out of the road, I drove to his house, Huntercombe, and staid all night. The visit did not turn out to answer any good purpose. Boswell there, a great enemy of the Abolition—said that he was at Kimber's trial, and gloried in it. Sir William read a letter from G. to his father—some wit, but affected, and full of levity and evil; written in 1773, when he was near sixty, alas! Bozzy talked of Johnson, &c. Sat up too late. Sir William very friendly—talked of Slave Trade, and mentioned having found a great number of children without relations on board several ships he visited, who from inquiry appeared to have been kidnapped.—*Wednesday.* Had some serious talk with Bozzy, who admitted the depravity of human nature, Last night he expressed his disbelief of eternal punishment. He asked Sir W. to take his boy home, and walked off into the West of England with the 'Spirit of Athens' under his arm, and two shirts and a nightcap in his pocket, sans servant."—*Wilberforce's Diary.*

THE MUSIC OF HUMANITY.

The rudest and the most advanced nations abound in songs. They are heard under the plantain throughout Africa, as in the streets of Paris. The boatmen on the Nile, and the children of Cairo on their way to school, cheer the time with chants; as do the Germans in their vineyards, and in the leisure hours of the university. The Negro sings of what he sees and feels,—the storm coming over the woods, the smile of his wife, and the coolness of the drink she gives him. The Frenchman sings the woes of the state prisoner, and the shrewd self-cautionings of the citizens. The Songs of the Egyptian are amatory, and of the German varied as the accomplishments of the nation,—but in their moral tone earnest and pure. The more this mode of expression is looked into, the more serviceable it will be found to the traveller's purposes of observation.—*Miss Martineau.*

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

An inhabitant of Horsham, in Sussex, now living, remembers, when a boy, to have heard from a person whose father carried on the business of a butcher in that town, that in his time the only means of reaching the metropolis was either by going on foot or riding on horseback, the latter of which undertakings was not practicable at all periods of the year, nor in every state of the weather—that the roads were not at any time in such a condition as to admit of sheep or cattle being driven upon them to the London markets, and that, for this reason, the farmers were prevented sending thither the produce of their land, the immediate neighbourhood being, in fact, their only market. Under these circumstances, a quarter of a fat ox was commonly sold for about 15*s*., and the price of mutton throughout the year was only five farthings the pound. Horsham is 36 miles from London, and the journey between the two places now occupies less than four hours; more than thirty stage-coaches travelling at this rate pass through Horsham every day, on their way from and to the metropolis, in addition to numerous private carriages and post-chaises; the traffic of goods—principally coal and agricultural produce—carried on in the district of which Horsham is the centre, exceeds 40,000 tons a-year, besides which, the road is constantly covered with droves of cattle and flocks of sheep.—*Porter's Progress of the Nation.*

THE MOST UNHAPPY.

Cosroes, king of Persia, in conversation with two philosophers and his vizier, asked,—"What situation of man is most to be deplored?" One of the philosophers maintained, that it was old age accompanied with extreme poverty; the other, that it was to have the body oppressed by infirmities, the mind worn out, and the heart broken by a series of misfortunes. "I know a condition more to be pitied," said the Vizier, "and it is that of him who has passed through life without doing good; and who, unexpectedly surprised by death, is sent to appear before the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge."—*Miscellany of Eastern Learning.*

CURIOUS CLOCK.

The most curious thing in the cathedral of Lubeck is a clock of singular construction, and very high antiquity. It is calculated to answer astronomical purposes, representing the places of the sun and moon in the ecliptic, the moon's age, a perpetual almanack, and many other contrivances. The clock, as an inscription sets forth, was placed in the church upon Candlemas-day in 1405. Over the face of it appears an image of our Saviour, and on either side of the image are folding-doors, so constructed as to fly open every day when the clock strikes twelve. At this hour, a set of figures representing the twelve apostles come out from the door on the left hand of the image, and pass by in review before it, each figure making its obeisance by bowing as it passes that of our Saviour, and afterwards entering the door on the right hand. When the procession terminates, the doors close.—*Clarke's Travels in Scandinavia.*

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BOUNCERS.

ONE of the most widely diffused of all the varieties or species of the genus *homo*, is that of the BOUNCERS. The Dictionary definition of a bouncer is—"a boaster, a bully, an empty threatener—*a liar*." This corresponds, in some measure, with the popular notion of a bouncer; and accordingly, in vulgar and cant phrase, "to bounce" is simply "to lie." But such a definition only takes cognizance of the lowest and coarsest kind of bouncers, and leaves out of consideration a large and finely diversified family, which, like that of the antelopes, is composed of an almost endless and oftentimes graceful variety. This family occupy that great space in the kingdom of imagination which lies between aerial castle-building and broad, glaring, naked, vulgar falsehood. The castle-builder is quite an ethereal creature; he imposes on nobody but himself; like Alexander Selkirk, he can look round, and say, "I am monarch of all I survey." Not so the bouncer. He is the connecting link between the real and unreal worlds, and could not live in solitude. He walks to and fro between imagination and fact, and acts as a sort of man-milliner to truth; he cannot understand that beauty when unadorned is adorned the most, but is busily employed all day long in clothing the naked and gilding gold. He is a gold-beater also, and a wire-drawer; manufactures a large quantity of Britannia-metal; and can often make

"auld claes look amaist as weel's the new."

When Wordsworth exclaimed—"Oh, many are the poets that are sown by nature," he doubtless was alluding to the bouncers. Poetry is simply real or common life, elevated, adorned, magnified; and to do this is the peculiar vocation of the bouncers. Their motto is the same as that of the poets—

"Unless *above* himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

Therefore, feeling the dignity of their calling, they devote themselves to it; the most trifling action of life—that is, of their own lives—becomes hallowed in their hands, or rather mouths; they glorify humanity! We speak not now of the vulgar tribe of bouncers, who are satisfied with silver spangle and coarse embroidery—dull-minded tabbies, who can rise no higher than barouche friends, rich uncles and aunts, medical man keeping his own carriage, gold watches, fine dresses, &c. No, it is of the higher class of bouncers that we speak—fine geniuses, who can "create a soul under the ribs of death," and have a near affinity of relationship to the pure aerial castle-builder. They scorn to let their human nature sink into a mere literal matter-of-factism. Oh! with what unction one of them will tell you that he was part of a deputation to meet the prime minister or the chancellor of the exchequer; or that he is going to make a speech at a public dinner; or had the honour of a call from the Bishop of London. A glow is diffused over his face—his voice is softened down into a rich mixture of humility and pride—the bouncer feels himself indeed a man!

There is a great variety of the bouncers. There are rattling bouncers, grave bouncers, stupid bouncers, motive-wanting bouncers, and bouncers on purpose. The TRADE BOUNCER is the most common of them all, and is as widely-diffused as the grey rat. Buying and selling are equivalent expressions for the existence of human beings, and therefore the trade-bouncer is as universal as humanity itself. Solomon appears to have been aware of the existence of "bulls" and "bears" in his time; the one trying to toss up, and the other to trample down. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he goeth his way, *then* he boasteth." To be sure he does;—he has made a good bargain by depreciating the quality, and then he brags of it. No wonder, therefore, that it is difficult to make a bargain with a Jew old clothesman; for this trick of depreciation and exaltation has been in the nation for two thousand years, and appears to have run in the blood, like wooden legs.

But we scorn to take any notice of the vulgar kind of trade-bouncers, whose motto is—neither cheat nor be cheated, but rather cheat. To this class belong Jew brokers, common-place impudent quacks, touters at auction-sales, and all the herd who do not scruple at a downright lie to earn a paltry penny. It is a shame to class them with the true trade-bouncers, who would not lie for the mere sake of lying, and who have, moreover, a considerable tincture of imagination, which is essential to genuine bouncing. The true trade-bouncer is quite a superior animal to the cheating bouncer. He has a peculiar call, which, like the cry of the infant all over the world, is always pitched on the same note. He has also a fine under-tone, which he uses at times with considerable effect. When the trade-bouncer is in the humour to use his call, you have but to ask him how business is getting on, and you will get a hearty stirring answer. He is either doing a fine stroke of business; or he does not know what hand to turn to next; or he got an extensive order last week, and another yesterday; or, at the very least, he is getting on "pretty fair, pretty fair." But when disposed to speak in his under-tone, nothing can be finer than the manner in which he uses it. In particular, if he suspects that you have a long-standing account at half-cock in your pocket, ready to be thrust in his face, he shakes his head, and runs through a gamut of—"little doing—trade very slack—heavy expenses—bad debts—and really will give up, and retire from business, unless things take a turn." Then, as if struck by some sudden recollection, he exclaims—"Bless my heart! I have an important appointment for half-past one, and it is just on the time—I had almost forgotten it—good morning, sir!" It is curious, too, to remark how the trade-bouncer can use his call and his under-tone in the same breath. He talks of unlimited credit at the bank; has a friend who will discount for him to any amount; and has several shares in a railroad, a cemetery, and a joint-stock bank. But if you venture to ask a small favour, such as to cash a bill for you, the call is instantly balanced by the under-tone. "Oh! really, now I am so sorry; not ten minutes ago a friend called in—a man, in fact, whom I care very little about,—who asked me to do a similar favour for him, and I gave him all my spare cash: besides, I have a very heavy bill to meet

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to-morrow, and at this particular moment happen to be rather poor —it is unfortunate, but at any other time I should be happy to oblige you." If any particular article of consumption is under discussion, the trade-bouncer is sure to let you know that he deals more extensively in it than any other person in the same locality with himself; but if you are a traveller, and ask him for an order, the under-tone is in instant requisition. "Singular, at this particular juncture happen to have rather a larger stock than usual—but, if you are passing this way in your next journey, just give me a look in, and I will see what I can do for you." Or if the trade-bouncer is a traveller himself, he tells of the number of towns he has raced through in a week, of the budget of orders he has got, and the extensive connexion he has formed. But it would lead us beyond our present purpose to talk more at large about trade-bouncing. It is more than an art—it is a science, and is applied quite in a scientific manner, for the attainment of particular ends.

We once spent an evening, in a quiet domestic way, with a bouncing family. They had no reasonable pretension to be considered anything more than decent, respectable folks, who were tolerably well to do. But the father, over his bottle of sherry, talked of his fatigues, his anxieties, his responsibilities, and, by inference, of his importance;—he had just seen the lord mayor that day on some corporation business, and really it was a great trouble to him to neglect his business for matters of that kind; he was not very well either, and he wished to go down to Bedfordshire for a few days, but found he could not be spared; it was so hard that he could not trust his business to anybody! Then the mother had her story about her daughters, and their expectations, and her sons, and their prospects; how they were all provided for, in case father died; and how they were at Hyde Park, and saw the last review, and were going to Brighton in a few days. The daughters had a great deal of talk about balls, dresses, beaux, and bows from young Lord Firkin; and the sons were prodigious judges of horseflesh, made heavy bets at Epsom and Doncaster, and were quite intimate with several members of parliament. Two-thirds of the talk was composed of pure, unsophisticated bouncing; and yet all the members of the family kept each other in countenance with the greatest coolness in the world. A little child was introduced, in its night-clothes, to kiss all round, and receive evening compliments; and the manner in which it held its rattle in its hand showed that it also was a bit of a bouncer. A noise was heard at the door, and in rushed a blubbering boy, who ran up to his mother, and seemed to be making an effort to get into a faint or a fit in her arms. She could only elicit, from incoherent expressions, that some companion had attacked and ill-used him. "Why did you not stand up in your own defence?" asked one of his brothers. Straightway the spirit of bounce came over the youth. Bursting from his mother's arms, he exclaimed, "Oh, didn't I give it to him! didn't I give it to him, father! he'll never look *me* in the face again—I can tell you that much!" He then proceeded to relate his exploits in a style which made even his bouncing family to desire him to hold his tongue.

The patronising bouncer is a great bore. He is continually volunteering his kind offices in your behalf; has such a large circle of friends, and has such powerful influence; could put you, at a day's notice, into a snug clerkship in Downing-street or the Custom House; and if you know of any poor widow who wants to get her son into the Blue-coat School, you have but to apply to him, and he will get it done for you. The worst of it is, that when you press him for a share of all this favour and influence, it always happens that his most particular friend, the Duke of Wellington, is out of town; or, at that precise moment, he has just been using all his "interest" to effect a certain purpose, and therefore it would be of no use to try for you; but if at any other time you would just point out anything in which his services would be of the slightest avail, you may certainly "command" him, &c. &c. &c. &c.

The aspiring young lady bouncer is also another bore. We have one at this moment in our mind's eye; a sensible girl, intelligent, sharp, and decided in her general conduct. But though her birth and station do not give her the slightest warrant to enter what is called the fashionable world, it is astonishing how familiar she is with duchesses, dowagers, and countesses, and how often she has danced with baronets, barons, and even marquises and dukes. She is somewhat literary, too, in her tastes, and though not quite a *blue-stocking*, may be termed an accomplished amateur. In fact, if we are to take her testimony, she has been presented at Court, has been introduced at Almack's, has a box at the Opera, has attended lectures at the Royal Institution, was at a private view of the Royal Academy exhibition, kept a stand at a fancy fair, next to the Marchioness of Fairymount, and is quite one of the observed. Poor girl! she does not tell direct falsehoods; there is always a slight foundation of truth on which her airy superstructures rest; but she has got such a florid taste—has such a fancy for the pointed style—that one cannot distinguish the building, owing to the profusion of ornament with which it is encumbered, or, as a bouncer might say, adorned.

As a "parallel passage" to our fair friend, we can produce a handsome young man, one of the best male bouncers we know. He always carries a pocket telescope and a microscope, and whenever he meets his friends he treats them to a view. Look at him before he opens his mouth, and you would imagine that he was only an ordinary mortal; but, as quick as lightning, he puts his microscope to your eye, and his little finger becomes thicker than a man's loins, and his buttons are magnified into huge dinner-plates. Like the fiendish poodle-dog that annoyed Faust, he goes on expanding, till you become afraid that the room won't hold him—

"Swelling like an elephant,
He will make the ceiling scant:"

and you must shake him very hard to bring him down to his natural size. He is quite hand-and-glove with Lord John This and Mr. Spring That; has got an offer of an official situation, but does not choose to let himself be "shelfed" so soon; for he is certain of obtaining more active and important employment. He will talk on till old age or poverty comes over him; but nothing will crush his lively, vaulting, active, bouncing spirit. He will bounce to the very last; and we do believe that death will find it as hard to pin him, as to catch a fine, springy, industrious flea. We know another bouncer, however, the very ditto of the one we are speaking of, who has bounced to some purpose, for he has bounced himself into a good official situation—but then he is an Irishman.

There are more than one kind of fat bouncers. The dapper, happy-looking, sanguine, ruddy-complexioned bouncer, whom it is quite a pleasure to see; and the pale-faced fat bouncer, with a contemptuous scowl, and a pursy look; his white neckcloth rolled in a full manner round his short, thick neck, and his whole look disagreeably important. There are also several kinds of lean bouncers. The tall, smart, affable man, who has a quick eye and a touch of his hat for everybody; and the saturnine, solemn, lean bouncer, whose liver is of the nature called "lily," and is always desperately afraid that you are going to insult him. But why should we attempt to describe individuals of such a varied and multiform species as the bouncers? The cook bounces about her skill in cooking, the fine places she has been in, and the great

consideration that was always paid to her; the housemaid bounces about her relations, and how, once on a day, it was never thought that she would become a servant; nurse bounces about the influence which she possesses over "missus," and how free and familiarly "master" treats her; the wife bounces about her husband, and the husband sometimes about the wife; the carpenter bounces about his chips, and the compositor bounces, over his pot of porter, about the quantity of types he can pick up in a day; the advertisement collector bounces about the huge circulation of his periodical, and the bookseller sometimes bounces about his editions; the traveller is an old privileged bouncer, and the world is a bouncing world: for even undertakers and grave-diggers bounce, and as the earth rattles on our coffins, the dead might almost hear the living bouncing over them.

We cannot conclude this bouncing paper without a notice of the LITERARY BOUNCER. He is a clever fellow; is a good classical scholar; and knows German and Spanish as familiarly as his own mother-tongue, besides having a slight knowledge of Russian, a tolerable acquaintance with Arabic, and could make a shift with the Sanscrit. He is fully competent to

> "Search the moon by her own light;
> To take an inventory of a
> Her real estate and personal;
> To measure wind, and weigh the air,
> And turn a circle to a square;
> And in the braying of an ass
> Find out the treble and the bass
> If mares neigh *alto*, and a cow
> In double diapason low."

One more "last word;" a story, reader, but *not* a bounce. A very worthy man, a member of parliament, a gentleman, and a scholar, once advised us never to confess ignorance of any subject, especially in certain circles, or to certain parties. "Franklin," said he, "was impressively told to 'stoop,' as he went through the world, and he would miss many hard thumps; but," said he, "if *you* want to push your way in the world of London, BOUNCE, and bounce high, or you will never be able to clear the five-barred gates that stand in your way!"

PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE.

A FEW years since, a ship "arrived at Liverpool, after having been for several weeks the sport of winds and waves. The mariner's compass having been washed overboard in a storm, their voyage was dreary and procrastinated, much caution being necessary; and despite which, their fate, but for a fortuitous circumstance, might have been inevitably sealed. Now, had the simple fact of the extreme ease with which a mariner's needle might be made been known to any on board, the peril might have been avoided. A sewing-needle, or the blade of a penknife, being held in an upright posture and struck by a hammer, and subsequently floated by cork on water, or suspended by a thread without iron, would become a magnetic needle, and point north and south; or the end of a poker held vertically, and passed over its surface from one extreme to the other, would impart magnetism, which, if the needle be of steel, would be of a permanent character." I take this case from a Mechanics' Magazine published in America.

Again, I read in the newspaper the other day as follows:—"A penknife, by accident, dropped into a well twenty feet deep. A sunbeam from a mirror was directed to the bottom, which rendered the knife visible; and a magnet fastened to a pole brought it up." And so of thousands of cases that occur daily in the mechanic's business; and a little science comes in play very well here, though a man does not know *any more*.

Timothy Claxton's Hints to Mechanics.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

EMANUEL VON FELLENBERG.

EMANUEL VON FELLENBERG, the celebrated founder of the institution for the improvement of education and agriculture at Hofwyl, in the canton of Berne in Switzerland, was born in 1771. His father was of the patrician rank, and a member of the government of Berne; his mother, a grand-daughter of the celebrated Admiral Van Tromp, was distinguished for her enlarged benevolence and sincere piety. How much have the greatest characters owed to their mothers, from the Gracchi to Napoleon! The mother of Fellenberg urged upon him, by example and precept, the duty of relieving the unfortunate; and she awakened a spirit of patriotism in his young mind, by describing to him the public services of her grandfather in Holland, and by placing before him the history of his own country; and during the struggle of the Americans for their independence, her ardent feelings in their favour excited in her son a strong interest in the heroes of that unprecedented war, and warmed his heart in behalf of his own country. These feelings were confirmed by the exhortations of his father; who, when returned from the council, fatigued, and almost disheartened by the failure of efforts to promote salutary measures, would enlarge upon the duties of a citizen, charging his son to live for his country. To these impressions of his childhood Fellenberg ascribes, in a great measure, his subsequent character and destination. At the age of fifteen, he was placed under the instruction of the celebrated blind poet, Pfeffel, at Colmar. The first bias of his mind towards the subject of education was given on his return to Switzerland, by an address delivered by his father as president of the Helvetic Society; and the intimacy of his parents with Pestalozzi, whom he early learned to revere for his genius and benevolence, strengthened this interest, and probably contributed much to give to his efforts the direction they have taken. On his return to his native city, at the age of sixteen, he found the pursuits and character of the young men of his own age so frivolous and corrupt, that he abandoned their society for his study, notwithstanding the petty persecutions to which this conduct subjected him. In order to improve his health, which had been impaired by study, he gave up the delicacies of his father's table for very simple fare, and employed other means to harden his constitution, rendering himself independent of artificial wants, and devoting to benevolent objects the money wasted by his companions in luxury and amusement. Disappointed at finding in no one a spirit congenial with his own, respecting the object of education, he felt the need of some regenerating influence on the mass of society. We might suppose that such a mind, enlarged, enthusiastic, and feeling its own power, might have been carried away by that spirit of infidelity which then spread like a flood over the face of Europe. But, thanks to his early instructors, it was not so; his own faith in revelation never wavered; and so confident was he that no reflecting man could resist the evidence of Christianity, that he spent months of fruitless discussion in the residence of an unbeliever, on the banks of the lake of Zurich, with the persuasion that he should convince him of his error. For the purpose of acquainting himself with the state of the people of his own country, he travelled through Switzerland, usually on foot, with his knapsack on his back, residing in the villages and farm-houses, mingling in the labours and occupations and partaking of the rude lodging and fare of the peasants and mechanics, and often extending his journey to surrounding countries. In 1790, he went to the university of Tubingen, to complete his studies in civil law; and immediately after the fall of Robespierre, in 1795, he visited Paris, where he attended the sessions of the committee of instruction. Perceiving, however, the storm which was impending over Switzerland, from the schemes of the French revolutionists, he returned to warn his countrymen against it, urging the sacrifice of some of the oppressive claims and exclusive privileges of the patricians, as the only means of averting it. But his predictions were disbelieved, and his warnings disregarded.

At the approach of the French troops in 1798, he was active in raising and leading the men of his canton to resist them. But such efforts were vain against the disciplined forces of the enemy; Berne was taken, Fellenberg proscribed, a price was set upon his head, and he was compelled to fly to Germany. He had some intention of going to America, whither he had transmitted some of his property as a resource, in case of the utter ruin of affairs at home; but being recalled to Switzerland, he was soon after sent on a mission to Paris, to remonstrate against the oppressive and rapacious conduct of the agents of the French republic. In this

he so far succeeded as to procure the recall of one of the most profligate; but, disgusted with the utter disregard of principle and honesty which he witnessed in public men and measures, he resigned his office. Entering into politics upon his return home, he was equally dissatisfied with the want of faith and public spirit which he found on the part of the government, and abandoning political life entirely, he resolved henceforth to devote himself to the subject of early education as the object of his life, and as the only resource for ameliorating the state of his own and other countries, and for preventing a repetition of the tremendous convulsions which he had witnessed. He was appointed a member of the council of education at Berne; but being soon convinced that nothing adequate could be accomplished through the medium of legislative commissions, and having come into the possession of an ample fortune, he resolved to form on his own estate, and on an independent basis, a model institution, in which it should be proved what education could accomplish for the benefit of humanity. He married, about this time, a Bernese lady, of the patrician family of Ischarner, who has born him nine children, six of whom, as well as their mother, are devoted coadjutors in his plan of benevolence.

The great object of Fellenberg was to elevate all classes of society, by fitting them better for their respective stations, and to render them happy and united, without destroying that order which Providence had appointed, and which the governments of Europe preserved with so much jealousy. He believed it important to collect in one institution the poor and the rich, each with their appropriate means of improvement, and thus to establish proper and friendly relations between them. He considered it of high importance to make agriculture the basis of such an institution. He regarded it as the employment best of all adapted to invigorate the body; but he also believed that, by elevating agriculture from a mere handicraft to an art founded upon scientific principles, and leading directly to the operations of the great First Cause, it would become a pursuit peculiarly fitted to elevate and purify the mind, and serve as the basis of improvement to the labouring classes, and to society at large.

With these views Fellenberg purchased the estate called Hofwyl, selecting it on account of its situation; so insulated as to secure it from the influence of bad examples, yet surrounded by villages that would furnish labourers, and only six miles from the city of Berne. It was an estate of about two hundred acres, under poor cultivation, lying on a hill filled with springs, and bounded on three sides by a valley eighty feet in depth. He commenced his work by draining the arable land and collecting the water into a streamlet; he then trenched the soil; and converted the swampy land into meadows, by covering it with a foot in depth of sand and soil from the upland, brought down partly by means of the streamlet, and partly by sleds raised by pulleys. He erected extensive granaries to provide for the abundant crops which he anticipated. All this excited ridicule among his enemies, and alarm and remonstrance among his friends, who left him, by his advice, to sustain the burden alone. By the system of stall-feeding he obtained an abundance of manure; and his various inventions and unceasing exertions have been crowned by the lands of Hofwyl being made to yield fourfold their former produce, with an unintermitted succession of crops. An establishment was also formed for the manufacture of his improved instruments of agriculture, which have been sent to every part of Europe; and Hofwyl has furnished experimental farmers to princes and noblemen, and directors of agricultural institutions.

But Fellenberg occupied himself in improving agriculture only as a means to the more important end of improving man himself; and the germ of a scientific institution was formed, by associating two or three pupils with his own sons, and employing private tutors at his own house. About this time Pestalozzi being obliged to leave his residence, Fellenberg established him as a coadjutor in the chateau of Buchsee, about half a mile from Hofwyl; but the strict order and rigid economy which Fellenberg deemed necessary, agreed but ill with the ardent, but irregular benevolence of the good Pestalozzi; and the latter, being offered the much superior castle of Yverdun, he left Hofwyl, unhappily with feelings towards Fellenberg cooled by the necessity which the latter was under to restrain and curb the noble flights of his early friend.

In 1807, the first building was erected for the scientific institution, and a school for the poor projected, which in the following year was carried into execution, with the assistance of a young man named Vehrli, the son of a schoolmaster in a neighbouring canton. About the same time a school of theoretical and practical agriculture, for all classes, provided with professors of the respective sciences connected with it, was formed at Buchsee, at which several hundred students were collected.

In the same year Fellenberg commenced a more important part of his great plan—the formation of a normal school, or seminary of teachers. This institution received great encouragement in the number of those who flocked to it to be taught, and a means was presented for regenerating gradually the schools of Switzerland; but the rulers of Berne, without any apparent motive consistent with the spirit of a free government, forbade their teachers to attend these instructions on pain of losing their stations. Since that period this establishment has been connected with the agricultural institution only. Hofwyl had by this time become the resort of strangers from all quarters. Deputations were sent to inspect the establishment from several of the German princes; the late King of Wurtemberg visited it in person incognito; and a number of pupils of princely and noble families were sent thither for education. In 1814, the Emperor Alexander sent to Howfyl seven sons of Russian princes and noblemen, to be educated there, in accordance with a plan suggested by Fellenberg for the gradual amelioration of the Russian empire; but in a few years afterwards this powerful patronage was withdrawn on account of the political state of Europe; other foreign pupils were recalled, and of late about one third of them have been English, and the remainder Swiss.

In succeeding years several new buildings were erected, and Hofwyl now comprises:—1, the model farm, which supplies the wants of its population, amounting to about three hundred persons; 2, workshops for the fabrication and improvement of agricultural implements, scientific apparatus, and clothing for the establishment; 3, a lithographic press for music and other works; 4, a scientific institution, for the education of the higher classes; 5, a practical institution; 6, an agricultural institution; 7, a normal school. At the distance of six miles is the colony of Meykirch, consisting of eight or ten boys, who are placed on an uncultivated spot, to acquire their subsistence by their own labour, receiving daily instruction, and aided by a small capital supplied by Fellenberg.

Thus has this excellent and indefatigable man laboured to benefit his fellow-creatures. Difficulties did not deter him, nor the coolness of friends discourage him: he at last triumphed over all obstacles; and not only has he reaped sustenance for hundreds from fields "where Ceres never gained a wreath before," but he has cultivated the barren minds of his fellow-men, and laid the foundation of moral and intellectual worth.

One peculiar feature in the system of education pursued at Hofwyl is the absence of the stimulus of rewards and distinctions; and complete proof is furnished in this establishment, that the most ardent thirst for knowledge and the most assiduous habits of study may be produced without resorting to the principle of emulation. The great aim of Fellenberg has been to produce *men*, and not *mere scholars*; his great principle is to unite physical, moral, and intellectual education. The invigoration of the body and the preservation of the health are carefully provided for, by the size and airiness of the buildings, the regulations respecting food and sleep according to the constitutions of individuals, and the extensive play-grounds. The fundamental views of Pestalozzi are adopted in many branches, with such modifications as are necessary in their practical application. The utmost watchfulness is used in moral and religious education; and the development of religious feeling, under the influence of revelation, aided by the cultivation of the taste, and the formation of habits of constant industry, order, and temperance, are the objects sought to be attained. Another great point has been fully established by the experiments of Fellenberg—that the poor may receive a good practical education at such an institution, without interfering with the usual hours of labour; and that if they can be retained to the age of twenty-one, the expense will be entirely repaid.

USES OF HISTORY.

HISTORY, however profoundly studied, will still, perhaps, leave us in doubt as to the rules which ought to regulate our own conduct, or our share in the general conduct of society, of which we are members: but it will leave us none as to the boundless indulgence we owe to the opinions of other men. When we see that science is so complicated; that truth is so far removed from us, so shrouded from our ken; that every step in our work offers fresh difficulties to our investigation, raises fresh questions for solution;—when we are not sure of our own footing, how shall we pronounce sentence on those who differ from us?—*Simondi's Fall of the Roman Empire.*

THE LOST ONE—A STARRY DREAM.

On an evening of exquisite beauty, a dreamer went forth to muse. The sun had just fallen beneath the horizon, arraying his attendant clouds in purple and gold, as he retired; night and day were harmoniously blending together, and the winds were sleeping on the bosom of ocean, except a gentle zephyr, which tripped with fairy foot over the dewy flowers. The moon had not yet risen, but the soft radiance which a thousand stars threw over the earth, and the delicious and refreshing air, all combined together to give the evening a talismanic effect over the tender emotions of the heart. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "well do I remember rushing on such a night as this to yonder green knoll, that I might behold the twilight melting into night, and watch the stars stepping out into the firmament, until the heavens were in a glow. Oh! hours of silent peace, of serenity undisturbed, ye will never, never return! The freshness and the vigour of those feelings have passed for ever away, and I am a prey to pride, to ambition, to anxiety of mind!" He paused, as the moon peeped over a distant hill, and then, in an ecstacy, he stretched out his hands, as if in prayer to the Deity who "sitteth in the circle of the heavens, and the inhabitants of the earth are accounted as grasshoppers before him."

Palace lights of heaven! Thousands of the dwellers in "populous cities pent" may pass their lives untouched by the silent lessons which ye teach; but in all ages there have been hearts in which ye kindle the poetic fire, and in whose souls ye awaken a holy, a celestial feeling, which carries them up from the sluggishness of earth, and bears them away into a "region of invisibles," which the eye and heart of the dull and vulgar mind can neither see nor understand.

> "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
> Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
> Such harmony is in immortal souls."

The dreamer had sat down to indulge his feelings for a few moments, and to rest himself. Overcome by fatigue, he dropped asleep, and a dream came over him. He thought he beheld the stars so well known as the Plough, or the *Churl's Wain*, in high commotion. They no longer moved in their calm, and bright, and stilly career; and sounds were heard, which were totally out of chord with the "music of the spheres." Louder and louder grew the sounds, and every luminary in heaven became interested in the contention. One of the Seven Sisters was envious of the popularity of the Pole Star; it would no longer endure that it should continue to be "the observed of all observers," or that it should remain, night after night, the "pivot of the universe," gazing, in lazy and lordly majesty, at the host which regularly revolved around it. Nothing would satisfy the rebel but that the pole-star and it should exchange places; while the polar determined to maintain its position, and seemed to glare defiance at its foe. One little, modest star whispered, "Sister, if we refuse to revolve as usual, the harmony of the creation will be disturbed—we shall derange the established order of things."

"Pooh, pooh," sharply retorted the angry and envious luminary, "who cares for the established order of things—I will do as I please!"

"We ought to be content with the station in which we have been all placed, and not attempt to chalk out systems and places for ourselves," still persevered the little adviser.

"Who taught *you* to regulate my opinions?" again was the rebel's indignant rejoinder—"I have a mind of my own, and will act as I please!"

At this speech all the stars in the heavens became outrageous; all were contending that each had as good a right to exchange places with the polar as the rebel herself. Confusion and uproar ensued—the stars were dancing in the firmament, for they were preparing to make a general rush to secure the honourable station—the polar began to tremble, not merely for its own safety, but lest the visible frame of creation should return to chaos; when order was suddenly restored, and the pause, as contrasted with the previous clamour, became truly "expressive silence." A colossal figure was seen standing as if with "one foot on the sea, and another on the land;" from his eyes there glanced a light so effulgent, that the stars became dim at his presence; he stretched out his right hand, and demanded the cause of the commotion. For a few moments none dared to speak: but the rebellious star, recovering her courage, stated the cause of her discontent, and petitioned to exchange places, for a time at least, with the polar. The polar immediately declared its determination to maintain its position, while the other stars urged their claims, and the confusion and uproar once more became general. The majestic figure again waved his right hand—silence profound once more prevailed—while he addressed the refractory luminary, exhorting her to be content with her position; pointed out the evils which would ensue, both to herself and others, if she persisted in the unreasonable demand, and then inquired if she were willing to submit, and resume her appointed duties. A distinct "No!" was heard echoing along the vault of heaven: the question was again repeated, and the negative was given in a louder and a firmer tone: a third time, and a third time it was given fiercer and firmer than before. All now gazed with indescribable interest on the awful interrogator: he looked upwards; seemed to breathe a prayer; then casting a look "more in sorrow than in anger" towards the refractory one, pronounced her doom. "Be thou blotted from the map of heaven, and let another and a more obedient occupy thy stead!" Like a flash of lightning she fell into the gulf beneath, and her brightness was instantly quenched in its dark waters.

> "A star is gone! a star is gone!
> There is a blank in heaven!
> One of the cherub-quire has done
> His aery course this even.
>
> "He sat upon the orb of fire
> That hung for ages there,
> And lent his music to the quire
> That haunts the nightly air.
>
> "Hear how his angel brothers mourn—
> The minstrels of the spheres!
> Each chiming sadly in his turn,
> And dropping splendid tears.
>
> "The planetary sisters all
> Join in the fatal song,
> And weep their hapless brother's fall,
> Who sang with them so long.
>
> "From the deep chambers of the dome,
> Where sleepless Uriel lies,
> His rude harmonic thunders come,
> Mingled with mighty sighs.
>
> "The thousand car-born cherubim,
> The wandering eleven,
> All join to chant the dirge of him,
> Who just now fell from heaven!"

THE STORY OF THE CALIPH STORK*.

Chasid, Caliph at Bagdad, sat comfortably upon his sofa, on a beautiful afternoon. He had slept a little, for it was a hot day, and he seemed very cheerful after his nap. He smoked from a long pipe of rose-wood, sipped now and then a little coffee, which a slave poured out for him, and stroked his beard each time contentedly, as though he relished it greatly. It was plain, in short, that the Caliph was in a good humour. About this hour, one could very easily speak with him, for he was always then very mild and affable; on which account, it was the custom of his Grand Vizier, Manzor, to visit him every day about this time. He came indeed, on this afternoon, but he seemed thoughtful, which was very unusual with him. The Caliph took his pipe a little from his mouth, and said, "Grand Vizier, why is thy countenance so troubled?"

The Grand Vizier crossed his arms over his breast, bowed himself before his lord, and answered, "My lord, whether my countenance is troubled, I cannot say; but below the castle there stands a merchant, who has such fine wares, that I am vexed, because I have so little money to spare."

The Caliph, who, for a long time past, had desired to confer a favour upon his Grand Vizier, despatched his black slave to bring up the merchant. The slave soon returned with him. The merchant was a little stout man, with a dark brown face, and in ragged attire. He carried a chest, in which he had various kinds of wares; pearls and rings, richly inlaid pistols, goblets and combs. The Caliph and his Vizier looked them all over, and the former purchased, at last, some beautiful pistols for himself and Manzor, and a comb for the wife of the Vizier. As the merchant was about to pack up his chest again, the Caliph espied a little drawer, and asked, whether there was also merchandise in that. The merchant drew out the drawer, and showed therein a box filled with a blackish powder, and a paper with strange writing upon it, which neither the Caliph nor Manzor could read. "I received these things from a merchant, who found them in the streets of Mecca," said he. "I know not what they contain. They are at your service for a trifling price, for I can do nothing with them." The Caliph, who liked to have old manuscripts in his library, even if he could not read them, purchased box and writing, and dismissed the merchant. But it occurred to the Caliph, that he would like to know the meaning of the writing, and he inquired of the Vizier whether he knew any one who could decipher it. "Most worthy lord and master," answered the latter, "near the great mosque, there dwells a man who understands all languages; he is called 'Selim the Wise;' send for him; perhaps he can interpret these mysterious characters."

The learned Selim was soon brought. "Selim," said the Caliph, "they say thou art very learned; peep now into this writing, to see whether thou canst read it; if thou canst, thou shalt have a rich new garment; if thou canst not, thou shalt have twelve blows upon the ear, and five-and-twenty upon the soles of the feet; for in that case, thou art without the right to be called 'Selim the Wise.'" Selim bowed himself and said, "Thy will be done, my lord." For a long time he considered the writing, then suddenly exclaimed, "That is Latin, my lord; or may I be hanged!" "Say what it means," commanded the Caliph, "if it be Latin."

Selim commenced to translate: "Oh man, thou who findest this, praise Allah for his goodness! Whoever snuffs of the powder of this box, and says thereupon, '*Mutabor*,' will have the power to change himself into any animal, and will understand also the language of animals. If he wishes again to return to his human form, he must bow himself three times toward the east, and repeat the same word; but beware, when thou art transformed, that thou laughest not, otherwise the magic word will disappear completely from thy memory, and thou wilt remain a beast."

When Selim the Wise had read this, the Caliph was delighted beyond measure. He made the sage swear that he would disclose the secret to no one, presented him with a rich garment, and dismissed him. But to his Grand Vizier he said: "That I call a good purchase, Manzor. I can scarcely restrain my delight, until I am a beast. Early to-morrow morning come thou hither; we will go together into the field, snuff a little out of my box, and then listen to what is said in the air, and in the water, in the wood and in the field."

On the following morning, the Caliph had scarcely breakfasted, and dressed himself, when the Grand Vizier appeared to accompany him upon his walk, as he had commanded. The Caliph placed the box with the magic powder in his girdle, and having directed his train to remain behind, he set out alone with his Grand Vizier. They went first through the spacious gardens of the Caliph, and looked around, but in vain, for some living thing, that they might try their trick. The Vizier at last proposed that they should go farther on, to a pond, where he had often seen many of those animals called *storks*, which, by their grave appearance, and their continual clacking, had always excited his attention.

The Caliph approved the proposal of his Vizier, and they went together to the pond. When they had arrived there, they saw a stork walking gravely up and down, looking for frogs, and now and then clacking away something to himself. At the same time they saw also, far above in the air, another stork, hovering over the place.

"I wager my beard, most gracious master," said the Grand Vizier, "that these two long-footed fellows are about carrying on a fine conversation with one another. What if we should become storks?"

"Well said!" replied the Caliph. "But first let us consider, once more, how we are to become men again. True! three times must we bend toward the east, and say, *Mutabor;* then I am Caliph again, and thou Vizier. But for heaven's sake do not laugh, or we are lost!"

While the Caliph was thus speaking, he saw the other stork hover over their heads, and slowly descend toward the earth. He drew the box quickly from his girdle, took a good pinch, offered it to the Grand Vizier, who also snuffed it, and both called out, "*Mutabor!*"

Their legs then shrivelled up, and became thin and red; the beautiful yellow slippers of the Caliph and of his companion were changed into ill-shapen storks' feet; their arms were turned into wings; their necks were lengthened out from their shoulders, and became a yard long; their beards had disappeared, and their bodies were covered with soft feathers.

"You have a beautiful beak," said the Caliph, after a long pause of astonishment. "By the beard of the Prophet!—I have never seen anything like it in my life!"

"I thank you most humbly," returned the Grand Vizier, while he made his obeisance; "but if it were permitted, I might assert that your highness looks even more handsome as a stork, than as a Caliph. But come, if it please you, let us listen to our comrades yonder, and find out whether we actually understand the storkish language."

In the meanwhile, the other stork had reached the ground. He trimmed his feet with his beak, put his feathers in order, and advanced to his companion. The two new storks hastened to get near them, and, to their surprise, overheard the following conversation:—

"Good morning, Lady Longlegs! Already so early upon the meadow?"

"Thank you, dear Clatterbeak! I have had only a slight breakfast. You would like, perhaps, a piece of a duck, or the leg of a frog?"

"Much obliged, but I have no appetite to-day. I have come upon the meadow for a very different purpose. I am to dance to-day before some guests of my father's, and I wish to practise here a little quietly by myself."

The young stork immediately jumped about the field with singular motions. The Caliph and Manzor looked on with wonder; but as she stood in a picturesque attitude upon one foot, and fluttered her wings gracefully, they could no longer contain themselves; an irresistible laughter burst forth from their beaks, from which they could not recover themselves for a long time. The Caliph first collected himself.

"That was a joke, now," he exclaimed, "that is not to be purchased with gold! Pity that the foolish animals have been frightened away by our laughter; otherwise, perhaps, they might even have sung!"

But it now occurred to the Vizier that laughter had been forbidden them during their transformation. He imparted his anxiety to the Caliph. "Odds, Mecca and Medina! It would be a bad joke, if I must *remain* a stork! Bethink thyself of that stupid word; I cannot bring it out."

"Three times must we bow toward the east, and then say, *Mu, mu, mu*——"

They turned toward the east, and bowed and bowed, so that their beaks almost touched the earth; but alas! the magic word had escaped them. However often the Caliph bowed himself, and however anxiously the Vizier called out thereupon, "*Mu, mu,*"—

* From the Knickerbocker, New-York Magazine.

all recollection of it had vanished, and the poor Chasid and his Vizier remained storks.

Mournfully wandered the enchanted ones through the fields. They knew not what they should do in their distress. They could not rid themselves of their stork's skin; they could not return to the city to make themselves known, for who would have believed a stork, if he said he was the Caliph?—and even if they should believe it, the inhabitants of Bagdad would not have a stork for their Caliph.

Thus they wandered around for several days, and nourished themselves sorrowfully with the fruits of the field, which they could not eat very conveniently, on account of their long beaks. For ducks and frogs they had no appetite; they were afraid that with such morsels they might fatally disorder their stomachs. It was their only pleasure, in this sad condition, that they could fly, and so they often flew upon the roofs of Bagdad, to see what passed in the city.

During the first days, they remarked great disorder and mourning in the streets; but about the fourth day after their transformation, as they sat upon the Caliph's palace, they saw in the street below a splendid procession. The drums and fifes sounded; a man in a scarlet mantle, embroidered with gold, rode a richly caparisoned steed, surrounded by a brilliant train of attendants. Half Bagdad leaped to meet him, and all cried, "Hail, Mirza, lord of Bagdad!" The two storks upon the roof of the palace looked at one another, and the Caliph said, "Canst thou now divine, Grand Vizier, wherefore I am enchanted? This Mirza is the son of my deadly enemy, the mighty magician, Cachnur, who in an evil hour swore revenge upon me. But still I will not give up hope. Come with me, thou true companion of my misfortune! We will wander to the grave of the Prophet. Perhaps upon that holy spot this spell will vanish." They soared from the roof of the palace, and flew toward Medina.

But flying was not such an easy matter to them, for the two storks had as yet had little practice. "Oh, my lord!" sighed forth the Grand Vizier, after a few hours; "with your permission, I can stand it no longer; you fly altogether too fast. Besides, it is now evening, and we should do well to seek a shelter for the night."

Chasid yielded to the prayer of his Vizier; and, as they at this moment perceived a ruin in the valley below, they flew thither. The place in which they had taken refuge for the night seemed formerly to have been a castle. Beautiful columns overtopped the ruins, and several chambers, which were still in a tolerable state of preservation, gave evidence of the former splendour of the building. Chasid and his companion wandered through the passages, to find a dry spot for themselves. Suddenly the stork Manzor stopped. "My lord and master," he whispered softly, "if it were not folly in a Grand Vizier, and still more in a stork, to be afraid of spirits, I should feel much alarmed, for something near by has sighed and groaned very audibly."

The Caliph stood still also, and heard very distinctly a low weeping, that seemed rather to come from a human being, than from an animal. Full of expectation, he was about to advance toward the place from whence the sounds of lamentation proceeded, when the Vizier seized him by the wing with his beak, and begged him earnestly not to plunge into new and unknown dangers. But in vain! The Caliph, who bore a brave heart under his stork's wing, tore himself loose, with the loss of some of his feathers, and hastened into a dark passage-way. He soon arrived at a door, which seemed to be partly open, and through which he overheard distinct sighs, with a slight moaning. In the ruined chamber, which was but scantily lighted by a small grated window, he perceived a large night owl seated upon the floor. Big tears rolled from her large round eyes, and with a hoarse voice she sent forth her lamentations from her curved beak. As soon, however, as she spied the Caliph and his Vizier, who also had stalked thither, she gave a loud scream of joy. Gracefully she wiped the tears from her eyes with her brown spotted wing, and, to the great astonishment of both, she exclaimed, in good human Arabic, "Welcome, ye storks! Ye are a good sign of my rescue; for it has been prophesied to me, that by a stork I shall arrive to great happiness."

When the Caliph had recovered from his astonishment, he bowed with his long neck, brought his thin feet into a handsome position, and said, "Night Owl! from thy words I may conclude that thou art a companion in suffering. But alas! the hope that thou wilt be rescued by us is vain: thou wilt thyself perceive our helplessness, when thou shalt have heard our history." The Night Owl begged him to relate it. The Caliph commenced, and repeated what we already know.

When the Caliph had related to the Owl his history, she thanked him, and said, "Hear also my story, and learn that I am not less unhappy than thou. My father is king of India. I, his only unhappy daughter, am called Lusa. That magician Cachnur, who has enchanted you, has also plunged me into this misery. He came one day to my father, and desired me for a wife to his son. But my father, who is a quick-tempered man, ordered him to be pushed down the stairs. The wretch contrived to approach me under another form; and once, when I would take refreshments in my garden, he brought to me, in the habit of a slave, a draught which transformed me into this frightful shape. Powerless from fright, he brought me hither, and cried, with a dreadful voice, in my ears, 'Here shalt thou remain, hateful, despised even by the beasts, until thy death, or until some one, with free will, shall desire thee for his wife, even in this horrible shape. Thus I revenge myself upon thee and thy proud father!'

"Since then, many months have flown away. Solitary and disconsolate, I inhabit these walls as a hermitess. Scorned by the world, a horror even to the beasts; beautiful nature is locked up from me, for I am blind by day, and only when the moon pours her pale light over these ruins does the veil fall from my eyes."

The Owl ended, and wiped the tears again from her eyes; for the relation of her sorrows had drawn them forth anew.

During the relation of the princess, the Caliph appeared sunk in deep thought. "If everything does not deceive me," he said, "there is a secret connection between our fates; but where shall I find the key to this riddle?" The Owl answered him, "Oh, my lord! I also have such a thought, for it was once prophesied to me, in my earliest youth, that a stork would bring me great happiness; and I may know, perhaps, how we can be rescued."

The Caliph was much astonished, and asked her in what way she meant.

"The magician who has made us both miserable," said she, "comes once in every month to these ruins. Not far from this chamber is a hall. There he is accustomed to feast with many of his companions. I have often listened there already. They relate then to one another their shameful deeds; perchance they may pronounce the magic word which you have forgotten."

"Oh, dearest princess!" exclaimed the Caliph; "tell me, when comes he?—where is the hall?"

The Owl was silent for a moment, and then spake, "Take it not ungraciously, but only upon one condition can your wish be gratified."

"Speak out! speak out!" cried the Caliph; "command! I will obey in anything."

"It is this; I also would gladly be free, and this can only happen if one of you offer me his hand."

The storks seemed somewhat confused at this proposition, and the Caliph made a sign to his follower to withdraw for a moment with him.

"Grand Vizier!" said the Caliph, as they closed the door behind them, "this is a stupid business—but *you* could take her."

"So that my wife should tear out my eyes, when I return home!" said the other. "Besides, I am an old man, while you are young and unmarried, and ought willingly to give your hand to a young and beautiful princess."

"That is just the thing," sighed the Caliph, while he sadly drooped his wings; "who tells you that she is young and beautiful? It is buying a cat in a bag."

They talked for a long time together, but at last, when the Caliph saw that his Vizier would rather remain a stork than marry the Owl, he resolved to fulfil the condition himself. The Owl was overjoyed. She told them that they could not have come at a better time, for probably the musicians would assemble that very night.

She left the chamber, accompanied by the storks, in order to lead them to the hall. They walked for a long time through a dark passage-way, when, at last, a bright light beamed upon them from an opening in a half-ruined wall. When they had arrived thither, the Owl advised them to keep themselves perfectly quiet. From the fissure near which they stood they had a good view of the large hall. It was adorned round about with pillars and splendidly decorated. In the middle of the hall stood a circular table, covered with various rare viands; around the table was placed a sofa, upon which sat eight men. In one of these men

the storks recognised the merchant who had sold them the magic powder. The one who sat next him desired him to recount his latest exploits. He related, among other things, the history of the Caliph and his Vizier.

"What sort of a word hast thou given them?" inquired the other magician.

"A very hard Latin one; it is '*Mutabor.*'"

As the storks heard this, from their place of concealment, they became almost beside themselves for joy. They ran so quickly, with their long legs, to the door of the ruin, that the owl could scarcely follow them. There the Caliph addressed the owl with much emotion: "Saviour of my life, and of the life of my friend! as an eternal thanks for what thou hast done for us, receive me for thy husband!" Then he turned himself toward the east. Three times the storks bent their long necks towards the sun, which at this moment ascended from behind the hills; "*Mutabor!*" they exclaimed; in a twinkling they were transformed, and, in the delight of newly restored life, lay master and servant, laughing and weeping in each other's arms. But who can describe their astonishment, as they looked about them! A beautiful woman, magnificently arrayed, stood before them. She gave her hand, smiling, to the Caliph. "Do you no longer recognise your Night Owl?" said she.

It was that veritable bird! The Caliph was so enraptured with her beauty and grace, that he exclaimed, "It is my greatest happiness that I have been a stork!"

The three travelled now toward Bagdad together. The Caliph found in his clothes not only the box with the magic powder, but also his purse of gold. By this means he purchased at the nearest village whatever was necessary for their journey, and thus they arrived soon at the gates of Bagdad. The arrival of the Caliph excited the greatest wonder. They had supposed him dead, and the people were overjoyed to have their beloved lord again.

Their hate burned so much the more against the deceiver, Mirza. They entered the palace, and took the old magician and his son prisoner. The Caliph sent the old man to that same chamber which the princess had inhabited as an owl, and ordered him to be there hung up. But to the son, who understood none of the arts of the father, he offered the choice either to die, or *snuff*. He "was up to snuff," and chose the latter, when the Grand Vizier offered him the box. A good pinch, and the magic word of the Caliph, changed him into a stork. The Caliph ordered him to be shut up in an iron cage, and placed in his garden.

Long and happily lived the Caliph Chasid with his wife the princess. His happiest hours were when the Grand Vizier visited him in the afternoon. Then they spake of their stork's adventure, and when the Caliph was more than commonly merry, he would so far descend as to imitate the Grand Vizier, and show how he looked as a stork. He walked then gravely up and down the chamber, with precise step, made a clacking noise, fluttered his arms like wings, and showed how he, to no purpose, bowed himself toward the east, and called out "*Mu—mu—.*" This was always a great delight to the princess and her children; but when the Caliph too long clacked, and bowed, and cried "*Mu—mu—,*" the Vizier would threaten, smilingly, "that he would relate to the wife of the Caliph the conversation which took place before the door of the Princess Night Owl!"

INGENIOUS EOLIAN HARP.

Being on the sea-shore, I heard some wind-instrument, the harmony of which, though sometimes very correct, was intermixed with discordant notes that were by no means unpleasing. These sounds, which were very musical, and formed fine cadences, seemed to come from such a distance, that I for some time imagined the natives were having a concert behind the roadstead, about six miles from the spot where I stood. My ear was greatly deceived respecting the distance, for I was not an hundred yards from the instrument. It was a bamboo, at least twenty metres in height, which had been fixed in a vertical situation by the sea-side. I remarked between each knot a slit; these slits formed so many holes, which, when the wind introduced itself into them, gave agreeable and diversified sounds. As the knots of this long bamboo were very numerous, care had been taken to make holes in different directions, in order that, on whatever side the wind blew, it might always meet with some of them. I cannot convey a better idea of the sounds of this instrument, than by comparing them to those of the harmonica.—*Labillardière, Voyage in search of La Perouse.*

A JOURNEY WITH THE JEWS FROM BRODY TO ODESSA.

I took my departure from Brody* at noon on the 12th of August, accompanied by a young deputy *facteur*, attached to the house of Messrs. ———. He was instructed to manage for the passing of my baggage at Radziewillow. On our arrival at the barrier, which is painted with black and white streaks, and edged with red, the first objects that I remarked were two Cossacks, as sentinels on the Russian side. My *facteur* (or factotum) descended from the box, and left me for a short time, whilst he went to the custom-house, close at hand. Presently the bar was raised, the carriage passed, and behold me within the dominions of the autocrat of all the Russias!

The value of my precaution at Dresden was now evident, for, without the signature of the Russian minister to my passport, I should not have been allowed to cross the frontier.

I was obliged to go into the *bureau* to get my papers examined; my luggage was also subjected to a scrutiny:—all this was regular—but having been called upon by the cunning young *facteur* to pay a great number of silver roubles to the custom-house officers, I remonstrated, and was assured by him, in a mysterious tone and manner, that they were allowing me to come off very easily, and that, but for his powerful protection, I should not only have been detained many hours, but have had much more to pay. I quickly perceived that the rogues were playing into each other's hands: giving them to understand, therefore, that they should not see any more of my money, I claimed my baggage, got into the *calèche*, and gave orders to be driven to the house of the director of the post office. That gentleman was very obliging, and informed me that all persons who wish to travel post in Russia, must have an official permission to do so: this document is called a *podarosohna*, and is granted on presentation of a passport, *en règle*, on arriving at the first civil government of Russia; it contains a designation of the number of horses required, and the place of destination. A tax of one *kopek* a *werste*† for the whole extent of the route is paid on receiving the *podarosohna*. There would not have been any difficulty as to this, in my case, but as I did not speak the Russian language, and had not a servant with me who did, I was advised to make an arrangement with one of the Jewish horse-dealers of Radziewillow; for it was probable that I might be awkwardly situated on the wild *steppes* I was about to traverse, if I could not explain myself to the Russian postilions and postmasters. I could understand, and make myself understood by the Jews, who all speak bad German. The track usually followed by the Jews is shorter, by nearly a hundred *werstes*, than the regular post-road, which goes round by Dubna, &c. I took my leave, then, of the director, with many thanks for his politeness, and proceeded to the *Hôtel de St. Petersbourg*, kept by Mr. Jacobson, a German.

Having notified to the landlord my wish to make a bargain for horses, he sent for some stable-keepers; and in the mean time my *ami intime*, the deputy Jew *facteur*, who never left my side, accompanied me to the dwelling of the agent of my Brody friends. This person, a Jew, was absent, but his wife changed my money, paid my draft, and urged me very much to take up my abode in their house for the night, knowing that I was to pay for the accommodation; but it was my intention to be some *werstes* on my road before evening; and being perfectly satisfied with the *Hôtel de St. Petersbourg*, I declined this amiable invitation.

The head-dress of this Jewish lady was superb, being composed of a triangular something, a tiara if you will, all glittering with diamonds; I cannot pretend to say whether these jewels were of the first water; they abounded, however, not only in the *coiffure*, but also in the immense ear-rings worn by the Israelitish matron.

On my return I found a motley group assembled in front of the inn, all competitors for the honour (say *profit*) of conducting me to Odessa. Divers manœuvres were practised to attract my notice: several sorry-looking horses were shown off in various ludicrous ways, and many a long beard was thrust into closer contact with my cravat than I liked. At every turn I took, a chin was wagging, and a pair of fiery eyes rolling at me, just as may be seen imitated in the plaster of Paris images that are sold about London streets by poor Italians. These chapmen seemed

* Brody is a town in the north-east of Gallicia, on the high road from Lemberg to Dubna, in Russian Poland. On account of the number of Jews which inhabit it, it has been nicknamed the "German Jerusalem."

† Ten *kopeks* are equal to about two *sols* of France, or a penny English. The Russian *werste* is rather more than half an English mile.

to me to be opponents at one moment, and partners at another; for, after the most violent gesticulations and symptoms of pugilism, they cooled down, consulted together, and a delegate was sent to me, as from the general body. The belligerents had, apparently, come to an understanding; the basis of the treaty being, probably, to get as much from the Christian as possible, and to divide the spoil.

I retreated to my chamber, and got the master of the house to assist me in the negotiation, which was at length brought to a conclusion, by my agreeing to give 195 paper roubles* for the journey; 100 of which I paid down, the remainder to be added, if, on our arrival at Odessa, the other high contracting party should have done the work properly. I stipulated for four horses, and that we should arrive at Odessa in eight days at farthest. Having paid my Brody deputy *facteur* his fee for attendance; another *facteur* belonging to the hotel *his* fee, and various other incidental charges, I ordered all to be ready in half an hour, which space of time was devoted to the attainment, from the intelligent Mr. Jacobson, of as much information as possible; when, all being ready, I shook hands with him, and bade him farewell.

My *fuhrmann*, or driver, was a Jew of about forty years of age, with a fine open countenance, and rather ruddy complexion—two unusual attributes amongst his brethren. He wore a robe of light blue stuff (not very clean), tied round the waist with a worsted sash; the brim of his low-crowned hat was very broad; and clusters of well-oiled locks fell from underneath it: his beard was of a respectable length.

The four horses ran abreast, and the whitish-looking outside animals, which were attached to two roughly-made extra splinter-bars, might be compared to the studding-sails that are run out when a vessel is going with a steady breeze before the wind. The steeds were decidedly Jewish: for they had long beards, and were very dirty.

We went off at a dashing rate. I suppose there must have been nearly a hundred Israelites assembled to witness our departure. Many were the salutations as we passed; most of them appeared to me to be of a friendly nature; but, here and there, a scowl of anger and disappointment was seen: we were soon beyond the reach of either the well or ill-wishers. When nearly out of the straggling, dusty town of Radziewillow, the horses were suddenly reined in, and we stopped opposite a mean habitation, at the door of which stood a Jewess and two little children: the latter were handed up to my poor *fuhrmann*, who embraced them with much tenderness, and then delivered them carefully into the arms of their mother. I thought I saw a tear fall as he raised his head, after bending him down to salute his wife, whose eyes overflowed as she bade him adieu. There was no parade—no acting. The marks of mutual affection were unequivocal. We galloped off again. I looked through the glass at the back of the carriage, and perceived the poor woman and her children gazing after us, until a turn in the road took us out of sight. The weather was very fine, and we travelled till midnight, when we stopped at a small dwelling at the entrance of a village called Katerimbourg. This I found was to be our resting-place for the remainder of the night; the spot was as silent as the grave. After knocking and calling for some time, a voice answered from within. A short colloquy having passed between my *fuhrmann* and the inmate, the door was opened, and I was shown into a most miserable room, totally destitute of furniture. I thought I had seen misery enough; but, alas! it was my doom to witness a good deal more. The being who inhabited this den was a Jew of the most forbidding aspect; he was of middle stature, and was clothed in a black cassock, fitting close to his lean carcase—*so lean*, that (as a friend of mine was wont to say of a slim gentleman of our acquaintance) he would require stuffing to be a correct representation of the Apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet." His complexion was deadly pale, his eyes black as jet, and constantly in motion; his hair and beard were matted and neglected. He spoke but seldom, and moved about with noiseless step, occasionally leaning against the wall, and eyeing me from top to toe. I felt fatigued, and ordered my bed; the creature vanished, but soon reappeared, carrying a quantity of hay, which he threw down in a corner of the room, shaking it up afterwards, as though a litter were preparing for a horse. I had the cushions of my carriage arranged for a pillow; and, having primed my pistols, and obtained a candle to burn until morning, I wrapped my cloak around me, and was left "alone with my glory." Alone! did I say? This is a mistake, for I had company of the most *piquant* description: myriads of fleas hopped about my devoted frame, punctured my skin, sucked my blood, tickled my nose, and banished sleep from my eyes. I hailed the dawn joyfully, and rushing into the open air, ran to a distance from the hovel, with my enemies on my back, shook them off with disdain, and then hastened out of their reach. Nothing could tempt me to re-enter my *bed-room*. After some difficulty I obtained a little milk, for which slight refection, and my night's lodging, my impassible host charged me exorbitantly.

We travelled thirty *werstes* (equal to about seventeen English miles) and halted at a village called Jampol. As the Jewish inns are almost all alike, I may as well describe that of Jampol. It consisted of a large shed or barn, having a gate at each end, so that you drive in at one entrance, and out at the other; this shed is appropriated to the reception of horses, carriages, cattle, and live-stock of all descriptions. At the moment we entered, it was occupied by a flock of sheep, and we had hard work to pass through them. On one side, close to the entrance, were two or three wretched rooms, covered with filth, and swarming with vermin.

At sunset we arrived at what is called the town of Alt-Konstantinon, and, to my great mortification, it was intimated to me that there I must remain for twenty-four hours. It was Friday evening,—the Sabbath had commenced, and nothing could induce my *fuhrmann* to move on that sacred day. I was much annoyed, and regretted exceedingly that I had not decided on travelling by the Russian post.

Perhaps it was not right to attempt to prevail on the man to break through the laws of his religion for filthy lucre. I confess that I made use of golden arguments; but, to his honour be it spoken, they did not weigh with him. I proposed to drive the horses myself, and that the conscientious *fuhrmann* should occupy my place in the carriage, making it his tabernacle; but he was not to be tempted. Yielding, then, with a good grace, I took possession of a chamber on one side of the shed; the apartment opposite (for this was a large inn, and there were rooms on each side of the gateway,) being occupied by a Polish family of rank, who had arrived a short time before me, with their carriages and servants. This detention at Alt-Konstantinon gave me an opportunity of seeing the habits of great Polish people on their journeys. I certainly felt surprised that persons of distinction and immense fortune could make up their minds to pass nights and days in these wretched places called inns, rather than, by ameliorating the condition of others, ensure at the same time their own comforts. Such, however, is the case;—a noble, wealthy family, residing within a few miles of the spot, passed the night, and a portion of the following day, in this most disgusting habitation. The heat was intense, the odours most offensive, and immediately underneath the open windows was a pool of muddy water, in which paddled and quacked a dozen of half-starved ducks.

In the course of the evening I went to the synagogue, which was held in a cottage larger than the rest. At night, lighted candles were placed in the windows of most of the huts;—the candlesticks were of brass, and very high. The effect of this illumination was not unpicturesque.

On my return to my cabin, I observed that several bundles of hay were being carried into the rooms occupied by my opposite neighbours. Seizing a favourable opportunity, I obtained some for myself, and, dropping down into my lonesome corner, slept as well as could be expected. Next morning it became necessary to keep a sharp look-out for a breakfast. I had brought from Brody some small loaves, which had been pretty well toasted in the sword-case of my carriage—indeed they were as hard as flints. The Jews would not boil an egg for me, nor lend me a pipkin in which to cook one for myself. However, after divers strict researches, and waiting a long time, three cups of coffee were brought me from a *cabaret* kept by a Christian. I had to pay about three shillings for this refreshment. I was much at a loss how to kill time during this long sabbath. The party which occupied the other side of the inn consisted chiefly of ladies,—viz. the mother and three or four grown-up daughters. The latter were dressed in the Parisian style, and it was curious enough to see them, on the Saturday morning, turning out (to use a sailor's expression, and I beg the ladies' pardon for so doing,) of their comfortless chambers, attired as fashionably as though they had just left an elegant dressing-room. Numbers of gloomy Jews and Jewesses were loitering about under the shed and at the open gateway; but, as the rising sun dispels the vapours of the morning, so, wherever these charming Polish ladies bent their steps, the group of black cassocks moved away, like a smoky cloud, to form

* The paper *rouble* is equal to tenpence English, or one *franc* of France.

again and again in some unoccupied corner; from whence they were not unfrequently dislodged by the noble family's Christian servants, who, though abject in their demeanour towards their lords and masters, were insolent to those whom they considered as being a step below themselves in the scale of existence.

We started at daylight on Sunday morning, and about eleven P.M. we reached a village. The inhabitants of the dwelling to which we drove had retired to rest; but, upon the cabalistical summons—the "Open Sesame" of the *fuhrmann*—the gate slowly turned on its hinges, and we were welcomed by a member of the family, habited in an undress, consisting of a close jacket and drawers, which I presume had once been white. The carriage was conducted across the damp litter, to the other extremity of this *ménagerie*, where several persons were reposing. Amongst them was a dirty old Jew, reclining on a most foul mattress. I alighted, in the hope of finding a corner where I could stretch out my cramped limbs; but all the rooms were occupied. The patriarch rose from his bed, and offered it to me; but I could not think of depriving him of it, nor of running the risk of being punished for availing myself of this self-denying offer—this warm reception, by becoming infected with the *plica Polonica*, or other disease.

After taking a crust of bread and a glass of wine, by way of supper, I arranged myself *pour le mieux*, in my *calèche*. The large barn was lighted by a solitary lantern, which shed a feeble ray on the old man's face and venerable grey beard, as he slumbered at a few yards' distance. Ever and anon a figure moved about, like an unquiet spirit. Near at hand the horses were champing their corn, and the monotonous sounds caused by that operation was responded to by the less agreeable ones of divers snoring sleepers of the human species. These romantic strains soon produced a soporific effect on me. I must have been asleep some time, when I was awakened by the effect of a strong light shining upon me. Starting up, I discovered the *fuhrmann* standing on the step of the carriage, with a candle in his hand; which, from his sudden backward movement, it seemed to me that he had been holding before my closed eyes. I asked, what he was there for? what he wanted? He looked very confused, and answered, "Nothing—*nichts*, mein Herr." I bade him get down, made him light the lamps of the *calèche*, and took care to examine the priming of my pistols, in order to show those who might be observing me from the *chiaroscuro* of the back-ground that I was upon my guard. I then dismissed him, with an injunction not to intrude a second time on my slumbers in that way. The remainder of the night passed off quietly. Perhaps the man only came to look for something; but at the time, and under all the circumstances, appearances were against him, and certainly the place he had brought me to might well be compared to a robber's retreat.

At daybreak we left this dismal abode, and when at a short distance, I made my conductor draw up, and told him, very decidedly, that I was quite sure there must be better accommodation on the road than he had hitherto procured for me, and that I should insist on his not taking me to any other such lodgings as we had just quitted. He was very humble, assured me that we should halt at noon at an excellent inn, where I should be grandly entertained, and lodged in a fine chamber. Without placing implicit faith in these brilliant promises, I still suffered myself to be buoyed up with the hope of something better; and, on arriving at the town of Krasna, I repeated my injunction with much emphasis, adding, that I would cheerfully pay for decent entertainment, but would not be taxed for filth. My remonstrance succeeded,—that is, not until after refusing to alight at two or three vile huts. At last, however, we stopped at a house, the inmates of which (Jews, of course,) appeared less dirty than those I had hitherto seen: the *fuhrmann* put up his horses elsewhere; for this was not exactly an inn.

Being satisfied with my fare, I begged my hostess to give me the name of a good landlord at Tulczyn, and she recommended one Mosie Lebb. I tasted an agreeable beverage here called *honig*, a sort of mead; and they actually offered me some tokay! —*Hongrisch wein, Tokai*, as they pronounce it. However, as the high price demanded was the only voucher they could give of the genuineness of the vintage, I declined the tempting proposal. The horses were not brought so soon as I could have wished, and I suspected the *fuhrmann* of an intention of again lodging me for the night in some miserable hovel.

Tulczyn (pronounced Tolcheen) being the head-quarters of the Russian army in the Ukraine, Bessarabia, &c., it was probable that tolerable accommodation might be had there; and, by dint of great perseverance on my part, we arrived at nightfall, to the evident chagrin of my worthy coachman.

As we entered, a violent hail-storm came on: it is no exaggeration to say that the hail-stones were as big as bantam's eggs. Tulczyn is a large, straggling, dirty place. The population consists principally of Jews, excepting the troops of the garrison. I gave orders to be driven to Mosie Lebb's.

"Do you know where he lives?" said I. "Ya, ya," replied the *fuhrmann*, and at the same moment was going to turn into a petty shed, not far advanced into the town.

"Is this Mosie Lebb's?" "Ya," bawled a dozen voices all at once, and the bridles of the horses were seized, to accelerate the lodgment. The place not answering in any respect the description, I insisted on proceeding further, calling out for Mosie Lebb, and being assured by many an individual, who invited me into his sweet dwelling, that *he* was the identical Moses. The *fuhrmann* evidently favoured the cheat; he evaded my inquiries, and made numerous attempts to get me to halt at an inferior house.

Tired of this farce, and my English blood having become heated by the attempts of the confederates to get me into their clutches, I started forwards, took the whip from the *fuhrmann's* hands, whirled it in a menacing way over the heads of my assailants, and then, catching up the reins, I made the horses spring forward, whilst I roared as loudly as possible in the *fuhrmann's* ear, "Mosie Lebb—Mosie Lebb;" the hailstones clattering about my head all the while, as though my discomfited enemies were pelting me for my obstinacy.

We soon came to a wide part of the town; and seeing some officers in a balcony, and a soldier or two standing about the gate-way of a house, I thought this might, perhaps, be the goal of my wishes. Drawing up, therefore, I uttered my "Mosie Lebb" in a softer tone, and found that I was actually in front of his hostelry. Soon he welcomed me, and I was ushered into a room on the ground-floor, containing plain but useful furniture. Around the chamber were divans, covered with dark-coloured printed calico; one of these was destined for my bed.

The inn was quite full, but the larder empty. An emissary was sent to the Christian *tracteer*, as they called him, to see if a supper could be had. (I presume *tracteer* to be a corruption of the French word *traiteur*.) A *something* was at length procured: I was nearly famished, and soon discussed the savoury morsel, along with a bottle of excellent *vin de Grave*.

Fancy me, then, reclining on my divan, after the toils of the day; all angry feelings washed away by the generous wine of France,—congratulating myself on the progress I had made, the difficulties I had surmounted, and looking forward to the termination of my arduous journey in three or four days. Mosie Lebb sat an hour with me in the course of the evening. His conversation was intelligent and interesting: he is a fine old man, has a very animated countenance, a magnificent grey beard, and bright black eyes. He was perfectly cleanly in his person, and wore a black robe made of a superior stuff.

I was obliged to get my passport *visé* at Tulczyn, and to pay a fee, of course. There is a theatre at this place, but I was too fatigued to wish to visit it.

The Jewish population seemed to decrease as we approached the *steppes*: the Tartar-faced peasantry were now more numerous. Nothing can be more desolate than the appearance of these *steppes* —not a tree nor a shrub was to be seen; clouds of dust obscured the air, and the only indications of a vicinity to the haunts of men were some herds of oxen that were occasionally seen feeding on the short parched grass: these oxen were large, and almost invariably of a dun colour; so that, as there was no regular road nor fence, we frequently came upon them suddenly—for the grass, the dust, and the cattle, were all of one colour.

The undulatory hills called *steppes*, when a lull of wind allowed the eye to roam over them, recalled to my remembrance the long, smooth, swell of the ocean, in a calm after a violent gale; whilst a large waggon, covered with canvass, looming in the distance, might without any great stretch of the imagination, be compared to a vessel on the verge of the horizon spreading every sail to catch an air of wind (as sailors say) in order to keep the ship from rolling over.

At Balta we halted for the night at the house of a Jew, who was recommended to me by the venerable Mosie Lebb. An attempt was made to play me a trick, and to take me to an inferior lodging—but a few demonstrations *à la Tulczyn* settled the matter.

On stepping out of my chamber in the course of the evening, I had the misfortune to disturb the repose of divers Israelites—old

and young—male and female—who were huddled together near the threshold. I stumbled over a Shylock, struck my thick skull against the delicate form of a sleeping fair one, and in the rebound, knocked against several younglings, who evinced, by discordant squeaks, their fright and indignation. I begged pardon for this unintentional intrusion, and returned to my divan, firmly resolved to remain there till day-light.

On the last day of my journey I was on the alert before the dawn; being determined to strain every nerve to reach Odessa by evening. The heat was scorching, and the dust blinded and choked us as we scudded along. I looked out anxiously for the Euxine, but the obstacles to vision were impenetrable. At noon we stopped at a little inn, at the door of which was a *calèche* :—this was a good sign.*

I was shown into a room where two persons, one a man of thirty, the other a lad of about fifteen, were regaling themselves on a savoury pie, contained in a brown dish: they were not over nice in their manner of eating, for the fingers were more in use than knives and forks. The carriage at the door belonged to these gentlemen, who were *Seigneurs Polonais*: we entered into conversation in French, and I learned that they had left Odessa early in the morning; they told me that there were two tolerable hotels at Odessa, viz. the *Hôtel du Club*, and the *Hôtel du Nord*—they recommended the former.

I was delighted. "Hurra for Odessa!" said I, (giving the *fuhrmann* an extra sum for his refreshment) and, as soon as the horses were sufficiently rested, I took leave of my Polish acquaintances, and started.

We passed onwards, but still I saw no spires—no domes—no sea. Evening was approaching, and the wind and dust became almost insupportable.

On a sudden, we ascended a hill—the carriage stopped—voices were heard—a wooden barricade was perceptible through the cloud of dust—a building of rather mean appearance was close by—it was the gate of Odessa! The officers stationed at the barrier came out, and a sentinel approached; my passport was demanded, and taken to the *bureau*. A movement was made indicative of an intention to overhaul my baggage, which movement I conjured away by graciously presenting a silver *rouble* to the officer; something was said, in the Russian language, which I interpreted into the cheering words "All right;" the *fuhrmann* remounted his box, mutual salutations took place between the officers and myself, and I pronounced the word *Club*, in a tone and manner which intimated that the sooner I was conveyed to a place of rest the better I should be pleased.

This time no attempt was made to take me to the wrong house. We traversed several extremely wide streets, in which I did not observe so many persons as I should have expected; and at last, at seven P.M., on the 19th of August, we drove into the courtyard of the *Hôtel du Club*.

THE POOR MILLINER'S SHOP.

Have any of our readers ever been in the habit of looking on shops with a philosophic eye? Have they ever looked upon them otherwise than as common-place conveniences, where the wants of social life may be supplied? Or have they ever perceived that shops have a character about them, and that their outward appearance, and inner too, often express, if read aright, a vast deal that is not uninteresting to contemplate?

It is not, however, in the gayer and wealthier parts of the city that shops present any of those features or characteristics in which may be found the intelligence to which we allude. In these places wealth, or its semblance, has levelled all distinction, effaced all peculiarity of expression, and given to all one common outline, one general character, diversified only by the vagaries of taste.

It is not, then, amongst these that we are to look for those unsophisticated sort of shops in which character and circumstance are developed. These are to be found in the suburbs only, or in those dull and unfrequented streets, which either have been deserted by the tide of population, or through which it has not yet begun to flow, and where, consequently, rents are comparatively low.

The leading and distinguishing feature of the particular class of shops to which we would direct the attention of the reader, is a marked indication of straitened circumstances, not to say absolute poverty, on the part of their occupants. A poor, squalid, ill-stocked shop we have always thought one of the most piteous-looking things in the world,—one of the most melancholy forms in which the mighty struggle for a livelihood, in which we are all engaged, can possibly exhibit itself.

We do not know how it is with others, but we never pass one of these meagrely furnished and customerless shops, without a painful feeling of sympathy for their occupants. It possibly may be carrying sentimentalism a little too far, but we do think there is something eminently calculated to excite compassion, in the miserable efforts to attract the public attention and patronage which such shops as those we speak of exhibit. Something piteous in the extreme it is, we think, to mark the wretched attempts at display which they present; sometimes exhibiting itself in what is meant for a tempting array of the little stock which it contains, not worth, probably, ten shillings altogether; sometimes in an effort at tasteful decoration, intended at once to captivate the eye of the passer-by, and to hide or divert attention from the hollowness within. It is a miserable shift,—one of the most miserable, we think, by which the limited in means endeavour to make or eke out a livelihood.

But what wretched-looking shop is this? More wretched, more squalid yet, than any of the wretched and squalid shops in its dull and lifeless neighbourhood; the poorest of the poor; showing that in the lowest depth there is a lower still. Ay, that, good reader, is the shop, the specimen of that particular class to which it was our purpose especially to direct your attention when we began this article, and to which we meant it to be all but exclusively devoted. That is a milliner's shop, the shop of a poor milliner and dress-maker; the most piteous of all the piteous efforts in the shop way that can possibly be seen.

Let us contemplate it for a moment. In the first place, it is evident that the shop is such a one as hardly anybody would take: it is badly situated, in a poor, dull, and little frequented neighbourhood; is much out of repair, and exhibits, altogether, the appearance of having been unlet for years. Everything about it gives token of this: it has a damp smell within, and the paint with which it was at one time freshened up is dirty and faded, both outside and in. For years no tenant could be found for the shop; its forbidding aspect and unpromising situation repelled all seekers. At length, however, it was taken. The lowness of the rent induced a poor girl to try her humble fortunes in it as a dress-maker, and it is by her it is now occupied. It is a most piteous exhibition.

One solitary candle (for she cannot afford to pay for gas) burns in a tin candlestick on the counter, and feebly lights the dingy, poverty-stricken shop. On the naked and all but wholly unoccupied shelves stand two or three bandboxes, placed widely apart, in order to make a show, but containing nothing; they are empty. On the counter are also two little wooden pillars, or stands, on which are mounted two caps of neat workmanship, but of humble character. In the window are scattered up and down a few balls of thread of various colours, some papers of pins and needles, a few bolts of tape, two or three feeble-looking faded gum-flowers, and a small assortment of the cheapest description of female head-gear; and this comprises the whole stock in trade, and, in all probability, the whole worldly wealth of the poor girl who calls herself mistress of the shop.

Behind the counter, and so situated as to be unseen by the casual passer-by, is seated the poor milliner,—a modest, trimly

dressed, and pleasant-looking girl; she is employed in sewing. She is constantly sewing, but she works listlessly; for her hopes from the shop, from her little adventure in business, have not been realised, and the disappointment has crushed her spirits. It has paralysed her energies, and damped the ardour of her exertions.

Is it any wonder it should? Think of the dreary, the weary days she spends in that miserable shop, still hoping for custom, and no custom coming; sitting from morning to night, and no soul entering the door, not even to ask the prices of her little merchandise. Conceive the heart-sickening hopelessness with which she opens that shop in the morning, and the soul-withering despondency with which she shuts it at night; for she has not drawn during the day one single penny, and has no hope that to-morrow will bring her better fortune.

No, poor girl! it is not to your miserable repository that they will go who want such articles as you deal in. That custom, of which the smallest share would make you happy, cheerful, and comfortable, is reserved for the Mantalinis of your profession,—for the gay and splendid establishments of the *marchandes de modes*. They will not deign even to look, in passing, at your miserable shop; or if they do, it is but to sneer or laugh at your humble pretensions to the character and calling you profess.

What a wretched life must yours be!—what a life of that deferred hope which maketh the heart sick! It is to be traced in your sad look; it is to be marked in the slow and languid way in which you raise your head when a more than usually audible footstep is heard at your door. You look up, indeed, but it is at once seen that you have no hope of its being a customer; for a long and dismal experience has taught you that none will come to you to order or to buy. You have long since learnt that from your shop you have nothing to expect.

Yet, when the poor girl took that shop,—when she had fairly entered into possession, and had procured her name and calling to be painted on the wall close by the door, (for she could not pay for a sign-board, nor for gilded letters,)—her hopes were high, and a feeling of independence came over her that rendered her cheerful and happy. She had no doubt that her shop, added to her own industry, would yield her a comfortable living. Vain hopes! delusive prospects!

The city reader will, we think, at once recognize the description of shop we speak of, and will, in all probability, know of one or two such in his own neighbourhood,—at any rate, in some other quarter of the town. He will have marked them before, and will, we have no doubt, have contemplated them in the same spirit in which we have attempted to describe them. If not, he will probably do so henceforth, now that his attention is called to them.

INFLUENCE OF VIRTUOUS HABITS.

Persons lightly dipped, not grained in generous honesty, are but pale in goodness, and faint-hued in sincerity; but be thou what thou virtuously art, and let not the ocean wash away thy tincture. Stand magnetically upon the axis where prudent simplicity hath fixed thee, and at no temptation invert the poles of thy honesty: and that vice may be uneasy, and even monstrous unto thee, let iterated acts and long-confirmed habits make virtue natural, or a second nature in thee. And since few or none prove eminently virtuous but from some advantageous foundations in their temper and natural inclinations, study thyself betimes, and early find what nature bids thee to be, or tell thee what thou may'st be. They who thus timely descend into themselves, cultivating the good seeds which nature hath set in them, and improving their prevalent inclinations to perfection, become not shrubs, but cedars in their generation; and to be in the form of the best of the bad, or the worst of the good, will be no satisfaction unto them.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

HYDROPHOBIA.

Hydrophobia is one of the most dreadful diseases to which the human frame is subject; to intense bodily agony, mental anguish is superadded, and the unhappy sufferer finds himself irresistibly forced to act in opposition to the most determined exertion of his will. The power of volition is taken from him, and he furiously attacks the by-standers, at the same time warning them against himself. One moment he cries for the soothing hand of friendship to alleviate his sufferings, but in the next is obliged to reject it lest he should tear it in his fury. We will not pursue the frightful description. It is sufficient that it is one of the most dreadful scourges of mankind, and one which has hitherto baffled the physician. Numberless remedies have been proposed, but none have been attended with certain success. The researches of modern science have led to the conclusion that the nerves are the seat of the disease, and that the suspension of their action, if only for a very brief space, would in all probability put an end to it. The difficulty lies in discovering the means by which this end may be compassed without the extinction of life. Dipping in the sea was formerly considered a specific, and although the practice has fallen into disrepute, there is great reason for believing, especially if the modern theory be correct, that dipping, when properly performed, that is, when the patient is really drowned, animation being suspended and afterwards recovered by the ordinary means, that the remedy may be efficacious. The process is however so fearful that it is no wonder that it has only been carried to the necessary extent in comparatively few cases. A remarkable instance has recently been communicated to us in which two boys were bitten at the same time, by the same animal; one was dipped to such an extent that when taken out he was quite insensible. He never felt any symptoms of hydrophobia, but his companion fell a sacrifice to it within a very short period. We do not relate this story with confidence as an illustration of the efficacy of dipping, for we have not had an opportunity of making minute inquiries concerning the particulars of the case. Our informant was not certain which of the boys was first bitten, a circumstance which is of importance, inasmuch as it is possible that the virus was all expended in the wound first given, but we mention the fact, as the practice of dipping appears to us to deserve further inquiry.

About two months back, a case of hydrophobia occurred at Nottingham, which was very generally noticed in the newspapers. In this case it was determined to try the effect of the Wourali poison, and Mr. Waterton, the gentleman who brought it from Guiana some years ago, and made its name familiar to the public by his experiments upon animals,* was sent for, but unfortunately the patient died before he arrived. This poison is very deadly, and is used by the Indians in the pursuit of game. It destroys life by paralysing the nerves, and thus putting a stop to the animal functions, but does not render the creatures destroyed by it unfit for food. The peculiar action of this poison suggested the idea that it might be used with success in cases of hydrophobia, that the nerves might be paralysed and the disease destroyed, whilst life might be preserved by producing artificial respiration until the poison ceased to operate. Mr. Waterton repeated his experiments on animals at Nottingham, and clearly demonstrated the possibility of preserving life during the action of the poison. The lungs were kept inflated by means of a tube inserted in the trachea, and the animal (an ass) eventually recovered perfectly.

We have been led to notice the subject of hydrophobia by meeting with the account of a remedy practised in Mexico, which we transcribe below. The mode of cure appears to be founded precisely on the same principle as dipping, and the use of the Wourali poison; and as the recipe for preparation is given, it seems very well worth while to make experiments upon it, and hence we have been induced to take this opportunity of drawing attention to a subject of such deep and universal interest.

We quote from "Travels in the Interior of Mexico," by Lieut. R. W. H. Hardy, R.N., a gentleman who visited Mexico on a mission connected with the Pearl and Coral Fisheries on the coasts of California in the year.

"From Don Victores I learned a cure for the hydrophobia, which, in three cases, he had seen administered in the last paroxysms of that dreadful complaint. He told me that he had known several die who had not taken it, but of those to whom it was administered, not one. He is so honest a man, and has a general character for such strict veracity, that I entertain no doubt of his having witnessed what he related. One of the patients was

* See "The Ass Wouralia," in No. XIV. of the London Saturday Journal.

tied up to a post with strong cords, and a priest was administering the last offices of religion. At the approach of a paroxysm, the unfortunate sufferer, with infuriated looks, desired the priest to get out of the way, for that he felt a desire to bite everybody he could catch hold of. An old woman who was present, said she would undertake his cure; and although there were none who believed it possible that she could effect it, yet the hope that she might do so, and the certainty of the patient's death if nothing were attempted, bore down all opposition, and her services were accepted. She poured a powder into half a glass of water, mixed it well, and in the intervals between the paroxysms she forced the mixture down his throat. The effects were exactly such as she had predicted; namely, that he would lose all power over his bodily and mental faculties, and that a death-like stupor would prevail, without any symptoms of animation, for either twenty-four or forty-eight hours, according to the strength of his constitution; that at the end of this period, the effects of the mixture would arouse the patient, and its violent operation, as emetic and cathartic, would last about ten or fifteen minutes, after which he would be able to get upon his legs, and would feel nothing but the debility which had been produced by the combined effects of the disease and the medicine. She mentioned also that the fluid to be discharged from the stomach would be as black as charcoal, and offensive to the smell.

"All this literally took place at the end of about twenty-six hours; and the patient was liberated from one of the most horrible and affecting deaths to which mortality is subject. She had her own way of accounting for the effects of this disease. She termed it a local complaint attacking the mouth, which by degrees it irritates and inflames; this ripens the virus, which is conveyed to the brain by means of the nerves, and is received also into the stomach with the saliva. The poison, thus matured in the mouth and at the root of the tongue, converts the whole of the fluids of the stomach into a poisonous bile, which, if it be not quickly removed, communicates with the blood and shortly destroys life. Of this reasoning I shall say nothing. It is sufficient that the result is attainable, be the '*modus operandi*,' as the doctors call it, what it may. And I think it my duty simply to make the narration, that should it chance to attract the notice of some truly scientific physician, who would wish to investigate the remedy, philosophically and without prejudice, society might then hope to receive, what it has long despaired of, namely, a safe antidote for the hydrophobia.

"Although a knowledge of this extraordinary recipe would be so beneficial in a country like Sonora, where not only dogs, but wolves, foxes, lions, tigers, cats, and other animals, are so frequently attacked by it, yet there was but one of the numerous spectators who manifested, at the time, any curiosity to possess it. This person was Don Victores Aguilar, a man whom I esteem not less for the qualities of his heart, than for the attentions I received from him in a long illness, under his hospitable roof. During that period, he communicated to me this medicine, the extraordinary effects of which, he had himself, upon two occasions, proved by actual experiment. I know not, however, whether the complaint in Europe be precisely the same as that in Sonora; but if it be, then the cure cannot be considered altogether so hopeless as it has hitherto been. I should like to see the experiment tried, under the direction of some experienced medical man; for, although it might not succeed here, it is at least worth the trial.

"The herb used is, I believe, hellebore. It is called in Spanish sevadilla, and I think its botanical name is *veratrium sebadilla*. There is also another herb, called amóle, which has been found to be equally efficacious, the botanical name of which I do not know, which is used for the cure of hydrophobia, in the neighbourhood of Amóles, a town on the Rio de Buena Vista. These remedies, from all I have been able to learn, never fail of effecting a cure of that dreadful malady. But it is surprising that the knowledge of this recipe, even in Sonora, should be by no means general.

"The following is a translation of the receipt, written at my express request, by Don Victores Aguilar.

'*Method of curing Hydrophobia.*'

"'The person under the influence of this disease must be well secured, that he may do no mischief either to himself or others.

"'Soak a rennet in a little more than half a tumbler of water (for about five minutes). When this has been done, add of pulverized sevadilla as much as may be taken up by the thumb and three fingers. Mix it thoroughly, and give it to the patient (that is, force it down his throat in an interval between the paroxysms). The patient is then to be put into the sun if possible, (or placed near a fire,) and well warmed. If the first dose tranquillize him, after a short interval, no more is to be given; but if he continue furious, another dose must be administered, which will infallibly quiet him. A profound sleep will succeed, which will last twenty-four or forty-eight hours, (according to the strength of the patient's constitution,) at the end of which time, he will be attacked with severe purging and vomiting, which will continue till the poison be entirely ejected. He will then be restored to his senses, will ask for food, and be perfectly cured.'

"There is an Indian living in Tubutáma, who is known to have an antidote to the poison, injected into the wound occasioned by the bite of a mad dog, &c.; and it is therefore superior to the sevadilla, which will only cure the disease when it has been formed. Two thousand dollars have been offered to him to disclose the secret, but he has constantly refused to accede to the terms. His charge is ten dollars for each patient, and he makes a comfortable livelihood by his practice. I made diligent inquiries while I remained in Sonora, whether there were any instance known of the Indian's antidote having failed, but I could hear of no one case where it had been unsuccessful."

THE LONDON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS AT CHISWICK.

The London Horticultural Society has been established about eighteen years, and its gardens at Chiswick were intended both as a place of experimental research in horticultural science, and as a station whence the most valuable, useful, and ornamental plants of all kinds might be distributed through the country. The gardens extend over about thirty-three acres of ground, and are arranged into an Arboretum, rich in ornamental trees and shrubs; an Orchard, containing a very extensive collection of fruit-trees; some forcing-houses, chiefly employed in the determination of the quality of different kinds of grapes; a kitchen garden, in which trials are made of new vegetables, or of new methods of cultivation, and where young gardeners receive practical training and instruction; and, lastly, some hot-houses and green-houses filled with rare plants. The gardens are considered to be a kind of normal school for young men intended as gardeners, who pass an examination in the principles of their business before they are recommended to places. It was originally intended to erect a magnificent range of hot-houses, but the funds of the society having been mismanaged, their operations were crippled for a time. "No association of individuals," says Dr. Lindley, the secretary of the society, "ever produced so marked an effect upon gardening in a few years as has been brought about by the distribution of cuttings of improved fruit-trees, of the finest kinds of vegetable-seeds, and of new plants, mostly imported direct from the British colonies and from the west coast of America, made annually from the society's gardens, independently of the collections sent in return to all parts of the world."

Perhaps there are few things more exhilarating to the eye and mind than a visit to a fine garden, where, while the luxuriance and beauty of the leaves and flowers impress the mind with the most agreeable ideas of nature, there is enough of art and arrangement to give us a pleasing impression also of the skill of man. The Horticultural Society's Garden unites these advantages to a considerable extent; for, while the trees have been planted a sufficient length of time to take off the raw and unfinished look of a young plantation, the long and broad gravel-walk, and smooth green turf on each side, afford an ample evidence of the hand of man. In May, this garden is in its highest beauty, from the tender green of the young leaves and the brilliant hues of the opening flowers.

One of the first things likely to attract the attention of a stranger, on entering the gardens, is a beautiful bright blue flower in the beds. This little flower, the blue of which is brighter than the most brilliant ultramarine, is called Nemophila insignis, or the showy lover of the woods; for this is the literal signification of its botanic name. It was one of the flowers sent from California by Douglas, who was, some time afterwards, unfortunately killed in the Sandwich islands, by falling into a pit-trap, in which was already a wild bull. The Californian annuals are all very beautiful, and all quite hardy. Their seeds may be sown in any soil, and at almost any season; and, indeed, experienced gardeners sow their seeds at five or six different periods, to produce a succession of flowers during the whole summer, and nearly during the whole year.

The next thing likely to attract the attention of a stranger is

the number of little matted huts distributed over the lawn. They are very neatly constructed, consisting of bass mats fastened over a framework of rods, and with a curious little door in the side, to admit the air when necessary. On examining these little huts, each will be found to enclose a pine-tree; for, on the right-hand of the gravel-walk on entering the gardens are the society's most rare and valuable pines and firs. The common observer, who is no botanist, can have no idea of the endless variety and beauty of the plants belonging to the pine and fir tribe. He may have, indeed, some vague ideas of the spruce and silver firs, and the Scotch pine and pineaster; but he will be surprised to find that there are above two hundred different kinds of the pine and fir tribe grown in English shrubberies.

One of the most remarkable of these plants in the Horticultural Society's Gardens will be found under the shelter of one of the bass-mat huts. It is called Araucaria imbricata, or the Chili pine. This tree is a native of the Andes, and in its native country it grows about 150 feet high. The branches are unlike those of any other tree; they are long, slender, and thickly covered with leaves, which are quite as unlike other leaves as the branches are unlike other branches. These branches, or rather horizontal arms, in the young trees, might seem, to a fanciful imagination, snakes partly coiled round the trunk, and stretching out their long slender bodies in quest of prey. The tree itself forms a kind of pyramid, the whorls of branches getting narrower and narrower towards the top. The roots, in the native country of the tree, Pœppig tells us, "lie spread over the stony and nearly naked soil, like gigantic serpents." The bark is thick and corky, and the scale-like leaves, which are so hard and sharply pointed as to wound the fingers, if incautiously handled, are of such a woody texture as to require a strong and sharp knife to sever them from the branch. The fruit, or cone, is as large as a man's head; and the seeds, which are about twice as large as an almond, constitute a favourite food of the Indians. Pœppig wished to get one of these cones, but was almost despairing of doing so, when a young Indian, throwing his lasso over one of the lower branches, swung himself high enough up this colossal tree to gather the cone. When Pœppig passed the same way again, towards the end of March, he saw the ground covered with the ripe, fallen cones, and some little parrots, and a species of cross-bill, hard at work, breaking the stones of the seeds, and picking out the kernels. The Indians use these kernels exactly as the inhabitants of the south of Europe do chesnuts; and the only flour they have is made from them.

Another kind of pine protected during winter is the Pinus Llaveana. This very elegant tree is a native of Mexico, and has not been long in this country. Its mode of growth is very elegant; its branches are produced in regular whorls, like those of the cedar of Lebanon; but they are light and graceful, and gently drooping at the extremity. The leading shoot looks like a tuft of feathers. The cones are very small, consisting of not more than a dozen scales; and the seeds are eatable.

Two magnificent Californian pines, with very long leaves (like the pineaster), and the beautiful Indian cedar, the Deodor, stand also on this lawn; and the last has been found to bear the cold as well, or better, than the common cedar of Lebanon.

Beyond this lawn is what Mr. Loudon, in his Arboretum Britannicum, calls a conservative wall; against which are some of the choicest plants in the gardens. The most beautiful of these—though perhaps the least rare—is the Wistaria consequana, marked in the garden by its old name of Glycine sinensis. This beautiful tree has flowers which resemble those of the laburnum, except in colour (which is a delicate lilac), and fragrance. The plants along this wall would take a day to examine thoroughly. Among them are the Chimonanthus fragrans, or winter-flower, which produces its delightfully fragrant blossoms about Christmas; and Duvaua ovata, which is remarkable for the singular elasticity of its leaves, which, when laid on water, jump and spring about in a most remarkable manner. It must be observed, before leaving this wall, that the names are strangely confused, many of the plants not having the right names affixed to them.

Passing hastily through the shrubbery dividing the conservative wall from the council-room, the visitor generally next visits the hothouses, and here he will find abundant matter to gratify his curiosity. In the pits are several very fine specimens of Camellia, the most beautiful of which is Camellia reticulata, with p[illegible] red flowers, as large as those of a peony, but much more beautiful. In another pit is Ixia patens var. rosea, with flowers of the richest carmine.

In the largest hothouse, one of the most interesting plants is the sugar-cane. This plant stands near the back wall, and resembles a kind of gigantic grass. There is also the cochineal plant, or Nopal tree of Mexico, which is a kind of Opuntia. On this plant the cochineal insect lives, wrapped up in its woolly covering, and looking very much like what is called the woolly bug, or the American blight on apple-trees. Another kind of Opuntia, which bears an eatable fruit, and is called the prickly-pear, is common in Spain and Portugal, and is a favourite fruit in those countries. In September, when the fruit is ripe, it is by no means uncommon to see a number of women sitting in the market-places and streets, with their hands and arms fearfully swollen, from the pricks and scratches they have received from the spines of the Opuntias, while they were engaged in stripping off the fruit. There are many other interesting plants in this house, and among others the Xylophyllum, which produces its pretty neat little flowers round the margin of its leaves.

In the other houses, the Epiphytes and the Cacti deserve attention, though neither of them are equal to the collections of Messrs. Loddiges, Thomas Harris, Esq., at Kingsbury, the Duke of Bedford's at Woburn, and many others. Additional houses are, however, now being erected on a magnificent scale; so that, probably, the collection of hothouse plants will shortly be very greatly improved.

Leaving the plant-houses, the visitor generally proceeds to the forcing-houses, and thence to the immense collection of fruit-trees in the orchard, where the trees are trained in different methods, so as to produce the greatest quantity of fruit.

The Arboretum is the next point of attraction; and here the trees, arranged systematically, are placed at a distance from the road, while an immense number of the red-blossomed currant (Ribes sanguineum) and tree-lupines are planted in front. The arrangement even of the Arboretum trees is not, however, very satisfactory, as it only consists in putting those of the same genus together.

COMBATS OF ANIMALS.

THE buffalo, in the following account, seems a more dreadful antagonist than is generally supposed; and the absence of excitement in the rhinoceros before the struggle, and his instant repose after it, is a fine display of the calm consciousness of power. Upon another occasion I witnessed, at one of these sanguinary exhibitions, a contest between a buffalo and a tiger. The buffalo was extremely fierce, and one of the largest of its kind I had ever seen. It commenced the attack by rushing towards its adversary, which retreated to a corner of the arena, where, finding no escape, it sprang upon the buffalo's neck, fixing its claws in the animal's shoulder, and lacerating it in a frightful manner. It was, however, almost instantly flung upon the earth, with a violence that completely stunned it, when there appeared a ghastly wound in the belly, inflicted by its antagonist's horn, from which the bowels protruded. The conqueror now began to gore and trample upon its prostrate enemy, which it soon despatched, and then galloping round the enclosure, streaming with blood, the foam dropping from its jaws, its eyes glancing fire, occasionally stopping, pawing the ground, and roaring with maddened fury. A small rhinoceros was next introduced, which stood at the extremity of the arena, eyeing its foe with an oblique but animated glance, though without the slightest appearance of excitement. The buffalo, having described a circle from the centre of the ground, plunged forwards toward the rhinoceros, with its head to the earth, its eyes appearing as about to start from their sockets. Its wary antagonist turned to avoid the shock of this furious charge, and just grazed the flank of the buffalo with its horn, ploughing up the skin, but doing no serious mischief. It now champed and snorted like a wild hog, and its eyes began to twinkle with evident expressions of anger. The buffalo repeated the charge, one of its horns coming in contact with its adversary's shoulder, which, however, was protected by so thick a mail that this produced no visible impression. The rhinoceros, the moment it was struck, plunged its horn with wonderful activity and strength into the buffalo's hide, crushing the ribs and penetrating to the vitals; it then lifted the gored body from the ground, and flung it to the distance of several feet, where the mangled animal almost immediately breathed its last. The victor remained stationary, eyeing his motionless victim with a look of stern indifference; but the door of his den being opened, he trotted into it, and began munching some cakes which had been thrown to him as a reward for his conduct in so unequal a contest.—*Travels in the East.*

THE BISHOP AND HIS BIRDS.

A WORTHY bishop, who died lately at Ratisbon, had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto—"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" This strange coat of arms had often excited attention, and many persons had wished to know its origin, as it was generally reported that the bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life. One day an intimate friend asked him its meaning, and the bishop replied by relating the following story:—

Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and, almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to a neighbouring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He knew it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering his juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for? The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and, tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds, to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trowsers that reached only half-way down his naked legs. "You are a very singular boy!" said he; "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you; as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else."

"What is that?" asked the schoolmaster, smiling.

"Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees; "oh, dear, kind sir, teach me to read."

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learnt so rapidly, that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in his mind as in his birth, patronised the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities, and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honours, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms."

"What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was MYSELF."

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
  The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps,
  And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
  If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
  In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
  That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given:
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
  Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
  In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
  Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
  And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last,
  Shall it expire with life, and be no more!

A happier lot than mine, and larger light
  Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
  And lovest all, and rendered good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
  Shrink and consume the heart as heat the scroll,
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
  Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
  Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye—
  Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same!

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
  The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that is love,—till I become
  Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

W. C. Bryant.

IS SPONGE A VEGETABLE OR AN ANIMAL?

THE sponge is allowed now to be a living being; but it long remained a question, whether it was a vegetable or an animal one. Its animality is now the belief of the best naturalists. It is described as fixed and torpid; of various forms, composed of network fibres, or of masses of small species interwoven together, and clothed with a gelatinous flesh, full of small mouths on its surface, by which it absorbs and rejects water. The officinalis species, or common sponge, is found in the Archipelago, the Mediterranean, and in the Indian Ocean, adhering to rocks by a broad base. It often is seen with some small stones, shells and particles of sand inclosed within its cells, and is sometimes pierced and gnawed by marine animals into irregular winding cavities; but it gives no indication of a sensitiveness greater than that of plants. The Oculata species, in the British Seas, is from five to ten inches high. One kind, on the rocks of Guinea, has a stem as thick as a finger, and branches as quills, surrounded with small obtuse shaggy tufts. Some are in the fresh-water; and one, in the ocean, is full of gelatinous flesh.

COURTS OF JUSTICE AMONG THE CROWS.

Those extraordinary assemblies, which may be called crow-courts, are observed here (in the Feroe Islands) as well as in the Scotch isles; they collect in great numbers as if they had been all summoned for the occasion. A few of the flock sit with drooping heads; others seem as grave as if they were judges, and some are exceedingly active and noisy, like lawyers and witnesses: in the course of about half an hour the company generally disperse; and it is not uncommon, after they have flown away, to find one or two left dead on the spot.—*Landt's Description of the Feroe Islands.*

PALEY.

This great man, whose mind was so remarkably expert, was particularly clumsy in body. "I was never a good horseman," he used to say of himself, "and when I followed my father on a pony of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times: I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside and say, 'Take care of thy money, lad.'"—*Meadley's Memoirs of Dr. Paley.*

YOUTHFUL SPIRIT.

Mr. Urquhart visited Alyzea, a city which, he tells us, once possessed the "Labours of Hercules," by Lysippus, and "the walls" whereof "are in the best Hellenic style."

"The excitement which the arrival of Europeans everywhere produced, was here called forth in a most striking manner. They thronged round me, anxiously inquiring where the limits really were to be; and when I told them that they were without, they stood like men who had listened to a sentence of death. A fine, intelligent boy, certainly not more than ten years of age, and who for an hour had been leading me about the ruins, exclaimed, 'We never will allow the Turks to come here again!' 'Will you prevent them, my little man?' said I. With a look and attitude full of indignation, he replied, 'You may laugh, if you please, but the Turks will never take alive even a little child. I would shoot my sister,' pointing to a girl older than himself, 'sooner than that she should again be made a slave.'"—*Urquhart's Spirit of the East.*

A GOOD COMPANION.

A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon each other next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "'tis the company, and not the charge, that makes the feast."—*Izaak Walton.*

DEER FORESTS OF SCOTLAND.

Many are still the deer-forests of Scotland, but they are not what they were. Once a whole forest was dedicated to the service of the chase alone. You might have travelled from Banffshire to Ben Nevis without deviating from the region possessed by the noble Huntly. Sutherland, throughout the whole of its extent, was one prodigious forest, and so it still is, although the introduction of sheep-farming has made it lose its old pre-eminence. We need not mention more: the time has been, and it is not yet far distant, when a herd of deer was to be found on every mountain north of the Tay, and the slaughter at each *tinchel* was as great as that of the dolorous hunt which caused the fight of Chevy Chase. Did we say *north* of the Tay? The time has been when a fairer forest than any in the rugged Highlands grew on the banks of Ettrick and of Yarrow, and "down by Teviotdale." That forest has been sung by many a bard, and, though now destroyed (all save a few old trees on the banks and scaurs of St. Mary's Lake, melancholy memorials of the rest!), will flourish in memory as long as the Scottish minstrelsy is sung, and the deeds which it celebrates remembered with affection and with pride. Yes, the days have indeed altered since

"King James and a' his companie
Rade down the Meggat glen;"

and the echoes of Loch Skene will never more be wakened by the baying of the hound and merry blast of the horn!—*Sporting Magazine.*

VALOUR.

I love the man that is modestly valiant; that stirs not till he must needs, and then to purpose.—*O. Feltham.*

FISHING CORMORANTS AND FIGHTING QUAILS IN CHINA.

The fishing cormorant, which is trained to dive and catch the unwary fish, proves very useful. To prevent it from swallowing its prey, an iron ring is put around its neck, so that it is obliged to deliver its quota to its owner. It is as well trained as the falcon in Europe, and seldom fails to return to its master, who rewards its fidelity by feeding it with the offals of the fish it has caught. On the coast, a great number of curlews are to be found. Quails, which are to be met with in great quantities in the north, are greatly valued by the Chinese, on account of their fighting qualities. They carry them about in a bag, which hangs from their girdle, treat them with great care, and blow occasionally a reed, to rouse their fierceness. When the bird is duly washed, which is done very carefully, they put him under a sieve with his antagonist, strew a little Barbadoes millet on the ground, so as to stimulate the envy of the two quails: they very soon commence a fight, and the owner of the victor wins the prize. Good fighting quails sell at an enormous price, and are much in request.—*Gutzlaff's China.*

CHINESE APHORISMS.

He who toils with pain will eat with pleasure. No duns outside, and no doctors within. Forbearance is a domestic jewel. Something is learned every time a book is opened. To stop the hand is the way to stop the mouth. Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it.—*The Chinese, by J. F. Davis, Esq.*

ORIGIN OF BUTTERFLIES.

When Jupiter and Juno's wedding was solemnised of old, the gods were all invited to the feast, and many noble men besides. Among the rest came Chrysalus, a Persian prince, bravely attended, rich in golden attires, in gay robes, with a majestical presence—but otherwise an asse. The gods, seeing him come in such pomp and state, rose up to give him place; but Jupiter, perceiving that he was a light, phantastick, idle fellow, turned him and his proud followers into butterflies: and so they continue still (for aught I know to the contrary), roving about in pied coats, and are called Chrysalides by the wiser sort of men; that is, golden outsides, drones, flies, and things of no worth.—*Burton.*

SOLITUDE.

He had need to be well underlaid that knows how to entertain the time and himself with his own thoughts. Company, variety of employments or recreations, may wear out the day with the emptiest hearts; but when a man hath no society but himself, no task to set himself upon but what arises from his own bosom, surely, if he have not a good stock of former notions, or an inward mint of new, he shall soon run out of all, and, as some forlorn bankrupt, grow weary of himself.—*Bishop Hall.*

RECREATION.

Make thy recreation servant to thy business, lest thou become slave to thy recreation. When thou goest up into the mountain, leave this servant in the valley; when thou goest to the city, leave him in the suburbs; and remember, the servant must not be greater than the master.—*Quarles.*

MARCH OF UMBRELLAS.

When umbrellas marched first into this quarter (Blairgowrie), they were sported only by the minister and the laird, and were looked upon by the common class of people as a perfect phenomenon. One day, Daniel M——n went to pay his rent to Colonel M'Pherson, at Blairgowrie House: when about to return, it came on a shower, and the colonel politely offered him the loan of an umbrella, which was politely and proudly accepted of; and Daniel, with his head two or three inches higher than usual, marched off. Not long after he had left, however, to the colonel's surprise, he again sees Daniel posting towards him with all possible haste, still o'ertopped by his *cotton canopy* (silk umbrellas were out of the question in those days), which he held out, saluting him with—"Hae, hae, Cornel! this'll never do; there's no a door in a' my house that'll tak' it in: my verra barn-door winna tak' it in!"—*Glasgow Constitutional.*

ADVERSITY.

The lessons of adversity are often the most benignant when they seem the most severe. The depression of vanity sometimes ennobles the feeling. The mind which does not wholly sink under misfortune rises above it more lofty than before, and is strengthened by affliction.—*Chenevix.*

POISONOUS BEADS.

Those beautiful red seeds with a black spot brought from India, which are sometimes worn as ornaments of dress, are said by the natives to be so dangerous, that the half of one of them is sufficiently poisonous to destroy a man. This account, however, seems to exceed probability; but that they have a very prejudicial quality I have no doubt; for within my own knowledge I have seen an extraordinary effect of the poison of one of these peas. A poor woman who had some of them given to her, and who did not choose to be at the expense of having them drilled to make a necklace, put the seeds into hot water till they were sufficiently soft to be perforated with a large needle. In performing this operation, she accidentally wounded her finger, which soon swelled and became very painful, the swelling extending to the whole hand; and it was a considerable time before she recovered the use of it. The botanical name of the plant that produces this pea is *Abrus precatorius.*—*Elements of the Science of Botany, as established by Linnæus.*

ECONOMY.

All to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor. The mere power of saving what is already in our hands must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practise it with success.—*Rambler.*

SECRETS OF COMFORT.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Sharp's Essays.*

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PREACHERS AND PREACHING IN LONDON.*

SUNDAY in London is indeed a motley thing; and to the provincialist, who pays a visit to the metropolis during summer, must present a curious subject for speculation. In the morning of a fine summer Sunday, there is a stillness in the atmosphere which contrasts strongly with the jarring chaos of sounds that stuns the ears on the six secular days. Groups of working men may be seen at corners, or sauntering up and down, or loitering about the doors of the public-houses; barbers are busy in their vocation; butchers, green-grocers, butter-men, and other venders of kitchen wares, are waiting for that portion of the Saturday's late-paid wages which has not yet reached them; and omnibuses are already beginning to be filled with slaves of the desk, the counter, or the workshop, who are anxious to escape to the outskirts. Bells of many tones begin to ring over the huge city; carriages convey stately inmates to church and chapel; and well-dressed crowds pour forth on foot. Idlers hang over the parapet of London bridge, gazing on the busy scene below; steamers are smoking, hissing, and cramming. Eleven o'clock arrives, and the public-houses close their doors, and eject their customers; while the bakers' shops remain open a little longer, to receive the latest-made pie, or the recently-bought round of beef or leg of mutton, with which some dawdler hurries over, still asseverating that she "aint a bit too late."

This may be called the first act of the living drama; now for the second. About six hundred places of worship, large and small, from the spired church to the humbler hall or room, contain congregations of all opinions, and join in varied services. Working men in the outskirts are dressing their portions of garden-ground. Mothers and daughters, in streets containing a working population, are busily employed in scrubbing and cleaning, and preparing for the dinner at one; Sunday's dinner being the all-important dinner of the week. The streets are comparatively quiet, but the great thoroughfares are busily thronged. Here and there a street preacher gathers a small group around him. Walkers, as they pass a church or chapel, look in, to see or hear what is going on. But, on the whole, the second act, which lasts from eleven till one, is a period of quietness and repose.

At one o'clock commences an entirely new portion of the London Sunday. The churches and chapels are emptying; the public-houses open, and pot-boys, in clean shirts and aprons, sally out with their porter, and make the bye-streets to echo with their cry; fathers, sons, mothers, daughters, and servants, stream out from bakers' shops, and send abroad a savoury smell of pies and pork, beef and pudding; and the whole world of London, except the fashionable world and its imitators, sit down to dinner. Three o'clock draws on, and the public-houses are shut once more. But those who have staid at home to eat their dinner now go forth to enjoy the fresh air. It is afternoon at the east end, and morning at the west. From four till six the fashionable world wheels out, to see the beasts in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, or to get an appetite for dinner in Hyde Park. But Greenwich Park swarms with those who have already dined, and who are dunned by female "touters," all obligingly tormenting passengers, by asking if they will step in and take tea. As the fashionable world rolls homeward to dinner, to close their morning, and begin their day, the religious world comes forth to hear the evening sermon. Meantime, roads and river are alive;—steam-boats and small boats smoke, jostle, and float on the river; and omnibuses, coaches, gigs, and tradesmen's light carts, swarm on the highways. Public-houses, re-opened at five, expect a choice portion of custom during the remainder of the evening; and tea-gardens in the suburbs, after a winter fast, look for a summer feast on Sundays.

There may be about eight hundred clergymen and religious teachers employed in London on a Sunday. What are they doing? Busy, doubtless; and as doubtless is there a prodigious outpouring of intellect and eloquence during a Sunday's ministrations. Busy, earnest, and zealous many of them are; but the amount of intellect and eloquence distributed amongst the London congregations on a Sunday is not exceedingly high. Out of the whole eight hundred —of whom at least six hundred must be considered as men of education, many of them scholars, and, we presume, all of them devoted to their work, and giving their time to it,—not more than a dozen or eighteen could be picked out, whose mental qualifications rise above mediocrity. Preaching is no part of Christianity *itself*; it is but a human means of recommending the truths of Christianity; and as it deals with the highest interests of humanity, the very highest powers of the human intellect should be devoted to it. But the general level of London preaching is low. If it were possible for a man to go round all the churches and chapels of the metropolis in a day, and to listen to all the sermons preached, he would be annoyed at the small amount of solid instruction and wisdom he could extract from the mass. Many earnest men he would assuredly have heard—many zealously affected to their work, and anxious to do good. But, if he were a man of any scriptural information at all, he would be surprised, as he walked from church to chapel, to hear how frequently the same common-places were repeated—how often assertions went in place of proofs—how often an entire hour would be filled up with a torrent of words. In truth, any auditor, of the slightest mental activity, and accustomed to pulpit oratory, might, in nineteen cases out of every twenty, as soon as a London preacher gave out his text, anticipate the entire scope of the discourse,—if, in fact, he could not lay down the heads, and guess the paragraphs.

This lamentable waste of moral and intellectual power and opportunity is followed by many bad results. Ministers of very ordinary capacity are elevated into demigods, and become the worshipped, each of a coterie. Within their charmed circle, they have a certain potency; out of it, they are powerless. To dissent from the extravagant adulation bestowed on "our own minister," is to provoke almost the certainty of hatred from some people; while the character of any other clergyman, equally good and

* The Metropolitan Pulpit; or, Sketches of the most popular Preachers in London. Two volumes. London, Virtue, 1839.

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equally clever, may be freely canvassed in their presence. Each congregation may be said, to a certain extent, to bottle up its own Christianity for its own use—the "wells of salvation" are made private property. And while particular ministers are worshipped and run after, their very defects are marked, and changed into virtues, and, in the strong language of Dr. Chalmers, they are borne onwards amid "the hosannahs of a drivelling generation."

If any proof be required of our assertions, or rather of our opinions, we would point to the volumes which have led us to make these remarks. We do not set up for critics, and have no ambition to undertake the ungracious and sometimes spiteful task of reviewing books. But here are two handsome-looking volumes, got up by an author, who boasts of having had 20,000 copies sold of his "Random Recollections of the Houses of Lords and Commons," and 15,000 copies of his "Great Metropolis." The author has some facility in sketching the externals of a character, and has a lively, gossiping style; and as he professes to have picked up his information amongst religious people, we must (after allowing for the artist's defects) take his picture as something like a resemblance. Let us see, then, what he tells us about London preachers and preaching. To do justice, however, to the subject, we must premise, that the writer has a most indiscriminating and capacious swallow; he believes most religiously everything he hears; takes an apocryphal story, which has been appropriated to half-a-dozen individuals, on the faith of the last person who repeated it; and makes some ludicrous blunders.

As an instance of the latter, take the following about the late well-known Dr. Waugh:—

"Perhaps of all quotations which he ever made from profane writers, none surprised his people so much as one he made from one of *Burns's* songs, on a sacramental occasion. I am indebted for the anecdote to a lady who was at the time, and continued till his death, one of his members. The communicants were seated at the sacramental table, and he, according to the custom of the Presbyterian church of Scotland, was addressing them, or, as it is technically called, 'serving the table,' previous to the distribution of the elements. In the middle of his address he said, as nearly as my informant could remember the words, 'You are all, communicants, acquainted with the popular song of your countryman, in which, speaking of the warm affection which a lassie cherishes for her lover, he represents her saying,

> 'His very foot, there's music in't,
> As he comes up the stairs.'

A feeling of surprise at a quotation from such a writer as *Burns*, on such a solemn occasion as that on which they were at the time met, was simultaneously experienced by all present; and every one wondered in his own mind how the Doctor could convert such lines to a spiritual purpose. He soon satisfied them on the point," &c. &c.

Now, we fancy our English readers are all acquainted with the popular song of "Nae luck about the house," and are aware, not only that it was *not* written by Burns, but that, instead of being an expression of "the warm affection which a lassie cherishes for her lover," the song is the joyous outpouring of a wife on hearing of the safe arrival of her husband. We dare say, if Dr. Waugh *did* quote the lines, he quoted them correctly, in that sense, so familiar to Scottish theology, that "the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church." The matter, however, is too refined to be appreciated by our worthy author, who, nevertheless, is reputed to be himself a Scotchman: he heard the story; it was enough; and accordingly made a "prief" in his note-book.

Again, speaking of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothesley Noel, the well-known minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row, he exclaims, "Oh! it is a delightful thing to see a man, whose rank and fortune and accomplishments would ensure his ready admission into the very highest circles of society, and whose nearest relations constantly associate with the *élite* of the land, choosing rather to be the humble, self-denying minister of Christ, than to enjoy the fascinating, though, in a moral sense, too often fatal, pleasures of fashionable life!' To this he appends a note, in which he coolly informs us, "Lord *Farnham*, his brother, and Lady *Farnham*, his sister-in-law, form part of the household of the Queen." If one name is, to our author, just as good as another, he might, out of respect to his readers, before he committed this information to press, have looked into a Penny Almanac, and, perhaps, have substituted the name of Lady Barham for that of the two Farnhams.

Such are specimens of our author's *facts*—here is one of his *opinions*. Speaking of earnestness in preaching, he says, "I can conceive it quite possible that a preacher's mind may be so deeply interested in the truths he is proclaiming, as to impart a more than ordinary vehemence to his manner, without in the slightest degree transgressing the dictates of a sound judgment. Whitfield was a striking instance in point. He threw his whole heart and soul into his sermons, and his manner altogether was of the most impassioned kind of which we can form any conception; and yet we know, from his published discourses, *that there was nothing extravagant in his matter*." And this is said of Whitfield! Of him, who from the pulpit called on the angel Gabriel to stop ere he entered the sacred portals! Of him whose preaching matter was one continued extravagance, only redeemed by his earnestness, and the almost inimitable artificial skill of his manner!

We have noticed these incidental matters, merely to show that we are quite aware of the *value* of the volumes we are noticing: still, we think that the book is not an absolute caricature; and though, we doubt not, many clergymen, as well as their friends, will have no great reason to be flattered, still one may see from it that the superficial author fancies that he has hit off some striking likenesses. The book is mainly composed of twaddling stories picked up in religious coteries, and is a sort of indiscriminate daub, wherein every clergyman described is lauded as great, good, and clever. The author tells the following indelicate story about the late Rev. Matthew Wilks.

This reverend gentleman, according to our authority, was very anxious to get up a matrimonial connexion between a brother minister and a lady of fortune. He accordingly sent him with a letter of introduction, which ran thus:—

"My dear Madam—Allow me to introduce to you my worthy friend, the Rev. Mr. A.

> "If you're a cat,
> You'll smell a rat!

"Yours truly, MATT. WILKS."

This very creditable epistle is accompanied by a descriptive narration, about how the lady was confused, and the gentleman was confused, and how they recovered their confusion, and how the gentleman waited on the lady afterwards without the intervention of any such introductory epistles, and how they got happily married.

Of Rowland Hill, on whose memory is plastered almost every odd or droll story that is told of eccentric clergymen, we have, amongst others, the following. It seems that a number of ministers were assembled in the house of a friend, and, in conversation, had got over head and ears in the profundities of the origin of moral evil, and the freedom of the will. "Mr. Hill had all the while been alternately reading a book and looking out at a window which commanded a rather pleasant prospect. When the party had finished their discussion, one of them remarked to Mr. Hill that he had not expressed his opinion on the point in dispute. The remark was echoed and re-echoed by nearly all present, when at last one of them, who was a great stickler for the freedom of the will, asked him point-blank his opinion on the subject. 'Mr. R.' said Mr. Hill, turning himself to the gentleman in whose house the party were,—'Mr. R., I have been amused with a pig of yours which was running about on the *green-sward* below the window, [the window, be it recollected, "commanded a rather pleasant prospect,"] while you were all immersed in metaphysics. Does your pig shave?'

"Every one present looked at the other in utter amazement at the oddity of the question. Mr. R. replied, with a sort of smile, 'Shave, Mr. Hill! who ever heard of a pig shaving?' [ay, *who*?]

"'Then your pig does *not* shave, does she?' interrogated the eccentric old gentleman.

"'No—*certainly not*,' replied the other. [A very proper and decided answer.]

"'And *why* does she not shave?' was Mr. Hill's next question.

"This was confusion worse confounded. *Mr. R. knew not what answer to return to the query, and accordingly hesitated as if thinking what he ought to say.*

"'Ah! you can't answer my question, I perceive,' observed Mr. Hill. The continued silence of Mr. R., as well as that of the company, was a virtual admission that the interrogatory was a poser.

"'Then,' said Mr. Hill, after a moment's pause, still addressing himself to Mr. R., 'then I must answer it myself. Your pig does not sit upon her hind legs, and shave like animals of the biped class, simply because she has not the *will*.'"

We should have thought that the reason why a pig does not

shave, is simply because there are neither razors nor barbers in a piggish community; and that a calf don't wear breeches, because it has got no tailor. But, in the words of our author, "it were impossible" to depart from this pig's story, without giving the winding-up reflections, which may be taken as a general specimen of how to *improve* a joke.

"It were impossible to describe the effect which this happy piece of ridicule of those who can dogmatise with so much complacency on matters which are utterly beyond their comprehension, had on all present. Every one felt more mortified than another, and each came to a resolution in his own mind, that if he ever again engaged in a dispute respecting the freedom of the will, it would not be in the presence of Rowland Hill." (!!!)

We must pass from the dead to the living; and shall begin with the Rev. Henry Melvill, of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, who is, in the words of our sketcher, "the most popular preacher in London. I am doing no injustice to other ministers, whether in the church or out of it, in saying this. The fact is not only susceptible of proof, but is often proved in a manner which all must admit to be conclusive. When a sermon is advertised to be preached by Mr. Melvill, in any church or chapel in the metropolis, the number of strangers attracted to the particular place is invariably greater than is ever drawn together in the same church or chapel, when any of the other popular ministers in London are appointed to preach on a precisely similar occasion."

Mr. Melvill, it seems, "only preaches one sermon on the Sunday, and does not preach at all during the week." "His discourses," continues our gossip, "ought to be finished compositions; for I am assured by those who know him, that, on an average, he devotes from seven to eight hours each day, during six days of the week, to the preparation of the sermon which he delivers on the Sabbath evening. He shuts himself up in his study, refusing to be seen by any visitors, except in very peculiar circumstances, for the above length of time, every day, from Monday till Saturday. And when thus as completely shut out from the world as if buried in one of the cloisters of some monastery, he presses all the powers of his mind, and all his varied reading, into his service, while preparing for his pulpit exhibition on the following Sunday evening. He displays as much solicitude about the composition of each successive sermon, as if that sermon, instead of being heard by only 2,500 persons, were to be preached to the entire population of the kingdom."

At least forty hours every week spent on the composition of a single sermon! Where did our gossip get his information?

"The personal appearance of the reverend gentleman is far from being striking. He has a small, thin face, with features which are by no means calculated to inspire the spectator with an impression of his being a man of superior intellect. His eyes are less than the average size, and are of a light blue. His forehead is straight, but not very high. His complexion is of a darkish hue, and would at times lead to the conclusion that his ardour in the discharge of his ministerial duties, or some other cause, had to some extent affected his health." "Some time ago, while the passages of his chapel were most densely crowded by strangers anxious to hear him preach, he observed an old and frail man among the number. He immediately opened the door of his own pew, in which there was just room for one more person, and desired the *aged infirm* man to step into it, and take a seat. What made the act more kind and condescending, was the circumstance of there being *so many ladies and gentlemen* in the crowded passages. The reading of the service had but just commenced, and Mr. Melvill turned up the various parts of the Prayer-book which the clerk referred to, and shared the book with the old man. The latter was so overcome with a sense of Mr. Melvill's condescending kindness, that he could not refrain from shedding tears while he thought of it."

We know not which most to admire in this anecdote:—the exquisite delicacy which marvels that an aged infirm man should be preferred to stout ladies and gentlemen, or the fawning adulation which talks about "condescending kindness."

Another very popular preacher belonging to the establishment is the Rev. Thomas Dale, vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and evening lecturer in St. Sepulchre's, Snow-hill. "Though his discourses exhibit *all the traces* of great care in the preparation, I never could observe anything either about them or him which could justify the opinion, that when addressing his people he is more solicitous about what should be thought of himself as a man of talent, than about the faithful and effectual exhibition of the truth. His manner has all the appearance of sincerity about it. No one could hear him, even for a few minutes, without quitting the place with a thorough conviction, that his heart is in the work." "Mr. Dale's personal appearance is not imposing. He is under the middle stature, but rather firmly made. In his gait he has a slight stoop. Usually when walking in the streets, his eyes look towards the pavement, as if he were lost in contemplation. *I believe his mind is often occupied with some train of thought, when proceeding along the streets or lanes of London.* His complexion is of a dark pale, if there be not a contradiction in the expression. His face is somewhat thin; his brow is narrow, and slightly contracted. His eyebrows are prominent and projecting. His features—" but we shall not give any more of Mr. Dale's marks.

With the exception of Mr. Dale, the few clergymen of the established church in London, who are *run* after, preach in episcopal chapels, in most cases purchased for them by their friends. Such is the case with Mr. Melvill; Baptist Wriothesley Noel preaches in St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row, of which the late well-known Cecil was minister; and the Rev. Thomas Mortimer preaches in Gray's-inn-lane Chapel, which was purchased by himself, aided by his friends. The Rev. T. J. Judkin, of Somers'-town Chapel, "is," says our author, "what is called a lady's preacher. He is greatly run after by the sex. Even when he preaches in any church or chapel in the neighbourhood, there is always a marked preponderance of ladies among his hearers."

Amongst preachers of the Scotch church in London, "the Rev. John Cumming, of Crown-court Church, Little Russel-street, Covent-garden, is one of the most rising preachers of any denomination in the metropolis. When he accepted the pastoral charge of the church and congregation in Crown-court, five years ago, the number of his stated hearers did not exceed eighty: now the average attendance is between four hundred and fifty and five hundred." He is only thirty years of age, and, "from the footing he has already gained in the metropolis, and with the advantages of youth and energy, and enterprise, on his side, he has the prospect before him, if his life be spared, of a lengthened career."

There are several very clever men among the Independents, of whom Professor Vaughan, and the Rev. Thomas Binney, of Weigh-house Chapel, London-bridge, may, on the whole, be considered as the most intellectual.

A BUFFALO HUNT.

A PARTY of boors had gone out to hunt a herd of buffaloes, which were grazing on a piece of marshy ground, interspersed with groves of yellow-wad and mimosa trees, on the very spot where the village of Somerset is now built. As they could not conveniently get within shot of the game without crossing part of the *vallée*, or marsh, which did not afford a safe passage for horses, they agreed to leave their steeds in charge of their Hottentots, and to advance on foot; thinking that, if any of the buffaloes should turn upon them, it would be easy to escape by retreating across the quagmire, which, though passable for man, would not support the weight of a heavy quadruped. They advanced accordingly, and, under covert of the bushes, approached the game with such advantage, that the first volley brought down three of the herd, and so severely wounded the great bull-leader, that he dropped on his knees, bellowing furiously. Thinking him mortally wounded, the foremost of the huntsmen issued from the covert, and began reloading his musket as he advanced to give him a finishing shot. But, no sooner did the infuriated animal see his foe in front of him, than he sprang up and rushed headlong upon him. The man, throwing down his heavy gun, fled towards the quagmire; but the beast was so close upon him that he despaired of escaping in that direction, and, turning suddenly round a clump of copsewood, began to climb an old mimosa-tree which stood at one side of it. The raging beast, however, was too quick for him. Bounding forward with a roar, which my informant described as being one of the most frightful sounds he ever heard, he caught the unfortunate man with his terrible horns, just as he had nearly escaped his reach, and tossed him into the air with such force, that the body fell, dreadfully mangled, into a cleft of the tree. The buffalo ran round the tree once or twice, apparently looking for the man, until, weakened with loss of blood, he again sank on his knees. The rest of the party, recovering from their confusion, then came up and despatched him, though too late to save their comrade, whose body was hanging in the tree quite dead.—*Pringle.*

LEIPZIG FAIR.

TWICE in each year material for conversation abounds in Leipzig. A complete stranger may then be addressed without having recourse to that hackneyed subject, the weather; for one has only to say, "How goes the mart?" "Is the mart good?" "How many bankrupts are we to have?" All this is quite allowable to do, and thus an acquaintance is commenced.

These time-killing moments annually occur at Easter and Michaelmas, and are well known to the trading world. There is also a smaller mart, or rather *fair*, at the new year.

The Leipzigers are such thorough-going traders, that they must keep their hands in, even upon a new-year's day. The weather is then too cold to expect a visit from the turbans or caftans of the East. The great merchants of the west also remain at home; so that the chilly *Neujahrmesse* is generally a mere commonplace fair.

Leipzig is famous, as all the world knows, for its university, as well as its marts; but one alternately gives place to the other, and before the deafening noise of hammering up the booths begins in the streets of Leipzig, the students, the disciples of the muses, may be seen pouring out of each of the five city gates, after a long half-year of study; and now they sally forth from Alma Mater, with their heads crammed with learning, and their knapsacks with themes, all hurrying and marching homewards, in exuberant spirits at the thoughts of the happy meeting with family and friends, and the savoury flesh-pots reeking with delicious odour upon the paternal hearth.

Scarce are the loud-singing, choral groups of students clear of the precincts of the city, ere the Rossplatz is sonorous with exotic sounds—Asiatic and African,—bawls, growls, roarings, and bellowings! Leipzig's hopeful youths, bare-legged and bareheaded, stand staring at the imposing figures depictured upon canvass, and hung upon the lofty poles which raise their heads high above the dusty waggons, which contain the wondrous birds, beasts, and reptiles. Next to the wild beasts stands a cabinet of wax figures; there may be seen that police master of finesse, Fouché, now no longer to be feared; Mary Stuart, whose charms the vile executioner's axe was to lay in the dust; near to this unfortunate queen stands Peter the Great of Russia, with the still bleeding head of a Strelitzer in his hand. In a neighbouring booth may be seen a mystical being—a man covered from head to foot with hair; and the notice informs the wondering gazers that he is a native of a country four thousand miles beyond Batavia! How far Batavia is from the Rossplatz few of the Leipzig gapers have any idea. But four thousand miles beyond Batavia! that entirely gravels and floors these clever Leipzigers. Once before there was a wonderful nondescript sort of a wild man to be seen in this same Rossplatz of Leipzig. The land from whence he was said to have come was never seen in any map, or described in any geography; he was a *cannibal*, and had been tamed with much care, lest he might take a fancy to feed upon some of the Leipzigers. He was carefully placed in a dusky corner, as if it were feared that too much light might induce him to break loose, or commit some fearful act of native ferocity. In point of intellect he was supposed to be *nearly* equal to the Esquimaux, who can count as far as nine, only this wild man could neither count, nor speak, but in a growl, half sloth, half bear; yet, notwithstanding, a most learned professor, after much profound cogitation, brought forth a treatise in flowing Latin, in which he gave country, species, nay the very herd, or family, where this *lusus naturæ* might perchance be found in the wilds of Asia.

In this same Rossplatz of Leipzig might also be seen tumblers, horse-riders, monkeys, cockatoos, sugar-plums, and waffle-cakes. The atmosphere of the Rossplatz is odorous with the savoury smell of Westphalia ham, smoked sausages, eels, looking like dried snakes, herring salad, renowned eel soup, smoke of countless cigars and meerschaums.

In every inn, hostel, and booth, may be heard music, singing, harping, waltzing; and to this add card-playing, billiards, roulette, dust, crowding, and elbowing. Such is the physiognomy of the Leipziger Rossplatz, where, during the mart, many curious scenes are played; but, thanks to a watchful police, serious affrays are of rare occurrence.

Each Leipzig mart, or *Messleben*, is held for three weeks, and each week has its own particular name; and in the middle of these twenty-one glorious days, two are held as days of jubilee, and at night pillars of light, like central suns, illumine the entire fair. These days are the Alpha and Omega of the mart, and upon these two days, if it does not hail paving-stones, no one stays at home, for the gadfly seizes upon all.

The natives of the East and of the West mingle together in this motley throng; and the mighty human stream, finding the crowded streets too narrow and too close to breathe freely in, sally out at every gate to storm the *wirthschaften* (public-houses) in the suburbs; these are shortly as crowded as the houses left behind them in the *stadt*. Many, finding the nearer houses already full, push forward towards the Rosenthal, for here have two knowing fellows, like clever fishers, spread their nets; their names are Kyntschi and Clermont; they are both restaurateurs, and ensnare the people by hundreds to cool their *magens* with delicious ices. The motley throng soon fills every room, nor can entreaty or money, at all times, procure refreshments, where the luxury of a chair is of infinite value.

Herr Kyntschi takes the people in like shoals of herrings, and when all his rooms are full, hundreds may be seen wandering in the garden, breathing an atmosphere impregnated with the smoke of the narcotic weed.

"Robert der Teufel" begins at half-past six, and pleasantly beguiles an hour or two later over a glass of grog or punch; you may listen to the *gabrielen*, or the *iriswalzer*; dancing is quite out of the question; but look to your glass, and take care of your toes.

Brimful of the delights of vulgar sights, and wearied with the crowding, elbowing, and pushing, the fashionable man, by a kind of natural instinct, now makes for the saloon of the Hôtel de Pologne, hoping there, at least, to find a place at the well-served table; and if he is so fortunate as to find a vacant place, he hastily seats himself, and rests in luxurious ease from the labours of the busy day. But immense as this saloon is, countless as are the covers, in a very brief space of time every place is occupied. Those who, being gifted with the virtue of patience (which few Germans are without), obtain the much desired seat at last, may revel in the delights of the varied fare, and quaff from humble Port to imperial Tokay. Delighted with your good fortune at finding yourself with unbroken limbs, blessed with a keen appetite, you will not be over-particular or critical about the cookery,—remember it is the *messe*, and do not be sparing in your allowance on this account, nor do not be curious about your wine, and smack, and taste, and flavour, neither hold it up to the light, expecting to find your nectar as clear as amber, or particularly fine-flavoured; you may indeed, upon detecting any flagrant fault in your wine, order in another bottle or vintage, but believe me, you will be apt to find the same sour result. The common wines at last provoke—you become desperate, order in champagne, and, after a bottle or two, good humour is restored, friends and acquaintance gather together, and a jovial carouse closes a day of the Leipzig mart.

The pleasantest of the three weeks' mart is the middle one, when the retail trade is generally in full bloom. As to the great merchants, many of them finish their traffic in the first week, and some long before its termination. The third week is much quieter, and the Thursday of this week is the most serious day in the year to the gambling mercantile speculator, for many bills fall due upon this day, and many a renowned firm totters, staggers, falls. Few fairs pass over without defaulters and failures, and many a ruined merchant hears of *zahlwoche donnerstag* with bitter recollection and breaking heart.

What traveller or stranger in Leipzig has not paid a visit to the *neu Buchhändler-börse* (Booksellers' Exchange)? The best speech made upon its opening was that of Regierungs-Commissär-Von Falkenstein, a man esteemed and respected by all—the mercantile, professional, and literary man.

An old German proverb says, "That where a new temple is erected to the Deity, the devil is sure to build a wine-house close by." So close by this new literary exchange is there also a wine-house established, which the Leipzigers call the *Rheinbaiersche Weinhandlung.*

We do not mean to infer that this exchange is a temple to the Divinity, neither do we mean to accuse mine host of the *weinhaus* of being an emissary of the prince of darkness; for this establishment is greatly praised for the pure quality and fine flavour of its wines, which are served in *schoppens*, and half *schoppens*. This name stimulates and amuses the genuine Leipziger, who has been accustomed from time immemorial to drink his wine out of a *römer*, a wide-footed drinking-glass.

Notwithstanding Piracy, Censorship, and cheap literature, the book-making trade flourishes, and enables these literary merchants to give a splendid dinner. The hotel-keeper, doubtless a man of delicacy and tact, liberally erased the item of krebsuppe (crayfish-soup) from the dinner bill. And to convince every one concerned that the book trade flourishes, the A B C merchants gave a splendid ball at the Hôtel de Pologne, where they danced *à la* Strauss and Lanner until the sun arose. Let us not forget the *baierisches Bier* (Bavarian beer). This beverage is in wonderful request during the *messe;* and if the Bavarian export is as much admired in *Greece* as it is in Leipzig, then will the brave Greeks have cause of congratulation. Many a tottering Leipziger landlord is, by the aid of this foreign auxiliary, *baierisches Bier*, become his own man again. How the Leipziger brewer may approve of this love of change is quite another matter. Besides the bookselling crabs and *baierisches Bier*, there was a third article in superabundance, *Maikäfer* (cockchafers), and they feasted upon the greater part of the young and tender leaves in the Rosenthal.

Every German publisher has his commissioner at Leipzig, to whom he sends prospectuses and specimens of his new publications, which the commissioner distributes, and gathers orders. At the Easter fair, booksellers from all Germany, Sweden, Denmark, the Russian Baltic provinces, from the Netherlands, and even France and England, to the number, sometimes, of three hundred, meet at Leipzig, to settle their accounts; and this meeting has acquired additional importance by the establishment of the booksellers' exchange, a handsome building, which has just been completed. The number of book and music-sellers in Leipzig itself is one hundred and nineteen. There are twenty-three printing-offices: above forty millions of sheets are annually printed, and the bales of books brought to Leipzig every year amount, on an average, to 30,000,000 cwt.; the value of which is, however, not probably more than from £200,000 to £250,000.

THE CHARTER OAK.

Hartford is a very handsome country town. The streets are wide. One of the great objects of attraction here is the Charter Oak, which is still standing in the lower part of the town, and is said to have been a forest-tree before the land was cleared. The original charter to this state of Connecticut was demanded by Sir Edmund Andross, on the part of the English government, in 1687. The legislature had no alternative but to deliver it up. At the meeting appointed for that purpose, which was attended by the British agent, the candles in the room where the meeting was held in the evening were extinguished, and the charter seized by a citizen, who escaped and conveyed it to this tree, in which it remained till after the revolution. The charter is still preserved in the office of the secretary of state.—*Stuart's Travels in America.*

THE DESERT AND GARDEN.*

Imagine yourself in the interior of India, on one of those boundless plains which characterise the country called the Deccan. Here the eye stretches in vain for a limit, unless some rising hillock breaks the prospect. Neither fence, nor hedge, nor forest, interrupt the monotony of the scene. Not a tree relieves the eye, except it be near a well, or reservoir of water.

It was in the early part of June. Eight months had already elapsed since the fall of a single shower of rain. Not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a relic of former vegetation was to be seen, except where the soil had been artificially irrigated. Here and there a shade tree, or a fruit tree, whose roots penetrate far beneath the surface, can survive the dearth of the hot season. Dreariness and desolation cover the land on every side.

At an early hour we left our resting-place, a kind of caravansary. The atmosphere was slightly refreshing, though not cool. But no sooner had the sun appeared above the horizon, than we began to wither beneath the intensity of his rays. It was scarcely nine, when the hot wind, a kind of sirocco, commenced, which, added to the scorching of the heated earth, rendered travelling almost intolerable. We sought a place for shelter.

Casting our eyes to the left, we explored an immense waste plain, which apparently extended to the shore of an interminable ocean. Knowing well that we were in the interior of a great country, and far from sea, lake or river, we recognised, for the first time in this appearance, the *mirage*, or extraordinary optical illusion, formed by the refraction of a vertical sun, from the heated earth. So perfect is the deception, that deer, and other animals, have died from exhaustion while pursuing the retiring phantom.

But from the opposite side, we saw a reality, nearer at hand, and scarcely less wonderful. A verdant spot, fresh and blooming. Fragrance in the midst of desolation. A fertile island in the bosom of an ocean of sand. Spring amid the deadness of autumn. Wearied by travel, and almost suffocated by dust and heat, we drew near as to the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

How cheering amidst such desolation, how refreshing to the pilgrim beneath the rays of a tropical sun, to behold a green field, a cool, fair garden, whose trees bend with fruit, whose flowers diffuse perfume, whose atmosphere breathes the sublimity of a temperate clime. Hasting to this enchanted spot, we pitched our tent beneath the thick foliage and wide-spreading branches of a tamarind tree.

How changed the scene! It was a garden of several acres in extent. Every plant and flower, every shrub and tree, was clad in the richest verdure. Here was a compartment filled with healthful vegetables. Near it was ripening grain, corn in "the blade, or in the ear;" then a tuft of trees, loaded with blossoms, or enriched with perfected fruit. The tamarind, the mango, and the orange, the lemon and pomegranate, the citron and banana, were here in their glory. Here, also were the rose, the lily, the jessamine, and countless other flowers peculiar to the tropics, and the luxuriant vineyard, maturing its rich clusters. And among the embowering verdure, the warbling songsters found a pleasant retreat from the tyrant rage of an Indian sun.

What a contrast with the surrounding country! What a fulfilment of the sublime promise of the Hebrew prophet: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon."

But what caused this sudden springing forth of beauty? A fountain was there, deep and broad, sending forth copious streams to fructify the surrounding region. Fertility in the East depends much on an artificial supply of water. If this can be freely commanded, vegetation is rapid and abundant. The intense heat, and plentiful moisture, make even barrenness prolific. Seed-time and harvest meet. A succession of crops, thrice, or even four times in a year, are realised. Spring, summer, and autumn, blend in one continued harvest-hymn of praise.

The garden or field is usually divided into compartments of fifteen or twenty square feet. In the centre is a fountain or well, and near it a small reservoir. From thence, the main watercourse extends in some convenient direction, and smaller channels are led from it, in branches, to every separate compartment. The water

* By the Rev. Hollis Reed, formerly Missionary in India.

is raised by oxen, attached to a long rope, which passes over a windlass, and is madé fast to an enormous leathern bucket. When a great quantity is thus thrown into the reservoir, it spontaneously flows into the principal channel, from whence the gardener conducts it at his pleasure. "The rivers of waters are in his hand; he turneth them whithersoever he will."

When the stream begins to flow from the reservoir, he stations himself at the channel which conveys it to the first compartment, and removing with his foot a slight mound of earth, directs thither as much water as is requisite for its irrigation. Closing that avenue, he proceeds to the second, thence to the third, and thus onward till all have been visited. This is repeated every morning and evening, and it matters little how large the field is, if the fountain contain a sufficient supply. But if the space to be irrigated is out of proportion, or the fountain diminished by drought, vegetation withers, or becomes extinct. The further you recede from the centre, the more blighted does everything appear. The water is too low, the impetus too feeble, to reach the remoter bounds. This constant and laborious process of cultivation explains the inspired description of a tropical region; where "thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it *with thy foot*, as a garden of herbs."

We know that Lebanon was renowned for its sublime scenery; that its lofty cedars, its plantations of olive, its vineyards, producing the choicest wines, its crystal streams, its fertile vales, and odoriferous shrubberies, combined to form what, in the poetic style of prophecy, is called "its glory." Mount Carmel is proverbial, in the sacred volume, for its unfading verdure and surpassing fertility. Sharon, an extensive plain, to the south of Carmel, celebrated for its vines, flowers, and green pastures, and adorned in early spring with the white and red rose, the narcissus, the white and the orange lily, the carnation, and a countless variety of other flowers, with its groves of olive and sycamore, is but another name "for excellency" and beauty.

But what did the prophet intend to illustrate by these forcible and significant emblems? Doubtless a vision burst upon his mind, no less magnificent than the boundless dispersion of the waters of life, the reclaiming of a desert world, the clothing it with the golden fruits of immortality. Behold, in the heart of the wilderness, a fountain breaks forth. Sterility blossoms, desolation lifts up its head with "joy and singing."

Is not our earth as a great moral desert, whence the "glory and excellency" of Eden have departed? The fruits of righteousness shrank from its forbidden soil. Sin, by its fearful monopoly, sought to cover its whole face with tares. How shall this barren waste be redeemed from its desolation?

The wise landholder of the East, when he would reclaim a barren jungle to fertility, provides a fountain of water, lets out his ground to husbandmen, and makes them accountable for its improvement. Thus hath the Almighty provided in our moral desert, a fountain of the waters of life, fathomless, boundless, inexhaustible. "O, the *depth* of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."

The mandate has gone forth, from his throne, that its waters be conveyed to the utmost regions of the thirsty earth. Is the fountain full? Are the gardeners, his ministering servants, ready to conduct its healing streams to the world's remotest bounds? Is the propelling power, the power of fervent, united, effectual prayer, forcing those living waters through all the fields of death?

Why then does not the wilderness put on her beautiful garments, and break forth in songs of gladness? Why is not the voice of heathen lamentation changed to the cheerfulness of health, and to the hope of glory?

Alas! the reservoir has not been kept full. The irrigation has been partial. Even the adjacent portions have not received their full supply: but to the remoter provinces, only here and there has a feeble streamlet been directed. The propelling force has been inadequate. The waters have sometimes been wasted on their course. They have often failed of their destined end. The gardeners are too few to conduct what the reservoir imparts.

Only here and there a spot regales us with the delights of spring, or the harvests of autumn. Only a few bring forth the "fruits of the spirit." A vast proportion of the desert is still unreclaimed. Especially are its most remote bounds left unvisited by the lifegiving streams. Neither fertilised nor irrigated, they vegetate not, they blossom not: and yet the fountain is ever full, and the voice of God invites the utmost ends of the earth to drink of its living waters and thirst no more.

THE GOLD MINES OF GEORGIA, UNITED STATES.

The imperfect condition of the machinery, and the disorganised state of the management of almost all the mines productive of the precious metals, affords a striking contrast to the admirable order and systematic mode of working observable in most of those productive of the (so-called) baser metals. These causes have tended extremely to keep up the value of the precious metals; for, if the working of the mines of Peru and Mexico were directed by the same scientific knowledge which gives effect to the efforts of the Cornish adventurer, silver spoons would quickly drive Britannia metal from the field, and our gold coinage would become almost as cumbrous as the Spanish dollar. Even in the state of Georgia, (the most southern of the United States, on the Atlantic,) where we might have expected the spirit of American enterprise would have been more active, we find the gold mines worked in the same rude and primitive manner as in the distracted countries of the South. The following account of a visit to them in the year 1835, is appended to Mrs. Gilman's "Poetry of Travelling," an amusing account of an American's tour of observation on her countrymen.

"From Athens, the seat of the State University, where I had attended a very creditable commencement, I directed my course towards Clarksville. This village, the seat of justice for Habersham county, is beautifully situated, in a most healthful and temperate region, near the mountains, whose blue summits rise in full view around it. The village itself is very pretty, with numerous well-built frame houses, and a brick court-house, in the middle of its square, according to the invariable plan of county-towns in Georgia. I arrived about noon on Sunday, and had the satisfaction of attending service in a building, comfortable and neat, though plain,—belonging, I believe, to the Methodist denomination, though on this occasion its pulpit was occupied by a clergyman of other sentiments. The next morning found me on the way to the mines, on horseback, and in agreeable company. We crossed the beautiful valley of Naucoochy, a spot which had been under cultivation long before the Whites became possessors of the soil, and probably even before it was occupied by the Cherokees. A small conical hill was pointed out to me, rising from the level of the valley, and supposed, with great probability, to be a work of art, and to contain the bones of some Indians of an earlier race. In another portion of this valley, the miners, last summer, while digging for gold, encountered beneath the soil unexpected vestiges of the hand of man. They disinterred a number of huts, constructed in the usual manner of log-houses, but with the remarkable circumstance that they were without doors or windows. These apertures are, in building log-huts, generally sawn out after the logs have been secured in their places; so the natural conclusion is, that this cantonment, commenced by some party, was, from some cause unknown, hastily abandoned before it was completed. But who were the builders? The most probable conjecture, perhaps, is that they were Spaniards, by whom it is well known, under the command of De Soto and others, Georgia was partially explored.

"After being deserted by their builders, it seems probable that these half-finished huts were for a time under water, and that Naucoochy valley was temporarily a lake, among the accumulating alluvium of which the huts were at last buried. The lake at length forced its way through its bank, and left, as at present, the valley intersected by a small stream.

"But I must leave Naucoochy, and, turning to the left, cross a branch of the Chatahoochee, and make my way along the side of Mount Yonah; now no longer inhabited by the *bears*, from which it derives its name.* It was my object to spend a few days with a friend who had made his home in this region; and with him and his acquaintances I learned that warm hearts and cultivated minds can live in log-cabins and deal in gold. It was not long after arriving at my place of destination, before I walked forth to visit a gold mine. The first which I saw was one of the alluvial or deposit mines. These are found along the banks of rivulets or 'branches,' and the gold is separated by the simple process of washing. For my gratification, a workman went through this process in its simplest form, that of 'panning.' This is merely to fill an iron pan with the gravel among which the gold is found, and to stir the pan about with the hands for some time, under water, throwing out the gravel from time to time. The metal, by this process, sinks to the bottom of the vessel, and the workman comes

* Yonah, in Cherokee, signifies *bear*.

to us at last with nothing in his pan visible at first sight except a little black sand. On narrowly inspecting this sand, however, you discover here and there a bright yellow speck, which is pure gold.

"This process of panning is of course slow and laborious; very little of the gravel can thus be washed at a time. But in this manner the gold-diggers at first laboured: to expedite the business, however, a machine is now commonly used, called a rocker. One of these machines finds employment for ten or twelve men, who are commonly negroes. You see three or four at work in digging out the gravel, which lies commonly about two feet under the surface, and composes, itself, a stratum of the same thickness. Two or three are employed in carrying the gravel in wheelbarrows to the rocker. One is occupied in shovelling it from the barrows to the machine, others keep the machine in motion, and another, with a large rake, distributes the gravel over its surface. The upper part of the rocker is very like a coarse sieve, and the gravel being thrown on it, and washed with water from the stream, which continually runs upon it, the smaller particles, among which is the gold, fall through the sieve into a box, where they are still further washed until the water runs out. This lower box contains a quantity of quicksilver, which, as you well know, attracts other metals and combines with them. This quicksilver therefore seizes the small particles of gold from among the sand and water with which it is still mingled; and at night the owner of the mine finds in his machine a mass of amalgamated quicksilver and gold. He may then have the metal in a pure state by exposing the whole to a strong heat.

"By far the greater number of mines at present wrought in Georgia are deposit or surface veins; since the hill or vein mines, though richer in the precious metal, require more machinery than most gold-seekers can command. In these latter, the metal exists not interspersed among gravel, but deeply imbedded in rock; and in order to obtain it, the rock must be broken out and reduced to powder before the process of washing can be commenced. I have not yet seen any works in full operation for the performance of this process. I visited, however, a few days after the time mentioned in my last, a lot where extensive and very costly preparations were making for the purpose. A small hill had been pierced with holes from above, and in various directions around its base, till it looked like a colander; but this part of the work had been abandoned for another attempt.

"I entered one of the openings, with a guide who carried a torch. On each side of me were deep pits, full to the top with water. Quantities of rock, however, had been cut out, from which, perhaps, before this, gold had been procured. The workmen were at the time engaged on another and larger opening,—a shaft about twelve feet square, and, at the time I saw it, perhaps forty feet deep. This was half full of water, which the 'hands' were baling out by the barrel-full, with the aid of machinery. I was told that the owner expected to penetrate about a hundred feet deeper before he touched the wealthy vein, but that when that had been reached its profits would be incalculable.

"When I looked into the yawning gulf before me, where the flow of water suspended the possibility of further excavation, I did not envy him his prospect. The same morning I visited a rich deposite mine, belonging to the same gentleman. Here I was shown some very beautiful and valuable specimens of virgin gold, by which term the metal is designated when found pure, and in pieces of sufficient size to secure it without the use of quicksilver. A steam-engine had been erected here, for effecting more rapidly the process of washing: but it had been found on trial inferior to the rockers, and it now lay useless and motionless, like the carcase of a slain mammoth.

"Another method of obtaining gold has been resorted to by some enterprising men. This is, to search for the precious metal the sands of the rivers and smaller streams. In some instances the course of the water has been turned, and its ancient channel laid bare to the eye of industry: elsewhere machines are employed to draw up from the bottom of the river the precious deposite. The Chestatee and Cane Creek especially appear to rival the ancient Pactolus, to which (according to the fable) king Midas, by bathing in its waters, imparted his own power of making gold. I hope Georgia is not destined to exemplify in other respects the truth of that most ingenious and instructive fiction. May she never, like Midas, find her wealth a curse, and, losing the habits of regular productive industry, starve in the midst of uncounted riches, like the unhappy king who could not touch an article of food without turning it into gold!

"The danger, however, which existed of such a result is, I trust, decreasing. The mode adopted by Georgia, of disposing of the lately acquired territory by lottery, gave, it is to be feared, too great encouragement to unprincipled speculators; and among the population who first crowded in upon that region, there were many who would scarcely have been tolerated anywhere else. With them, however, were others of correct principles and unexceptionable conduct; and, as the wildness of a new settlement gradually wears away, the Gold Region assumes and maintains more and more the aspect of an orderly, moral, and religious community. The first excitement which attended the discovery of the metallic treasures in our country has worn off; and it is perceived that, with a few remarkable exceptions both on the favourable and on the unfavourable side, gold-mining is like any other form of honest labour: he who works hard may expect moderate prosperity; he who is idle will fail of success. I may add, however, that to the lover of nature the view is more agreeable, of a field of waving grain or flowering cotton, than of turbid streams, muddy ditches, and exhausted, squalid, and sickly negroes. Whatever evils, however, attend this branch of industry will gradually give way. The deposit mines will, before many years, be exhausted; and in the vein mines, which may be regarded as the permanent wealth of that section, the use of machinery will probably supersede the cause which renders mining at present unhealthy. This cause I consider to be the necessity of working much in water. But the miners have at present a free circulation of air and a fine climate; they are not pent up within the walls of a factory, nor are they exposed to the dangerous vapours of a level soil. Thus Providence apportions among different climes and occupations the advantages and disadvantages of life."

We see here a vast field for the exercise of skill and capital, and we may reasonably expect that they will be attracted to it, and by their combined operations render Georgia a formidable rival to the previous occupants of the bullion market. Besides natural advantages, she possesses the unspeakable blessing of a free but settled government, the most favourable for the development of all the resources of a country. There the capitalist may risk his money in undisturbed confidence; whilst the unhappy inhabitants of Mexico and Peru are constantly in dread of seeing the hard-earned produce of their toils torn from their grasp by revolutionary tyrants.

ITALIAN FESTIVAL.

Having been told that a religious celebration, in a neighbouring village on the sea-shore, was well worth seeing, we drove there. A vast number of peasants, male and female, attired in their fête-day dresses, formed of such varied and bright colours, that at a distance they looked like a moving parterre filled with tulips, first attracted our attention. The women wore richly embroidered boddice and white petticoats; their hair braided exactly as I have seen that of an antique statue, and crowned with flowers and large combs, or bodkins of gold filagree. Their ear-rings, of the same costly material, nearly descended to the shoulders; and around their necks were chains, from which hung crosses and medallions, with the images of Madonnas and saints. They wore large rings, resembling the shields used by ladies to preserve their fingers when employed at needle-work; and shoes of the most brilliant colours, with silver buckles that nearly covered the fronts of them. These gay dresses formed a striking contrast with the sombre black and brown robes of the monks; and the gold brocaded vestments and stoles of the priests were as admirably relieved by the snowy surplices of the boys who attended them. The procession moved along under an arcade of green foliage erected for the occasion, on the sea-shore, the waves approaching to its very limit; and their gentle murmur, as they broke on the sand, mingling with the voices of the multitude as they chanted a sonorous hymn. The blue sky above, and the placid azure sea, by the side of which the procession advanced, with the sunbeams glancing through the open arches of foliage, on the bright colours of the dresses of the priests and women, formed a beautiful picture; from which not even the deaths' heads, nor grotesque images of saints and martyrs, could detract. The monks, bearing these sad mementoes of mortality, wore cowls, with holes cut for the eyes, and cross-bones painted on their breasts. Some of them held banners on which were represented various insignia of death; the whole scene reminding one of the old "mysteries" of the middle ages, in which the pomps and vanities of life were contrasted by the ghastly images of the grave.—*Lady Blessington.*

SEA SONGS OF THE SAILORS.

"It was on the first of August, about noontide of the day,
That we got a sight of the French fleet, at anchor as they lay."

"Bold Nelson made the signal for his ships to quickly close,
Before bright Phœbus disappeared they felt some British blows;
L'Orient we set on fire, the Convention's only pride,
She show'd us a light on that good night the battle to decide."
Forecastle Song.

As very fallacious notions exist respecting the style of sailors' songs,—many supposing they are selected from the budget of Dibdin, or from the nautical pieces enacted at the theatre,—we shall endeavour to describe them as *really sung* by our Jack tars at sea.

It is only within these twenty or thirty years that Dibdin's admirable lyrics have been known to seamen—even now they are by no means popular, and probably will never supersede the old ballads, which, not being printed, are preserved by oral descent from generation to generation, like the traditions of nations in remote periods. During the last war we rarely knew Dibdin's songs chanted on the forecastle, although most of them were familiar to the officers, and must have been sometimes heard by the men at the theatres of seaport towns, where nautical pieces were sure to attract their attention. Sailors have, however, an abundant stock composed by themselves, of less pretension, but better suited to their taste, from one of the best of which we have taxed our memory with the portion which heads these remarks: and regret that we cannot recollect, or by any means procure, the whole of that ballad, which most graphically describes the events connected with the glorious victory of the Nile.

Some years ago, a controversy arose respecting the effect which Dibdin's songs had produced upon sailors, and the claims put forth by the friends of the author for a pension on that account. We believe that the verdict was so far awarded in favour of the poet, as to obtain for him the pension; for every one will admit that his stirring ballads had a powerful tendency to excite feelings of enterprise, heroism, and generosity, in the young aspirant for naval fame. That they had any effect upon the generality of common sailors—the long-tailed jack-tars, who gained for the British seaman the reputation he enjoys—we utterly deny, seeing that not one in a hundred of them could recite a line of his composition: and we shall endeavour to show that the style of their sea-songs is very different, relating merely to practical events, and seldom alluding to those points which Dibdin delights in, and which lead people to suppose that "Saturday Night at Sea" is appropriated to carousal and pledging "sweethearts and wives;" all which, and much more to the same tune, has no existence, except in the fertile imagination of the lyrist *.

We have now before us a score or two of the songs usually sung by sailors *at sea* during the last war; they are for the most part taken down from oral delivery, or transcribed by seamen themselves in a style of caligraphy, orthography, and—if the truth must be told—of cacophony, difficult for any but the initiated to interpret. We recollect their effect, the attention they excited, when chanted to tunes never yet reduced to scale or gamut, but which, like our popular rustic ballads, have endured for generations.

It was, we believe, Fletcher of Saltoun who observed, nearly a century and a half ago, that any one might make the laws, so that he had the making of the national ballads. Who is there that cannot, to the remotest period of his life, revert to the nursery rhymes which engaged his childish attention; or ever forget, or wholly repudiate the impressions they produced? We believe, moreover, that the more homely the ideas and images, the more powerful the effect; and that, although polished couplets have their influence on minds cultivated to receive and appreciate the beauties of composition, the general and vulgar understanding is more attracted by such songs as, "There was a brisk young sailor, from Dover he came," or "The girl I left behind me;" than it would be by Dryden's *chef-d'œuvre*, "St. Cecilia's Day," Gray's "Elegy," or Collins's "Ode on the Passions," however impressively recited. These masterpieces are like the polished periods of eloquent divines, inappropriate for general influence, and therefore ineffective on an humble audience; and it is for this reason that the ballads we shall instance, being more readily understood, are better appreciated by sailors than lyrics of poetical merit, and continue to hold place in their favour.

But we have invariably remarked, that the popular songs of the jack-tars, although deficient even in point of harmony, besides setting at defiance the rules of syntax, and luxuriating in every sort of metre or measure, with utter contempt of prosody, are nevertheless constructed upon the critic's rules. This is a fact worthy of attention, for it is produced by an innate principle of genius, as of course they must be considered entirely ignorant of the elaborate dictates laid down by the critics.

The burden of their songs being generally the relation of a battle, a shipwreck, or some exciting event, they may be considered in the light of humble epics: and, rough as they appear, it is a curious speculation to test them after this fashion. Their general design appears to commence with an invocation to the muse, or an appeal to the attention of the listener, sometimes dashing into *medias res* in the approved fashion, but always detailing most graphically a chase and a battle, winding up with effusions of loyalty and patriotism, not forgetting a health to the commander.

Our sea-songs seldom embrace more than the time of one day; when they do, it is but to record the events immediately preliminary to the *action*, instead of introducing them in long-winded episodes, as Virgil and Milton have done, for the sake of effect in the opening; all which trickery is utterly beneath Jack's straightforward purpose; and in this respect his plan has been imitated by Byron, who protests against the practice, "as the worst of sinning," and begins his celebrated epic "at the beginning," with the birth, parentage, and education of his hero*.

But, to be serious. The collection of ballads before us is valuable, not only by portraying the real sentiments of seamen, as expressed by themselves—for Dibdin has only described these feelings as *he* conceived they would or should be expressed—but as detailing a number of events, connected with naval battles, that have never appeared in history; we mean relating to the conduct of particular ships, and the honest and impartial *opinions of the seamen* regarding matters which have heretofore been canvassed on the partial evidence of the commanders, or so much of the public despatches as have been permitted to see the light.

We proceed to describe the manner in which our sea-songs and the "long yarns," about which our readers have often heard, are delivered at sea. The early half of the first watch on the forecastle being the time and place usually selected for this purpose, a group is formed around the singer, or yarn-spinner, and up to ten o'clock the practice is permitted in all ships. It generally happens that the yarn-spinning particularly is continued to a much later hour; and even in the middle watch, if a good hand is willing to "*spin*," he seldom wants an audience.

We recollect a foretopman, a kind of nautical Shahrazád, whose budget was inexhaustible, and who never wearied at his task, dealing in continuations night after night, with a pertinacity equal to the celebrated Sultana. He was—and the declaration is a bold one, seeing that we have been associated with sailors for thirty years and more—the most inveterate yarn-spinner that ever we encountered withal; and, what is remarkable, his name was Selkirk,—an adopted cognomen, we suppose, but by such he rejoiced to be distinguished, and he probably took this *Purser's*† name out of respect to his great prototype. The adventures of Robinson Crusoe were nothing in comparison to the real and imaginary ones related by our hero as having occurred to himself, on shore and afloat, and being "a fellow of infinite humour," he never failed to suit his discourse to his audience, who so "seriously did incline," they they used to draw lots who should take his look-out duty, or spell at the wheel, in order to leave him at

* What we have stated in the eighth article of "The British Navy," regarding the daily routine at sea, will show that it is impossible such scenes could be enacted. In fact, we never heard mention of the "flowing can," and presume it is adopted for the sake of rhyming with "lovely Nan." Kids (buckets) and pannikins (tin pots) are the utensils used by sailors to hold their grog or beer.

* The noble poet was indebted to his frequent sojourn on board ships of war for the imagination of some of his most brilliant passages. Many will occur to the reader; but he may be surprised to learn, that the noble stanza in Childe Harold, commencing "Existence might be borne," was conceived from hearing the usual recommendation to "grin and bear it," addressed to a youngster, who was regretting his hard lot; and we have heard that the contemplation of a mast-headed midshipman, and the complacency with which he viewed things below, gave rise to another beautiful stanza in the same poem, commencing, "He who ascends to mountain tops."

† Seamen are fond of changing their names as well as ships. During the war, when pressed men embraced every opportunity to desert, they adopted different aliases to avoid discovery if re-pressed, or accused as deserters. The alias was given to the purser, to be entered on the ship's book. Hence the derivation of "purser's name."

liberty to amuse his hearers. We recollect the officer of the watch—now a captain near the head of the list, covered with honours and titles—would condescend himself to become a listener; and during the stillness of the night, when the ship was under easy sail, and in her station in the fleet, he would lean over the rails, enjoying the tales, descriptions of battles, shipwrecks, ghosts, &c. &c., occasionally relieved by a ballad, probably the narrator's own composition, and chanted to one of those rollocking tunes which sailors delight in. On these occasions our worthy never failed to receive a glass of grog, by order of the lieutenant.

The man had in fact seen a great deal of the world, and no doubt encountered many vicissitudes of fortune. By his own account, he had been a slave at Algiers, and passed through some uncommon adventures amongst the Moors. Our impression is, that he was a cockney seaman, who, by reading tales of fancy, had acquired a good deal of information on these points; that, possessing an inventive imagination, and a genius for yarn-spinning, and finding his exertions applauded, and himself a general favourite, he concocted during the day the subjects of his nightly recitation. Be this as it may, he unquestionably possessed the faculty, in an eminent degree, and answered pretty well to the description which Byron has drawn of such a character, though with a less refined taste. However, if he could not produce a masterpiece like the noble ode to "The Isles of Greece," he would, when requested, "sing some sort of lay like this to ye:"

Come all ye seamen stout and bold, come listen to my song,
It is worth your whole attention, I will not keep you long,
For it is of a British squadron, that sailed from Cadiz bay,
Under Sir Horatio Nelson, on the twenty-fourth of May.

We had thirteen small ships of the line, our fleet it was no more,
Besides a fifty and a brig, to search the Straits all o'er,
And in search of the proud French fleet, our meaning it was good,
And with the wind at west, my boys, our course for Naples stood.

But when we came to Naples, no tidings could we hear,
Then for the isle of Sicily accordingly did steer;
And coming to Messina, and passing through Pharcer *,
To our great satisfaction, of the French fleet we did hear.

They had passed by that island but a few days before,
We crowded all the sail we could, and after them we bore;
And when we cleared that island, a strange sail we did see,
Gave chase and overhauled her, and she proved a row gallee.

She told us Malta taken was, and the French were under weigh,
And gone, with many troops on board, to Alexandria.
Then we crowded all the sail we could, and after them we steer'd,
But when we came to Alexandria no news of them we hear'd.

Griev'd at this disappointment, our ships their wind did haul,
And boldly beating down the Straits, at Syracuse did call:
We watered all our warlike ships, and did refresh our men,
And when we had completed this, we put to sea again.

Then back to Alexandria we steer'd immediately,
And when that we came off that town French colours we did spy;
But the evening being far advanced, our ships haul'd from the shore;
Then we espied the fleet of France, distant four leagues or more.

They had thirteen stout ships of the line, and four frigates strongly manned,
Resolved we were to fight them, so in for them did stand;
It was the first of August, upon that glorious day,
That we began this action, all in Aboukir Bay.

The Goliath brave she led the van, the action she began;
The next ship was the Zealous, Captain Hood did her command;
The next it was the Theseus, with all her jovial crew;
She was followed by the Vanguard, which made the French to rue.

The Audacious and Minotaur, my boys, Majestic and Defence,
Bellerophon and Orion, a terror to the French,
For we anchored alongside of them, like lions bold and free,
And their yards and masts came tumbling down, a glorious sight to see.

The next was the Leander, that noble fifty-four,
Alongside of the Franklin she made her cannon roar;
She gave them such a drubbing, and so sorely them did maul,
As made them loud for quarter cry, and down their colours haul.

Now that famed and glorious pride of France, the L'Orient was call'd,
Being in the centre of the fleet, she was severely maul'd,
For she got a dreadful drubbing, took fire, and up she blew,
With fifteen hundred souls on board, that bade the world adieu.

Then early the next morning, the Zealous was dismiss'd,
For to go down to leeward, the Bellerophon to assist;
For she in the action lost her masts, the truth I tell to you,
Which made her drift to leeward, but we saved both ship and crew.

Now six of them to England's gone, God speed them on the way,
And seven more we sank and burnt before we left the Bay;
May we ever prove successful, whilst we sail upon the seas,
Against the fleets of France and Spain, and our King's enemies.

So now the action's over, and all I've said is true,
Here's a health unto our Nelson, rear-admiral of the blue,
And to every valiant officer belonging to the fleet,
Likewise to every British tar, that did so boldly fight.

The reader cannot but perceive how graphically the pursuit and the battle is related in the above. The following description of a shipwreck is still more minute:—

Come, all you young men, that follows the sea,
Likewise you ship owners of every degree;
I'll tell you of a transport that was cast away,
A-taking out of troops to North America.

'Twas in the port of Liverpool, the ship was lying there,
Waiting for to put to sea, when the wind did come fair:
The Earl of Bath the ship was called, her master's name was Hicks;
A full-rigged bark, A, number one, her tons three hundred and six.

Everything is here recorded, the ship's name, even her classification at Lloyd's, and the name of the master, *Hicks*, which is made to rhyme most appropriately to three hundred and *six*, being the amount of her tonnage. Then comes a description of the embarkation:—

The drums, and fifes, and trumpets, so sweetly they did play,
As the soldiers marched in order down unto the quay.

And the account of the parting is most affecting:—

It was a pitiful *sight* to *hear* the soldiers' wives,
Lamenting for their husbands they loved better than their lives;
The children crying mammy dear, we all shall rue the day,
Our daddies was sent to fight the rebels in North America.

It would appear, by the first line of the above stanza, that sailors possess the faculty attributed to pigs, who are supposed to *see* the wind; or probably our worthy intended a hit at the poet who expressed himself thus:—

What sound was that which dawned a bleating hue,
And blush'd a sigh?

After exposing the obduracy of "Hicks," in refusing to take to sea any portion of the women or children, for he answers their entreaties to that effect,

——with a frown, saying you must go on shore,
For my ship she is deep laden, and I cannot take no more,

we have the bold declaration of the troops, who, undismayed by the behaviour of their wives and little ones, magnanimously resolve to

——disregard their tomyhawks, likewise their scalping knives,
And against these cruel savages will risk our precious lives;
We'll charge them with our bagonets, we'll show them British play,
And conquer those bold rebels in the North America.

Then comes the sailing of the vessel, and the shipwreck, detailed in true nautical style; but we cannot follow it out for the space of some two or three dozen verses; nothing of interest is omitted, and it winds up with an effusion of loyalty, and a hope for a successful termination to the war against the bold rebels in "North America."

It is but seldom, however, that our sea poets introduce allusions to the fidelity of their wives; on the contrary, if the truth must be told, they are pretty general believers in the "inconstancy of woman," a mode of thinking they have doubtless acquired from their rambling life and habits. Although many of them have been round the world, they may be said, as was said of Anson, to have been little in it; but they are not altogether divested of that sort of knowledge which is acquired

In Nature's good old college.

Here is a very popular sea-song, which we have heard chanted in several versions: the following we believe to be the one as originally composed in unmeasurable alexandrines, and it is a proof that the nauticals are acquainted with every measure of verse, although they disdain to adhere closely to any, occasionally varying the metre in the same song, or disregarding it altogether:—

On the fourteenth day of February, we weighed anchor, and sailed away from Spithead,
The Lark, the Lion, and the Salisbury, their colours all so gaily did spread;
And as boldly we steered down channel together, the wind it did blow very hard,
And from the strength of the gale, the sea, and the weather, the Commodore sprung his main-yard.

* Meaning Pharos.

We left the old Lion, and Salisbury, under their balanced mizens to lie,
And bearing away before the gale, resolved its fury to try;
But about four o'clock the next morning, our main-mast went over the side,
The fore-top mast, being sprung, followed after, and throw'd two men into the tide.

Now having such very bad weather, we determined for harbour to run,
And upon the same evening we got sight of the rugged old rock of Lisbon;
A signal we made for a pilot, but no boat could live on that day;
"Then we'll wear," cried our bold commander, "for with this sea she never will stay; and we'll try and get into the bay."

Thus spoke Henry Johnson, and said, "This day a bold pilot I'll be,
So mind a small helm, my lad, and keep her end on for the sea."
And soon between the Catchops we ran, and anchored in Lisbon again,
There we got masts, yards, wine, water, and bread,—and what reason have we to complain?

Let but the reader remark the quantity of matter contained in the last line, ending with a philosophic reflection, quite in character. Another popular song is the following:—

Come, all you jolly seamen bold, as ploughs the raging main,
A brother tar will give you a little bit of a strain:
'Tis of brave Admiral Boscawen, his courage gains applause,
For nobly he has fought for our honour and our laws.

Then comes a full and particular account of falling in with the French fleet, hoisting white ensigns (the French colours) to deceive them. The admiral making the signal for engaging (red at the fore), and the following jeer at the conduct of the Edgar and America, which ships are represented to have fought shy on that occasion:—

Now there's the saucy Edgar, she must not be forgot,
She edged away to leeward, and so got out of gun shot:
Likewise the bold America, to windward lay that day,
With her maintopsail to the mast, all for to see fair play.

The last verse—

Now five two-decked ships were taken, and seven got away,
And a ship full of troops was run ashore, and burnt in Lagos Bay:
The Centaur's gone to Gibraltar, her damages to repair,
And I heartily hope that by this time she's safe arrived there.

We can assure our readers, that these, and such as these, are the songs which sailors delight in; and it is by their effect, and not anything that Dibdin's lyrics have produced *afloat*, that the principles of loyalty, patriotism, contempt of enemies, and generosity to a conquered foe, have been stimulated in the bosom of the British seaman.

IRISH PARTY SPIRIT.

What must strike a stranger most in a visit to this country, if he happen to preserve his own senses, is the utter deficiency of that useful quality, common sense, in the inhabitants. As in quarrels between man and wife there are generally faults on both sides, so it is in the dissensions between different classes in poor Ireland. There are faults everywhere. The Protestants, Roman Catholics, landowners, and peasants, high and low, rich and poor, are all more violent, more full of party-spirit,—in short, more angry,—than in any other country. It seems as if there were something in the atmosphere of Ireland which is unfavourable to the growth of common sense and moderation in its inhabitants, and which is not without an influence even on those who go there with their brains fairly stocked with that most useful quality. * * Every one who comes among the Irish is immediately hooked into some party; and, unless he possess a most independent mind, and a sufficiency of self-confidence to enable him to see with his own eyes, he is sure to judge of everything according to the ideas of that party with which he happens to associate. 'This is the origin of those strange and contradictory reports which are in circulation as to the state of Ireland. Common sense, I repeat, is lamentably wanted; and this occasions all other wants. Want of sense peeps through the open door and stuffed-up window of every hovel. It is plainly stamped on everything that is done or left undone. You may trace it in the dung-heap which obstructs the path to the cabin,—in the smoke which finds an outlet through every opening but a chimney. You may see it in the warm cloaks which are worn in the hottest day in summer; in the manner a peasant girl carries her basket behind her back. This is generally done by folding her cloak—her only cloak—round it, and thus throwing the whole weight of the basket on this garment, of course to its no small detriment. This same want of sense lurks, too, under the great heavy coat which the men wear during violent exertion in hot weather. In short, it is obvious in a thousand ways.—*Lady Chatterton.*

CANE-SUGAR AND BEET-SUGAR.*

NO. I.—HISTORY AND STATISTICS OF CANE-SUGAR.

Within the present century has commenced a revolution, which may prove of very different importance from what has yet generally been supposed, in respect to a leading article in the commerce and domestic economy of civilised men. It has now arrived at a stage, at which it furnishes some *data* for answering the questions, how far it is likely to proceed, and what are to be its permanent effects upon the employment, subsistence, comfort, and wealth of nations.

The commercial and economical importance of sugar is of modern date. It was known to the Greeks and Romans as a medicinal substance, but not as food or a condiment. Herodotus informs us that the Zygantes, a people of Africa, had, "besides honey of bees, a much greater quantity made by men." This was probably sugar, but not brought to a state of crystallization. Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander, "discovered concerning canes, that they make honey without bees." Megasthenes, quoted by Strabo, speaks, 300 B.C., of "Indian stone, sweeter than figs and honey." Theophrastus, in a fragment preserved by Photius, describes sugar as "a honey contained in reeds." Eratosthenes, also cited by Strabo, and after him, Terentius Varro, are supposed to have meant sugar-canes by "roots of large reeds growing in India, sweet to the taste, both when raw and when boiled, and affording, by pressure, a juice incomparably sweeter than honey."

Near the commencement of the Christian era, sugar was first mentioned under an appropriate name and form. "In India and Arabia Felex," writes Dioscorides, "a kind of concrete honey is called *saccharon*. It is found in reeds, and resembles salt in solidity and in friableness betwixt the teeth." After this, so learned a man as Seneca fell back into fable on this subject. His account is this: "It is said that in India honey is found on the leaves of reeds, either deposited there by the dews of heaven, or regenerated in the sweet juice and fatness of the reed itself." Pliny, whose special study led him to look more carefully into the matter, gives all that the ancients knew about it, and a little more. "Arabia," he observes, "produces *saccharum*, but not so good as India. It is a honey collected on reeds, like the gums. It is white, crumbles in the teeth, and when largest is of the size of a hazel-nut. It is used in medicine only."

The Jewish histories make no mention of sugar. The only sweet condiment, used by the Hebrews, was honey. But it may have been in part "honey made by men;" for the Rabbins understand thereby not only the honey of bees, but also syrups, made from the fruit of the palm-tree.

During several centuries succeeding the Augustan age, no extension of the knowledge or use of sugar appears to have taken place. It is occasionally spoken of, but to the same effect as by the Greek physicians of that age. So late as the seventh century, Paul of Ægina calls it "India salt," and borrows the description of Archigenes.

At this time a new power appeared on the theatre of nations. The Saracens conquered and occupied western Asia, northern Africa, and southern Europe. Their empire was scarcely inferior to that of Rome in the period of her greatest prosperity and rapacity. They pushed their conquests to the Garonne and the Rhone, to Amalfi, and the islands of the Levant and the Ægean sea; and Europe owes to them the use of sugar.

One of the Christian historians of the Crusades, in the year 1100, states, that the soldiers of the Cross found in Syria certain reeds, called *canamèles*, of which it was reported, that a kind of wild honey was made. Another, in 1108, says: "The crusaders found honey-reeds in great quantity in the meadows of Tripoli, in Syria, which reeds were called *sucra*. These they sucked, and were much pleased with the taste thereof, and could scarcely be satisfied with it. This plant is cultivated with great labour of the husbandman every year. At the time of the harvest they bruise it, when ripe, in mortars, and set by the strained juice in vessels until it is concreted in the form of snow or salt.' The same historian relates that eleven camels laden with sugar were captured by the Christians. A similar adventure happened to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in the second crusade. A third writer, in 1124, tells us, that "in Syria reeds grow that are full of honey; by which is meant a sweet juice, which, by pressure of a screw engine, and concreted by fire, becomes sugar." These are the earliest notices

* Abridged from the North American Review, for April.

of the method of making sugar; and they refer to an apparatus and to processes used in the Saracen empire, and not known at that time, so far as European records show, to be used anywhere else. At the same time sugar was made at Tyre in Syria, then subject to the Saracens; and in 1169, that city is mentioned as "famous for excellent sugar."

The island of Sicily was the first spot upon which the sugar-cane is known to have been planted in Europe, though it is altogether likely, that it was planted by the Moors full as early, if not earlier, in Spain and Portugal. That island was conquered by the Saracens in the early part of the ninth century, and was retaken by the Normans at the close of the eleventh. Immediately after that event we find that large quantities of sugar were made there. According to records still extant, William, the second king of Sicily, in 1166, made a donation to the convent of St. Benedict of "a sugar-mill, with all the workmen, privileges, and appurtenances thereto belonging."

If it was the crusaders who brought the sugar culture to Europe, how happened it, seeing that they were collected from all Europe, that no other part of that continent except Spain in the hands of the Arabs, and no other island of the Mediterranean except Crete, captured in the year 823, by an expedition from Spain, were favoured with that invaluable donation? It was not until three hundred years later, that it found its way into Cyprus, Rhodes, and the Morea; and this extension was not owing to rural tastes, or the spirit of improvement among the feudal barbarians, but to the commercial enterprise of the Venetians, who had for a long time carried on a lucrative trade in the article with India, Syria, Egypt, and Sicily, and were now, by conquest or purchase, the possessors of Crete, and the latter seats of the sugar culture above mentioned.

The use of alkalies, in the clarification of the juice of the cane, was an invention of the Arabs. The original raw sugar of the East was debased by a mixture of mucilaginous matter, which opposed itself to the crystallization of the sugar, and determined it to a speedy decomposition after it was crystallized. To this day the Eastern sugar, except where the manufacture is directed by Europeans, or where the product has been converted by the Chinese into what we commonly call "rock candy," is much inferior to that of the West in purity, and in strength of grain. The only clarification which the liquor appears to have undergone in the hand of the Eastern manipulators, was by skimming during the processes of evaporation and boiling. And, if we may judge from the imperfect and loose descriptions of modern travellers, this is the extent of their knowledge at the present day. They seem to know no other method of clarification in making sugar, and no art of refining except that of making candy.

We have seen that the Arabs had the art of cultivating the cane, and converting it into sugar. We know that sugar-canes, called "the chief ornament of Moorish husbandry," are still cultivated in Spain, and the manufacture of sugar carried on. It is likewise made in large quantities on the river Suz, in Morocco; and, at Teycut or Tattah, constitutes a leading article of traffic with caravans, which traverse the great desert, and vend it in Timbuctoo and other markets of Central Africa. Sugar is still a production of considerable importance in Egypt, particularly in the district of Fayoum, and, until lately, the Seraglio at Constantinople was furnished thence with the nicest refined sugar. In 1560, sugar was imported at Antwerp from Portugal and Barbary. At the same period it was an article of extensive manufacture and traffic at Thebes, Daretta, and Dongola in Nubia and Upper Egypt. All these are undoubtedly the remains of the Arabian plantations.

It has been a subject of much dispute, whether the sugar-cane was introduced into America from Europe, Asia, or Africa, or whether it is indigenous there. The former is the opinion of all the historians of the old world, the latter of all the explorers of the new. Edwards reconciles them by supposing that both are true, which seems to be the most reasonable conclusion. It would be as absurd to suppose that the early European settlers of America would fail to carry that plant, with whose great value and agreeable uses they had just become well acquainted, to their new abode, especially when they were growing and were worked up in great quantities in the Canaries, whence all the adventurers were accustomed to take their departure, as it would to question the authority of the writers, who positively affirm the fact. On the other hand, it would be an extravagant stretch of incredulity to doubt the clear testimony of the many eye-witnesses, who declare, that they found native sugar-canes in Guadaloupe, St. Vincent, Brazil, on the La Plata, and on the Mississippi; or the demonstration of Cook and Bougainville, who brought a native and valuable variety from the Friendly Islands to the British and French West Indies.

It is asserted by some, that the plant was carried from Brazil to St. Domingo, having been previously brought to the former from the Portuguese kingdom of Angola, where it is still cultivated, or from the Portuguese possessions in Asia, where Vasco de Gama, and his successors, the conquerors of a great part of India, found sugar in abundance. Whencesoever the sugar-cane came to St. Domingo, or whether it came at all, it is certain that a company of sugar-makers were carried from Palm Island, one of the Canaries, to establish the manufacture in that oldest, except Brazil, of the American settlements.

It is an interesting fact that the art of sugar-making, propagated, we must conclude, both *east* and *west* from Asia, now completed, in opposite directions, the circumnavigation of the globe; for, a few years after this establishment in St. Domingo, Cortez found, that both syrup and sugar were made from the stalks of maize, by the natives of Mexico, and sold in their markets. The aborigines of Virginia, and probably of all North America, had the knowledge of making sugar from the juice of the maple. From them the Anglo-American settlers undoubtedly derived it.

In 1643, the English began the sugar-business in Barbadoes, and in 1648, the French, in Guadaloupe. The Dutch, expelled from Brazil, where they manufactured sugar in the sixteenth century, took refuge in Curaçoa, St. Eustatia, and other islands, and finally, upon the exchange of New Amsterdam for English Guiana, in Surinam. To all these they transferred a branch of industry, which they had learned to practise, and knew how to appreciate.

It is not known at what time the use of sugar began in England. It was probably as late as the fourteenth century. At that time it begins to take, in trope and verse, the place which honey had occupied, without a rival, since Moses and Homer. Chaucer uses the epithet "sugreed over." The chamberlain of Scotland, in 1329, speaks of loaves of sugar sold in that country at one ounce of silver, equal to four American dollars, per pound. In 1333, white sugar appears among the household expenses of Humbert, a nobleman of Vienne, and it is mentioned by Eustace Deschamps as among the heaviest expenses of housekeeping. George Peale tells us, that sugar with wine was a common drink in the sixteenth century. It did not become an article of ordinary consumption until the beginning of the seventeenth century. At that period, the Venetians imported it from Sicily and Egypt, and probably produced it in Cyprus, Crete, and the Morea. One of their countrymen, about two centuries before, had invented the art of refining, for which he received the sum of one hundred thousand ducats, equal to three or four hundred thousand dollars at the present time. Previously to this they had pursued the Chinese method, and made candy only. This inventor adopted the cones from the Arabians, and probably obtained from their manner of clarification the idea, upon which he so far improved as to effect at last the complete purification of his product. It was from the Venetian refineries that France and England procured their small and high-priced supplies in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

By the creation of sugar plantations in the Portuguese and Spanish islands of Madeira, St. Thomas, and the Canaries, the stock was considerably increased. We begin then, for the first time, to have accounts of the number of sugar-mills, and the quantities manufactured. Thus we are told that in the island of St. Thomas there were, in 1524, seventy mills, making on an average 66,428 lbs. each, and upwards of two thousand tons in all. It was from those islands that Europe was for half a century mainly supplied. But the rapid exhaustion of the soil seems inseparable from the cultivation of the cane with the labour of slaves and serfs. It is reasonable to suppose that this was the great cause of the successive migrations of this business westward, and its early decline in Sicily, Spain, and the Africo-Atlantic islands.

In St. Domingo there were, in 1518, twenty-eight sugar-presses. In about half a century this island succeeded to the inheritance of the markets of Europe, which it monopolised and enlarged during a century and a half, exporting sixty-five thousand tons in one year, being about 100,000,000 lbs. surplus, after supplying the demand of the mother-country. In any possible situation of that island, it could not have maintained until this time that monopoly and that rate of production. At the beginning of the present century, the entire exportation from the West Indies and American settle-

ments of every description, was 440,800,000 lbs.; now it is 400,000,000 lbs. from the British West Indies alone, and 700,000,000 lbs. more from Brazil and the Spanish, French, Dutch, and Danish colonies. In 1750, only 80,000,000 lbs. were exported from the British West Indies, one-fifth of the present export.

Of course the consumption of sugar has greatly increased during the last half century; and it seems destined to an indefinite extension. It is so nutritive, wholesome, and agreeable, that there can never be a limit to its use except in a prohibition or an inability to buy it. Men and nations differ widely in their tastes and habits in respect to most kinds of food, sauce, and drinks. Neither wheat, rice, flesh, nor potatoes, can command unanimous favour. No article of housekeeping, save sugar, can be named, which is universally acceptable to the infant and the aged, the civilised and the savage.

The population of the British West Indies is equal to that of Cuba; but their consumption of sugar was, in 1827, only 13,000,000 lbs., eighteen pounds to an inhabitant, while that of Cuba was, in the same year, 44,000,000 lbs., or sixty-three lbs. to an inhabitant. This difference is presumed to be owing to the predominance of the free over the slave population, in the latter island. The ratio of the free population of Cuba to the slave, is three to one; but in the British West Indies one to three. This proportion would give the difference of the quantities of sugar consumed with almost entire accuracy.

The population of all the sugar-growing countries of the world is about 468,000,000. It is not to be presumed that each individual of this number consumes as much as the luxurious West Indian; but it will not be extravagant to suppose, that they all consume as largely as the Mexicans. Mexico, by the lowness of wages and the ignorance and poverty of the mass, may be considered as a fair representative of the nations inhabiting that belt of the earth which produces sugar-canes. She consumes, according to M. Humboldt, ten pounds to an inhabitant, all of domestic production. We thus determine, proximately, that the consumption of the other Hispano-American nations, and of the swarms which people the East, is 5,000,000,000 lbs. per annum, nearly four times as much as is used in Europe and the United States. Great Britain consumes 400,000,000 lbs., about twenty-four pounds to each inhabitant; the United States 200,000,000 lbs., sixteen pounds to an inhabitant; our domestic production being estimated at 50,000 hhds., or 50,000,000 lbs. In Ireland, the consumption is 40,000,000 lbs., five pounds to an individual. In Russia it is much less, being but a little more than one pound to a person, and 60,000,000 lbs. in the whole, unless the article be introduced inland from China, by way of Kiachta, as to some extent it probably is. Of the quantity consumed in Russia, we suppose 8,000,000 lbs. to be beet-sugar. Belgium consumes 30,000,000 lbs., seven pounds to an inhabitant, of which 5,000,000 lbs. are beet; and Prussia, Austria, and the rest of Germany, 200,000,000 lbs., of which 20,000,000 lbs. may be beet. This is four pounds and a half to an inhabitant. Holland consumes 50,000,000 lbs., sixteen pounds to an inhabitant; Spain, the same, which is but four pounds to an inhabitant; France, 230,304,549 lbs., seven pounds to each inhabitant. Of this, 107,905,785 lbs. were, in 1836, made from beet-roots. With the exception of a few manufactories in Italy, the above figures show the extent of the beet-sugar culture. Thus we have, for the total consumption of sugar in Europe, 1,267,000,000 lbs., of which 140,000,000, or 62,500 tons, are beet-sugar; and, for the total consumption throughout the world, 6,267,000,000 lbs.

The consumption of molasses is trifling except in the United States and Great Britain. There is some vent for it on the Continent, to be used in curing tobacco; and in England it is used for making a bastard sugar, and for cheap preserves. In the United States alone is it used for the table. The quantity of refined sugar consumed in the United States is small compared with the brown. It probably does not exceed one tenth; while, on the contrary, in France it constitutes four fifths of the entire consumption. The disproportion is less than this in Great Britain; but it is much greater there, and in Europe generally, than in the United States. Brown sugar contains, on an average, three to five per cent. of dirt; of course, molasses cannot be *more* pure. The consumption of this last in the United States, is about 150,000,000 lbs. annually; but probably more than half of it has heretofore been distilled into rum, producing more than 10,000,000 gallons per annum.

In the French West Indies the sugar manufacturers used to throw away their molasses, as indeed they did at first in Jamaica, and as they do to this day in the islands of Bourbon and Java. The New-Englanders, particularly in and about Boston, taking note of this circumstance, induced the French, for a trifling consideration, to preserve this residuum, and deliver it on board the colonial traders. Arrived at Boston and other ports, the adventurers entered the article free of duty, and it was then converted into New England rum. In a few years, the business so enlarged itself, that the trade was extended to the Dutch and Danish colonies. In exchange, our people gave to the Frenchmen and others horses and mules for their sugar-mills, lumber for their houses, and fish and other provisions for their plantations. In 1715, a few years after the commencement of this traffic, the British island colonies complained of it to the government, as diminishing the demand for their products, and disappointing them of their wonted supplies. Hereupon a fierce and protracted contest arose betwixt the island and continental colonies, which was not terminated until 1733, when the islands prevailed, and a duty of sixpence per gallon was laid on molasses, and five shillings per cwt. on sugars, imported into the continental colonies from any foreign port or place. The penalty for violating the act was to be the forfeiture of vessel and cargo. But the New-Englanders, who have disputed every inch of the passage of the act, seem never to have thought of submitting to it after it was passed; and they continued the old traffic, eluding the duties and defying the law. A British fleet was sent to enforce it, and a state of irritation arose, in which the parties all but came to blows. In fact, this did never cease from that time down to the Revolution; and the famous act for raising a revenue in America was called, in the language of the day, "the sugar and molasses act."

The principal reasons alleged for the trade were, that a large supply of rum was indispensable to the continental colonists for carrying on the Indian trade and the fisheries. These reasons have ceased. Rum has nearly finished its mission to the poor Indians; and the fishermen, we believe, generally go upon the temperance plan. The real root of the matter was, and is, that no other people, since the world began, were ever furnished with so great a quantity of exciting liquor for so small a price. The custom-house duties, in other countries, either kept out molasses and rum, or admitted them with so heavy conditions that they could not be afforded in such abundance as they have been here. Ardent spirits were unknown, except as a medicine in a druggist's shop, until the cane-sugar and molasses makers of the West Indies brought rum into the world. The taste once formed, demand arose for brandy, perry, gin, and whiskey. Anderson, in his "Origin of Commerce," remarks: "The consumption of rum in New England is so great, that an author on this subject asserts, that there has been 20,000 hhds. of French *mélasse* manufactured into rum at Boston in one year, so vast is the demand for that liquor." Sir William Douglass, in a work printed at Boston, in 1755, tells us, that "Spirits, (*spiritus ardentes*,) not above a century ago, were used only as official cordials, but now are become an endemical plague, being a pernicious ingredient in most of our beverages."

The duty of two cents on brown sugar in the United States, was originally laid for revenue, though it must be considered high for that purpose; being nearly fifty per cent. on the cost. At the time of the purchase of Louisiana, it was advanced to two and a half cents, probably for protection. During the last war with Great Britain it was doubled, being then five cents. At the peace it was fixed at three cents, avowedly for protection. In 1832, it was brought back to the rate of two and a half cents; and this is maintained for the encouragement of the sugar-planters of Louisiana, Florida, Arkansas, Mississipi, Alabama, and Georgia. The article is afforded in the New Orleans market, and on the Louisiana plantations, at five to six cents a pound. The planters have repeatedly declared, that at less prices the business cannot be sustained. The cost of production, when this industry was most flourishing, was two and a half to three and a half cents, exclusive of the interest on the investment.

We have now surveyed the field of competition in which the beet-sugar business must take root, if that be its destiny in this country [United States]. It is certain that the high hopes conceived of it have suffered considerable abatement from experiments made, and views put forth, in Great Britain. These it is our duty to weigh, and to determine how far they ought to influence the resolutions of North American cultivators and capitalists. But it is necessary that we should first examine, with some minuteness, the history and present condition of beet-sugar industry.

OLD IRONSIDES ON A LEE-SHORE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.*

It was at the close of a stormy day in the year 1835, when the gallant frigate Constitution, under the command of Captain Elliott, (having on board the late Edward Livingston, minister from the United States at the court of France, and his family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls,) drew near to "the chops" of the English Channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth, at evening, she made her last tack from the French coast.

The watch was set at eight P.M. The captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship "full and bye;" remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee beam, but, he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then "turned in," as did most of the idlers and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine P.M., the ship headed west by compass, when the call of "Light O!" was heard from the fore-topsail-yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Three points on the lee bow," replied the look-out man; which the unprofessional reader will readily understand to mean very nearly straight ahead. At this moment the captain appeared, and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands," was his immediate order.

"All hands!" whistled the boatswain, with the long shrill summons familiar to the ears of all who have ever been on board of a man-of-war.

"All hands!" screamed the boatswain's mates; and ere the last echo died away, all but the sick were upon deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay; the gale, which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers, where Sir Cloudesley Shovel and his fleet were destroyed, in the days of Queen Anne, sang their song of death before, and the Deadman's Ledge replied in hoarser notes behind us. To go ahead seemed to be death, and to attempt to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the captain was the furled mainsail, which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening; the hauling up of which, contrary to the last order that he had given on leaving the deck, had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on "a lee shore," upon which a strong gale was blowing her, in which the chance of safety appeared to the stoutest nerves almost hopeless. That sole chance consisted in standing on, to carry us through the breakers of Scilly, or by a close graze along their outer ledge. Was this destined to be the end of the gallant old ship, consecrated by so many a prayer and blessing from the heart of a nation!

"Why is the mainsail up, when I ordered it set?" cried the captain in a tremendous voice.

"Finding that she pitched her bows under, I took it in, under your general order, sir, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion," replied the lieutenant in command.

"Heave the log," was the prompt command to the master's mate. The log was thrown.

"How fast does she go?"

"Five knots and a half, sir."

"Board the main tack, sir."

"She will not bear it," said the officer of the deck.

"Board the main tack," thundered the captain. "Keep her full and bye, quarter-master."

"Aye, aye! sir!" The tack was boarded.

"Haul aft the main sheet," shouted the captain, and aft it went like the spreading of a sea-bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

"Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea," cried the captain.

"Aye, aye! sir! she has it," growled out the old sea-dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm, keep her full and bye."

"Aye, aye! sir! full and bye she is," was the prompt answer from the helm.

"How fast does she go?"

"Eight knots and a half, sir."

"How bears the light?"

"Nearly a-beam, sir."

"Keep her away half a point."

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots, sir."

"Steady, so!" returned the captain.

"Steady," answered the helmsman, and all was the silence of the grave upon that crowded deck—except the howling of the storm—for a space of time that seemed to my imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour with us: unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly, and who ever touched those rocks and lived during a storm? The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black curtain, illumined only by the faint light which was to mark our deliverance, or stand a monument of our destruction. The wind had got above whistling, it came in puffs, that flattened the waves, and made our old frigate settle to her bearings, while everything on board seemed cracking into pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported that the left bolt of the weather fore-shroud had drawn.

"Get on the luffs, and set them all on the weather shrouds. Keep her at small helm, quarter-master, and ease her in the sea," were the orders of the captain.

The luffs were soon put upon the weather shrouds, which of course relieved the chains and channels; but many an anxious eye was turned towards the remaining bolts, for upon them depended the masts, and upon the masts depended the safety of the ship—for with one foot of canvass less she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the overladen frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent upon making the deep the sailor's grave, and her live-oak sides his coffin of glory. She had been fitted out at Boston when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds, of course, therefore slackened at every strain, and her unwieldy masts (for she had those designed for the frigate Cumberland, a much larger ship,) seemed ready to jump out of her. And now, while all was apprehension, another bolt drew!—and then another!—until, at last, our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt, less than a man's wrist in circumference. Still the good iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us alongside the breakers, though in a most fearful proximity to them. This thrilling incident has never, I believe, been noticed in public, but it is the literal fact, which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish. As we galloped on—for I can compare our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us. Dark as was the night, the white foam scowled around their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the ocean was singing for the victims it was eager to engulph.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the broad Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. During this time all were silent,—each officer and man was at his post,—and the bearing and countenance of the captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he placed his reliance upon his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the mainsail when in any other situation it would have been considered a suicidal act, *he weathered the lee shore, and saved the Constitution.*

The mainsail was now hauled up, by light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spanker taken in, and from the light of Scilly the gallant vessel, under close-reefed topsails and main trysails, took her departure, and danced merrily over the deep towards the United States.

"Pipe down," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "and splice the main brace." "Pipe down," echoed the first lieutenant to the boatswain. "Pipe down," whistled the boatswain to the crew, and "pipe down" it was.

Soon the "Jack of the Dust" held his levee on the main gun-deck, and the weather-beaten tars, as they gathered about the grog-tub, and luxuriated upon a full allowance of Old Rye, forgot all their perils and fatigue.

"How near the rocks did we go?" said I to one of the master's mates the next morning. He made no reply, but taking down his chart, showed me a pencil-line *between the outside shoal and the Light-house island*, which must have been a small strait for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by daylight.

For what is the noble and dear old frigate reserved!

I went upon deck: the sea was calm, a gentle breeze was swelling our canvass from mainsail to royal, the isles of Scilly had sunk

* From the United States Magazine.

in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger; but never, before nor since, have I experienced an hour so terrific as that when the Constitution was labouring, with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single small iron bolt, to weather Scilly, on the night of the 11th of May, 1835.

During the gale, Mrs. Livingston inquired of the captain, if we were not in great danger? to which he replied, as soon as we had passed Scilly, "You are as safe as you would be in the aisle of a church." It is a singular fact that the frigate Boston, Captain M'Neal, about the close of the revolution, escaped a similar danger while employed in carrying out to France Chancellor Livingston, a relative of Edward's, and also minister to the court of St. Cloud. He likewise had his wife on board, and while the vessel was weathering a lee shore, Mrs. Livingston asked the captain—a rough but gallant old fire-eater—if they were not in great danger? to which he replied, "You had better, madam, get down upon your knees, and pray to your God to forgive you your numerous sins; for, if we don't carry by this point, we shall all be in perdition in five minutes."

A DUTCH AFRICAN FARM.

THE following account of a frontier farm, belonging to one of the old Dutch settlers at the Cape of Good Hope, is taken from a work entitled "African Sketches," one of the valuable relics left to us by Mr. Thomas Pringle, a man whose virtues and talents have made his loss regretted by all who knew him; and in his situation as secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, his circle of acquaintance was extensive. His sketches are the result of his observations during a residence of some continuance at the Cape, whither he had proceeded with a purpose of permanently establishing himself; a design frustrated by a misunderstanding with the Governor.

"On riding up to the place, which consisted of three or four thatched houses, and a few reed cabins (*hartebeest-huisjes*), inhabited by the Hottentot dependants, we were encountered by a host of some twenty or thirty dogs, which had been lying about in the shade of the huts, and now started up around us, open-mouthed, with a prodigious clamour, as is generally the case at every farm-house on the approach of strangers. In day-light, these growling guardians usually confine themselves to a mere noisy demonstration; but at night, it is often a matter of no small peril to approach a farm-house; for many of these animals are both fierce and powerful, and will not hesitate to attack a stranger, if, in their eyes, he has the ill luck to appear in any way suspicious. The barking of the dogs brought out Arend Coetzer, one of the farmer's sons, from the principal dwelling-house, a frank young fellow, who had previously visited us at Glen-Lynden. Seeing us thus beset, he came instantly to our help against the canine rabble, whom he discomfited with great vigour, by hurling at them a few of the half-gnawed bones and bullocks' horns which were lying in profusion about the place. The young boor was rejoiced to see me, and introduced me to his mother and sisters,—a quiet-looking matron and two bashful girls, who now appeared from the house. 'Wil Mynheer afzadel?' ('Will the gentleman unsaddle?') was the first inquiry. I readily agreed, intending, indeed, though it was still early in the afternoon, to spend the night at this place, with the view of becoming better acquainted with our rustic neigbours.

On entering the house, I found that the old boor had not yet risen from his afternoon nap, or siesta, a habit which is generally prevalent throughout the colony. He was not long, however, in making his appearance; and, after shaking hands with a sort of gruff heartiness, he took down a bottle of brandy from a shelf, and urged me to drink a dram (*soopjè*) with him, assuring me that it was good *brandewyn*, distilled by himself, from his own peaches. I tasted the spirit, which was colourless, with something of the flavour of bad whiskey; but preferred regaling myself with a cup of tea, which had in the meanwhile been prepared and poured out for me by the respectable and active-looking dame. This 'tea-water' is made by a decoction, rather than an infusion, of the Chinese leaf, and being diluted with a certain proportion of boiling water, without any admixture of milk or sugar, is offered to every visitor who may chance to arrive during the heat of the day. A small tin box, containing sugar-candy, is sometimes handed round with the 'tea-water,' from which each person takes a little bit to keep in his mouth, and thus to sweeten, in frugal fashion, the beverage as he swallows it. During this refreshment, I carried on a tolerably fluent conversation in broken Dutch with my host and his *huisvrouw*; and gratified them not a little by communicating the most recent information I possessed of the state of European politics, respecting which old Coetzer was very inquisitive.

The domicile of my hospitable neighbours, in which we were thus seated, was not calculated to suggest any ideas of peculiar comfort to an Englishman. It was a house somewhat of the size and appearance of an old-fashioned Scotch barn. The walls were thick, and substantially built of strong adhesive clay; a material, which being well prepared or *tempered*, in the manner of mortar for brick-making, and raised in successive layers, soon acquires in this dry climate a great degree of hardness, and is considered scarcely inferior in durability to burnt brick. These walls, which were about nine feet high, and tolerably smooth and straight, had been plastered over within and without with a composition of sand and cowdung, and this being afterwards well white-washed with a sort of pipe-clay, or with lime made of burnt shells, the whole had a very clean and light appearance.

The roof was neatly thatched with a species of hard rushes, which are considered much more durable and less apt to catch fire than straw. There was no ceiling under the roof; but the rafters over-head were hung with a motley assemblage of several sorts of implements and provisions,—such as hunting apparatus, dried flesh of various kinds of game, large whips of rhinoceros and hippopotamus hide (termed *sjamboks*), leopard and lion skins, ostrich eggs and feathers, dried fruit, strings of onions, rolls of tobacco, bamboos for whip-handles, calabashes, and a variety of other articles. A large pile of fine home-made soap graced the top of a partition wall.

The house was divided into three apartments; the one in which we were seated (called the *voorhuis*) opened immediately from the open air, and is the apartment in which the family always sit, eat, and receive visitors. A private room (*slaapkamer*) was formed at either end of this hall, by cross partitions of the same height and construction as the outer walls. The floor, which, though only of clay, appeared uncommonly smooth and hard, I found, on inquiry, had been formed of ant-heaps, which, being pounded into dust, and then watered and well stamped, assume a consistency of great tenacity. In making these floors, however, care must be taken to use only such ant-hills as have been broken up and plundered by the *aardvark*, or ant-eater, and consequently deserted by the surviving insects: otherwise, in spite of all your pounding, you may find that you have planted two or three troublesome colonies beneath your feet. This floor is carefully washed over every morning with water mixed with fresh cow-dung, in order to keep it cool and free from vermin, especially fleas, which are apt to become an intolerable pest in such mansions.

The house was lighted by four square windows in front,—one in each of the bed-rooms, and two in the *voorhuis*,—and also by the door, which appeared to be shut only during the night. The door consisted of reeds rudely fastened on a wicker frame, and was fixed to the door-posts by thongs of bullocks' hide. The windows were without glass, and were closed at night, each with an untanned quagga skin. There was neither stove nor chimney in any part of the dwelling-house, but the operations of cooking were performed in a small circular hut of clay and reeds, which stood in front of it. The furniture of the sitting-room consisted of a couple of wooden tables, and a few chairs, stools, and wagon-chests; an immense churn, into which all the milk saved from the sucking calves was daily poured, and churned every morning; a large iron pot for boiling soap; two or three wooden pitchers, hooped with brass, and very brightly scoured; a cupboard, exhibiting the family service of wooden bowls and trenchers, pewter tureens, brandy flasks, with a good array in phials of Dutch quack medicines. A tea-vase, and brass tea-kettle heated by a chafing-dish,—which, with a set of Dutch teacups, and a large brass-clasped Dutch Bible, occupied a small table at which the mistress of the house presided,—completed the inventory. The bed-rooms, in which I more than once slept on future occasions, were furnished each with one or more large bedsteads or stretchers, without posts or curtains, but provided with good feather-beds, spread on elastic frames woven with thongs of bullock's hide, like a cane-bottomed chair.

In a corner of the hall, part of the carcase of a sheep was suspended from a beam; and I was informed that two sheep, and sometimes more, were daily slaughtered for family consumption; the Hottentot herdsmen and their families, as well as the farmer's

own household, being chiefly fed upon mutton,—at least during summer, when beef could not be properly cured. The carcases were hung up in this place, it appeared, chiefly to prevent waste by being constantly under the eye of the mistress, who, in this country, instead of the ancient Saxon title of 'giver of bread,' might be appropriately called the 'giver of flesh.' Flesh, and not bread, is here the staff of life; and the frontier colonists think it no more odd to have a sheep hanging in the *voorhuis*, than a farmer's wife in England would do to have the large household loaf placed for ready distribution on her hall-table. At this very period, in fact, a pound of wheaten bread in this quarter of the colony was three or four times the value of a pound of animal food.

In regard to dress, there was nothing very peculiar to remark. That of the females, though in some respects more slovenly, resembled a good deal the costume of the rustic classes in England thirty or forty years ago. The men wore long loose trowsers of sheep or goat skin, tanned by their servants, and made in the family. A check shirt, a jacket of coarse frieze or cotton, according to the weather, and a broad-brimmed white hat, completed the costume. Shoes and stockings appeared not to be considered essential articles of dress for either sex, and were, I found, seldom worn except when they went to church, or to merry-makings (*vrolykheids*). A sort of sandals, however, are in common use, called *veld schoenen* (country shoes), the fashion of which was, I believe, originally borrowed from the Hottentots. They are made of raw bullock's hide, with an upper-leather of dressed sheep or goat-skin, much after the same mode as the brogues of the ancient Scottish Highlanders.

* * * *

Having exhausted the usual topics of country chat, I suggested a walk round the premises, and we sallied forth, accompanied by old Wentzel and his son Arend. They led us first to the orchard, which was of considerable extent, and contained a variety of fruit-trees, all in a thriving state. The peach-trees, which were now in blossom, were most numerous; but there were also abundance of apricot, almond, walnut, apple, pear, and plum trees, and whole avenues of figs and pomegranates. The outward hedge consisted of a tall hedge of quinces. There was also a fine lemon-grove, and a few young orange-trees. The latter require to be sheltered during the winter, until they have attained considerable size,—the frost being apt to blight them in this upland valley. All the other fruits are raised with ease; peach-trees often bearing fruit the third year after the seeds are put in the ground. From the want of care, however, or of skill in grafting, few of the fruits in this part of the colony are of superior sorts or of delicate flavour. The peaches especially are but indifferent; but, as they are chiefly grown for making brandy, or to be used in a dried state, excellence of flavour is but little regarded. Some mulberry-trees, which had been planted in front of the house, were large and flourishing, and produced, I was informed, abundance of fruit. These were not the wild or white mulberry, raised in Europe for feeding silk-worms; but the latter sort also thrive extremely well in most parts of the colony.

The kitchen garden was very deficient in neatness, but contained a variety of useful vegetables. Onions were raised in great abundance, and of a quality fully equal to those of Spain. Pumpkins, cucumbers, musk and water melons, were cultivated in considerable quantities. The sweet potato was also grown here.

Adjoining to the garden and orchard was a small but well-kept vineyard, from which a large produce of very fine grapes is obtained; but these, as well as the peaches, are chiefly distilled into brandy.

The whole of the orchard, vineyard, and garden-ground, together with about twenty acres of corn-land adjoining, were irrigated by the waters of a small mountain-rill, which were collected and led down in front of the house by an artificial canal. This limited extent was the whole that could be cultivated on a farm comprising about six thousand acres. But this is quite sufficient for the wants of a large family; the real wealth of the farm, so far as respects marketable commodities, consisting in the flocks and herds raised on its extensive pastures. This old Wentzel himself hinted, as, shutting up a gap in the garden-hedge with a branch of thorny mimosa, he led us out towards the *kraals*, or cattle-folds, exclaiming, in a tone of jocund gratulation, while he pointed to a distant cloud of dust moving up the valley—'Maar daar koomt myn vee—de beste tuin!' ('But there come my cattle—the best garden!') On approaching the cattle-kraals, I was struck by the great height of the principal fold, which was elevated fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the adjoining plain; and my surprise was certainly not diminished when I found that the mound on the top of which the pen was constructed, consisted of a mass of hard solid dung, accumulated by the cattle of the farm being folded for a succession of years on the same spot. The sheep-folds, though not quite so elevated, and under the lee, as it were, of the bullock-kraal, were also fixed on the top of similar accumulations. The several folds (for those of the sheep and goats consisted of three divisions) were all fenced in with branches of the thorny mimosa, which formed a sort of rampart around the margin of the mounds of dung, and were carefully placed with their prickly sides outwards, on purpose to render the inclosures more secure from the nocturnal assaults of the hyænas, leopards, and jackals. Against all these ravenous animals the oxen are, indeed, quite able to defend themselves; but the hyænas and leopards are very destructive to calves, foals, sheep, and goats, when they can break in upon them, which they sometimes do in spite of the numerous watch-dogs kept for their protection; and the cunning jackal is not less destructive to the young lambs and kids.

While we were conversing on these topics, the clouds of dust which I had observed approaching from three different quarters, came nearer, and I perceived that they were raised by two numerous flocks of sheep and one large herd of cattle. First came the wethers, which are reared for the market, and are often driven by the butchers' servants even to Cape Town, seven hundred miles distant. These being placed in their proper fold, the flock of ewes, ewe-goats, and lambs, was next driven in, and carefully penned in another; those having young ones of tender age being kept separate. And, finally, the cattle-herd came rushing on pellmell, and spontaneously assumed their station upon the summit of their guarded mount; the milch-cows only being separated, in order to be tied up to stakes within a small inclosure nearer the houses, where they were milked by the Hottentot herdsmen, after their calves, which were kept at home, had been permitted to suck for a certain period. Not one of those cows, I was told, would allow herself to be milked until her calf had first been put to her: if the calf dies, of course there is an end of her milk for that season. About thirty cows were milked; but the quantity obtained from them was scarcely so much as would be got from eight or ten good English cows.

The farmer and his wife, with all their sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, and grand-children, who were about the place, were assiduously occupied, while the herds and flocks were folding, in examining them as they passed in, and in walking through among them afterwards, to see that all was right. I was assured that, though they do not very frequently count them, they can discover at once if any individual ox is missing, or if any accident has happened among the flocks from beasts of prey or otherwise. This faculty, though the result doubtless of peculiar habits of attention, is certainly very remarkable; for the herd of cattle at this place amounted altogether to nearly 700 head, and the sheep and goats to about 5000. This is considered a very respectable, but by no means an extraordinary stock for a Tarka grazier.

Every individual of an African farmer's family, including even the child at the breast, has an interest in the welfare of the flocks and herds. It is their custom, as soon as a child is born, to set apart for it a certain number of the young live stock, which increase as the child grows up; and which, having a particular mark regularly affixed to them, form, when the owner arrives at adult age, a stock sufficient to be considered a respectable dowry for a prosperous farmer's daughter, or to enable a young man, though he may not possess a single dollar of cash, to begin the world respectably as a Vee Boer, or grazier."

ORIGIN OF PORTSOKEN WARD.

Before the Norman Conquest, there existed a certain guild or body of knights, denominated, in Anglo-Saxon, the *Cnihtena-gild*, and who possessed a plot of land just within the gate of the city, and thence called the *Port-soken*,—their holding being of that description called a *soke*, involving important privileges. These knights retained their jurisdiction, as well as their land, in, and through, and after the great changes consequent upon the Norman invasion, until some time in the reign of Henry I., when they bestowed their territory upon the neighbouring convent of the Holy Trinity. By virtue of the transfer, the prior of the convent acquired the rank of an alderman of the city. The demesne of the fraternity became, and still is, the well-known *Portsoken Ward*; whilst the name of *Nightingale-lane*, into which the denomination of the "*Cnihtena-gild land*" has passed by colloquial alteration, yet preserves a memorial of the ancient owners of the soil.

Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages.

NATURE AND ART.

There is no mystery in the mental faculties of mankind: fancy, imagination, sentiment, passion, acuteness, judgment, reason, memory, are all positive, and capable of being discriminated and measured: they are not to be admitted or denied as temper or fashion may dictate. They do not depend on a little more or less of management, or a little more or less of care or chicanery. Genius and talent pervade all, in spite of negligence, rapidity, and defying artlessness; and deficiency will pervade all, in spite of *finesse*, and labour, and contrivance, and false ornament.—*Sir E. Brydges.*

IDEAS FROM COLERIDGE.

A rogue is a round-about fool: a fool *in circumbendibus*.

The earth, with its scarred face, is the symbol of the past; the air and heaven, of futurity.

You may depend upon it, that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

How did the atheist get his idea of the God whom he denies?

Every true science bears necessarily within itself the germ of a cognate profession, and the more you can elevate trades into professions the better.

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.—*Coleridge, Table-Talk.*

SABINUS AND HIS DOG.

After the execution of Sabinus, the Roman general, who suffered death for his attachment to the family of Germanicus, his body was exposed to the public, upon the precipice of the Gemoniæ, as a warning to all who should dare to defend the fallen house. No relative had courage to approach the corpse; one friend only remained true—his faithful dog. For three days the animal continued to watch the body: his pathetic howlings awakened the sympathy of every heart. Food was brought to him, which he was kindly encouraged to eat; but, on taking the bread, instead of obeying the impulse of hunger, he fondly laid it on his master's mouth, and renewed his lamentations. Days thus passed, nor did he for a moment quit his charge.

The body was at length thrown into the Tiber; and the generous and faithful creature, still unwilling that it should perish, leaped into the water after it, and, clasping the corpse between his paws, vainly endeavoured to preserve it from sinking; and only ceased his endeavours with his last breath, having ultimately perished in the stream.—*Anecdotes of Animals.*

A FINE CONTRAST IN A FINE PASSAGE.

A man is supposed to improve by going out into the world—by visiting London. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic: it is formed of minutiæ, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency, while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: he who is placed in the sphere of nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brookes's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first Pizarro that crossed him. But when he walks along the river of Amazons,—when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes,—when he measures the long and watered Savannah, or contemplates from a sudden promontory the distant, vast Pacific,—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready-produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream,—his exaltation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great; his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment: for he says, "These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them." He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts; and he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially. His mind in himself is also in his God, and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars.—*From Notes upon the Hurricane, a Poem, by William Gilbert.*

PHYSICAL ADVANTAGES OF BRITAIN.

The particular facilities of Britain are great,—greater, perhaps, than those of any other country; or they have, at least, been more generally developed. It possesses all the essentials for the furtherance of mechanical ingenuity, and the employment of manufacturing industry. Iron and coal, the two chief agents—the one in the formation of machinery, the other in its use,—are found in abundant quantities beneath the soil, and often in such close contiguity that they are readily made to assist each other.

Railways of Britain.

TRADERS IN PHILANTHROPY.

I have never known a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in heart somewhere or other. Individuals so distinguished are usually unhappy in their family relations; men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost always hostile to them, yet lavishing money, and labour, and time on the race—the abstract notion. The cosmopolitism which does not spring out of and blossom upon the deep-rooted stem of nationality and patriotism is a spurious and rotten growth.—*Coleridge.*

BAMBOO AND BAMBOOZLE.

"I guess," said the philosophical supercargo, Jonathan Downing, when he wrote home from Canton to his uncle the Major, "that there really be but two sorts of good government, in the nature of things: Bamboo, or the like, as in China; and Bamboozle, or the like, as in the old country: but we in the States use 'em both, and ours is the grandest government in the universe,—Bamboo for the niggers, and Bamboozle for ourselves."

Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages.

A FAITHFUL SHOCK-DOG.

In October, 1803, during the deluge with which the island of Madeira was visited, a remarkable circumstance happened near St. John's river. A maid-servant, in flying from one of the falling houses, dropped an infant from her arms, which was supposed to have perished. Next day, however, it was found, unhurt, on a dry piece of ground, along with a shock-dog, belonging to the same family. The dog was close by the child, and it is imagined that the child was kept alive by the warmth of the faithful animal's body.—*Brown's Anecdotes of Dogs.*

OUR IGNORANCE OF MENTAL PHENOMENA.

Pleasure and pain, hope and despair, hatred and affection, play as truly in the infant mind as they did in the mind of Shakspeare, who has been called the high-priest of the passions. But how absurd it is to affirm, that the child must, therefore, understand all the passions which it feels, as well as Shakspeare did, who has made himself immortal by exhibiting them in dramatic action! Nay, is it not quite certain that, after we have arrived at the age of maturity, and after we have received laboured instructions, and much practical knowledge of life, we often experience trains of thought, and complicated emotions, which we do not even understand, and are much less able to explain?—*Young's Lectures on Intellectual Philosophy.*

AN ELEGANT COUPLE OF ABORIGINES.

Among the native inhabitants of the Yas district (Australia) was a pair of originals: the man was called Daraga, and his lady the "beautiful Kitty" of Yas. Neither of them had pretensions to beauty. The lady had ornamented her delicate form (for all the ladies are fond of adornments) with two opossum tails, pendent in a graceful manner from her greasy locks; pieces of tobacco-pipe, mingled with coloured beads, adorned her neck; an old, dirty, opossum-skin cloak was thrown over the shoulders; a bundle of indescribable rags around the waist; and a netbul or culy hanging behind (filled with a collection of "small deer," and other eatables, that would baffle all attempts at description,) completed the toilette of this angelic creature. Of her features I shall only say, they were not such as painters represent those of Venus; her mouth, for instance, was a prodigious aperture. The husband also had decorated the locks of his cranium with opossum tails, with the addition of grease and red ochre; a tuft of beard ornamented his chin; and the colour of his hide was barely discernible, from the layers of mud and charcoal covering it: he wore a "spritsail yard" through his apology for a nose; the opossum-skin cloak covered his shoulders, and the belt of opossum-skin girded the loins; the pipe was his constant companion, as the love of tobacco among those who have intercourse with Europeans is unbounded, and no more acceptable present can be made to them. At meal-times, it was curious to observe the conduct of this interesting couple and the kangaroo dogs: it was evident that no good feeling subsisted between the parties: the dogs regarded the former with an expression of anger, and the opposite party looked both sulkily and anxiously at the canine species. The dogs appeared instinctively to fear that the human creatures would devour every morsel of the food, and that they should be minus their share; while the latter seemed to know, either by instinct or practical experience, that large dogs bite tolerably hard when angry.—*Bennett's Wanderings in New South Wales.*

NIAGARA.

Niagara is said to be an Iroquois word, signifying the thunder of waters. The Indians pronounce it Niagára, but Americans and Canadians universally Niágara: the latter accentuation is sanctioned by the author of "Letters of the Fudge Family," who proposes in one of them,

> "'Stead of pistol or dagger, a
> Desperate leap down the falls of Niágara."

Duncan's Travels.

STEAM CARRIAGES.

It does not seem likely that steam can be applied to pleasure carriages; but improvements will most probably go on in the construction of steam carriages till they be perfectly available for common roads, as vehicles of locomotion,—as a means of travelling more economically than with horses from one place to another. But to realise a profit from them, they must carry many passengers; they will do for public, but not for private vehicles. One advantage they will possess which common vehicles have not: in cold weather, they may be warmed by the steam-pipes, with the same facility as a house; and, in hot weather, they may be ventilated by fanners worked by the machinery.—*Adams' English Pleasure Carriages.*

CONTRAST BETWEEN CIVILISED AND SAVAGE LIFE.

Everything that can contribute to teach the most unmoved patience under the severest pains and misfortunes, everything that tends to harden the heart and narrow all the sources of sympathy, is most sedulously inculcated on the savage. The civilised man, on the contrary, though he may be advised to bear evil with patience when it comes, is not instructed to be always expecting it. Other virtues are to be called into action besides fortitude. He is taught to feel for his neighbour, or even his enemy, in distress; to encourage and expand his social affections; and, in general, to enlarge the sphere of pleasurable emotions. The civilised man hopes to enjoy, the savage expects only to suffer.—*Malthus.*

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POSSIBILITIES.

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

"THE word Impossible is not French," said Napoleon to the Duke of Vicenza; and at the time he said it—he had not entered Moscow—his career of unchecked success might have gone far to make himself a believer in his own proposition. The Imperial Victor well knew that a persuasion of its truth, among the people who *then* so blindly worshipped him, would almost make it true. In the career of discovery, among the conquerors of science, the same doctrine has produced effects quite as brilliant, and more enduring, than any that have resulted from those "imperial seas of slaughter." Often have we seen the faith that "hopeth all things" become the encourager under repeated failures, and the stimulant to labours which have terminated, after many days, in glorious success; and though we do not mean to adopt the maxim in its full extent, and assert that impossibility is not to be found in the philosophical dictionary, yet we have witnessed so many victories—we have so often written "Ne plus ultra" on our charts of discovery, and then seen some bold adventurer carry his researches far beyond our assigned boundary, that while we admit its existence, we cannot attempt to fix its position, but must class it among those bodies of whose place we know only that they are not nearer than a certain number of million leagues, at the same time being quite ignorant whether they are not some hundred times further.

As years elapse—as knowledge increases—the point when impossibility commences appears more distant, and our trust in the infinite grasp of human intellect, our confidence in our powers of discovery, our pride in present possessions, and our hopes of future acquisitions, become more unbounded. We have passed that period when to be incredulous was to be learned; among a half-enlightened race only can that dogma be received: the extremes meet; the destitution and the perfection of knowledge are alike confiding and liberal. It is an imperfect creed which engenders ascetics and encourages persecution. The ignorant worshipper raises his altar to "the unknown god;" the inspired teacher warns us that we "judge not." It is semi-barbarism that is subject to narrow-minded prejudice; it is the "little learning" that fosters conceit and incredulity. The savage has the most unlimited faith in mortal powers, in his acknowledged ignorance of their true extent: he believes in giants and in magic—in words that control the elements, and in sinews that can remove the mountains;—the man of science comes back almost to the same confidence in human power to produce such results.

The first chemists, unacquainted with the methods of analysis, or with the composition of those substances on which they operated, were misled continually by deceptive appearances; yet still holding fast their faith in their mystery, still believing in the possibility of obtaining their long-sought elixir, they laboured on undismayed in spite of disappointment, and even of danger, when a false religion was arrayed against a false science, and anathemas were pronounced on the possessors of the philosopher's stone. We owe them many thanks; they stumbled in the dark upon discoveries from which the world has reaped more benefit than any that could have sprung from the doubtful influence of their desired object if they had attained it; but without some such stimulant as that afforded by the hopes of obtaining boundless wealth and length of days, they would not have worked *at all.*

In like manner, it was the fallacious speculations of astrology, it was the craving desire felt by humanity to penetrate the mysteries of futurity—the fond belief that on the aspects and motions of the planets our fate depended, and by them could be predicted—that first gave interest to the study of astronomy. These impulses first induced man to number the stars, to track the motions of the planets, to record eclipses, which have proved the best guides to modern chronologists in fixing the dates of long-past events, and to observe phenomena from which we have deduced the uniformity of the earth's rotation, and the inequalities of the lunar orbit. In short, here also we owe it to the ignorance and the credulity of past generations, that any foundations were laid of that science, which evinces, more than any other, at once the powers of man and his insignificance.

A wiser people were not so liberal; the superstitious men of Athens accused Anaximander of attempting to bind their gods by immutable laws; an impiety for which their sentence, rendered merciful by the interposition of Pericles, only condemned himself and family to perpetual exile. When light began again to dawn in Europe, after the long night of the dark ages, persecution rose with it, and the bigoted cruelty that imprisoned, but could not subdue, Roger Bacon; that pursued Galileo to the end of his life; and that induced the more timid Copernicus to withhold for years the publication of his grand but then supposed to be dangerous truths,—furnishes but additional proof how intolerant imperfect knowledge will render its possessors.

To those daring spirits who laboured on, unsubdued by the difficulties and undaunted at the perils that impeded their course, how great a veneration is due! The leaders of a forlorn hope, they paused not to consider the obstacles which obstructed their progress, but struggled fearlessly forwards, stimulated by the bright looks of that truth which the world could not see, and which themselves saw as yet but dimly in the distance; till at length "that surest touchstone of desert, success," rewarded their exertions, and mankind, henceforth, ranked among the best of their benefactors and instructors those whom they had stigmatised as visionaries and madmen. Their successors are still upon the earth;—men to whom nothing is hopeless, nor anything incredible; men who perpetually enlarge the dominion of possibility, and teach us how distant is the limit of the attainable: and though their dangers and difficulties are less than those of their predecessors—though monks can no longer threaten them with dungeons, and much of the mechanical drudgery of science is found done to their hands,—neither in brilliancy nor in usefulness will their achievements be surpassed by those of any period of which history has preserved the record.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

GENERAL MONK.

HISTORICAL researches have of late years been conducted in an infinitely more philosophic spirit than has heretofore been usually exercised. The historian is no longer satisfied with remoulding the works of his predecessors, and thus propagating errors in a novel dress,—hashing up the absurdities of the ignorant, prejudiced, or designing, and seasoning the mess according to the supposed taste of the public palate. Facts are sought after, and disinterred from the storehouses of records and muniments, where they have too long lain buried and forgotten, and we reason upon the conclusions drawn from them, and not upon popular prejudices ignorantly adopted as historic truths. Thus, the fables consecrated by the authority of a Livy are dispelled by the antiquarian researches of a Niebuhr; whilst the venerable Herodotus, who has been presumptuously scoffed at as "the father of lies," is restored to his ancient honours, by the testimony of modern travellers and the labours of the Archæological Institute. In this spirit of philosophic inquiry, we find one of the most celebrated statesmen of the age, the learned Guizot, devoting himself to historical research, and investigating the character of the actors, as the surest method of raining the true clue to the maze of seeming contradictions which perplex the superficial. We see the result in an essay, or, as he more properly designates it, "Historical Study," in which he labours to clear up the doubts which shadowed the character of one whose name is inseparably connected with the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, a point of history of peculiar interest: we mean George Monk, a man whose share in public affairs, before and after that event, was not so great as to have preserved much more than his name in the historic page, but who was lifted to immortality by the tide of events which threw the destiny of an empire into his hands. His cautious taciturnity puzzled his cotemporaries, and his character has been represented by different biographers and historians in as many different colours as the chamelion, just according to the individual bias of the writer. This enigmatical character has been taken up by M. Guizot as a fit subject for investigation; and our purpose is to follow the record of his researches—his historical studies,—and in a brief sketch show what he has done, and the conclusion at which his inquiries have enabled him to arrive. The original, which was first published in the "Revue de Paris," has been ably translated by the Hon. J. Stuart Wortley, and enriched by him with many valuable illustrative notes.

"Among the men," says M. Guizot, "who fill a place in the great scenes of history, the fate of Monk has been remarkable. At once both celebrated and obscure, he has linked his name with the restoration of the Stuarts, but has left us no other memorial of his life. One day he disposed, singly, and with renown, of a throne and a people: on those which either precede or follow it, he is scarcely to be distinguished from the crowd with which he mingles. He is one of those whose talent, and even vices, have but a day or an hour for the development of their full energy and dominion; yet they are men whom it is most important to study; for the rapid drama wherein they took the leading part, and the event which it was in their sole power to accomplish, can be through them alone made thoroughly intelligible."

George Monk was born on the 6th December, 1608. He was the second son of Sir Thomas Monk, a Devonshire gentleman, of ancient family but impaired fortune. When George Monk was seventeen, King Charles I., who had just mounted the throne, visited Plymouth, to superintend the outfit of the expedition which he projected against Spain. On this occasion all the country gentlemen flocked to pay their court, and Sir Thomas among them; but having reason to fear an arrest from an unfriendly creditor, he sent his son George to bribe the sheriff. That worthy functionary accepted the fee, and faithfully promised that Sir Thomas should not be molested; but being afterwards doubly feed by the other side, he arrested him in the midst of a company of gentlemen, assembled to see the king pass by. Indignant at this treachery, young Monk hurried to Exeter, and handled the faithless man of law so roughly, that his life would have been endangered but for the interference of the neighbours. After this adventure, George Monk, fearful of the consequences, took refuge on board the fleet, just then ready to sail: his relation, Sir Richard Greenville, received him on board his ship, and Monk accompanied him on the cruise. The object of the expedition was to intercept the Spanish galleons, but it was not attended with success, and soon returned to England. The next year, Monk exchanged the sea for the land service, and enlisted as an ensign in the ill-fated expedition against the isle of Rhé, and witnessed a second time the spectacle of shame and disaster which often signalises the presumptuous ignorance of a favourite. He retained a bitter recollection of it, which he often expressed in recounting the occurrences of his youth. We are therefore not surprised to see him abandon the service of his country, and embracing the profession of a soldier of fortune, joining the regiment of the Earl of Oxford, in the Dutch service, in the year 1629; one year after the expedition to the isle of Rhé.

He remained ten years in the service of the States, where he acquired the reputation of an excellent officer, and was particularly distinguished by the ascendancy which he acquired over his companions, and the love which he inspired in his men; qualities which have ever been the characteristics of successful generals. A dispute with the magistrates of Dort, which was decided against him by the Prince of Orange, Frederick Henry, the Stadtholder, disgusted him with the Dutch service; and warlike symptoms being visible in England, Monk returned home, and entered the army which Charles was raising against the Scots. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the regiment of the Earl of Newport, general of the ordnance. The war was very unpopular;—the first blows were delayed by public aversion; and, before blood had flowed, the treaty of Berwick proclaimed that the campaign was over, but without soothing the animosities which gave rise to it. The armies, dismissed in forty-eight hours by the terms of the treaty, remained ready to re-assemble on the first summons. The new explosion was not long delayed; and, on the 1st of August, 1640, Monk, at his post on the borders of Scotland, on the banks of the Tyne, took part in the affair of Newburn, where the English disgraced themselves by a precipitate flight. Monk, by his judicious conduct, saved them for the moment from some of its disastrous results. The Scots, after having passed the Tyne, almost without resistance, marched towards the quarters of the Earl of Newport, in order to possess themselves of the artillery. In the king's army, disorder had not waited for the enemy. Monk, still at the head of his regiment, had, for his own guns, but one ball and charge of powder. He made application for ammunition to major-general Astley, but was answered that there was no more; and upon this, placing his soldiers, armed with muskets, along the hedges, he imposed so well upon the Scots, that they did not venture to attack him, and allowed him to carry off the artillery to Newcastle, where, with the place itself, it soon after fell into their hands. Monk always used to express the utmost dissatisfaction at the whole conduct of this unfortunate campaign. He maintained that the English army was fully equal to cope with and overcome the Scots, and advised the king to fight. His opinions were over-ruled, and a hasty treaty put an end to the war.

Affairs in England were every day assuming a more gloomy aspect. The Long Parliament was assembled; the quarrel grew more and more bitter, when the Irish insurrection (25th October, 1641,) chanced to present every Englishman with a cause to defend,—every soldier with a war to wage,—and that without engaging him with either party. Monk embraced the opportunity, and obtaining the appointment of colonel to the regiment of the Earl of Leicester, who succeeded to the government of Ireland, after the execution of Strafford, proceeded to Ireland. He there found divided counsels and neglected troops, for the disorders at home left little leisure for due attention to the Irish army; yet we are told "that there was not a soldier ever so sick or ill-shod who would not make an effort to follow George Monk,—a familiar appellation bestowed on him by the affection of the soldiers, always more disposed to obey when they have in a manner appropriated their commander to themselves, and when in their chief they recognise a comrade."

Leicester, who had remained in London, had delegated his authority to Ormond, a zealous royalist. Other members of the government were attached to the parliament. The contests of authority were frequent, and always determined at the pleasure of the party most powerful for the moment: in general, that of the king had the advantage. "The army suspended between contrary interests and inclinations,—pressed at the same time by its necessities, its dangers, and its common enemies,—felt, in presence of the Irish, rather English than parliamentarian or royalist; and a lukewarmness of political opinion left great latitude to the chiefs in seeking to gain proselytes, and to the inferiors a large facility for maintaining a good understanding with both parties. Monk, skilful above them all, thenceforth commenced the attainment or the application of the art which he so constantly and dexterously

practised—the art of advancing his fortunes with the prevailing party, without ever losing the confidence of that which might prevail at a future day. The absence of all passion,—an apparent slowness of disposition, produced by the natural circumspection of his character,—and a remarkable taciturnity, secured him from the pitfalls of speech: it served him little in the conduct of his life, except to penetrate the sentiments of others, whilst he misled them as to his own. Yet his was an active silence. His assiduous, as well as regular and tranquil diligence, maintained connexions in all quarters where his situation permitted them; and without ever appearing to have bestowed himself, each thought he had gained him, or could gain him in time of need. On the other hand, devoted with indefatigable activity to the difficult cares of the employment which was confided to him, he appeared to be exclusively absorbed by it, and the acrimony or distrust of political opinion could scarce reach a man with whom some other business was always to be transacted."

Having given this exposition of his character, we must pass lightly over the events which marked his career, until we arrive at the period in which he played so prominent a part. The king's influence in Ireland gradually extended, until at length, in the early part of 1643, the parliamentary commissioners could no longer keep their position, and were compelled to quit Dublin. A suspension of arms was arranged with the insurgents, and Ormond prepared to send the troops, now disengaged, to the assistance of the king. He first, however, imposed an oath on the officers, binding them not to serve under Essex, or any of the parliamentary generals: two alone refused this oath, Monk being one. He was strongly biassed in favour of the royal cause, but as large arrears of pay were due, both to him and his men, which he hoped to procure from the parliament, he judged it imprudent to furnish them with so good an excuse for neglecting their engagements. These reasons satisfied Ormond, but when he detected a message sent from Pym, in the name of the Parliament, to Monk, enjoining him to use his influence with the troops to induce them to declare for the parliament, Ormond thought it his duty to send Monk under a strong guard to Bristol, there to await the king's orders. There was now no longer room for concealment, and Monk openly declared his adherence to the crown. He repaired to Oxford, where he was treated with great consideration, and his experienced advice was sought and eagerly listened to, but not acted upon. He recommended that the king should reduce his army to ten thousand men, but maintain strict discipline;—counsels excellent in a military point of view, but difficult to be carried into execution, in dealing with such a heterogeneous assembly as the Cavalier army, and with an empty exchequer. Monk's services were soon stopt short. He had taken the temporary command of the Irish forces, then engaged under Lord Byron, in the siege of Nantwich. Byron was surprised and defeated by Fairfax, on the 25th of January, 1644; and Monk, and many others, were taken prisoners. Three years were passed by him in melancholy incarceration in the Tower. Meantime the tide of events flowed on. The civil war was at an end, and the king was a prisoner. Relieved from the distractions of the English war, the parliament turned their attention once more to Ireland, and Monk, from his experience, was judged fit for employment in that quarter. After long consideration and much persuasion, he at length consented to submit to the Parliament, whilst he dexterously avoided taking the covenant, by professing, or rather getting another (Lord Lisle) to profess for him, that he was ready to take it. But throughout his life he had what was probably a conscientious objection to fetter himself by oaths, which at that period, and in almost all cases of revolutionary disturbance, were and are, so frequently presented as to deaden the moral feeling, even in the minds of the most well-meaning.

Still maintaining his customary cautious demeanour, he proceeded to Ireland, enjoying the confidence of Cromwell, whilst the royalists trusted that, when the time came, he would be found ready to serve the king. They were not mistaken. After a somewhat disastrous career in Ireland, where the province of Ulster was placed under his care, he returned to England after the surrender of Dundalk, much dissatisfied with the conduct of the parliament. He was, however, held in high esteem by Cromwell, who, on his return from Ireland, gave him a regiment, and afterwards appointed him general of the ordnance. He accompanied Cromwell in his expedition for the reduction of Scotland, and, by his advice and example, was of signal service in obtaining the remarkable success which crowned the arms of Cromwell at Dunbar, where nothing but extraordinary talents in the leaders, and strict discipline in the men, could have rescued the army.

"Cromwell, pressed by the Scots, who were superior in number, had imprudently entangled his army in a confined position between the sea and the heights occupied by the enemy. There was no way for a retreat but by a narrow passage guarded by a strong body of troops. The general assembled his council: fear had seized upon it, and few officers advised an engagement. 'Sir,' said Monk, 'the Scots have numbers and the hills: these are their advantages. We have discipline and despair, two things that will make soldiers fight: these are ours. My advice, therefore, is to attack them immediately, which if you follow, I am ready to command the van.' These words overturned all objections, and Monk, pike in hand, at the head of his soldiers, forced the passage, which the Scots, surprised by so vigorous a charge, did not long defend. Their success decided the victory."

On Cromwell's return to England, for the purpose of pursuing and attacking Charles II., who was on his march to Worcester, he left Monk in the command of the Scottish army, and he soon succeeded in reducing the whole country. He has been charged with ruthless cruelty in permitting the governor and garrison of Dundee to be slaughtered in cold blood; but a comparison of various accounts will serve to exculpate him from this crime. The place was taken by assault, a terrible slaughter ensued, and the governor was basely murdered by a Major Butler, after he had surrendered himself prisoner; but Monk, so far from ordering or approving these enormities, "was much troubled" on account of them. No discipline can restrain the fury of troops during an assault, and no general can be held responsible for what occurs in such a moment.

After a residence in England for the recovery of his health, which had suffered from "the spotted fever," Monk, in the beginning of 1652, was sent to Scotland with St. John, Vane, Lambert, and some other commissioners, to promote the union of the two countries. Monk, specially charged, it would seem, with the secret instructions of Cromwell, showed himself in Scotland vigilant and vigorous against the presbyterians, and favourable to the remnant of the party of Montrose; and, in spite of the recollection of his recent severities, he laid at this period the foundation of that royalist popularity which afterwards, and with so distant a prospect, turned towards him all the hopes of the party of the restoration.

The year following, he was associated with Blake and Dean in the command of the fleet sent against the Dutch, and in this capacity signalised himself by a brilliant victory over Van Tromp. This action, and his subsequent excellent conduct of the affairs of the navy, as commissioner of the admiralty, raised him to such a height of popularity as at one period to give some uneasiness to Cromwell. But these suspicions were soon dispelled, and the Protector saw that he might confidently rely upon Monk, who indeed served him with fidelity, and would give no ear to royalist schemes during his life. The royalists having attempted a rising in Scotland, Monk was despatched to suppress them.

He reached Scotland in April, 1654, and after subduing the loyalist army raised by Middleton, he took up his residence at Dalkeith, and in conjunction with other commissioners, though himself exercising all the real power, he exercised an almost despotic authority during the whole of Cromwell's life. On the Protector's death he proclaimed Richard, but after this act of adhesion he resolved to await the moment when the safest course might present itself to his choice, and meantime to adopt or reject none. Possessed of great power, and with an army fondly attached to him, Monk was exposed to the contrivances and curiosity of all who sought to gain him. Thus assailed by agents of all parties, he found in his taciturnity a rampart which he seldom permitted to be forced. But even his silence was significant; and with him it served to maintain at once both reserve and confidence. "No sooner had any appearance of insinuation or general preliminary observations announced the purpose of introducing an overture, than Monk, with an air of profound attention, answered scarce at all,—differed still less,—opened no door for discussion, no channel for indiscretion: after exhausting a first attack, to desist became unavoidable; and each went away, persuaded that he had either shaken him or found him well disposed, but without having received the smallest encouragement to venture upon anything more explicit."

Meanwhile he closely watched the course of events, and perceived the growing discontent of the people, and their total want of confidence in the parliament. He also felt his own power, and knew that it would not have been difficult for him to have overpowered that unpopular body, and have compelled them to proclaim him Protector. When Richard was proclaimed, the soldiers and

inferior officers were heard to exclaim, "Why not rather old George? he would be fitter for a protector than Dick Cromwell." With such backers he might have commanded a powerful party. But he was not to be tempted: he saw the tide of popular opinion beginning to run strongly in favour of the restoration of royalty, and rejoiced at it. "Little impressed with the rights or exigencies of liberty, and much disgusted with the inconveniences of anarchy, he looked but little at the nature of power, so long as he either exercised or acknowledged it. He thought a country sufficiently happy when it was tranquil and controlled; and knew well, with regard to his own interest, that on the power of the master depends the fortune of his servants. He had the means of becoming the most useful and best requited servant of Charles Stuart; and it therefore suited him to treat singly and directly with the king, with the sole purpose of settling satisfactorily his own personal position, and leaving others to contend for the interests of the country. In secret, his sagacity had at all times led him to spare the royalists, and, from the moment that they could apply to him with a hope of success, they must have met with a willing reception. Monk never treated frankly but with them; and, throughout his progress towards the restoration, one single sentiment is conspicuous and predominant,—namely, the desire to withdraw it from every influence but his own, that he might be enabled to commit it wholly and freely to the prince from whom he was to receive its value."

Such is the judgment of M. Guizot upon the character and motives of Monk, who now prepared for active interference in the affairs of the state. Having waited until the breach between the English army, under Lambert, and the parliament, which he foresaw, had taken place, he prepared his army by cashiering or confining all officers who were not ready to support him; and proclaiming his intention to support the civil government and restore the Parliament, he marched towards England, and reached Coldstream, a village on the banks of the Tweed. Here he halted, and employed his time so skilfully in negotiations, that Lambert, who had marched his army to Newcastle, to oppose his progress, was baffled and outwitted, and his army melting away, was obliged to take flight without striking a blow.

Meantime the Rump had re-assembled, and once more gained possession of the executive part of the government. Monk, who had preserved their existence as a body, was yet regarded by them with some jealousy, although they had no suspicion of his royalist tendency; and when he announced his intention of marching to London, and demanded that all the troops who had mutinied against the parliament, remaining in London, should be removed to make way for his men, they dared not disobey. By slow marches he approached London, meeting in every town he passed through with an enthusiastic reception, and loud petitions for a free parliament. Meanwhile, he was full of protestations of fidelity and zeal to the Rump, and completely cajoled their commissioners.

Arrived in London, welcomed by the Rump, and trusted in by the citizens, he was immediately put upon a service excessively displeasing to these latter, but which tended to fill up the cup of obloquy which the Rump had long been preparing for themselves, and materially assisted Monk in the furtherance of his design. A fray between some of the disorganised soldiery of Lambert and the apprentices of the city, who made an outbreak, clamouring for a free parliament, led to an order to Monk to break down the city posts and chains; and he led his men to this duty, as displeasing to them as to the citizens, in whose desires they fully participated. His own opinion of the action he performed, he scarcely sought to conceal; and the next day, returning to the city, he openly declared his abhorrence of the body who could put such an indignity on the city, and summoning a common council—an assembly prohibited by the Rump—he stated his determination that a free and full parliament should be summoned, and that the present body must be immediately dissolved. His declaration was received with shouts of joy, and that night Rumps were roasting from Temple Bar to Billingsgate; and proper means being used at the post-office, such news only as was expedient found their way into the country, and the Rump-roasting became universal.

The time was now come for him to drop the mask altogether, yet he did so still gradually; but our limits preclude us from particularity on a point of history so well known. Suffice it to say, that the necessity of the step was so well understood, that Monk's messenger only just forestalled another sent by the presbyterian party, who offered Charles the terms submitted to his father in the Isle of Wight. The Rump was dissolved, and a new parliament assembled, who, on the 8th of May, proclaimed Charles II. king.

Monk has been much blamed for countenancing the restoration, without insisting on terms; but it is difficult to conceive how such could have been satisfactorily arranged, without losing all the advantages obtained, and in all probability involving the country once more in war. Weary of anarchy, all were ready to receive back the old constitution with joy, but there was neither leisure nor community of feeling sufficient for the construction of a new one. Monk was not so over-zealous for the royal cause as to have omitted this, if it had been practicable. What he desired was a stable government, and seeing the necessity of seizing the favourable moment, he would not risk the hazard of debate.

On the king's return, Monk met with suitable reward for his great services. He was already possessed of considerable property, (chiefly estates in Ireland, granted by Cromwell,) and he was now invested with the order of the Garter, nominated a member of the privy council, made lieutenant-general of the armies of the three kingdoms, appointed master of the horse, and created duke of Albemarle. Pensions to the amount of 7000*l.* per annum were annexed to his patent, and he was appointed gentleman of the bedchamber. He was always esteemed, and frequently confidentially consulted by the king; and his popularity with the people, especially the Londoners, was never lessened.

He performed several not unimportant services after the king's restoration. When the plague desolated London, the government of the city being entrusted to him, he performed the onerous and dangerous duties so admirably as to render himself not less loved by the citizens than formerly by his soldiery; so much so, indeed, that after the great fire, at which time he was absent, the exclamation—"Ah! if old George had been here, the city would not have been burnt," was commonly heard. He was at this time at sea, having, in conjunction with Prince Rupert, been despatched against the Dutch, with whom a furious but indecisive fight was maintained for three successive days. His last service was to lead some companies of troops against the Dutch, on the occasion of their burning the ships at Chatham. The Dutch re-embarked; but not so soon but that the Duke of Albemarle, who had proceeded to the advanced posts, heard the balls whistle by his ears. One of his officers urged him to retreat a little. "Sir," replied Monk, "if I had been afraid of bullets, I should have quitted this trade of a soldier long ago."

Monk's health had long been failing: he suffered from asthma and dropsy, and, after combating both with patience and fortitude, at length sunk under them, dying at London on the 3d January, 1670. He was buried at Westminster, in the chapel of Henry VII., but no monument points out his tomb.

"He was," says M. Guizot, "a man capable of great things, though he had no greatness of soul; and who deserved a better name than he has left in history, although it has been reproached, not wholly without justice."

By his wife, who was a woman of vulgar manners, though probably not, as has been generally supposed, of low origin, but who was certainly his concubine before she became his wife, he had one son, Christopher, who died childless in 1688.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

FRANCIS XAVIER was a very extraordinary man. Persuasive and commanding eloquence, an ascendant over the minds of men, unconquerable patience in suffering, intrepid courage amidst the most dreadful dangers, and a life devoted with inflexible constancy to a purely disinterested purpose, form a combination which varies its exterior and its direction according to the opinions and manners of various ages and nations. In one age it produces a Xavier; in another, a Howard. It may sometimes take a direction which we may think pernicious, and a form not agreeable to our moral taste; but the qualities themselves are always admirable, and by the philosophical observer, whose eye penetrates through the disguise of a local and temporary fashion, and recognises the principles on which depends the superiority of one mind over another, they will always be revered. The truth of many opinions for which Xavier contended, it is not very easy to maintain; but he taught to slaves the moral dignity of their nature; he preached humility to tyrants, and benevolence to savages. He must have told the outcast Hindu, that, in the grandest point of view, he was the equal of his rajah; and the ferocious Malay, that his enemy was his brother. He therefore diffused the fruits of the best philosophy, and laboured to improve and ennoble human nature. I am sorry to find miraculous tales related of him; but I hope they are only proofs of the divine reverence which his virtues left behind them, and that he did not sully his great character by any pretensions which might approach to imposture.—*Life of Sir J. Mackintosh.*

CANE SUGAR AND BEET SUGAR.*

NO. II.—ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE BEET SUGAR MANUFACTURE.

It is now nearly a hundred years since Margraff, a Prussian chemist, residing at Berlin, made the discovery that the beet contained a good crystallisable sugar. His attention was first drawn to this subject by the saccharine taste of the beet, and the crystalline appearance of its flesh, when examined with a microscope. Having cut the beet into thin slices, he dried perfectly, and then pulverised them. To eight ounces of the powder he added twelve of highly rectified spirits of wine, and exposed the mixture to a gentle heat in a sand-bath. As soon as the liquid reached the boiling point, he removed it from the fire, and filtered it into a flask, which he corked up, and left to itself. In a few weeks he perceived that crystals were formed, which exhibited all the physical and chemical properties of the sugar-cane's. The alcohol still contained sugar in solution, and a resinous matter, which he disengaged by evaporation. Having submitted several other vegetable substances (as parsneps, skerret, and dried grapes) to the same treatment, he obtained sugar from each. In 1747, he addressed to the Academy of Berlin a memoir, entitled "Chemical Experiments, made with a view to extract genuine Sugar from several Plants which grow in these Countries."

Margraff solved the important problem, that genuine sugar was not confined to the cane. After this, he enlarged and varied his experiments, but did not invent means of making sugar from the new material on a scale sufficiently large to render it an object of interest to capitalists. Yet he seems to have had a prescience that his discovery would one day assume importance. He commended it to the attention of the Prussian cultivators, and particularly the small farmers, as offering a new and beneficial branch of agriculture.

Margraff died in 1782. He was a member of the Academy of Berlin, director of the class of natural philosophy, and fellow of the Academy of Sciences at Paris. His works were collected and published in two volumes 8vo, in French, 1767. A German translation was published at Leipsic, the following year.

It was Achard, also a chemist of Berlin, who discovered the method of extracting sugar from the beet on a large scale, and at a moderate expense. He first announced this result in 1797. In 1799, a letter from him was inserted in the "Annales de Chimie," in which he detailed his method. The high price to which sugar had risen in France, in consequence of the capture of nearly all her colonial possessions, gave something more than a speculative and passing interest to the ideas of Achard. The National Institute appointed a commission to examine the subject. The result of their investigation was, that the cost of raw sugar of the beet would be 8*d.* sterling a pound. The price of sugar was such, that even at that rate a very large profit might have been cleared; but this consideration was not sufficient to induce many persons to take the risk of a peace with England, supposed at that time to be approaching. Only two establishments were formed; one at St. Ouen, and the other at Chelles, in the environs of Paris. Both of them were failures, partly from the bad quality of their beets, and partly from the ignorance and inexperience of the conductors and workmen. With them went down the high hopes which had arisen of this new branch of industry in France.

It is difficult to say whether these hopes would ever have been resuscitated, if political events of an over-ruling nature had not supervened. By the Berlin and Milan decrees, all colonial articles were prohibited, and that famous "continental system," so wide and wild in its design, but so important and permanent in its effects, was established. From that time (1806), chemists and economists applied themselves with renewed zeal to the search after an indigenous source for the supply of sugar. It was thought, at one time, that the desideratum had been attained in the production of grape sugar, or syrup; of which, in the course of two years, many million pounds were made. This sugar, although very abundant in some varieties of the grape, raised in a southern latitude, possesses only two-fifths of the sweetening power of the cane and beet sugar. Nevertheless, sugar being at about 4*s.* sterling a pound, a great number of manufactories were erected, and science and industry were tasked to the utmost to improve the process, and to bring it to perfect sugar.

In this state of things it was announced, that beet-sugar manufactories had been all along carried on successfully in Prussia. It was declared, that from four to six per cent. of sugar was obtained from the beet, besides several other valuable matters. Other German chemists had instituted experiments, and published results substantially the same as Achard's. At length, in 1809-10, experiments were recommenced in France, particularly by M. Deyeux of the Institute, who had reported upon the subject in 1800. The experiments resulted in the production of a considerable quantity of sugar, both clayed and refined, which, as specimens, served to revive and increase the confidence of France in this source of supply. No more than one to two per cent. was obtained; the beets being of a bad sort, and raised in the neighbourhood of Paris, where a vast deal of ammoniacal manure, hostile to the production of saccharine, is used.

In 1811, M. Drappier, of Lille, worked about fifteen tons of beets, from which he obtained two and a half per cent. of sugar. In the winter of the same year, an experimenter at Paris succeeded in obtaining four and a half per cent. from white beets, raised at a considerable distance from Paris, and without any manure. This was the first essay in France which approximated to the results of Achard. It was made by M. Charles Durosne, and was detailed in the Moniteur. It demonstrated how faulty had been their selection of sorts, and the mode of culture. At this time Achard had published in German an extensive work, in which he had treated with minuteness every department of the business, from the raising of the seed to the refining of the sugar. This treatise contained not only Achard's experience of thirteen years, but also accounts of the manufacture of beet sugar, on a grand scale, by other persons in Prussia.

In January, 1812, Napoleon issued a decree, establishing five chemical schools for teaching the processes of beet-sugar making, directing one hundred students from the schools of medicine, pharmacy, and chemistry, to be instructed in those establishments, and creating four imperial manufactories, capable of making 4,408,000 lbs. of raw sugar annually. Munificent premiums were also decreed to several individuals, who had already distinguished themselves by a successful application to this new branch of industry. A considerable number of manufactories were immediately added to those already existing in France; and, in the season of 1813, a large quantity of sugar, both raw and refined, was produced. A notable improvement was introduced by M. Mathieu de Dombasle, a learned and experienced cultivator and chemist. It consisted in applying to the beet-juice the colonial process of depuration, appropriately called in France *défécation*. This was, in fact, very analogous to the improvement which the Arabs effected in the Oriental method.* Achard used sulphuric acid in this operation, and for the crystallization broad dishes, not unlike those said to be used in China at this day. The colonial process of *défécation* by lime is now nearly universal in France, as is likewise the substitution of the mould, or conical pot, for the crystallisers of Achard.

Such was the prosperous condition of this manufacture, when the disasters of Moscow brought upon it an uncertain political future, that bane of all great industrial enterprises. Confidence and energy gradually yielded to fear and discouragement. A faint and fitful struggle was maintained during another year, until the Cossacks, quartered in the sugar-mills, and the allied artillery, seizing upon the beasts that moved them, gave the manufacturers the *coup de grace*. The officers billeted at their houses became, from curiosity, their principal customers, being struck with the brilliancy and purity of this unexpected product. After the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, the prices of sugar fell. Still, to the surprise of all, two beet-sugar manufactories did survive the shock of this tremendous reverse.

After the retirement of the allied troops, in 1818, the government began to turn its attention to the encouragement of an industry, which had struggled meritoriously and successfully to preserve a boon to the French nation. Many eminent and public-spirited citizens raised up establishments, more perhaps to give the benefit of experiments to their countrymen, than with a view to profitable investment. Men of genius and profound research occupied themselves with elaborate experiments, and published their results. Among the most important were the Count Chaptal, who detailed, in memoirs on the subject, and in his "Agricultural Chemistry," the experience of many years as a cultivator of beets and manufacturer of sugar; and M. Dombasle, who did the same, with admirable clearness and precision, in his work entitled "Facts and Observations relating to the Manufac-

* Abridged from the North American Review, for April,

ture of Beet Sugar." The latter, with a prospect of many more years of usefulness, is still at the farm-school of Roville, near Lunéville, in Lorrain, devoted to agricultural and chemical studies, and imparting the results of his long experience, fertile genius, and assiduous application, through his publications, which go to all parts of the world, and to pupils who come from every nation. As an intelligent and industrious operative, M. Crespel Delisse, of Arras, is worthy of honourable mention. This gentleman was originally a labourer. He became the foreman of the first beet-sugar manufactory at Arras. The proprietor, who had invested an immense capital, sank in the general wreck of 1814-15. M. Crespel succeeded him, with the great advantage of having his fixtures at about one-fourth of their real value. This was one of the two establishments which survived, and it continues to this day to be one of the most extensive and successful in France. M. Crespel is interested, as part or sole proprietor, in seven or eight other farms and factories. He has received the gold medal of the Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, at Paris, and the honours of knighthood from the French and other European sovereigns.

The method in general use in France is to crush, or grind, the beet with an instrument called a *rasp*, though its functions would be better described by the word *grater*. It is cylindrical, and revolves four hundred or more times in a minute. This reduces the beets to a very fine pulp. They are then pressed in hydraulic presses of great power, and the juice defecated, evaporated, boiled, and filtered, in very much the same manner as the cane-juice in the colonies. The great difference is, that the beet-sugar machinery has been rapidly improved, and the cane-planters have begun to avail themselves of the improvements. There is, however, another method of extracting the saccharine, which dispenses altogether with grating and pressing. This is called *maceration*. It was first proposed by Dombasle, and has been tried in various forms, with more or less success. M. Martin de Roclincourt, originally a captain of engineers, is the inventor of an ingenious and valuable machine for performing this operation. The beet is first cut into ribands, about one line in thickness. They are then plunged into boiling water, which is admitted into the machine at regular intervals, in regulated doses. The ribands remain passing through the circuit of the machine during one hour, and steam is occasionally admitted to keep up the heat. In this time the sugar contained in the ribands is dissolved, and remains in solution in the water; while the ribands, now called pulp, are discharged on the side of the machine opposite to that where they entered it; the liquor containing the saccharine flows off in another direction to the defecating pans.

This method is employed to a considerable extent in France, but by no means so generally as the rasp and press. Its advantages are, that it gives rather more and a rather better product, and requires a great deal less labour. Its disadvantages are, that it takes a great deal more fuel, and does not leave the pulp in so good a state for feeding; there being too much water in it, and less saccharine, than in that which comes from the press. It might be subjected to pressure, by which a little additional liquor would be obtained for the pans, and the pulp made vastly better for feeding. This, however, would require so much power of the press, and so much pains, that the French generally feed with the pulp just as it falls from the machine. We have little hesitation in giving the preference to this method in a country where fuel is cheap and labour dear. The immense establishment commenced in London two years ago, but abandoned in consequence of the excise of 1*l*. 4*s*. per cwt. (act passed in 1837,) which the government hastened to impose, in order to guard the West-India interest, was upon this system. On the other hand, the only other beet-sugar manufactory, upon a scale of any importance, in Great Britain and Ireland, which is situated near Dublin, has adopted the rasp and press. The former establishment delivered for consumption a considerable quantity of beautiful refined sugar, which was so completely undistinguishable from refined cane sugar, that the government issued an extraordinary notice, that any fraud in the exportation of it with the benefit of drawback would, if detected, be punished with the utmost severity. Whether the establishment in Ireland still exists, we are not informed. It is, however, the opinion of persons skilled in the manufacture and refining of sugar, and who have had small experimental beet-sugar factories near London, that the business cannot be sustained under a duty of 1*l*. 4*s*. per cwt. Others are confident that, in consequence of the application of the fibre to paper-making, by which the value of the pulp is advanced fourfold, the business will yet get a permanent footing in Great Britain. We do not think a fair experiment has yet been made in that country. The original prejudice against the pretensions of the new manufacture, forced forward by the odious machinery of the "continental system" and the power of the empire, to become a rival of their colonial industry, was of course virulent and obstinate.

The protection of the beet-sugar culture in France, and in other nations on the Continent, is very high, as we have seen; much higher than protection of any article of general and necessary use ought ever to be. It is at least a hundred per cent. on the cost. But we have also seen that this business did not succumb to the shock and disappointment occasioned by the fall from a protection of three hundred per cent. to no protection at all. After the general peace, sugar fell as low in France as it is in the free ports of Europe at this time. An immense stock had accumulated in the sugar colonies, which had been successively captured and were in the hands of the British, insomuch that they actually fed horses and other animals upon sugar.

The culture and manufacture of beet sugar in France, according to the result of ten cases which we have examined, has yielded of late years an average profit of forty-nine and a half per cent. on capital. In some of these cases, the profit was as low as nine, and in others as high as ninety, per cent. Now, as the new duty laid on by the French Chambers in 1837, amounts to a reduction of twenty-two per cent. on the former rate of profit, it follows, of course, that all those establishments which, on the scale of profit, are below twenty-two per cent., must go down, unless sustained at an annual loss. Even many of those which would range on that scale above twenty per cent., but which have proceeded principally or wholly (which is not often the case in France) on borrowed capital, trusting to larger profits for the means of extinguishing the original debt, will doubtless fail. The probable number of failures in consequence of the law was estimated at two hundred, out of a total of five hundred and fifty establishments. Others will probably remove from France, and set up in Belgium, Germany, Russia, or Austria, where protection is greater, and (what is more material) stabler; for those countries have no colonial interest to consult. Our opinion is, however, that the law will undergo some modification before it shall have produced this last consequence. These failures or removals, if it shall take place, will not show what protection, or whether any protection, is really needed. They will be the natural result of subtracting from a business a protection which it had been accustomed to have, and on which it relied.

It is well known to those who have attended to the progress of this business in France, that the profits of the principal manufacturers have been much absorbed by a desire, probably too earnest, to keep up with the improvements of machinery. Much has likewise been lost in unproductive experiments. It would be ungrateful and ungracious to find fault with our French friends on this account; since they have carried the business through the natural and necessary period of infancy, at their exclusive cost, for the common benefit of mankind. They have all along been conscious that they were obtaining from the beet but little more than half its saccharine matter. This conviction has naturally and very properly caused a restlessness, and a striving after something more perfect. It is certain that those who have resisted all innovation, and adhered to the original methods and machinery, have been the most successful; but, if all had been equally cautious, little improvement would have been made, and the nation and mankind would have been at a remoter period, and in a less degree, benefited. Nevertheless, we fully believe that the cotton manufacture has never been established in any country with so few failures, and so little loss and fluctuation, as the beet-sugar business in France, and other countries of the Continent.

But we may now safely assert, that the great desideratum which the French manufacturers of beet sugar have always felt, and have been striving to supply, is at length attained; that a method has been discovered by which the beet is deprived of all its saccharine, be the same more or less; and that this matter is obtained and operated upon in such a manner as to be nearly all in a crystallizable state. Hitherto, about fifty per cent. of the saccharine has resulted in molasses. This residuum is of comparatively small value; and everything which arrests the formation of it adds by so much to the deposit of sugar, and to the profits of the proprietor.

Mr. Schützenbach, a chemist of Carlsruhe, in the grand duchy of Baden, is the author of this important improvement. Having

obtained his result in the laboratory, he communicated it to distinguished capitalists in Baden, who thereupon formed a company; not with a view, in the first instance, of erecting a manufactory upon the new system, but merely of proving its pretensions. To this end they advanced a considerable sum for setting up experimental works so large, that the thing could be tried on a manufacturing scale. Having done this at Ettingen, near Carlsruhe, they appointed a scientific and practical commission, to follow closely the experiments which Mr. Schuzenbach should make. Commissioners from the governments of Wurtemberg and Bavaria likewise attended. The experiments were carried on during five or six weeks, in which time several thousand pounds of sugar, of superior grain and purity, were produced.

The Baden company were so well satisfied with the report of the commission, that they immediately determined to erect an immense establishment, at an expense of more than 40,000*l.* sterling for fixtures only. A like sum was devoted to the current expenses of the works. Factories were simultaneously erected at or near Munich, Stuttgard, and Berlin. The arrangements were made with remarkable intelligence and caution; and we cannot doubt that the new method will prove of immense importance to the prosperity, comfort, and improvement of the northern nations and colonies of the Old World and the New.

PIERRE-LOUIS DULONG.

Pierre-Louis Dulong was born at Paris, 1785: he became an orphan at the age of four years; and, though hardly possessing the most ordinary advantages of domestic instruction or public education, his premature talents and industry gained him admission, at the age of sixteen, to the Polytechnic School, which has been so fertile in the production of great men; of which he became afterwards successively examiner, professor, and director. He first followed the profession of medicine, which he abandoned on being appointed Professor of Chemistry to the Faculty of Sciences. He became a member of the Institute in 1823, in the section of the physical sciences. On the death of the elder Cuvier he was appointed Secrétaire Perpétuel to the Institute, a situation from which he was afterwards compelled to retire by the pressure of those infirmities which terminated in his death in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

M. Dulong was almost equally distinguished for his profound knowledge of chemistry and physical philosophy. His "Researches on the Mutual Decomposition of the Soluble and Insoluble Salts," form a most important contribution to our knowledge of chemical statics. He was the discoverer of the *hydrophosphorous acid*, and also of the *chlorure of azote*, the most dangerous of chemical compounds, and his experiments upon it were prosecuted with a courage nearly allied to rashness, which twice exposed his life to serious danger; and his memoirs on the "Combinations of Phosphorus with Oxygen," on the "*Hyponitric Acid*," on the oxalic acid, and other subjects, are sufficient to establish his character as a most ingenious and accurate experimenter, and as a chemical philosopher of the highest order.

But it is to his researches on the "Law of the Conduction of Heat," "On the Specific Heat of the Gases," and "On the Elastic Force of Steam at High Temperatures," that his permanent fame as a philosopher will rest most securely; the first of these inquiries, which were undertaken in conjunction with the late M. Petit, was published in 1817; and presents an admirable example of the combination of well-directed and most laborious and patient experiment with most sagacious and careful induction; these researches terminated, as is well known, in the very important correction of the celebrated law of conduction, which Newton had announced in the Principia, and which Laplace, Poisson, and Fourier had taken as the basis of their beautiful mathematical theories of the propagation of heat. His experiments on the elastic force of steam at high temperatures, and which were full of danger and difficulty, were undertaken at the request of the Institute, and furnish results of the highest practical value; and though the conclusions deduced from his "Researches on the Specific Heat of Gases" have not generally been admitted by chemical and physical philosophers, the memoir which contains them is replete with ingenious and novel speculations, which show a profound knowledge and familiar command of almost every department of physical science.
—*Farewell Address of the Duke of Sussex.*

THE ROSE OF JERICHO;

ANASTATICA HIEROCHUNTINA.

In many parts of Germany a plant under the name of the Rose of Jericho is preserved, and made use of by its avaricious possessors for all sorts of juggling tricks and superstitious practices. The usual appearance of this vegetable body is that of a brown ball as large as a man's fist, (formed by the little branches of the plant coiling up when perfectly dry), and is said to open only once a year, at Christmas. The miracle actually takes place, the plant expands and displays singular forms in its branches, which are compared to Turks' heads, and relapses again into its former shape before the eyes of the astonished beholders. Although few persons now-a-days believe that any unusual circumstances attend this appearance, yet the high price at which the balls are sold, (from twenty to twenty-five rix-dollars each), shows that there are still some dupes, and that the true cause of this change is not generally known; a few remarks, therefore, may not be unacceptable.

Peter Belon, who travelled in the East from 1540 to 1546, is the first who mentions this plant, although it appears to have been previously known in Italy; and he found it on the shores of the Red Sea. Leonard Rauwolf, of Augsburg, is said to have first brought it to Germany in 1576. Delisle found it growing in Egypt, in Barbary, and in Palestine.

It is an annual cruciferous plant, with oval leaves. The stem is five or six inches high, branched from the ground; it is soft at first, but afterwards becomes dry and woody. From the axils of the leaves rise small branches of white flowers, which are succeeded by an oval capsule, or seed-vessel, having its persistent style in the middle, and furnished with an ear-shaped appendage at each side, in which a lively imagination finds some resemblance to a turban. These pods have two divisions, each division containing two small oval seeds. The plant is of easy cultivation, the seed only requiring to be sown in a hot-bed in spring, and transplanted into the open ground in May. It flowers in June and ripens its seeds in September, after which the plant withers and apparently dies; but on being planted in moist earth, or being well watered where it originally grew, it assumes its former shape, the roots fix themselves firmly in the earth, the branches expand, and young leaves and flowers are developed.

It is grown in most botanical gardens, but never acquires the perfect form of those specimens which are brought from Egypt. When the seeds are ripe, the leaves fall off, and the ligneous branches bend inwards over each other, in the form of a ball, inclosing the seed-vessels within. In this state great numbers were brought to Europe by pilgrims in former times. When this dried plant is put into water, the branches unroll, and the pods become visible; on being dried again they again close,—an experiment which may be tried at any season of the year, and which is grounded solely on the property possessed by the fibres of the plant of expanding in moisture and contracting in drought,—a property which it is well known is applied to hygrometrical purposes, and which this plant possesses in a higher degree than most others. For this reason, Linnæus named it anastatica, from *anastasis*, resurrection. The French call it simply, *la jerose hygrometrique*, without any mystical allusion. As the quantity of moisture which this plant requires for its re-expansion is always the same, it is easily ascertained, by experiments, how long it must remain in water to imbibe a sufficient quantity, and also how much time is required for evaporation before it again closes. This property is very adroitly taken advantage of by impostors. The plant is moistened so as to open exactly at the given time: thus about Christmas they take it out of the water, as if is not absolutely necessary that it should remain in it till the very moment of unfolding, when by degrees the branches open, and again contract on the evaporation of the moisture.

In the East, these balls are rolled by the winds in the sandy deserts until chance throws them near some humid spot, when the branches spread out, the capsules open, and thus, by a beautiful provision of Providence, sow their seeds where they find the moisture necessary for their vegetation. The plant possesses neither beauty nor smell, but being imperishable, it is compared by the Roman Catholic Church to the deep humility of the Virgin. The natives ascribe to it the property of lightening the pains of child-birth, and tradition asserts it to have been the gift of the angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary; hence its Arabic name, *kaf Maryam*, Mary's hand. It is believed to have opened spontaneously on the night of the birth of our Saviour, and again closed as before.

PRESENT STATE OF MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE IN ENGLAND.

In our paper in No. XXII., upon Quacks and Quack Medicines, we stated sufficient to account for the predilection of the English people in favour of drugs and nostrums. There are, however, further causes which maintain the ascendancy of quackery, and which also may be traced to the general defects of our medical system, as well as to professional example. We shall, therefore, devote the present article to a rapid examination of the whole body of medical practitioners, in their several divisions of graduated physicians, operative surgeons, and apothecaries under the act of parliament.

The fee of the graduated physician is so enormous, in England, as to exceed the means not only of the lower but of the middle classes: his aid is therefore not demanded until the failure of the surgeon-apothecary, or, more correctly speaking, the physician-apothecary—for this practitioner perpetrates but little operative surgery beyond bleeding, drawing teeth, and puncturing purulent tumours when not dangerously situated. The physician, therefore, more commonly "comes in at the death;" but when he does not, his guinea visit of half-an-hour can give him no possible knowledge of the patient's idiosyncrasies. He is therefore obliged, in addition to what he can discover at a glance, to rely upon the report of his general-practising predecessor, who will naturally make out a case to justify the nature and quantity of medicine he has inflicted. The physician, even though he should lie to his conscience, will approve of the previous treatment; because to the general practitioner he stands precisely in the same light as the barrister stands to the attorney. By such a cursory glance he can do but little good; he however lauds the skill of the apothecary, writes a prescription, receives his fee, and makes his bow. He perhaps calls a second time unasked, to see the effect of his prescription, and declines taking a fee, if offered. Such are the professional doings of the medical graduate among the most numerous classes of English society.

But supposing the fee of the physician to come within the range of everybody's purse, his qualifications form the next subject for examination. We beg here generally to disavow all personalities: it is with the system only that we find fault. We undervalue no man's attainments; and we repeat, with pride, that England can put forth names of living physicians who may vie with the most skilful and celebrated.

The *first obstacle* to an improved state of medical science has resided in the London College of Physicians itself. No practitioners have hitherto been allowed to participate in its honours except those graduated at Oxford or Cambridge. Neither of these universities has a school of medicine, or affords any facilities for acquiring medical knowledge. The university lectures on any part of this branch of science, are mere idle ceremonies. They who take degrees there have no means, therefore, whilst in college, of qualifying themselves for practice. They are obliged to learn elsewhere healthy and morbid anatomy,—to acquire elsewhere all but very crude and general notions of the physiology of man and the signs of the diseases of which it is their avowed vocation to cure him, and which it is their duty to prevent as well as cure. To receive clinical or bed-side instruction, they are compelled to resort to other places where there are large hospitals. To study hygiène, and medical jurisprudence, they must leave the seat of learning which professes to teach them and does not do so, but grants them a degree founded upon the acquisition of classical learning or mathematical knowledge. These graduates constitute the president and fellows of the Royal College of Physicians in London, whose doors remain closed against the most distinguished and most gifted doctors in medicine belonging to other schools; though assuredly, with some few exceptions, those on the outside of the temple are the most worthy of seats of honour within.

With the exception of the two infant schools of the London Universities, there is no real medical school in England. These are of such recent formation that there has not yet been time for any result, though we have no doubt that the good seed which has been sown in them, will, in due time, produce good fruit.

Unfortunately it is no test of sterling talent that brings a physician into the lucrative practice existing among the high-born and the wealthy. This may depend upon the mere caprice of fashion, aided by the sharpness and personal tact necessary to seize an opportunity. The patronage of an influential lady cured of an imaginary complaint, or whose weaknesses have been flattered, may create such an opportunity in favour of a man wholly inefficient, who will retain his post by the exercise of other good qualities, and by becoming the depository of family secrets. There are two kinds of the fashionable physician: one possessing the utmost blandness and fascination of manner, great facility of speech, and the most exquisite polish; the other pedantic, rude, and ill-mannered. Both maintain their ground by the same means; and both are positive quacks in their practice. It is therefore very usual for such as can afford and pay the price of the best advice, to obtain the most questionable.

Among our graduated practitioners generally, there is considerable deficiency in chemical as well as in pathological knowledge, to say nothing of real and comprehensive physiological philosophy. It follows, therefore, that besides the mistakes made in the nature of diseases, complicated compounds in the human body are provoked to the most dangerous exercise of the chemical affinities. We have now before us five prescriptions, written for as many patients, by a physician who resides at a fashionable place of summer resort. We know not to what diseases these remedies were opposed, but each contains, with a slight variation in the quantities, the same precise constituents. These are hydrocyanic acid, strychnia, sulphate of quinine, acetate of morphia, tartarized antimony, calomel, iodide of iron and camphor, with gum arabic, syrup, and water, as vehicles. Let any chemist fancy these substances, in frightfully large doses, obeying their chemical instincts in the human stomach. The quackery of this learned M.D., beyond the imposing appearance of so many items, is of the speculative kind, no doubt: he most probably fancies that if one article fail, another may succeed in relieving the patient. But he overlooks the exercise of chemical attraction between the substances, and especially the energetic action upon each other of the liberated arch-elements oxygen, chlorine, and iodine, each of which is to be found in these prescriptions. If it be difficult, as every sound philosopher will admit, to ascertain the effect upon the human system of even two compound chemical bodies combined to form a medicine, the union of the several substances we have enumerated, upon a mere speculation of benefit, is an act of the absolute and reckless insanity of ignorance.

An absurd piece of quackery general to the medical profession is the custom of continuing to write their prescriptions in a most execrable kind of Latin, instead of using the vernacular tongue. One of the reasons alleged in favour of this practice is, that could the uninformed read the prescription, they would have no confidence in the remedy. This is very probable, if they knew anything of medicine or chemistry,—not else; and all who have such knowledge could read the Latin prescription. To the uninformed, the chemical names of the drugs expressed in English would be quite as unintelligible as if written in Latin. Another reason

urged is, that foreign apothecaries and chemists would not understand an English prescription. No!—but they all understand French,—a language universal in Europe; so ought every English practitioner, if he would keep up his medical reading. Besides, we defy foreign apothecaries and druggists even to make out the words, much less to comprehend the intended meaning of the prescriptions written by many of our physicians, whose barbarous Latin words are tacked to an English idiom, as the strip of muslin for an embroidered trimming is tacked to its paper pattern.

The English school of surgery is excellent, thanks to the exertions of Cline, and Cooper, and Abernethy, and Lawrence, and Mayo, and Liston, and a long line of illustrious men. Still we have no very high opinion of the pathological, chemical, and medical knowledge, possessed by the general body of our operative surgeons. We very much regret to see that so many members of the "Royal College of Surgeons" are advertising quacks,—or rather that so many advertising quacks are members of the "Royal College of Surgeons."

Though many country surgeons, educated for operative chirurgery, are obliged, in order to compete with the physician-apothecaries, to become members of the Apothecaries' Company, by serving a fictitious apprenticeship to an apothecary, and thereby eluding the act of parliament, we never yet conversed with such a practitioner who did not reprobate the practice of a medical man selling his own drugs, as inconsistent with the feelings of a gentleman exercising a liberal and scientific profession. Many surgeons in large towns practise as physicians without a diploma; and we know of no law to prevent any man, qualified or not, from calling himself a surgeon, and practising as such, and from acting, in this capacity, as a prescribing physician. So cheap is the title of doctor held by the country people in many counties, that it is given not only to the apothecary, but to the most ignorant farrier and cow-leech; whilst the same rustics invariably call the graduated physician, "Mister," without his title.

One of the greatest evils attached to the practice of medicine, in England, because it makes quackery legal, is that precious piece of legislation called "The Apothecaries' Act." Men whose trade is the mere compounding or putting together of the medicines ordered by the physician, are hereby authorised to practise in reality as physicians, and to supply to their patients the medicines which they themselves prescribe, or rather judge necessary, for they do not write prescriptions except for their own shopmen or apprentices. This *drug practice* originated, in less enlightened times, in an abuse common to apothecaries and druggists,—that of giving medical advice, across the shop-counter, to those who came to purchase drugs, but could not afford to fee a physician. No restraint is now placed by law upon the doings of the apothecary-physician; on the contrary, he is supported in the impunity of abuse, and that which, in former times, was only tolerated, is now a matter of right. Can it be expected that, under such temptation, men will act conscientiously when in opposition to their private interest? Hence arises the pretension to obtain from drugs that which they can never yield; hence proceeds the temptation, which few practitioners can resist, to *exhibit* (we dearly love this word) medicines when the prescribing apothecary knows they are not needed, and is often aware that they are not taken. No matter! the only thing that interests him is that they should be paid for. Though at present allowed to claim a remuneration for their visits, apothecaries in London, and in other great cities, prefer the profits on their drugs, which some among them continue to send to a wealthy patient for many days, sometimes weeks, after he is well. Each day arrives a packet containing, with or without a box of pills, two or three elegantly labelled and delicate phials filled with a coloured liquid, and the corks covered with pink or blue paper. We are acquainted with several general practitioners, who heartily condemn this disgraceful system, which they have too much honesty to pursue, and therefore do not realise fortunes.

There is another abuse, which is a crying injustice to the chemists and druggists, who are not allowed to prescribe for diseases and send out medicines to patients. The apothecaries are permitted to keep open shops, and retail drugs in competition with the retailing druggists. These licensed practitioners also set the example of secret remedies; they have their nostrums in the form of their "antibilious pills," their "cough lozenges," their "gout pills," their "antiscorbutic drops," their "plasters," and their "ointments." When taxed with quackery, their reply is, the public *will* be gulled; and that quackery is the parent of medical success. If this be true, whose fault is it? If then the example of compounding nostrums is set by professional men, who practise quackery *only as amateurs*, have we reason for surprise when we find professed quacks doing the same, especially as they can bribe the stamp office to affix its *imprimatur* * upon each bottle, or packet, or pill-box, and thereby secure an exclusive privilege of sale to the inventor?

We must now cast a glance at the medical qualifications of the physician-apothecaries under the act of parliament. By this statute every candidate for a licence to practise must be twenty-one years of age, and have served an apprenticeship of not less than five years to a licensed apothecary. He must likewise produce testimonials of a *sufficient* medical education, and of good moral conduct. He is then examined by twelve persons appointed by the society of apothecaries to ascertain his skill and ability "in the science and practice of medicine," and his fitness to practise as an apothecary. Now what is his sufficient medical education? During the period of his apprenticeship he is occupied in a shop pounding drugs, making up medicines, and selling pennyworths of rhubarb and jalap, and ounces of Epsom salts. Here he learns neither anatomy, nor physiology, nor pathology, nor chemistry; here he has no clinical instruction, no hygiène, no medical jurisprudence, no useful information; nothing, in short, except what he picks up accidentally, and by his own industry in reading when the regular shop hours are past. Yet this is termed a sufficient medical education! Towards the close of his servitude he sometimes, during his master's absence, sees patients in unimportant cases. At this time, he is also permitted to absent himself to attend the necessary lectures, a certificate of such attendance being necessary to enable him to go up for examination. If he succeed in this ordeal, he is let loose to practise his skill upon her Majesty's lieges as a physician-apothecary, which signifies that he is to cure, or attempt to cure, their ailments with his own drugs, on which he realises a profit of a thousand per cent. The examination takes place at Apothecaries' Hall; and any young man of ordinary capacity and industry may prepare himself for it in a month, provided he has made any reasonable use of his leisure hours during his apprenticeship. The examiners are themselves apothecaries, with the same feelings, prejudices, and interests, and eager to uphold their particular branch of the medical profession. Proud of the little brief authority in which they are dressed, a profusion of courtesy to the trembling candidate is not always among their official failings. In most points they bear no slight resemblance to the old examiners at Surgeons' Hall, so wittily described by Smollett. We have seen dunces totally unfit to practise medicine pass scathless through the running fire of their examination; and we have seen clever youths rejected, though fully as competent as their examiners, because, perhaps, they lost their presence of mind, and failed in construing Celsus, or in deciphering an illegible prescription, or in some point of equally trifling importance.

* The word *imprimatur*, in good old arbitrary times, was placed at the beginning of every printed book. It was the king's license to print the work. Its literal signification is, "Let it be printed." We need not, of course, inform the intelligent reader that we have used it figuratively in the text.

CURIOUS CONSTRUCTION OF MALAY HOUSES.

A MALAY has a great affection for a house built upon the water, so that we often see the shallower parts of a bay covered with buildings, with only one here and there upon the land. The convenience of a natural sewer may have induced them to make such a choice, as they seem to confine themselves to places where the tide sweeps away the recrements of the inhabitants without any care or labour on their part. Situations of this kind are sometimes very pleasant, but not always; for the buildings sometimes cover a salt marsh, as on one side of Singapore, where the scenery is not enticing, nor the breezes sweet and wooing; for at low water they fan and agitate various masses of matter in a state of decomposition. The houses at Borneo stand upon the water in the usual way, and though the tide runs at the rate of three or four miles an hour, the nauseous smells that visited us while at the palace of the sultan, told tales about the state of affairs at the bottom of the river. We know from experiment, that the water in a river runs with its greatest velocity at the surface and near the middle of the stream, and its power of removing obstructions, according to a fundamental principle of hydro-dynamics, depends upon the depth; it will not, therefore, appear strange that many impurities are lodged in the sides of the river, though the flood at mid-channel may run at the rate of four miles an hour; especially when we remember that this power is farther modified by the inequality of the bottom. These observations are neither unnecessary nor far-fetched, but help us to account for what at first sight appears paradoxical; for we say, "how can anything unwholesome remain in a medium of purity spread out in such a noble expanse as the river of Borneo?"

The houses extend on both sides of the river about a mile and a half, in a triple, and often in a multiple row; so that it is not easy to guess at their number, with a hope of coming near to the truth. On the south side there are, perhaps, seven hundred and fifty buildings, which, by assigning ten individuals to each, will make the number of persons there to be seven thousand five hundred. This allowance is not too great for each building, as it is often divided into several apartments, and augmented by appendages for the accommodation of as many families. On the north side there is a row which runs in a corresponding manner, about half a mile to the eastward, to which I reckon three hundred houses and three thousand inhabitants. But here there is a large divarication of the river, which, after a little distance, branches into several beautiful courses, or *ulus*, as the natives call them. Here there is a large *compitum*, filled in various places with houses, wherein the people live in dense crowds, and certainly do not amount to less than five thousand. In the western continuation of the houses on the north side, we have at least five thousand more: these several sums, being added together, give twenty-two thousand five hundred, which is under the true number. There are a few scattered about the surrounding country, which, when added to the foregoing number, make it more than thirty thousand as the entire population of this ancient colony of Malays. If they are correct in the account they gave us of their migration, it took place about four hundred years ago, and was from Johore, on the eastern side of the Malacca peninsula. Their remoter ancestors had, perhaps, in like manner, removed from Sumatra to the main-land, in quest of room and adventures. The houses rest upon piles formed out of the straight stem of the nibong palm, which is neat-looking and elastic at first, but the water soon reduces its outer portions; and the inner, being naturally soft and cellular, give way at once; so that a building soon needs repair in one or more of its supports. It is the nature of palms to be hard only in a dried woody crust, as the growth takes place near the centre, and not at the circumference. They are also destitute of a proper bark, or any gummy secretion, to answer the purpose of a natural varnish: hence the work of decay commences almost immediately after they are set in the water. The necessary repairs are seldom done in time; so that a house generally resembles a quadruped standing on three legs; though the reader must not understand me as meaning to say that an edifice has only four piers, for they are numerous, not only for present security, but as something laid up for the future. A Malay, however, takes all things easy, except an insult offered to his honour; and the work of decay is allowed to go on till the whole fabric is ready to tumble upon the head of its owner. We had an example of this while staying there; for the harem, or *astana*, was so near falling down, that, when the workmen went about removing some beams and rafters, the rest began to anticipate their labours. The doctor was soon called for with great vehemence: a spar, in its descent, had ploughed a deep furrow in the pericranium of a chief man; and I had scarcely replaced my instruments, when another was brought to me with one of a similar kind in the side of his face. These occurring so closely together, put them upon some contrivances to prevent similar disasters, or I should have had a fair day's work in dressing wounds and bruises. The walls and roof are generally formed of palm-leaves, which agrees very well with the nature of this foundation, being light and of easy construction. A platform of palm split into pieces surrounds one or two sides of the building, for the convenience of passing to the nearest dwelling, and leads down to the water by a ladder not remarkable for the facility and comfort with which it may be ascended. Use, however, reconciles a man to many strange things. The thatch and walls of these dwellings are generally old and dishevelled, which gives them a very shabby appearance; a defect by no means obvious to the natives, as they commended some of them as very excellent in show and accommodation. There was not that regularity in the situation and relative size of the apartments which we observe among the Chinese; but in general we shall be pretty near the truth, if we say that the front was occupied by the master and his male dependants, while the back and more retired parts were filled by a train of females. The former were busily employed in carpentry, boat-building, and in the making of various utensils for the use of their master's establishment. The latter endeavoured to cheat their prison-hours by setting their hands to different kinds of needle-work, or, gathered together in numerous clusters, were fain to steal a glance through a favouring loop-hole at the mien and costume of the stranger, of whom they had heard little and seen less. I was sent for on one occasion to see a little child, affected with one of the cutaneous disorders so common among this people, and was received with much attention by a middle-aged chief, whose person and manly countenance pleased me exceedingly. He was sitting in the centre of a large room, with a small Chinese tea-tray by his side, and looking to some of his followers, who were pursuing their mechanic labours under his directions. In the next apartment were heard the movements of a swarm of females, who, in my imagination, seemed to run upon the side of the wall, like so many mice, to look through a few crevices which the joiner had left near the roof. By what means they ascended I do not pretend to guess, but the impression on my mind was exactly as I have described it. As often as the chief lifted up his eyes towards the wall, those on the other side, thinking that we could see them because they could see us, instantly began to run down in order to escape recognition. Here we had a crowd of delinquents condemned to perpetual durance, whose only offence was that they had some personal comeliness, or more attractions than the rest of their companions.—*Voyage of the Himmaleh.*

THE LAST DAYS OF MURAT, KING OF NAPLES *.

A WEARIED and exhausted stranger presented himself at the door of a lonely cottage, a few miles distant from a bay which opened upon the Mediterranean, a few leagues from the harbour of Toulon. He was a man apparently of middle age; and, though misery was stamped upon his aspect, his air was noble and his form majestic. His garments were torn and drenched with rain, his features haggard, and a dark beard of three days' growth, contrasting with the pallor of his complexion, added not a little to the ghastliness of his appearance. His dress was the blue cloth cap and long grey surtout usually worn by French soldiers on the march. He seemed as one worn down with watching, and fatigue, and hunger, and his enfeebled limbs could scarcely bear him to the door of the humble mansion. Yet there was resolution in his eye, and wretched as was his present plight, no one could look on him and doubt that he had moved in scenes both of splendour and of high achievement, as one to whom they were familiar. He hesitated for a moment ere he sought entrance, but it seemed that he had prepared himself for whatever fortune might befal him, for, without pausing even to listen or to look around, he raised the latch and boldly entered.

An old woman was the occupant of the single room that constituted the interior of the cabin, the furniture of which sufficiently attested the poverty of its inhabitant. But, though poor, she was charitable. The appearance of the stranger declared his wants, and she made haste to set before him such humble food as she possessed, to heap fuel on the coals that lay smouldering on the hearth, and to prepare for him a rude couch of straw, covered with blankets, in one corner of the room, before which she hung

* From the Gift of 1839.

the counterpane of her own bed, to serve as a partition. The wanderer framed a ready tale, to which she listened with unsuspecting sympathy. He was an inferior officer belonging to the garrison of Toulon—had lost his way while endeavouring to reach a neighbouring village by a shorter route through the wood—and had wandered all night in the storm of rain which had been pouring for the last two days. A few hours of repose would restore his exhausted strength, and enable his hostess to dry his dripping garments, after which he would take his leave with thanks and a lively remembrance of her goodness.

While he was yet sleeping, the husband of the old woman returned. The noise of his entrance disturbed not the profound slumber of the wearied stranger, and it was late in the afternoon when he awoke. The thoughtful kindness of the old woman had provided for him a change of apparel in the best suit of her husband, and when he emerged from his extemporaneous resting-place, refreshed in mind and body, there was a striking contrast between his rustic garb and the stately bearing which no attire, however humble, could essentially diminish or conceal. The owner of the cabin was seated upon a bench before the door, enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze, and, as the stranger advanced to greet him, a searching glance of his dark but sparkling eye rested for a moment upon the old man's furrowed countenance, while a shade of anxiety, or it might be of suspicion, flitted across his own; but the result of his quick scrutiny appeared to be satisfactory, and the transient cloud gave place, almost at the instant of its rising, to the bold and frank expression which his features habitually wore. With many a cheerful jest upon his unaccustomed garb, he repeated the simple narrative with which he had already accounted to the old woman for his disastrous plight, and laughingly declared that he would almost be willing to undergo another night of abstinence and watching, to enjoy the comforts of such a meal as his hostess had set before him, and of the luxurious slumber from which he had just awaked.

While he was speaking, the listener was intently scrutinising his features, and the more he gazed, the more his wonder seemed to grow, his doubts to be dispelled. At length he started up, and flinging himself upon his knees before the stranger, caught his hand, and in a voice quivering with emotion, exclaimed, "It must be, it is my General—*le beau sabreur* whom I have so often followed to the charge. Alas, alas! that I should see your majesty in this condition of distress and danger!" The man to whom he knelt, the wretched worn-out fugitive, now reduced so low as to be dependent not only for succour, but for his very life, upon the charity of an aged peasant, was indeed the celebrated Murat, the splendid king of Naples.

The history of his fall is too well known to require explanation. It is enough for our present purpose to say that, dazzled by the lustre of Napoleon's triumphant return to the capital of France, after his escape from Elba, Murat had abruptly broken off the negotiations in which he was engaged with the allies, and marched with an army of fifty thousand men upon Tuscany, then in possession of the Austrians. But his troops were Neapolitans, and a succession of defeats, caused more by their cowardice and disaffection, than by the superior force of the enemy, soon compelled him to flight; and having reached his capital with a few adherents, his reception there was so discouraging, and even alarming, that, as a last resort, he determined to join the emperor, at that time preparing for his last desperate struggle on the plains of Belgium.

Scarcely had he landed, however, near Toulon, when tidings reached him of the fatal overthrow at Waterloo, and the second abdication of the emperor. The situation of the unhappy king had now become extremely critical; his army had capitulated without making a single stipulation in his favour; the emperor, his last hope, was ruined and a captive, and a price was set upon his own head by the Bourbons. He applied for permission to reside in Austria, which was granted by the Emperor Francis, on condition of laying aside his royal title; and having gladly accepted the terms, he was quietly waiting his passports at Toulon, when sure intelligence was brought him that a band of soldiers had set out from Marseilles, with the resolution of taking him, alive or dead, and thus gaining the fifty thousand francs offered by Ferdinand for his apprehension. He instantly fled to a lonely retreat in the vicinity of Toulon, leaving behind him a confidential agent to make arrangements for his conveyance by sea to Havre, whence he intended to set out for Paris, and there surrender himself to the mercy of the allies, then in possession of the capital. The place at which he was to embark was the solitary bay where he had now arrived, and where a schooner was to wait for him. But he arrived too late. The storm had compelled the captain of the schooner to seek for safety in the open sea, and after remaining to the last moment compatible with the preservation of his vessel, he had put off soon after midnight. The disappointment and alarm of the fugitive, on arriving at the bay and finding no trace of the bark to which he trusted for escape, may be imagined. He was suffering the extremes of cold, weariness, and exhaustion, for he had been the whole night a-foot and without shelter, exposed to the wind and heavy rain; but mere bodily suffering was forgotten or disregarded in the keener inflictions of his mental anguish. Death was behind him, and the refuge to which he trusted was suddenly withdrawn; his pursuers were already perhaps upon his traces—he was perhaps surrounded, watched, it might be betrayed, and his only hope had failed him. He had not even the means of knowing whether an effort had been made in his behalf—whether he was not deceived and abandoned by those in whom he had placed his trust.

As the day advanced, he became aware of the necessity that existed for concealment. Solitary as was the bay on whose expanse of waters he gazed in vain to catch a glimpse of the desired sail on which his hopes depended, it might be visited by those whose encounter would be destruction. Yet a lingering hope forbade removal to a distance; and, as his only means of safety, he was compelled to climb into the thick clustering branches of a chestnut-tree, whence he could overlook the bay, and in which he remained until night, shivering with cold, tormented with the pangs of thirst and hunger, and more wretched still in mind, yet not daring to leave his place of concealment until darkness should avert the peril of discovery. Wearied and worn out as he was, anxiety—the horrors of despair which but a single slender hope alleviated—kept his eyes from closing all the second night, which he passed in wandering to and fro upon the beach, like a caged lion, straining his eyes to catch the gleam of the yet expected sail. But it came not, and hunger drove him on the following day to seek relief and shelter, even at the hazard of his life. It was a happy thing for the fallen monarch that the cabin to which chance had led his steps, was inhabited by a veteran who had served in the armies of Napoleon, and in whose bosom still glowed, undimmed by time or change of fortune, that enthusiastic devotion with which, for so many years, the soldiery of France had pealed forth alike in victory and defeat, in wassail and in death, their cheering battle-cry of *Vive l'Empereur!*

As might be expected, the old soldier and his wife, whose attachment to the person, and reverence for the character of Napoleon were equal to his own, dedicated themselves, body and soul, to the service of the unhappy Murat. A large portion of the night was employed in devising means for his escape, and providing for his safety until those means should become practicable; and, in the meantime, there was no limit to the exertions and contrivances of the old woman for the comfort of her honoured guest. In the palmiest condition of his fortunes, he had never been waited on with more respectful and affectionate solicitude, than now when he was an outcast and a fugitive.

It was agreed that the old man should set out for Toulon the next morning, furnished by the king with directions to the secret friends who had already made arrangements for his escape, only to be baffled, as we have seen, by the accident of the storm. But a change of plan was soon occasioned, by the appearance of another character upon the scene.

As the old couple and their guest were seated round the table at their frugal meal, on the morning of the ensuing day, they were startled by a knock at the cottage-door. Murat sprang to his feet, for to him the approach of any visitor portended danger, but before he could leave the room the door was opened, and a single individual joined the party. This person appeared to be a man of perhaps thirty-five, whose singularly delicate features scarcely accorded even with his slender figure, and whose countenance bore a strangely mingled expression of sadness and resolution. As he entered the apartment, an eager and apparently joyful look flashed from his eyes, seeming to indicate an unexpected, but most welcome discovery.

His object in visiting the cottage was promptly declared, as an apology for his intrusion; it was simply to inquire the nearest route to the port of Toulon, whither he was charged to convey a message to a person residing there; "perhaps," he said, "one of the individuals he now addressed," and his eye rested for a moment on the countenance of Murat, "would undertake to accompany him as guide, receiving a reasonable compensation for the service." The old man expressed his willingness to bear him company, and the stranger, having returned thanks for the proffer, added, that perhaps he might even be able to conduct him at once

to the person whom he sought; the name, he said, with another glance at Murat, was Louis Debac.

"Debac!" the fugitive king repeated; "did you say Louis Debac? Perhaps if I knew the person by whom the message was sent, I could promote the object of your journey!"

The stranger slightly smiled as he replied that in the hope of such a result, he would communicate not only the name of his employer, but his own. "I am called," he continued, "Hypolite Bastide, and the message which I bear is—"

"And you are Bastide," interrupted Murat, hastily advancing and grasping the hand of the stranger with a warm pressure: "You are Bastide, the faithful and untiring, to whom I already owe so much. The end of your journey is reached, for I am Louis Debac—or rather, for there is no need of concealment here, I am the king of Naples."

Many hours were passed after this avowal in consultation between the dethroned monarch and the trusty agent of his friends in Toulon, whom he had not before seen, but in whose fidelity, sagacity, and prudence, he had been instructed to place the utmost confidence; and as soon as their conference was ended, Bastide, accompanied by the old man, set out for Toulon, there to make arrangements for another and more successful effort at escape.

They had been gone scarcely an hour, and Murat, with a characteristic forgetfulness of the perils which surrounded him, was amusing himself and his hostess by narrating some of the most brilliant passages in his adventurous career, and repeating anecdotes of his imperial brother-in-law, when they were alarmed by a distant sound, like that of horsemen rapidly approaching; and the fugitive had barely time to escape through the back-door, and conceal himself in a small pit that had been dug in the garden, where the old woman covered him with brushwood and vine-branches collected for fuel, when a party of some fifty or sixty dragoons rode up to the door, and dismounting, proceeded to ransack the house, and the grounds adjoining it. A number of them searched the garden, spreading themselves among the vines, and passing, more than once, within stabbing distance of their prey; while others endeavoured, but in vain, by alternate threats and tempting offers, to extract from the old woman the information she could so easily have given. At one time the suspicions which had led them to the cottage were almost converted to certainty, by the presence of the great-coat and cap which the king had worn when he reached the cottage; and Murat, who could hear all that passed, was on the point of starting from his lair to save his hostess from the cruelties with which she was menaced, when his generous purpose was prevented by the evident success of her plausible and well-sustained assurances, that it was her husband's pardonable fancy still to wear the military garb, although long since discharged, in which he had so often marched to victory with the eagles of the emperor. The dragoons had also fought beneath those eagles, although now they served the Bourbon, and the whim of the "vieux moustache" found an echo in their rude bosoms; they desisted from their threats, and soon after mounted and rode off, perhaps not altogether regretting the failure of their purpose.

The security of the dethroned monarch was not again disturbed, and, before morning of the next day, his host returned with Bastide, and announced the successful issue of their mission. A skiff was engaged to convey the unfortunate Murat to Corsica, and the following night—the twenty-second of August—was the time appointed for his embarkation.

But little more than a month had elapsed, and Joachim Murat was a captive at Pizzo, on the coast of Calabria—in the power of his enemies, and doomed to die, although as yet he knew it not, upon the morrow. The events which led to this disastrous termination of his career are chronicled in history, and need not therefore be repeated here. It is enough to say that the fervour with which he was received at Corsica inspiring him with brilliant but fallacious hopes of a like success in Naples, he there embarked on the twenty-eighth of September, with six small vessels for his fleet, some two hundred and fifty adventurous followers for his army, and a treasury containing eleven thousand francs, and jewels worth, perhaps, a hundred and fifty thousand more—madly believing that, with this small force, aided by the affection of his quondam subjects, he could replace himself upon the throne; that treachery and cowardice had reduced his armament to a single vessel and thirty followers, when he reached Pizzo, where his reception was a shower of bullets from the muskets of the Austrian garrison; and that, abandoned by the traitor Barbaro, the commander of the little squadron with which he had embarked at Corsica, who hoisted sail and bore away the moment he had landed, after a brief but desperate struggle, in which he displayed most signally the daring bravery that had always distinguished him in battle, Murat was taken prisoner, stripped of his purse, his jewels, and his passports, and hurried like a thief to the common prison, with the few of his devoted adherents who survived, and whom he laboured to console as if he had no sorrows of his own.

The idle formality of a trial by military commission was yet to be gone through, but his doom was pronounced at Naples, before the members of the commission were appointed, and the night of October 12th, to which the progress of our tale now carries us, was the last through which he was to live, though his trial was to take place on the morrow. His demeanour, during the four days of his imprisonment, had been worthy of his fame, and of the gallant part he had played among the great spirits of an age so prolific in mighty deeds; and now, having thrown himself, without undressing, upon the rude couch provided for a fallen king, he slept as tranquilly and well as though he had neither care nor grief to drive slumber from his pillow. But his sleep was not without its dream.

The tide of time was rolled back forty years, and he was again a child in the humble dwelling of his father; again sporting with the playmates of his boyhood in the village where he was born, and displaying, even as a boy, in the pastimes and occupations of his age, the dawning of that fearless spirit which in after days had borne him to a throne. In every trial of courage, agility, and strength, he was again outstripping all his youthful competitors; foremost in the race, the conqueror in every battle, already noted for his bold and skilful horsemanship, and at school the most turbulent, idle, and mischievous, of his fellows, yet winning affection from the school-mates over whom he tyrannised, and even from the teacher, whom he worried and defied, by the generosity, the frankness, and the gay good-humour, of his spirit. Scenes and incidents that had long been effaced from his waking memory by the dazzling succession of bold and successful achievements which had been the history of his manhood, were now presented to his imagination with all the freshness of reality; the chivalrous warrior, the marshal of France, the sovereign duke of Berg and Cleves, the husband of the beautiful Caroline, and the king of Naples, all were merged and lost in the son of the village innkeeper; the splendid leader of the cavalry charges at Aboukir, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, and Leipsio, was dimly shadowed forth in the reckless boy, whose chief delight it was to scour through the lanes and across the open fields of Frontoniere, upon one of his father's horses, scorning alike the admonitions of prudence and of parental fear.

Anon the scene was changed, and the boy was approaching manhood, still wild, passionate, reckless, and daring, as before, but displaying those faults of his nature in other and more censurable modes. Intended for the church, he was now a student at Toulouse, in name, but in reality a youthful libertine; vain of his handsome person, eager in pursuit of pleasure, in love with every pretty face he met, ardent and enterprising in the licentious prosecution of his fickle attachments, and ever ready to engage in the quarrels for which such a life gave frequent cause. The ecclesiastical profession had never been his own free choice, and now the martial spirit, which was to shine so gloriously forth in after years, was already contending for the mastery with his habits of idleness and dissipation. An escapade surpassing all his past exploits of folly, was now to bring his studies to a close, and decide the as yet uncertain current of his destiny. The turning incident of his youthful life was again enacted in the captive monarch's dream.

The prettiest maiden of his native village was Mariette Majastre, the only daughter of a peasant, who tilled a little farm of some half-dozen acres, lying about a mile from his father's house, on the road to Perigord. About five years younger than himself, she had been his favourite playmate when a boy, and as he advanced in years, the only one who could control the violence of his temper, or persuade him from his headlong impulses of mischief, either to others or himself. When, at the age of fifteen, he was sent to the academy at Toulouse, Mariette, a blooming, bright-eyed child of ten, wept sorely at parting, and Joachim did not altogether escape the infection of her sorrow; but Mariette was almost forgotten, or remembered only as a child, when, six years afterward, the Abbé Murat, as he was now called, met her again at Toulouse, whither she had gone to pass a few weeks with a relative, and met her as a charming country girl, with eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls, a graceful shape, and manners by no

means inelegant or coarse, though telling somewhat of her rustic birth and breeding. Despite his destination for the church, the abbé was a passionate and by no means self-denying admirer of beauty, and the charms of Mariette were irresistible. Almost from the moment of her arrival, he neglected, not his studies merely, for they had never engrossed too much of his attention, but the frolics, the boon companions, and the flirtations and intrigues that, for the last three or four years, had constituted the chief employment of his time; and the admiration excited by her beauty soon ripened to a passion which he had not the virtue, if the power, to resist. Mariette was a good girl, and had been well brought up—but she was young, artless, and confiding—Murat was handsome, and his passionate eloquence, aided by the memories of an attachment which had begun in childhood, and, though dormant, had never ceased to occupy her warm young heart, prevailed at last over the dictates of prudence, and the restraints of principle. Yet she did not fall a victim to unbridled passion—her purity was left unstained, although the pleadings of her lover and of her own tenderness were powerful enough to turn her from the strict path of rectitude; and if she did consent to fly with the young abbé, it was only upon his reiterated promise to renounce the ecclesiastical habit, and make her his lawful and honoured wife. It was a mad scheme, but perfectly in harmony with the character of Murat, whose fault it was, through life, to rush upon performance, by whatever impulse led, without regard to consequences. He had neither money nor the means of gaining it to support even himself, much less a wife and children: and Mariette was no better off; yet, with no more ample provision for the future than a few scores of francs, which he borrowed from his school-fellows, the Abbé Murat and Mariette Majastre, at the mature ages of twenty-one and sixteen, absconded one morning from the house of Mariette's relative, and set off by *diligence* for Preissac, for the purpose of being married. Fortunately, perhaps, for both, their absence was quickly discovered—pursuit was made—and they had scarcely arrived at Preissac in the evening, before Mariette's uncle, with his brother and three sons, made their appearance, and claimed possession of the would-be bride. Murat resisted with fury, but his single arm, vigorous as it was, could not prevail against so great a disparity of force, and foaming with rage he was compelled to see his mistress borne away, weeping bitterly, and vowing eternal constancy to her half frantic lover.

The natural consequence of such an escapade would have been a dismissal from the ecclesiastical school in which he had been entered, but he did not wait for it. Tearing the abbé's frock from his shoulders, he rushed into the street, and happening to meet with a sub-officer belonging to a regiment of chasseurs quartered in Preissac for the night, while on its march to Paris, enlisted as a private; and thus, in a moment of wrath and disappointment, began that dazzling career which was destined to place upon his brow the crown of a rich kingdom.

Thus through the fancy of the sleeping captive, with more than lightning speed, coursed the re-awakened memory of events that had been the story of his early years. He felt again the ardour of his youthful passion—the excitement of a first and frenzied love—the triumph of success—the eagerness of flight, and the fury of that moment when love, success, and hope, on the very eve of fulfilment, were dashed aside in bitterness and wrath. The form of Mariette was again before him in the freshness of its youthful beauty—her lovely eyes, streaming with tears, were fixed with an imploring passionate look upon his own, and her voice was ringing in his ears, as she was borne away, calling upon her Joachim to the rescue. "Joachim! Joachim!"—the name echoed through his brain, with the startling clearness of a trumpet sounding to the charge—and with a start the chain of sleep was broken, and Murat, the conqueror, monarch, exile, and doomed captive of the present, beheld the dawn of his last day among the living.

For a moment reality mingled with his dream, and he gazed doubtfully upon the figure of an individual who stood before him, enveloped in an ample cloak, gazing upon his face with an earnest and mournful look—and it was borne upon his mind that the voice which called upon the name—the long disused name—of Joachim, was not the mere coinage of a dream-excited fancy. A second glance assured him of the truth, and hastily advancing to seize the hand of his unexpected visiter, he exclaimed, "Then you have not perished, Bastide my friend—Bastide the noble-hearted and true—nor yet abandoned me, when fate has determined on my ruin!"

"The king was betrayed and deserted—he is in the power of his enemies—and Bastide is here to do him service, if it may be, to the last."

Murat answered not, but gazed intently upon the features of the speaker, and his own wore a troubled expression of surprise and doubt. "Bastide," he said at length—"Bastide, my mind has been disturbed by painful dreams, and the recollections of the past are strangely and confusedly mingled with the impressions of the moment. Even your voice appears sadly familiar, as though it had often met my ear in earlier and more happy days—speak to me once again—Did you call upon me ere I woke, and by the name I bore in childhood? Speak once again, and solve the mystery which I have little time to penetrate."

"Joachim!" was again uttered, and in the tones so long forgotten, but so well remembered now—the cowl was thrown back from the face of the speaker, the cloak fell to the ground, and Mariette—the Mariette of his youthful love, though bearing the impress of years and sorrow, was indeed before him.

"I should have known it," said Murat, after a brief silence, into which a world of thoughts and feelings was condensed; "I should have known that only in the love and constancy of woman could the secret of Bastide's devoted fidelity be read."

The reader can neither expect nor wish to be advised at length of the conversation that ensued. The hours of Murat were numbered, and rapidly drawing to their close; and the remaining interest of this sketch, if any it has, belongs to the consummation of the drama, to which his life has been not inappropriately likened. The explanations required by him from Mariette can easily be imagined. Her love for him had never known abatement; and although her image had long since passed from his memory, his success and fame had been the treasured happiness of her existence; his misfortunes and his danger called her loving spirit to more active ministration, and a determined heart, a woman's ingenuity, gold, and the aid of an honest and gentle-natured cousin will readily account for all that she had done or attempted in his behalf. Gold, the habit of a priest, and the kind assistance of an old father confessor, who was in the habit of visiting the prison on errands of mercy, perhaps connived at by the governor, had even obtained for her the interview of which the reader has been just informed, and which was but too soon interrupted by the entrance of the aged padre, who came to warn them that the governor was approaching, and that Mariette must be gone. A hurried farewell—a last embrace, which even Caroline of Naples would not have forbidden—a fervent blessing interchanged—and Murat was left alone, prepared to meet, as became his character, his rank, and fame, the doom of which he little needed information.

The governor's tidings were brief, but conveyed with a respect and sympathy that did him honour. The tribunal appointed for the trial of "General Murat" was already sitting in an adjoining apartment, and the advocate assigned him for his defence was waiting for admission. Murat asked the names and rank of the eight officers named in the commission, and at once refused to appear before them: "They are my subjects, not my judges," was his firm reply to the remonstrances of the governor; "seven of them received their commissions from my hand, and neither of them is my equal, even in the military rank which the order for my trial concedes to me. But were they marshals of France, like me, I am their sovereign, not their equal, and I will not appear before them. They can condemn unheard, and to condemn is the task assigned them." In vain the governor attempted to combat his resolution by argument, and Starage, the advocate assigned him, by entreaty and the eloquence of tears; the king was immovable, and even commanded Starage not to speak in his defence. "I am the king of Naples," he continued; "they may take my life, but the keeping of my dignity and honour is my own."

His conduct was in accordance with this elevated feeling to the last. The commission proceeded to the trial in his absence; and when the secretary waited upon him to ask his name, his age, and the other formal questions usual in the continental tribunals, he cut the ceremony short with the brief and almost contemptuous avowal, "I am Joachim Napoleon, king of the two Sicilies; begone, sir, and bid them do their work." He then conversed freely and composedly with the governor and his fellow-prisoners, who were admitted to an interview by the kindness of that officer, adverting earnestly, but without ostentation or self-eulogy, to the disinterestedness of his conduct on the throne, and to the services he had rendered the Neapolitans—received with calmness the sentence of immediate death conveyed to him by one of the commissioners—wrote a short, affectionate, and eloquent letter to his queen* and children—passed the allotted half-hour with his

* The death of Madame Murat (sister of Napoleon) was announced recently in the newspapers.

confessor, and then came forth with a firm step, simply remarking to the governor, "Let us delay no longer—I am ready!"

On his way to the place of execution, his movement was as dignified and self-possessed, his look as calm, as though he was merely taking part in some familiar pageant of court ceremony. Once only he was seen to cast an anxious glance around, as if in search of one whose presence at that moment he desired, yet scarce had reason to expect; and when his eyes rested on the face and form of Mariette, again disguised from all but him in the cloak and outward bearing of Hypolite Bastide, a smile of satisfaction lighted up his features, which seemed to give assurance that already the bitterness of death was past. That glance, that smile, were once more noted when the fatal spot was reached—and Murat, proudly facing the carabineers who stood with ready weapons to fulfil his doom, drew from his bosom a trinket bearing in medallion the portrait of his queen, and, kissing it fervently, uttered his last command, "Aim at my heart!"—in a voice as clear and calm as had ever issued from his lips in the council-tent, the glittering hall of royalty, or on the battle-field. The carabines rang sharply at the word, and Joachim Murat lay extended dead upon the ground fast moistening with his blood.

HISTORICAL EPISODES.

GEOFFRY TETE-NOIRE'S WILL.

When the power of France was prostrated at the fatal battle of Poitiers, in 1356, and the imprisoned king found himself compelled to resign the fairest portion of his inheritance, and to consent to sign the memorable treaty of Bretigny, numbers of military adventurers were thrown loose upon the world. Strict orders were issued by the English king that every garrison in the French territory should be evacuated; but these were reluctantly obeyed by a lawless soldiery, who had long been used to rapine. Half soldiers, half freebooters, they could ill reconcile themselves to resign the independent life they had led; the commander of each petty fort or castle had been accustomed to act at his discretion, without waiting for particular orders; their object had been to distress the enemy by every possible means, and thus they had become accustomed to consider all the country within the limit of an excursion from their stronghold, as their peculiar territory, in which it was lawful for them to rob, and plunder, and fight to their hearts' content. These were pleasures too congenial to be willingly parted with, and the king's commands were very unwillingly obeyed.*

The proceedings of the disbanded troops were most extraordinary; dismissed by their commander, they still kept together, and congregating, they at length formed a body of sixteen thousand well-armed veterans—their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. Old habits of military discipline still had their influence. They chose leaders among themselves; and after committing various excesses, attacking and subduing many castles and strong places, and plundering without ruth or mercy, they formed the idea of advancing to Avignon, and "paying a visit to the Pope and Cardinals." As these marauders did not intrude upon the English territories of Aquitaine, &c., no steps were taken by the king of England or the Black Prince to restrain them. The king of France, however, got together a body of men, under the command of his cousin, Lord James of Bourbon, Constable of France, who were entirely defeated by the superior skill of the "Free Companions," as they termed themselves. Lord James and his son were both mortally wounded at the battle of Brignois, and the Free Companions advanced towards Avignon triumphantly, being joined on the road by fresh parties excited by the news of their success. Pope Innocent VI. and his Cardinals were dreadfully alarmed, and proclaiming a crusade against these pillagers, endeavoured to raise a body of troops to oppose them; but the poverty of the Pope's exchequer was a serious bar to his success, and his troops deserted for want of pay, many of them joining the Companions, who revelled in the spoils they had already gained, and were daily increasing. At length, under the conduct of the celebrated Sir John Hawkwood, whose name is well known in Italian history, they entered into the service of the Marquis of Mountferrat, at that time (1361) engaged in a war with the Viscontis, Lords of Milan, and Viceregents of Lombardy; but the Pope was not freed from their presence until he had granted them absolution for all crimes committed.

Others of these Free Companions found employment in Spain, where, under the command of Sir Hugh Calverly, one of the most celebrated captains of the age, they were received into the service of Henry of Castille, where they continued until they were recalled by the Black Prince to fight on the opposite side, when he espoused the cause of Pedro the Cruel, in 1367.

Many strongholds in France remained in the hands of these adventurous soldier-robbers, who for years continued to inflict dreadful evils upon the country. Among these, Geoffry Tête-Noire made himself particularly conspicuous. In the year 1378, when war had again broken out between the French and English, and the whole country of France was in the utmost disorder, scarcely one corner remaining free from foreign or domestic enemies, "there happened," as Froissart tells us, "daily in Auvergne and Limousin feats of arms and wonderful enterprises; more especially in the neighbourhood of the castle of Ventadour, in Auvergne, which is one of the strongest places in all that country. It was sold or betrayed to the most cruel of all the Bretons, called Geoffry Tête-Noire. The Comte de Ventadour de Montpensier was an ancient knight, and honourable man, who no longer took part in the wars, but remained peaceably in his castle: this knight had a squire or varlet, called Ponce du Bois, who had served him for a length of time without having profited much by his service: seeing that he should have no opportunities of gaining riches, he determined, by bad advice, to enrich himself, and in consequence entered into a secret treaty with Geoffry Tête-Noire, who resided in Limousin, to deliver up the castle of Ventadour to him for the sum of six thousand francs. This was agreed to; but he had inserted among the conditions that no harm should be done to his master, the Comte de Ventadour, and that he should be put out of his castle in a courteous manner, and that everything of his should be restored to him. This was complied with, for the Bretons and English who entered the castle did not in the smallest degree hurt the Count or his people, and only retained the stores and artillery, of which there were great plenty.

"The Count de Ventadour went to reside at Montpensier, with his wife and children, beyond Aigueperse in Auvergne. Geoffry Tête-Noire and his troops kept possession of Ventadour; from whence they ravaged the country, and took many strong castles in Auvergne, Rouergue, Limousin, Quercy, Gevantan, Bigorre, and in the Argenois, one after the other.

"With this Geoffry Tête-Noire there were other captains, who performed many excellent deeds of arms, as Amerigot Marcel, a Limousin squire, attached to the English party, who took the strong castle of Cassuriel, situated in the bishopric of Clermont, in Auvergne; from whence the above-mentioned Amerigot and his companions overran the country at their pleasure. Captains of other castles were also in his company, such as the bourg Calart, the bourg Anglois, the bourg de Champagne, Raymond de Force, a Gascon, and Peter de Béarn, a Béarnois.

"Amerigot made one day an excursion, with only twelve companions, to seek adventures: they took the road towards Aloise, near St. Flour, which was a handsome castle in the bishopric of Clermont: they knew the castle was only guarded by the porter. As they were riding silently towards Aloise, Amerigot spies the porter sitting on the trunk of a tree withoutside of the castle: a Breton, who shot extraordinarily well with the cross-bow, says to him, 'Would you like to have that porter killed at a shot?' 'Yes,' replied Amerigot, 'and I beg you will do so.' The cross-bow man shoots a bolt, which he drives into the porter's head and knocks him down; the porter, feeling himself mortally wounded, regains the gate, which he attempts to shut, but cannot, and falls down dead. Amerigot and his companions hasten to the castle, which they enter by the wicket, and see the porter lying dead and his wife distracted beside him: they do her no harm, but inquire where the constable of the castle is: she replies he is at Clermont. They promise to spare her life if she will give them the keys of the castle and of the dungeon; which when she had done, for she could not any way defend herself, they shut her out, having given her what belonged to her, and indeed as much as she could carry away. She went to St. Flour, which is but a league off; the inhabitants were much frightened, as well as all the adjoining country, when they heard that Aloise was become English."

* These excesses appear to have reached their height in the interval between the battle of Poitiers and the treaty of Bretigny. In that period we find one of Edward's best generals laying the foundation of his fortune by plunder. Froissart tells us that "On the sea coast of Normandy there were a great number of English and Navarrois plunderers and robbers. Sir Robert Knolles was their leader, who conquered every town and castle he came to, as there was no one to oppose him. Sir Robert had followed this trade for some time, and by it gained upwards of 100,000 crowns. He kept a great many soldiers in his pay; and being very liberal, he was cheerfully followed and obeyed."

Many other adventures and outrages of Marcel and the other Companions are related by Froissart, which we have not room to notice. We must return to Geoffry, who is described as "a cruel man and very ferocious in his anger, minding no more killing a man than a beast." He lived at his ease in Ventadour, which he held as if it had been his own inheritance, and forcing all the surrounding country to enter into composition with him to avoid being plundered. By this means every one could labour the ground at their pleasure, and he was enabled to keep the state of a great baron and live with his companions on the fat of the land, at the same time keeping cautious guard and laying up a good store of francs. He was not single in this free-and-easy mode of life, for besides Amerigot Marcel, (who was afterwards "justified," at Paris, being first pilloried and then beheaded,) many other garrisons made promiscuous war, under pretence of being English, although there were very few of that nation, the greater part being Gascons, Germans, and Foixiens, and from different countries, "who had united together to do mischief." At length the Comte d'Armagnac exerted himself, about the year 1387, to make a composition with these freebooters, who held castles in Auvergne, Quercy, and Limousin, and had nearly succeeded in effecting his object, but the determined resistance of Tête-Noire, who received an under-handed encouragement from Gaston Comte de Foix, who was at feud with d'Armagnac, thwarted his designs. Tête-Noire was considered by all the Free Companions of those parts of the country as their head and chief, and himself "began all his passports and treaties of composition with, 'Geoffry Tête-Noire, Duke of Ventadour, Comte of Limousin, sovereign lord and commander of all the captains in Auvergne, Rouergue, and Limousin.' He knew his castle was impregnable, and provided with stores and a sufficient garrison for seven or eight years; and it was not in the power of any lord to shut him up, so that he could not be prevented from making sallies whenever he chose, and set all the powers of France at defiance."

The Duke of Berry, uncle to King Charles VI., and lieutenant of Limousin and Auvergne, at length took part with the Comte d'Armagnac and the Dauphin d'Auvergne, who had likewise bestirred himself, and gathering a body of four hundred spears, equal to three or four times that number of men, laid close siege to Ventadour. He was zealously aided by the peasants, who laboured to erect large block-houses for the accommodation and defence of the besiegers, and cut trenches, and laid trunks of trees and other obstacles on all the roads, so that the garrison was scarcely able to venture out. "Geoffry, however, was indifferent to this; for he knew he had provision and stores to last for seven years, and that his castle was so strongly placed upon a rock that it could not be taken by storm; and notwithstanding these block-houses, and this supposed complete blockade, he, at times, with some of his companions, made sallies through a postern that opened between two hidden rocks, and overran the country in search of wealthy prisoners. They never brought anything beside with them to the castle, on account of the difficulty of the passes. This opening could not be closed, and to the surprise of the country, they were found abroad seven leagues distant: if they were by accident pursued, and had once regained their mountains, though the chase might last for three leagues, they always considered themselves as secure as if they had been in their fort. This manner of harassing the country was long continued; and the siege of the castle lasted for more than a year." If the castle had been invested by regular troops, the garrison, notwithstanding their experience and good generalship, would probably have been much more straitened, but even the men-at-arms were levied in the neighbourhood, and were inexperienced, and probably overawed by the reputation of the redoubted Geoffry. But his career drew to an end. At a skirmish at the barriers, the wooden outworks stretching beyond the gate of the castle, where it was usual for besiegers to meet and combat, more for the indulgence of the pugnacious spirit which led them to encounter in the tilt-yard, than from any decided advantage likely to be obtained on either side, Geoffry received a wound in the head from a cross-bow bolt, which passed through the helmet and the cap beneath. "Had he taken proper care of himself," says Froissart, "he would have soon been cured of this wound; but he indulged himself in many excesses, for which he paid dearly enough by his death. He was warned of the consequences of his conduct, and told he was in so dangerous a condition, (the wound having become an imposthume,) that it was necessary to settle his affairs.

"Upon this he ordered the principal persons of his garrison, and those who had been most used to arms, into his presence; and when they were come, he said to them, sitting up in his bed,—'My fair sirs, and companions in arms, I know I am in great danger of death: we have been a long time together, and I have been a loyal captain to you all to the utmost of my power; I should wish, therefore, to see, before I quit this world, my successor appointed, who would gallantly behave himself towards you, and defend this castle, which I shall leave plentifully stocked with all necessary things, such as wines, provisions, and artillery. I therefore beg you will tell me if you have taken any steps, or have thought of electing any one after to govern and lead you as men-at-arms ought to be governed and led, for such has been my manner of carrying on the war; and in truth I cared not against whom. I did indeed make it under the shadow of the king of England's name, in preference to any other; but I have always looked for gain and conquest wherever they may be had; and such should ever be the conduct of adventurous companions, who are for deeds of arms and to advance themselves. This country is very fertile; many good compositions have been made with it, though the French now check them by their war; but this cannot always last, for their block-houses and siege must have an end. Now tell me truly, have any of you thought of the person who is to succeed me?'

"The companions remaining silent, he again addressed them with the utmost good-humour, saying, 'I can easily believe you have had some conversations together on what I have mentioned; and I also, during the time I have been forced to keep my bed, have thought on this matter for you.'—'Sir,' replied they, 'we refer the matter to you, and it will be more agreeable if it came from you than from us: you will therefore be pleased to inform us of your will?'—'Yes,' said Geoffry, 'I will tell you, and name those I wish to succeed me. Here is Alleyn Roux and his brother Peter, my cousins, who are good men-at-arms, and of my blood: I entreat you, therefore, to accept of Alleyn as your governor, and that you will swear to him in my presence loyalty and obedience, as well as to his brother; but I mean that Alleyn should have the sovereign command!'—'Sir,' answered they, 'we will cheerfully do so, for you have well chosen.' All the companions then took oaths of obedience to Alleyn Roux and to his brother Peter. When this was done, Geoffry Tête-Noire again addressed them: 'Well, my friends, you have complied with my request, and I thank you for it. Because I wish you should partake of what you have helped me to conquer, I must inform you, that in that chest that you see yonder, (pointing to it with his finger,) there is a sum of thirty thousand francs. I would acquit my conscience and myself towards those who have faithfully served me: say, therefore, if you will truly fulfil the articles of my will?' Having said they would, he continued: 'In the first place, I leave to the chapel of St. George within our walls, the sum of fifteen hundred francs, for repairs and additional buildings.—I give to my mistress, who has been faithfully attached to me, two thousand five hundred francs. —To Alleyn Roux, your governor, two thousand francs.—To my valets-de-chambre, five hundred francs.—To my officers, fifteen hundred francs.—The surplus I thus dispose of: you are about thirty companions, all engaged in the same enterprise, and you should behave like brothers to each other, without envy, riot, or strife. The sum I have mentioned you will find in the chest: divide it, therefore, among you fairly and honourably: but should the devil get among you, and you cannot agree, here is a well-tempered sharp axe, cut open the chest, and let those who can seize the contents!' To this speech they unanimously replied, 'Lord and master, we will not disagree. We have so much loved and feared you, that we will not break the chest, nor disobey any of the orders you have given us.' Such was the last will of Geoffry Tête-Noire, who only lived two days more, and was buried in the chapel of St. George in Ventadour. All his legacies were paid, and the overplus divided among the companions according to his orders; and Alleyn Roux, with his brother Peter, were obeyed as governors of the castle."

We have given this will as a very curious instance of the state of France at the time, 1389. We find a man holding a strong place, levying contributions, a sort of black-mail, upon all the surrounding country, for many years, without any attempt to oppose him; and when at length individual, rather than national forces are brought into play, the chief of the marauding band, cut off at last by a chance shot, leaves his followers in a position to maintain a successful contest. In the end they were subdued, but not by the force of the enemy. They laid a trap for their enemies, but were taken in their own snare, and Alleyn and Peter Roux were pilloried, beheaded, and quartered at Paris; a punishment not disproportioned to their crimes and treachery, by which last they, like most cunning people, overreached themselves, and fell into the pitfall they had prepared for others.

A BENEVOLENT ADVICE.

Behold vice without satire; be content with an admonition or instructive reprehension: for noble natures, and such as are capable of goodness, are railed into vice that might as easily be admonished into virtue; and we should all be so far the orators of goodness as to protect her from the power of vice, and maintain the cause of injured truth.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

THE CHARACTER OF NEWTON.

Newton never seems to have placed himself, even in idea, beside his fellows; but always in presence of the vast universe, and of Him the Maker of it. His mind was therefore stamped with a grave and reverential abasement; he compared his discoveries, not with what had been accomplished before, but with what remained to be done; the law of gravity itself was but as a sound of distant waters, a little gleam from the unknown; telling, however, distinctly of its home,—like the shell of the Arabian maid in Gebir:

> "Apply its polished lips to your attentive ear,
> And it remembers its august abodes,
> And murmurs, as the ocean murmured there."

Nichol's Phenomena and Order of the Solar System.

VALUE OF AUTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Tefft, an American collector, received some of his most curious specimens gratuitously from friends in Great Britain, although, as might be expected in a very artificial state of society, they would often command considerable prices in that country. The poet Campbell raised *forty-five* guineas for the Poles by autographs; and visiting a lady who had notes from distinguished people on her table, he advised her to conceal them, or they would be stolen. Brougham's autograph was valued at five guineas.

A Week among Autographs, by the Rev. S. Gilman.

THE SEA.

There is something in being near the sea, like the confines of eternity. It is a new element, a pure abstraction. The mind loves to hover on that which is endless, and for ever the same. People wonder at a steam-boat, the invention of man, managed by man, that makes its liquid path like an iron railway through the sea. I wonder at the sea itself, that vast leviathan, rolled round the earth, smiling in its sleep, waked into fury, fathomless, boundless, a huge world of water-drops. Whence is it—whither goes it? Is it of eternity or of nothing? Strange, ponderous riddle, that we can neither penetrate nor grasp in our comprehension; ebbing and flowing like human life, and swallowing it up in thy remorseless womb,—what art thou? What is there in common between thy life and ours, who gaze at thee? Blind, deaf, and old, thou seest not, hearest not, understandest not; neither do we understand, who behold and listen to thee! Great as thou art, unconscious of thy greatness, unwieldy, enormous, preposterous twin-birth of matter! rest in thy dark, unfathomed cave of mystery, mocking human pride and weakness. Still is it given to the mind of man to wonder at thee, to confess its ignorance, and to stand in awe of thy stupendous might and majesty, and of its own being, that can question thine!—*Hazlitt.*

WAFERS.

The oldest letter yet found with a red wafer was written in 1624, from D. Krap, at Spires, to the government at Bayreuth. Wafers are ascribed, by Labat, to Genoese economy. In the whole of the seventeenth century, they were only used by private persons; on public seals they commence only in the eighteenth century.—*Fosbroke's Dictionary of Antiquities.*

THE LARGE RED MONKEY OF DEMERARA.

While lying in your hammock in the gloomy and immeasurable wilds, you hear him howling at intervals from eleven o'clock at night till day-break. You would suppose that half the wild beasts of the forest were collecting for the work of carnage. Now it is the tremendous roar of the jaguar, as he springs on his prey: now it changes to his terrible and deep-toned growlings, as he is pressed on all sides by superior force: and now you hear his last dying moan, beneath a mortal wound. Some naturalists have supposed that these awful sounds, which you would fancy are those of enraged and dying wild beasts, proceed from a number of the red monkeys howling in concert. One of them alone is capable of producing all these sounds; and the anatomists, on an inspection of his trachea, will be fully satisfied that this is the case. When you look at him, as he is sitting on the branch of a tree, you will see a lump in his throat, the size of a large hen's egg.—*Waterton's Wanderings.*

POETRY AND PAINTING.

We consider nature but transiently till the poet or painter awake our attention, and send us back to life with a new curiosity, which we owe entirely to the copies they lay before us.—*Preface to Wood's Essay on Homer.*

IMPORTANCE OF FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and colour to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honours of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth.—*Fireside Education.*

A CHARACTER OF A CHARACTER.

To square out a character by our English level, is a picture (real or personal) quaintly drawn in various colours, all of them heightened by one shadowing. It is a quick and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up of one musical close: it is wit's descant on any plain song.

Sir Thomas Overbury.

A LION'S REMORSE.

In the beginning of the last century, there was in the menagerie at Cassel a lion that showed an astonishing degree of tameness towards the woman that had the care of him. This went so far, that the woman, in order to amuse the company that came to see the animal, would often rashly place not only her hand, but even her head, between his tremendous jaws. She had frequently performed this experiment without suffering any injury; but having once introduced her head into the lion's mouth, the animal made a sudden snap, and killed her on the spot. Undoubtedly, this catastrophe was unintentional on the part of the lion; for, probably, at the fatal moment, the hair of the woman's head irritated the lion's throat, and compelled him to sneeze or cough: at least, this suggestion appears to be confirmed by what followed; for, as soon as the lion perceived that he had killed his attendant, the good-tempered, grateful animal exhibited signs of the deepest melancholy,—laid himself down by the side of the dead body, which he would not suffer to be taken from him,—refused to take any food, and in a few days pined himself to death.—*Zoological Anecdotes.*

IDOLS.

> Whatever passes as a cloud between
> The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
> Causing that brighter world to disappear,
> Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear;
> This is our world, our idol: though it bear
> Affection's impress, or devotion's air.

Sabbath Recreations.

A CABINET COUNCIL.

The great Earl of Chatham's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with bedclothes. At his house at Hayes, he slept in a long room, at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him and read him a lecture. The Duke was sent for once, and came when the Earl (then only plain Mr. Pitt) was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room: the day was very chilly, and the Duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold. The Duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it, as he grew colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the Duke fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bedclothes. A person (who related the story to Horace Walpole) suddenly going in, saw the two ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room; while Pitt's long nose and black beard, unshaved for some days, added to the grotesque character of the scene.

NATURE.

Whoever shall represent to his fancy, as in a picture, that great image of our mother Nature, portrayed in her full majesty and lustre,—whoever in her face shall read so general and so constant a variety,—whoever shall observe himself in that figure, and not himself, but a whole kingdom, no bigger than the least touch or prick of a pencil, in comparison of the whole, that man alone is able to value things according to their true estimate and grandeur.—*Montaigne.*

A BIT OF MAHOMEDAN LAW.

Oh, true believers! when ye bind yourselves one to the other in a debt for a certain time, *write it down*,—and disdain not to write it down, be it a large, or be it a small one, until its time of payment. This will be more just in the sight of God, and more right for bearing witness, and more easy, that ye may not doubt. But if it be for a present bargain which you transact among yourselves, it shall be no crime in you, if you write it not down. —*Koran*, chap. 2.

STRONG ATTACHMENT OF A GOLDFINCH.

Madame —— had a goldfinch, that never saw her go out without making every effort in his power to quit his cage and follow her, and welcomed her return with every mark of extreme delight: as soon as she approached, a thousand little actions showed his pleasure and satisfaction; if she presented her finger, he caressed it a long time, uttering a low joyous murmur. This attachment was so exclusive, that if his mistress, to prove it, substituted another person's finger for her own, he would peck it sharply, whilst one of his mistress's, placed between two of this person's, would be immediately distinguished, and caressed accordingly.—*Bechstein.*

LIFE VIEWED RELATIVELY.

The ant and the bee are, I think, much nearer man in the understanding or faculty of adapting means to proximate ends than the elephant. Plants exist *in* themselves, insects *by* or by means of themselves, men *for* themselves. There is growth only in plants; but there is irritability, or (a better word) instinctivity, in insects.—*Coleridge.*

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REASON AND REVELATION.

"The mind of man is as a mirror or glass, capable of the image of the universal world, and as joyful to receive the impressions thereof as the eye rejoices to receive the light; and not only delighted in the beholding the vanity of things and the vicissitudes of times, but raised also to discover the inviolable laws and the infallible decrees of nature; but if any man shall think by view and inquiry into sensible and material things, to attain that light whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature and will of God, then is he spoiled through vain philosophy: for the sense of man is as the sun, which opens and reveals the terrestrial bodies, but conceals and obscures the stars and bodies celestial." Such are the words of Bacon; and in the compass of these few words a great truth, too often neglected in the pride of human knowledge, is laid down and illustrated with a clearness and conciseness peculiarly his own.

"If any man shall think by view and inquiry into sensible and material things to attain that light whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature and will of God, then is he spoiled through vain philosophy." Yet to this end books have been written and treatises compiled, and thus systems of natural theology are too often more regarded than the oracles of revealed religion. In the ardent pursuit of knowledge, the mind of man is too apt to be elated by the consciousness of its increasing power, and in the upliftings of a proud spirit, professes to discover, ay, to prove, with mathematical precision, both the "nature and will of God," basing the argument upon proofs drawn from his own scanty knowledge of the works of the Creator. He sets up an idol, a phantom of his brain, an unreal god, for the God whose revelations are the only sure foundations of religion, and, we may add, even of history, and science.

That this earth teems with proofs of the exceeding wisdom, almighty power, and great goodness of the Creator, is known to none so well as to those who seek to know Him in his works. But it will be difficult for the inquirer who, throwing revelation aside, finds manifest proofs of the wisdom and power of a Creator, to prove the supreme *goodness* of his idol. Let him turn, and wind, and twist his arguments through all the mazes of logical sophistry, one fact, the existence of evil, cannot be denied, and cannot be accounted for by human reason. The consequence is, that he who takes his ground upon a natural religion or theology, must in the end be compelled to admit that the world is not *necessarily* the work of a beneficent Being. Not a creature in earth, sea, or air which is not subjected to pain and suffering: the very insects, the animalculæ invisible to our eyes, wage an eternal warfare. The answer of the reasoner is, that this is only another proof of Infinite Wisdom, since a superabundance is thus prevented. Granted, in its fullest extent; but until it can be proved that the existence of this superabundance was necessary, that the Almighty Power could not have adopted other means than the infliction of pain and suffering—of evil,—upon the creatures of his creation, to prevent a superabundance, the reasoner must admit that he fails in proving his idol to be a beneficent creator.

But let him humble his reason before revelation. Let him turn to the Bible, and there learn of the fall of man, and that the earth, which had been so exceeding good, was cursed for man's sake; that thorns and briars sprang up; that, in short, evil was the consequence of man's transgression. Let him place his faith in the promise of salvation, and see that promise fulfilled in the coming of Jesus, and the mist will fall from his eyes, and he will then find in all the works of nature proofs of the *goodness* of God. His researches, no longer prosecuted from vain curiosity and profitless speculations concerning the intentions of God, will be pursued with yet greater eagerness, that he may fulfil his commands, and use and multiply the talent entrusted to his care.

We have advocated, and still advocate strongly, the opinion that the human race is advancing, not only in the acquisition of knowledge, but in mental improvement; but we do not mean to assert that this is a necessary consequence of man's organisation. We view in the fact, which we believe is fully borne out by the evidence of the history of the past compared with the present situation and prospects of mankind, the working of God's providence. It is not for man to say such *must* be the result. That is in God's hand. He who stood on the Acropolis of Athens, in the days of Pericles, must have looked proudly round upon the magnificent piles which it had required but a few years for that learned, polite, and cultivated people to erect. "This is a progressive age," he must have cried; "the spirit that is kindled in Athens will bear forward the mind of man until he challenges the power of the gods." But what must have been the thoughts of the melancholy Alexandrine when he beheld the imperial library, the storehouse of the arts, sciences, and eloquence of the past, kindled in the furnace to warm the baths of Omar? Surely his cry was, "The world is retrograde, and learning and literature have departed for ever!" Both were mistaken, for Athens in her proudest days was tottering to her fall, and we owe the restoration of science to the sages of Arabia. We feel that although the flow has hitherto been onward, it has been by the influence, not of man but of God. In looking back upon the page of history, we see single men start up at intervals, and by their actions totally change the aspect of the world. Are they to be regarded as necessary in the fixed course of human economy? Can we calculate the appearance of such spirits at stated periods, or under given circumstances, as we do the appearance of a comet or an eclipse? They are then proofs of the immediate providence of an all-watchful God; nor is the least of his creatures less the object of his special care. If man were in his own nature a progressive creature, it would follow that we should find progression steady; but at various periods in the history of the world human intellect appears to have slumbered, and in that dangerous sleep fallen back to the point from which it started; then, again aroused, it pressed forward with renewed energy. Can we see aught in this but the immediate presence of God?

These are mysteries inscrutable to us, and so decreed by God to remain during this mundane existence. Admit them, and the soul, lightened from its heavy burden of doubt and despondency, goes gloriously on in her appointed way. Searching on every side for proofs of the power and wisdom of God, she now can clearly distinguish in each the sure tokens of his great goodness. But deny the truth of revelation, and the soul, searching to penetrate unfathomable depths of darkness with the weak light of mere human intellect, is lost, dazzled, and bewildered. She cannot deny that there is a God, and yet shrinks from the power she is compelled to acknowledge.

To such let us recommend the consideration of a little apologue illustrated by an old master (Garofolo), in an excellent picture, now hanging in the National Gallery. St. Augustin, sitting one day by the sea shore, busily occupied in the composition of his

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

treatise of "the Trinity," saw a young child taking water with a ladle from the sea, and pouring it into a small hole in the sand. Surprised at so strange an occupation, he questioned the boy, who replied he was emptying the sea into that hole. "It is impossible," said the Saint. "If you find this impossible," rejoined the child, "how much more so is it for you to elucidate that which God chooses to keep a mystery?" The child disappeared in a glory, and the Saint recognised in him the young Saviour.

The hole in the sand is the human intellect. It can comprehend but a little portion of the exceeding greatness of God.

CONNAUGHT SMUGGLERS.

The following stories are taken from a recent publication, 'A Tour in Connaught," by the Rev. Mr. Otway,—a gentleman who has done as much as any modern writer to bring his native country under observation. With a fine eye for scenery, a keen perception and enjoyment of the ludicrous, a passionate love of the strange legends and droll stories of his countrymen, joined to a hearty, benevolent, thoughtful spirit, he has rambled over the face of the country, and produced, from time to time, a series of rich, racy, piquant "Sketches of Ireland," which none but such an Irishman could write. He is, to be sure, somewhat of a party man—all Irishmen are party men, and how could a clergyman of the Established Church avoid exhibiting *esprit de corps?*—still he does not intrude his opinions very offensively, and they are speedily forgotten in the enjoyment of his singular, rough, racy, odd, droll, and eloquent descriptions. We shall, on one or two occasions, make extracts from his "Sketches;" and to such of our readers as can afford it, we recommend a perusal of his newly-published "Tour in Connaught."

"About the commencement of the present century, the Connaught secondary gentry, who seldom thought of going to Dublin, used, besides rigging themselves out at Ballinasloe fair, to have their common and occasional wants in the way of raiment, jewellery, and spicery, supplied by pedlars, who went about the country with large and strong chests stowed on carts, and which contained often valuable assortments of goods of all kinds. These persons were of such respectability, that some of them dined at the tables of the gentry, and giving, as they generally did, credit, they were very acceptable, and were treated with all possible consideration. In fact, there was a considerable smuggling trade carried on along the whole western coast; and, in return for our Irish wool, the French silks and jewellery, and the Flanders laces, came in without the intervention of a custom-house. In promoting this traffic, many of the western proprietors were concerned, and it is said that families who wear coronets became right wealthy by the export of wool and the import of claret and French fabrics. Be this as it may, the itinerant pedlars I have just alluded to were the convenient factors of this contrabandism, and their good offices were, on all hands, acknowledged. Of these, Mrs. Bridget Bodkin was not the least active, accommodating, or ingenious: she assumed to spring from one of the tribes of Galway, and though the gentry of the west looked down on regular traders and shopkeepers, yet Biddy Bod, as she was called, was considered as honourable and admissible; for she was very useful, and many a wedding, as well as wedding gear, was the result of her providence. But to my story:—A large fleet of East Indiamen, unable to beat up channel, from long-continued north-easterly winds, was obliged to put into Galway bay for water and provisions, and there these huge merchantmen lay at anchor, freighted not only, as at present, with tea and indigo, but with those delicate muslins which Manchester had not yet learned to imitate. Now, it was known to Bid Bod that each officer and sailor might have a supply of such valuable goods as a private venture, and, to make her own market, she went on board. Expert as she was in smuggling, she knew how and where about her own ample person to stow away soft goods; for she (mind you, fair reader,) was not strait-laced, as you may be;—she, by nature large, still did not care to tighten herself up as if she would be a wasp;—no, on the contrary, the poor thing became quite dropsical—the swelling of her legs and body was sometimes awful. What medicine she used to get down the enlargement, whether belladonna or digitalis, is not recorded; but she did now and then keep down her dropsical distensions, and, during the low state of her intermittent, 'became small by degrees, and beautifully less.' But, on her return from the India fleet, Bid Bod had a *full* fit of dropsy; her body was like a rhinoceros's—her legs like those of the largest elephant of the King of Siam: she might have got the elephantiasis, from being for a time so near, while on board the fleet, the elephant which the Nabob of Arcot was sending as a present to Queen Charlotte; and so she landed, in all her *amplitude*, west of Claddah, and there she (as I may say) tapped herself; for she unrolled all the gold and silver muslin, the wonders of the India loom; Cashmere shawls, that a lady might cover herself with from head to foot, and yet they would pass easily through her wedding ring;—these she stuffed into the hollow of an immense pillion on which she rode.

"Well, now suppose you see Bid with her padded pillion fastened on her large black buttoned-tailed mare, and she, by help of a convenient granite-stone, is mounted; and her man Luke is before her, and she has her arm *confidingly* placed around said Luke's waist, and they are jogging on slow-paced and sure. They have got clear of the town of Galway,—the custom-house, the dreaded custom-house, is far behind, and she is entering on the interior,—the road to Athenry before her, and all seems safe. How she chuckles in her large and inmost soul over the success of her venture!—when, all of a sudden, at the turning of the road, out bounced a smart, dapper, active-eyed, but rather diminutive man, and caught hold of the rein of her bridle. 'Madam,' said he, 'you must excuse me for stopping you, while I have every desire to be civil to a lady; yet having received information I can depend on, that you have just landed from the East India fleet with a quantity of run goods about you, you must submit to be searched; which I must now proceed to do, in the most accurate manner consistent with my respect for your sex and quality.'

"Bid was at this accost, no doubt, surprised and distressed, but in no way thrown off her centre, and, without any hesitation, she replied—

"'Sir, many thanks to you for your civility: I am quite aware you are but acting according to information, and doing what you consider your duty;—and, sir, in order to show how much you are mistaken, I shall at once alight; but I am sure, sir, a gentleman like you will help a poor, infirm woman, labouring under my sad complaint, to alight with ease. The mare—bad manners to her—is skittish, and it requires all my servant's hands to hold her.—Luke, avick! this gentleman insists on taking me down; hold hard the beast while I am alighting—I'll do my endeavours to get off—there, sir—so, Button,' (speaking to her horse.) 'Now, hold up your arms, sir, and I will gently drop;—yes, that will do:' and with that down she plopped herself into the little dapper exciseman's arms.

"A summer-tent, pitched on a Swiss meadow, might as well bear up against the down-tumbling avalanche, as this spare man could the mountain of flesh that came over him; so down he went sprawling, as Bid Bod intended he should do, and she uppermost, moaning and heaving over him,—and there they lay, when, with stentorian voice, Bet cried out to her boy Luke—

"'Luke, honey, ride off; never mind me; the gentleman, I'm sure, will help me up when he can! Skelp away, ma boughal.'

"In the meanwhile, the exciseman lay groaning, and Bet moaning. I shall not attempt to describe the remainder of this scene: I leave it to the imagination to suppose that the smuggler kept her position just so long as she thought it gave time enough for her property being carried far and away from the hands of the overwhelmed gauger."

The following is another story of a Connemara smuggler.

"A man who was known to have a large mountain-farm and extensive homestead in these hills, was observed very frequently to ride into the town of B———; and he never made his appearance without a woman, supposed to be his wife, jogging steadily and uprightly on a pillion behind him. He was tall and gaunt in look—she large and rotund, and encumbered (as is the mode of all country wives) with a multitude of petticoats; they always rode into the yard of a man who kept a public-house, and, before they alighted off their horse, the gate was carefully shut. It was known, moreover, that this publican acted as factor for this farmer in the sale of his butter; and so for a length of time things went on in a quiet and easy way, until one day it so happened (as indeed it is

very common for idlers, in a very idle country-town, to stand making remarks on the people as they come by,) that the gauger, the innkeeper, and a squireen, were lounging away their day, when the farmer slowly paced by, with his everlasting wife behind him. 'Well,' says the squireen, 'of all the women I ever saw bumping on a pillion, that lump of a woman sits the awkwardest; she don't sit like a *nathural*-born *crathur* at all; and do you see how modest she is?—what with her flapped-down beaver hat, and all the frills and fallals about her, not an inch of her sweet face is to be seen, no more than an owl from out the ivy. I have a great mind to run up alongside of her, and give her a pinch in the toe, to make old Buckram look about her for once.' 'Oh, let her alone,' says the innkeeper; 'they're a dacent couple from Joyce country. I'll be bound, what makes her sit so stiff is all the eggs she is bringin' in to Mrs. O'Mealey, who factors the butter for them.' There was, while he said this, a cunning leer about the innkeeper's mouth, as much as to denote that there was, to his knowledge, however he came by it, something mysterious about this said couple. This was not lost on the subtle gauger, and he thought it no harm just to try more about the matter, and so he says, in a frolicsome way, 'Why, then, for cur'osity sake, I will just run up to them, and give the mistress a pinch—somewhere—she won't notice *me* at all in the crowd—and maybe then she'll look up, and we'll see her own purty face.' Accordingly, no sooner said than done; he ran over to where the farmer was getting on slowly through the market crowd, and, on the side of the pillion to which the woman's back was turned, attempted to give a sly pinch, but he might as well have pinched a pitcher; nor did the woman even lift up her head, or ask 'who is it that's hurting me?' This emboldened him to give another knock with his knuckles; and this assault he found not opposed, as it should be, by petticoats and *flesh*, but by what he felt to be petticoats and *metal*. 'This is queer!' thought the gauger. He now was more bold, and with the butt-end of his walking-stick he hit what was so hard a bang, which sounded as if he had struck a tin pot. 'Stop here, honest man,' cried the gauger. 'Let my wife alone, will you, before the people,' cried the farmer. 'Not till I see what this honest woman is made of,' roared the gauger. So *he* pulled, and the farmer dug his heels into his colt to get on, but all would not do;—in the struggle down came the wife into the street, and as she fell on the pavement the whole street rang with the squash, and in a moment there was a gurgling as from a burst barrel, and a strong-smelling water comes flowing all about; and flat poor Norah lies, there being an irruption of all her intestines, which flowed down the gutter as like potteen whiskey as eggs are like eggs.

"The fact was, that our friend from the land of Joyce had got made, by some tinker, a tin vessel with head and body the shape of a woman, and dressed it out as a proper country dame. In this way he carried his DARLINT behind him, and made much of her."

We can hardly part from these smuggling stories without adding another, which, though not *a smuggler*, is yet an amusing exemplification of the power of the "strong hand."

"It is not at all uncommon to find rabbits burrowing in the ruined abbeys of Ireland, and the loose soil of the nave, choir, and transepts, hollow as it is with graves and vaults, forms a secure place for breeding and retreat. A dignified clergyman lately related to me a circumstance of rather striking nature, that he witnessed in a Munster abbey. He had entered unattended, on a fine summer's eve, the precincts of the venerable pile, and the declining sun, casting its long beams through the windows, arches, and apertures, was effecting all those beautiful contrasts of light and shade that harmonised so well with all that was around. Nothing was within the enclosure to interrupt the quiet and lounging scrutiny he was making amidst the tombs, save the caw of the daw from the belfry, or the hum of the beetle urging its drowsy flight through the ivied windows,—when, on a sudden, a few yards off, he heard an agonising squeal, as of a being in great pain; and, then, looking in the direction of the choir, he saw a weasel mounted on the neck of a large rabbit, that was thus giving its death-note as the fierce animal was sucking out its life's blood; when, all of a sudden, and to his utter astonishment, he saw from under the tomb adjoining to which the struggle was going on, a bare human arm protruded, which with strong grasp seized the rabbit, and dragged it into the vault. What could this be—a ghost?—pshaw! A miraculous interposition?—what, for a rabbit! Take courage, oh my soul, and let us see. And it was soon explained; a mason who was repairing the interior of the vault, seeing the success of the hunting weasel, took a dirty advantage of the stout little vermin, and had the lion's share."

THE BRITISH NAVY.

NO. IX.—QUARTER-DECK OFFICERS.

> "Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
> While through the seaman's hands the tackle glides;
> Or school-boy midshipman, that standing by,
> Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
> And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides."
>
> "White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
> Where on the watch the staid lieutenant walks:
> Look on that part which sacred doth remain
> For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
> Silent, and feared by all."—BYRON.

WHILST our ship is cruising, and the orderly regulations adopted as to diet and exercise are producing their effects upon the crew, training the men into good condition, ready for the performance of any service, however arduous, we shall describe more particularly the qualifications and duties of the officers of each grade.

The young aspirant for naval honours should commence his noviciate at a very early age, particularly in a season of peace, when promotion is necessarily slow. As he becomes eligible for advancement at nineteen years of age, and is required to serve six years at sea before he can pass his examination for lieutenant, the proper time for him to enter the profession is at the age of thirteen.

Parents who design a son for the navy, should, therefore, not only study the disposition of the lad—for it would be cruel to force him into so dangerous a service against his will—but take care that his preparatory education is directed to the most useful points. There are other things to be considered, as regards the choice of the naval profession, and we may serve our readers by giving them some information on this head.

In the first place, they should consider, that the navy is a profession in which emolument is seldom to be looked for. There are cases, to be sure, where large sums have been made by prize-money, but these are extremely rare, and speaking generally, perhaps there is no vocation that can be selected holding out so little inducement in point of profit.

For the first two years, the rating is usually "Volunteer of the first class," the pay being merely nominal, (in fact but £14 6s. per annum), and afterwards, the wages of a midshipman* is very far from sufficient to enable the youth to maintain the station he must support. This being the case, captains, when receiving youngsters, stipulate that their friends shall make them an allowance of forty pounds per annum, over and above their pay, during the whole term of their noviciate, or "until they pass their two examinations, and obtain the rating of master's mate."

The first question is, therefore, to consider whether such an obligation can be conveniently incurred, in addition to the outfit, which costs fifty or sixty pounds? If it cannot, or indeed should the smallest doubt exist, it is better to decline entering on it; because it would be cruel to submit a high-spirited youth to the mortifications he must endure if his mess is not regularly paid, and he has not the means of maintaining a proper appearance.

The next consideration is the influence the friends may possess with men in power, to further the young man's advancement. Mere merit will ensure promotion to a lieutenant, after a while, to be sure, but it will probably be a long while; for he must, if wanting the assistance of influential friends, be content to wait his turn in this respect; his services and pretensions will be scanned in comparison with others in the same condition; and when he obtains his rank at last, it finds him broken-spirited, and probably disgusted with a profession where his service has been so poorly rewarded, and where he has witnessed the advancement of more fortunate messmates. These considerations should deter those who, although they may conveniently incur pecuniary sacrifice, cannot afterwards make interest in high quarters, from permitting a choice of a profession which holds out such slender prospects: for the time and talent, to say nothing of the money, necessary to reach the first step of his promotion in the navy, would serve to establish a young man in some lucrative vocation.

Supposing all these things considered, and the youngster devoted to the navy, his studies must be directed particularly to mathematics, French, and drawing, these being the essential branches wherein it is desirable he should be grounded. If brought up at a classical school, he will be able to continue his readings on board

* We have detailed the pay of each rating in the third of these Navy articles, in No. X. of the Journal.

and be directed in his progress by the "naval instructor," who being a University graduate, is quite competent in this respect.

When we consider the various situations in which naval officers are placed, and the diplomatic duties those in command are often required to perform, it is most desirable that they should be as well educated and well informed as possible; and so that the boy is grounded in the rudiments, he may (now that competent instructors have been provided) be able to continue his labours for two years at least, during which he is not required to perform any duty that prevents his schooling, with nearly the same facility and advantage as if he had continued at school.

Application must be made to some captain in command of a ship, who is willing to receive the young aspirant, and this effected, he should be inducted as soon after the age of thirteen as possible. Any outfitter, or military and naval tailor, will inform the parents of the stock of articles usually required; and these should be adapted to the season, and the station the ship is designed for, and need not be abundant when the lad is growing. The young middy's uniform is very handsome, and the contemplation of strutting in cocked hat and dirk, has no doubt tempted many a boy to enter the navy, who has had abundant reason to curse his folly when he afterwards perceived his brothers and schoolfellows, of more humble aspirations, making fortunes in lucrative professions.

The whole of the young gentleman's clothes are contained in a chest proper for the occasion, and of specified dimensions, and he usually engages a marine to brush his clothes and shoes, and a seaman to carry his hammock up and down, scrub it, &c. &c. To the first of these he pays five shillings a month, and to the other two shillings.

For awhile, and until he has acquired some acquaintance with the strange sights he encounters on board, established his sea legs*—and completely recovered from the effects of sea-sickness—little duty is exacted from him. He is kept at school morning and evening, and required to be on deck when taking altitudes of the sun or stars, also the sun's azimuth; and made practically acquainted with the mode of using and adjusting the instruments necessary for these purposes.

As he attains strength and confidence he is taught to knot and splice, to go aloft, to reef, hand, and steer, and gradually acquires the manual duties of a seaman. He is seldom required to keep watch at night for the first two years, but in the day when all hands are called, he is expected to appear, and also at divisions and quarters, at which latter his station is the quarter-deck, acting as aide-de-camp to the captain, and ready to carry his orders to the lieutenants in command on the decks below.

At the expiration of two years our youngster is generally rated midshipman, and thenceforth stationed in a watch, in a subdivision of the guns on one of the decks at quarters, and aloft at reefing or furling. His school instruction still goes forward, but he cannot attend to it as punctually as before. He is now supposed capable of keeping a ship's reckoning, and required to produce an account of the same, called his "day's work"—every day, as soon after noon as possible, setting forth the course and distance run during the last twenty-four hours, the latitude and longitude the ship is in, and the bearing by compass, and distance of the nearest land. His duty is to repeat the orders of the lieutenant, to see them carried into effect, and to visit the men on the looks-out and keep them alert. He paces the lee-side of the quarter-deck during his watch, and is always ready to answer the call of his superior. The lieutenant, if considerate, will generally send the youngest of the *mids* to bed before the end of a four hours' watch—for the sea air has a most somnolent effect, and youngsters are very apt to skulk away, and "caulk," that is, lie down in their clothes; and when found in this situation, their messmates have an effective, although somewhat violent mode of rousing, by sluicing them with a bucket of salt water, called "blowing the grampus."

As our middy grows in years and strength, he becomes mate of the watch, and then he has the duty of heaving the log and marking the ship's course, her rate of sailing, and the direction of the wind with chalk upon the log-board. He also arouses the lieutenant who is to relieve the watch—musters the men—and when all hands are called, acquaints the first lieutenant and the rest of the officers. He is required to keep a log or journal of the principal events, filling up a printed form, and this, as well as certificates from the captains he has served under, must be produced on the day of his examination for lieutenant. If, in addition to the events usually detailed in the log, he adds drawings of head-lands, and observations upon places visited tending to their description, it tells in his favour: for the passing captains will probably report his proficiency to the Admiralty, and be willing to receive him in their own ships, should he so desire.

It sometimes happens that the midshipman is rated master's mate before he has served six years, this being at the option of the captain; but the regulations require that he shall serve six entire years at sea, two of which must be in the rating of master's mate or midshipman; and when he can produce certificates of this, and also that he has attained his nineteenth year, he may present himself before the three captains appointed to examine his qualifications. Formerly this was the only examination he underwent, and it embraced questions in seamanship and navigation also: at present he is interrogated as to his proficiency in navigation and astronomy, by a committee at the Naval College, Portsmouth, the captains confining their examination to the test of his ability to manage and command a ship in any situation that may occur; and for this purpose they put such questions as to them seem meet, and if they are satisfied, give the young gentleman a certificate to the effect that "he has passed."

This and the college examination over, he is considered competent to any duty that a seaman may be called on to perform; he is thenceforth always rated master's mate, and he is eligible for a lieutenant's commission as soon as he is lucky enough to obtain it.

It is very seldom that even those who have influential friends, acquire their promotion in less than two years after passing; and such being the rule generally acted on, it becomes the more necessary that the noviciate should commence so early. During the time that elapses between the passing and the promotion, our young officer is, however, acquiring as much experience as if his advancement had taken place. He is either a deck mate, a day mate, or a signal mate; the duty of the former being the care of the main, lower, and orlop deck and hold, and serving out the provisions; and of the latter, the care and disposition of the signal flags. He is moreover frequently required to do the duty of a lieutenant; to take charge of a watch should one of these be absent, or ill, or under arrest; and he has his subdivision of seamen to scrutinize, and his log to keep.

The step from master's mate to lieutenant is the greatest in the service. In the former rating he had no recognized rank, nor half-pay to support him when unemployed,* and he could be discharged and turned adrift a burden upon his friends at the caprice of his captain; besides that he frequently experienced difficulty in obtaining a rating. The possession of a lieutenant's commission at once removes the whole of these troubles, gives him rank equivalent to that of a captain in the army,—a half-pay, which although scanty, is still sufficient for his support,—and he cannot be deprived of his commission, except by sentence of a court-martial for some proved offence.

But his duties are now more arduous and responsible. During his watch, the ship and all on board are entrusted to his sole charge, dependent for their safety upon his skill and promptitude to meet occasions continually occurring. He has command of a division of seamen, whose clothes and appointments it is his duty to inspect periodically. He attests the log-book, or that portion which relates to the occurrences of his watch; commands a portion of the ship's battery in battle; and has some special duty to perform at every evolution that requires the service of all hands.

It is part of the duty of the lieutenant of the watch to call the captain during the night, and report any change of weather, and also, should necessity arise for making alteration in the course of the ship, or the sail ordered to be carried during the night. This is a general order, and although highly inconvenient for the officer of the watch to leave the deck for an instant on this, or any other occasion, it is nevertheless generally exacted. There is an anecdote told of a captain (now an admiral) who was most particular in this respect. One night the lieutenant of the watch repaired to the cabin about eleven o'clock, aroused the captain, informing him that it looked dirty to windward, and that it was necessary to reef. "Very well, do so," replied he, "and call me if it blows harder." The gale came on, and the captain was frequently informed of its increase, as necessity arose for reducing sail, until at last the ship was brought under her storm stay-sails; when about four o'clock the lieutenant again repaired to the cabin to report a sail split. "Very well, Mr. Haulaway," replied the captain, "bend another sail, and call me if it blows harder."—"I imagine, sir," replied the lieutenant, "the gale is at its height; I never knew it blow so hard, and I do not think it *can* blow harder."—"Oh!" said the chief, turning himself in his cot, "call me when it moderates!"

* To walk steadily, notwithstanding the oscillating motion of the ship.

* A midshipman's half-pay is facetiously estimated at three farthings per annum, and paid quarterly to puzzle the clerks.

Should the lieutenant on his first appointment find himself the junior officer, he is denominated "Boots"—a term given him, because he is called on to perform any chance duty that may be necessary, such as answering signals, &c., his principal business being to drill the seamen at small-arms, and to take care that the muskets, pistols, and cutlasses, are kept clean, and free from rust. If he has been instructed in the theory and practice of gunnery on board the Excellent at Portsmouth, he is called the gunnery lieutenant, and appointed to teach first the captains of guns, and then divisions of two or three crews of guns at a time, the established mode of performing the exercise, so as to produce an uniform manual; as he advances in seniority, he at last attains to be first lieutenant, or executive officer, through whom the captain's orders are carried into effect, and in whom, in fact, centres the whole routine of the ship's discipline. Whenever all hands are called, the first lieutenant takes command on the quarter-deck, and issues the orders, or "works the ship," as it is called. In action he supports the captain; if he falls, succeeds him; and to become what is considered a "*smart*" first lieutenant, the life and soul of the officer must be in his profession. The ship should absorb all his thoughts, and his mind be constantly employed with reference to perfecting the very many matters connected with that complicated machine. Upon his tact, temper, and disposition, very much of the comfort of the whole will depend; for he has many opportunities of obliging, as well as disobliging, punishing, and rewarding, and therefore every one on board is anxious to conciliate his good opinion.

After an officer has served several years as lieutenant, particularly in peace, when opportunities for distinguishing himself so rarely occur, he is seldom solicitous for employment afloat, unless he can obtain the post of first lieutenant. The half-pay being 5*s.* per diem, is very nearly as much as the full-pay, as reference to the scale already alluded to will show; and if he is married, but a small portion of his pay can be allotted to the support of his family. He is therefore naturally desirous to remain on shore, if he possesses no influential interest to further his promotion; and having already acquired a full knowledge of his profession, he prefers residing with his family, and appropriating his small income to their comfort, than actual service under circumstances which not only absorbs the greatest portion of his pay; but his commission itself is at stake should he unfortunately fall under the strict letter of the Articles of War.

It is by no means necessary that the lieutenant should have been in the situation of "first," before he is eligible for his next step; all required is, that he shall have served at sea in that rank two complete years. As our ship has no commander on board, we shall not dwell upon the duties of that officer, but dismiss him by merely observing, that when in a line-of-battle ship he performs the duties of a first lieutenant, and when in command of a sloop-of-war, he is in all respects the same as a captain. He ranks with a major in the army, sits on court-martials, and, in fact, associates whilst on shore, shares prize-money with, and is admitted into the society of captains (commonly called post-captains), although one step below them.

The captain of a seventy-four gun ship has generally held that rank (corresponding to a colonel in the army) for fifteen or twenty years, and probably commanded frigates and vessels of smaller rates in his course of service; but this is not a necessary condition of his appointment. He must serve in command of a rated ship three years in war, or six in peace, before he is eligible for promotion to his flag; and this is the reason why so much desire is manifested by officers for a ship, notwithstanding the pecuniary sacrifice it involves, in order to uphold the dignity of the station.

The multifarious duties that fall on the captain are such as to require first-rate ability for their proper performance. Although he seldom takes an active part in the executive duties of the ship, he is responsible for the service he is ordered upon being well or ill executed. It frequently happens that he has intricate diplomatic correspondence to conduct, and cases to meet, when he has no opportunity to consult authorities, and must act upon his individual judgment; and when we consider that he has small opportunity for qualifying himself in this respect—we mean in comparison with those who have the advantage of a university education—it is matter of astonishment that so little inconvenience has resulted from the conduct of naval officers. The admirals in command on the Mediterranean station, as well as in South America, at several very critical periods displayed a judgment and ability in conducting the most intricate correspondence to a successful issue, such as might excite the admiration and envy of the trained diplomatist.

Perhaps there is no individual in authority under the Crown intrusted with so much discretionary power as the captain of a vessel of war. Upon his own quarter-deck his will is supreme: no man dares to question it; and it is wonderful that, possessed of almost absolute power, so very few are found to abuse it.

During the war there were, we grieve to say, many commanders who exercised a severity, and sometimes a tyranny over their crews, that could only be justified by the quality of the materials they had to deal with. When a portion of their ships' companies were men of desperate character, whose punishment for crimes committed on shore was commuted for service at sea, it was necessary that a species of terror should be upheld as the only means of restraining their vicious propensities; and the frequent recurrence of corporal punishment blunted the feelings of officers, and probably occasioned greater severity than would otherwise have been the case. But as such characters are never received at present, and the infliction of flogging is also restrained under certain regulations, it is but seldom that severity is necessary. Nevertheless, an ill-disposed or ill-tempered captain may harass his men extremely with secondary punishments, besides depriving them of the usual indulgences; and all this without placing himself in a position to incur the displeasure of the authorities. Hence the necessity for every officer selected to command being of established reputation in the service, and the great responsibility which rests upon those who make the selection.

To detail the duties of the captain would be to describe the whole routine of the ship, for his authority extends over all, being responsible for every act performed. No stores or provisions can be procured or expended without his approval, and all the accounts are submitted to his inspection and attested by his signature. Over the officers, and more particularly the younger portion, he exercises a paternal authority, indorses their bills abroad, and often supplies their necessities. The sick he regards with particular attention, frequently appropriating the largest portion of his live stock—maintained on board, be it recollected, at great expense—to such cases as the surgeon reports to require better food than the ship's allowance; yet, with all this power and authority, his high rank considered, and the necessity which custom imposes upon him to maintain an establishment out of his pay equal to that for which, in every other navy, an allowance is made, the captain of a British ship of war is undoubtedly the worst paid servant under the Crown. In our next article we shall sketch the duties of the remaining officers.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

MAN then is free; he has the power to seek happiness in his own way. He enters upon existence and sets forward in the path of life. But as he passes along, a thousand tempters beset him. Pleasure comes to beckon him away, offering him present flowers, and unfolding beautiful prospects in the distance. Wealth seeks to make him her votary, by disclosing her magic power over men and things. Ambition woos him with dreams of glory. Indolence essays to soften and seduce him to her influence. Love, envy, malice, revenge, jealousy, and other busy spirits, assail him with their various arts. And man is free to yield to these temptations, if he will; or he has the power to resist them, if he will. God has surrendered him to his own discretion, making him responsible, however, for the use and the abuse of the liberty bestowed upon him.

If a person mounts a high-spirited horse, it is important that he should be able to control him, otherwise he may be dashed in pieces. If an engineer undertakes to conduct a locomotive, it is necessary that he should be able to guide or check the panting engine at his pleasure, else his own life, and the lives of others, may be sacrificed. But it is still more indispensable that an individual, who is entrusted with the care of himself, should be able to govern himself.

This might seem a very easy task; but it is one of the most difficult that we are called upon to perform. History shows us that some of the greatest men have failed in it. Alexander could conquer the legions of Persia, but he could not conquer his passions. Cæsar triumphed in a hundred battles, but he fell a victim to the desire of being a king. Bonaparte vanquished nearly the whole of Europe, but he could not vanquish his own ambition. And in humbler life, nearer home, in our own every-day affairs, most of us are often drawn aside from the path of duty and discretion, because we cannot resist some temptation or overcome some prejudice.—*Fireside Education.*

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAFE' D'ORLEANS.

THIS coffee-house, situated in the new *Galerie d'Orléans*, in the *Palais Royal*, is one of the handsomest and most convenient in Paris.

To assist the "mind's eye" of the reader, during our description of a little scene which occurred recently in that place of resort, it may be as well to commence with a sketch of its general appearance.

There are four entrances to the *Cafe*,—two from the gallery, and two from the opposite arcade. The interior is very elegant; it is surrounded by large looking-glasses, and the panels are ornamented with great taste. The ceiling is divided into compartments of white and gold, from which several handsome chandeliers are suspended. The tables are of fine and highly polished marble, and in the centre of the saloon is a *poêle*, or stove, of a peculiarly novel form, and richly gilt. The *comptoir* is of superior mahogany, with gilt ornaments,—all in the best taste.

But the *Café d'Orléans* is rendered particularly agreeable by the obligingness of the master of the establishment,—the extreme civility and attention of the waiters,—the excellent supply of newspapers,—the good quality of the refreshments, and the moderate charges.

A glass of *eau-sucrée* is handed to you with as much alacrity and respect as an ice, or a *déjeune à-la-fourchette*;—you meet with the same politeness from the *dame du comptoir*, when you present to her a few *sous*, in payment for a slight refection, as though the bill amounted to several francs; and if one *sou* be dropped into the urn for the *garçon*, it is recognised as a suitable offering.

I occasionally go to the *Café d'Orléans*, to skim the French papers; read *Galignani's Messenger* all through, because its contents transport my imagination to my beloved country; pry into the *Moniteur*, to see whether there be any official communications, revelations, or refutations; stare the *Caricature* in the face, or dip into the literary journal called the *Cabinet de Lecture*.

Being there the other day, my attention was suddenly diverted from my newspaper, by some persons speaking English in loud tones. Raising my eyes, I perceived a lady and gentleman walking across the coffee-room.

"What a nice place!" said the lady.

"Isn't it handsome?" inquired the gentleman.

"It is indeed," replied the lady, looking all round the saloon.

Thus loudly praising the *Café*, and exciting the admiration of the *habitués*, they advanced towards a little round table, close to the door opposite to that by which they had entered, apparently with the intention of ordering some refreshment. No such thing: —*out* they popped, and at the same moment *in* marched the remainder of the party through the other door.

This division consisted of four persons,—namely, a male and female, of a certain age, extremely well dressed, and two young ladies; one of whom was very tall, and very slim, and distinguished by a profusion of light hair, falling in graceful ringlets down each side of her face. The other was a pretty, quiet-looking young gentlewoman, simply but elegantly attired.

The man expatiated loudly on the superiority of the *Café*.

"Observe the looking-glasses," said he.

"And the ceiling," added the lady.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed the fair-haired lass.

The *dame du comptoir* rang her little bell, to call the attention of the waiters to the party. A *garçon* approached, napkin in hand, and made a movement to prepare seats at a handsome marble table. No notice was taken by the English visiters.

"It is really very elegant," roared the male—of a certain age.

"*Ma-ag-ni-fi-cent!*" rejoined his well-matched companion.

Upon this, the tall young lady shook her ambrosial locks, and pointing to the richly-gilt *poêle*, cried out, "What's that? what's that?"

The *garçon* gaily waved his *serviette* (napkin.) "*De l'orgeat?*" (sugared barley-water) *oui, madame, de suite*," said he, and was running off to fetch the refreshing beverage, when the leader of the party grunted, "Well, shall we go?"

"Yes," squeaked his rib (I presume she was bone of his bone), and off they went by the opposite door.

The tall young lady kept her eyes fixed on the *poêle*—"What's that?" again she cried; but finding the seniors had decamped, she hastily followed their steps. As her companion, the gentle-looking young creature before mentioned, passed me, our eyes met—I think we felt alike—we were ashamed of our compatriots. She blushed, and retired in confusion. I imagine she must have been a poor relative, or a humble friend; but how much more dignified and amiable did she appear than her arrogant, selfish companions!—who, however, will pass for very *intelligent* people, and, on their return to England, will doubtless talk like oracles about Paris, its *cafés*, its institutions, and all its lions. The unassuming girl will, perhaps, never be asked for an opinion, and will be too modest to offer one.

After the departure of the intruders, I observed the waiters. They certainly appeared somewhat surprised, and waited a few seconds, as though they expected that the party would return: they then put the seats they had prepared into their places, ready for other guests; and one of them went up to the *comptoir*, and said something in a low tone of voice to the *dame*, who smiled—I will not say ironically, but significantly.

Is it surprising that the English are sometimes quizzed by the Parisians? No one can love and honour his country and his countrymen more than I do mine; and as to my fair *compatriotes*, they are, in my opinion, superior to any women in the world. Neither am I a panegyrist of the French, to the detriment of the English. I give our neighbours credit for the numerous good qualities they possess, but I am not blind either to the faults or the prejudices they too generally entertain on many points connected with England; which prejudices travel and impartial reading would tend to dispel. It is, however, deplorable to see how ridiculously a great number of English people conduct themselves when they are abroad. Too many of them seem to think that they may take all sorts of liberties with foreigners. Numbers of tourists return to their firesides, without having gained any knowledge whatever of the manners and customs they profess to come over to observe; and, above all, they often lose sight of that decency of demeanour towards strangers which they practise in their own country.

What, let me ask, would be the effect of behaviour such as I have described, in an English tavern, coffee-house, oyster-room, pastry-cook's, or other place of public entertainment? Why, the waiter would tell the *gentlefolks* that they were *no* gentlefolks,—and very properly so. It is much the fashion, too, to run down Old England, and to extol the superior and multifarious *agrémens* of France. In Paris, many are apt to say, you can visit every public place without payment; whereas, in London, you are deprived of this advantage.

This observation is correct in many respects—*not in all:* but well may those who act as the male—of a certain age—and his inquisitive companions, dilate upon the exemption from charge, and the *facility* with which *all* places of public resort in Paris may be viewed.

THE RICHES OF POVERTY.

ONE morning in the time of buds, of sunshine, and of showers,
I wandered in a field-path, edged with spring-time's earliest flowers;
I wandered mournfully, although the air was fresh and bright,
And the skylark poured his joyous song from a blue and cloudless height.
I wandered mournfully and slow, for I was very poor,
And the future only seemed to me a burden to endure.
I brooded o'er my poverty, and all the sorrows deep
That threatened those, for whom my life, a sacrifice, were cheap.
And I without the power to turn aside one woe—to calm
One anxious thought, or o'er one fear to pour hope's precious balm!
Should not this make the soul grow sad, the eye with tears o'erflow?
Mine did, with that most helpless grief none but the weak can know.
And the troubled stream of thought was full with many a grief, that still
Came gushing from that single fount, as from a cavern rill.
But as upon the night shines out "the poetry of heaven,"
So to the dark hour of the soul are starry visions given.
I thought if in my path should lie gold, meant for me alone—
That a departed one had traced the gift upon a stone—
If to my hand the power were given to change to metals rare,
And precious stones, the common ones that feel the common air;
If a most delicate fairy form, arising by the river,
Would at my feet a purse lay down, to be exhausted never!
What happiness, with wealth like this, what bliss I could bestow
On those my heart was aching for, and many a child of woe!
And my spirit so intensely dwelt upon those shadows wild,
That I almost prayed my God would give their substance to his child.
Like oil upon the waves, that Name on my troubled heart came down,
And I looked above to His own blue sky to deprecate His frown.
And a voice, unheard before, awoke the echoes of my heart,
Bidding its former fantasies, like sprites unblest, depart;
Then pleading in its silent halls with low and suasive tone,
I listened with a reverent ear, as from an altar-stone.

"Yes, thou art poor, no gold hast thou to canker o'er thy soul,
No power to gain one single thing that riches can control.
From day to day thy means of life with Providence are hid,
And He who feeds the ravens doth almost thy food forbid.
Yes, thou art poor; but who is He that bids thee call on Him
As Father? are not worlds His own to which thy world is dim?
And is not all the wealth of this His own to take and give?
If it were good for thee, would He without it let thee live?
And those for whom thy heart is sore, does not His word declare
He binds the broken heart, He makes the weary one his care?
Some through a long and subtle chain of causes trace the hand
That gives them all, but daily thou dost 'neath its pressure stand!
Some to a human lord must bow, on whom their fortunes rest,
With the dark shadow of whose mind their own may be opprest!
But He on whom the desolate and poor may call alone,
Reflects light peace, and purity, and wisdom, from His throne.
And art thou then so destitute? has He all wealth denied?
Oh! there are sources whence it flows, a free and boundless tide!
Look forth on the creation with the eye that He has given,
And bless Him who bestows unbought the noblest gifts of heaven.
The fresh pure air its thousand choirs, the incense-breathing flowers
That steal up silently and bright amid their turfy bowers;
The wooded vale, the winding stream, in whose clear depth there lies,
Distinctly dim, like the fabled past, a shadowy world and skies.
And all earth's varied loveliness harmoniously combined
That gives the inmost heart a sense of gladness undefined.
And is it nothing then to feel and know a joy like this?
In Nature's mirror still to see her Maker's blessedness?
In all His Providence ordains a Father's hand to feel,
And in His word a Saviour God its promises to seal?
And art thou then so destitute—are riches only gold?
Does there not dwell within the heart a mine of wealth untold?
A wealth from whose most lavish use but comes increase of store,
Which Death gives immortality, and Time an added power.
A power that in the desert sands, or the ice-girdled north,
Is gentle, pure, and glad, as in the Eden bowers of earth;
A light before whose lustre mild the heart's dark spectres fly,
Waking [illegible] bliss and beauty like its emblem in the sky.
'Tis Love—the angel of the world—the element of Heaven,
In which the image of our God was to his creatures given.
Love—but not him, Earth's pilgrim-boy, whose feet the dust must tread,
To fling a fleeting halo round one vision-gifted head:
But him the pure and heavenly one, whose bright unchanging wing,
Though cradled at the shrine of home, veils each created thing,
Shedding its own sweet lustre over earth's most dark and sad,
The spirit of a blessed fount, that makes all nature glad;
A spring, with whose immortal flow the joys of Heaven begin,
A presage of the happiness itself hath power to win.
And often in the poor man's heart its treasures brightly dwell,
Leaving the worldly prosperous one a dark and gloomy cell.
No wealth?—the very power to love were wealth enough alone
To overmatch the value of the proud world's every throne!
But wouldst thou ask a gift of God to make thy cup o'erbrim,
Pray that thy heart's best treasure might be lavished upon him;
Stint not its free abundance—as rivers to the sea
Its utmost flood can never fill that bright immensity.
Oh! praise Him, that He is so good, so merciful, so just,
That we may pour on Him the heart's most perfect love and trust.
A love, that in this world gives peace that none can take away,
And 'mid the wreck of worlds shall stand a wealth without decay!"

I went home wiser for the time, and happier for the hour;—
Oh! that the mists of earth should cloud such thoughts of truth and power.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS.

LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

IN the year 1796, an institution was founded in Glasgow by the will of Professor Anderson, for the purpose of instructing, in scientific subjects, the middle and working classes. No department of this establishment was, however, exclusively set apart for the instruction of mechanics in those branches of knowledge of especial use in their daily avocations, until the year 1800, when Dr. George Birkbeck commenced delivering a series of lectures on mechanics and chemistry. During the period since these lectures were first delivered, the advantages of the scheme were unequivocally demonstrated, and similar courses of instruction were established in several other cities of the empire. In 1823, in consequence of some disagreement between the mechanics and the trustees of the institution, the former seceded, and formed an establishment of their own, called the "Glasgow Mechanics' Institution." The knowledge of this fact, combined with the reflection that if Glasgow could maintain such an establishment, so also *ought* the metropolis, attracted the attention of the conductors of the Mechanics' Magazine. Accordingly, on the 11th of October, 1823, they proposed the formation of a "London Mechanics' Institution." One of the first individuals that responded to the invitation was the same gentleman who, twenty-three years previously, opened the temple of science to the artisan—Dr. Birkbeck: and to him, in conjunction with several other public spirited men, is the institution mainly indebted for its successful foundation. On the 11th November, the first public meeting was held at the Crown and Anchor tavern, and at the election of officers, the doctor was unanimously chosen as President, in which situation he has ever since zealously devoted himself to the promotion of its welfare. It was not until the 20th February, 1824, that the institution fairly commenced operations. On the evening of that day the members assembled in Dr. Lindley's chapel, Moorfields, to hear the President's inaugural address, and an introductory lecture, by Professor Millington, on the elementary principles of mechanical science. The increasing wants of the members rendering more ample accommodation necessary, extensive premises were subsequently procured for the permanent seat of the institution. They are situated in one of the most central parts of the metropolis—29, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, midway between the great leading thoroughfares of Holborn and Fleet-street.

A spacious lecture-room and other suitable apartments for the library and apparatus were erected. The expenses incurred were defrayed by means of subscriptions, assisted by a loan from the worthy President. As the resources of the institution are mainly absorbed in meeting its annual charges, the whole of this loan has not yet been repaid; it is, however, in a gradual course of liquidation.

Since the establishment of the institution, two evenings in every week (Wednesday and Friday) have been appropriated to the delivery of lectures on various subjects, literary as well as scientific. There is, in the opinion of many old members, much room for improvement both in the selection and arrangement of the subjects.

With regard to the selection, it has been stated, that if great variety was not permitted, the number of members attending the lectures would be considerably diminished. When a lecture on "Music, with *numerous* illustrations," is to be delivered, the theatre, which can contain within its walls a thousand persons, is usually filled to overflowing. On the contrary, when the subject is one of those sciences not so attractive in its nature, but, nevertheless, of great interest and importance, the attendance, although good, is comparatively small. We mention this fact, not because we are averse to the cultivation of that which "softens men's manners and suffers them not to become brutal," but as showing in a striking manner what is and what is not "popular." These remarks are not confined to this institution alone, but are, we believe, applicable to all establishments of similar, and, indeed, of much higher, pretensions.

The classes are the most efficient means yet devised to carry out the objects of the institution. They pursue their studies the whole year, meeting generally from about half-past eight till ten in the evening. The teachers are men of acknowledged ability, and the manner in which their tuition is imparted, renders it possible for any one really willing to learn, to acquire the information of which he is in need. We cannot withhold our strong approbation of the conduct of these gentlemen, and especially those whose services are gratuitous. We subjoin a list of the subjects of study in the various classes :—

English Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Mathematics, Practical Geometry, Drawing,—architectural, mechanical, perspective, and ornamental—Drawing the human figure, Modelling, Landscape drawing, Geography, Short-hand, French language, Latin language.

Besides the above, the following are conducted on the plan of mutual instruction :—Literary Composition, Chemistry, Experimental Philosophy, Natural History, Phrenology, Latin language.

There is also a class for French conversation, and several for the various branches of vocal and instrumental Music, for admittance to which an additional subscription is required. Concerts are occasionally given in the theatre, the performers consisting chiefly of the members of the Music class.

The library, consisting of 7000 volumes, is composed of works in every branch of science and literature. If we may judge from the appearance of the books, there are pretty good indications of their being *used*, and sometimes not quite so well as they deserve to be. We wonder some bibliopole is not engaged to deliver a lecture on the question—"How ought books to be taken care of?" We rather think that the sum expended on such a lecture would not be thrown away, as the next bookbinder's bill would satisfactorily prove. The library is also amply supplied with the new reviews and magazines. The reading-room is well attended, especially in the evening. It is furnished with the morning and evening newspapers, which are removed to the news-room when the reading-room becomes crowded. Indiscriminate admission to the library is not allowed. Any person wanting a work for perusal on the premises is obliged to leave his ticket with the librarian until the book be returned.

A very good collection of specimens, illustrative of the sciences of Geology, Mineralogy, &c., will be found in the museum; also apparatus requisite for illustrating the mechanical and chemical sciences, &c.

The subscription to the institution is 6*s*. per quarter, with 2*s* 6*d*. entrance. Youths under eighteen years of age (students) pay the same subscription and have equal privileges with members, except voting at the election of officers. Members' sons and apprentices may attend the classes or lectures at 3*s*. per quarter. Ladies are admitted to the lectures and the use of the circulating library, at 5*s*. per quarter, or the lectures only at 3*s*. The number of persons belonging to the institution was, on the 5th of June, 1839, as follows :—

883 Members.
174 Students.
13 Members' sons and Apprentices,
11 Ladies.

Making a total of 1081.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

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